DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY SYSTEM
PLATINUM JUBILEE 1922-1997

75

GLORIOUS YEARS OF
DEDICATED LIBRARY SERVICE

CENTRAL REFERENCE LIBRARY



REFERENCE BOOK

FOR CONSULTATION ONLY

Call No. Acc. No.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

JOHN BAKELESS



. unhappy in thine end
Marley, the Muses' darling, for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below,
If any wretched souls in passion speak

GEORGE PEELE
Honour of the Garter. 1589.

JONATHAN CAPE
THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE
LONDON

FIRST PUBLISHED 1938

JONATHAN CAPE LTD. 30 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON
AND 91 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN IN THE CITY OF OXFORD
AT THE ALDEN PRESS
PAPER MADE BY JOHN DICKINSON & CO. LTD.
BOUND BY A. W. BAIN & CO. LTD.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	7
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	9
THE MARLOWE FAMILY	17
THE SHOE-MAKER'S SON	28
THE KING'S SCHOLAR	34
'LEARNING'S GOLDEN GIFTS'	46
ARCHBISHOP'S BOUNTY	65
HIS FAITHFUL DEALING	78
LONDON AND FAME	87
A YOUNG CAREER	102
THE WATCH STRIKES	127
'BLOODY, BOLD, AND RESOLUTE'	153
A GREAT PLAY BOTCHED	168
MATURITY ACHIEVED	186
FRIENDS AND FOES	195
'STABD WITH A DAGGER'	219
POETIC INTERLUDES	243
'MARLOWE'S MIGHTY LINE'	261
MARLOWE'S INFLUENCE	293
MARLOWE AND HIS BOOKS	313
NOTES	333
INDEX	351

PREFACE

OUR knowledge of Christopher Marlowe's life has increased enormously in the last ten or twelve years, thanks to the researches of Professor C. F. Tucker Brooke, Professor J. L. Hotson, Mr. Mark Eccles, Miss Ethel Seaton, Miss Eugenie de Kalb, Miss U. M. Ellis-Fermor, Mr. Ford K. Brown, and others. But their discoveries have hitherto been scattered in various special studies dealing only with isolated aspects of Marlowe's life and works; and, except for Professor Brooke's admirable but highly condensed introduction to Professor R. H. Case's edition of the *Works*, there has been no life of Marlowe since John H. Ingram's study, published in 1904.

In this book, I have tried to bring together all that is really important in three hundred and fifty years' discussion of Marlowe and his writings. I have also tried to verify everything from original sources; and, wherever possible, to add new and previously undiscovered material of my own.

The book is not, therefore, a mere compilation of the work of others. It reveals for the first time the existence of the Buttery Book of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which gives a week-by-week record of six years of Marlowe's life, including the unknown year for which the scholarship accounts are silent. It also reveals the actual document providing for Marlowe's scholarship at Corpus Christi, the conditions of which have hitherto been known only by the ingenious (and entirely correct) deductions of Mr. G. C. Moore Smith; attempts to trace the actual volumes which Marlowe read in preparation for his plays, many of which seem still to be on Cambridge shelves; provides

six new documents relating to Marlowe's family life in Canterbury; reveals new evidence of Canterbury and Cambridge influence in the plays; suggests new sources of material for four of the plays; supplies the first exhaustive check list of extant copies of early editions of Marlowe's works; makes a more careful study of the social background of the three stages of his life in Canterbury, Cambridge, and London; and makes available for the first time a good deal of other documentary material which it would be tedious to list here and which can readily be traced in the notes.

All of the manuscript discoveries and many of the other discoveries were made possible by the award of a fellowship by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, which enabled me to spend seven months among the archives, checking known facts by the original documents and using them as a means to uncover entirely new facts.

In seventeen years of research, I have incurred so many obligations to so many scholars that it is quite impossible to list them in a preface. Acknowledgments have therefore been transferred to a special section, but my gratitude is none the less profound despite this typographical isolation.

JOHN BAKELESS

June 16th, 1937

NOTE

Quotations from Marlowe's works follow the Oxford (1910) edition by Tucker Brooke.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I owe a special debt of gratitude to Professor George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard University, whom I have had the privilege of consulting personally at every stage of the research since it began seventeen years ago. Professor C. F. Tucker Brooke, of Yale University, has aided me in finding obscure material, has lent rotographs and other material from his personal collections, and has responded cordially and promptly to innumerable appeals for aid. Professor John Livingston Lowes, of Harvard University, has not only been a constant source of encouragement but has guided me to materials which without his aid I should have missed entirely. The late Professor Beverly Sprague Allen, of New York University, suggested a great many critical ideas of which I have freely availed myself. Mr. Mark Eccles, of the University of Wisconsin, whose brilliant discoveries have recently added so much to our knowledge of Marlowe's London life, has read and criticized the entire manuscript.

Such a study as this naturally owes a great deal to librarians. Dr. T. F. Jones, Director of the General Library of New York University; the late Miss Elizabeth Haseltine and Mr. Mulford Martin, librarians of the Commerce Library, New York University; Miss Ermine Stone and Miss Frances Kemp of the Sarah Lawrence College Library helped me over a period of several years in gathering information from American, British and European libraries.

At Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, every possible facility was granted. The Master, Dr. Will Spens, personally aided in the search for documents, the Estates Bursar, Mr. T. R. B. Sanders, gave me free access to the college

archives in the strong-room of the Estates Bursary and all the help and encouragement in the power of himself and his staff. The late Canon Sir Edwyn Hoskyns, Bart., librarian, permitted the use of the manuscript and other books of the Parker Bequest.

Mr. A. B. Ramsay, Master of Magdalene, kindly permitted examination of two rare Marlowes in the Pepysian Collection, one of which has not hitherto been listed. Mr. H. S. Bennett, librarian of Emmanuel, allowed me to examine the copy of Marlowe's Ovid there preserved and volunteered to criticize my study of the sources of *The Massacre at Paris*. Mr. H. M. Adams, librarian of Trinity, placed all the resources of his library's especially rich collections at my disposal. Mr. Donald Paige, of the Gonville and Caius Library, aided in establishing the provenance of an important book by means of his unique collection of binder's ornaments.

In the University Library, Cambridge, Mr. H. L. Pink, Mr. H. R. Creswick, Mr. D. G. Harrison and Mr. H. R. Mallett took endless pains to meet every request; and in the University Registry, Mr. William J. Baker, Registrar's Clerk, and his staff searched the archives to find the documents needed.

Dr. J. A. Venn, President of Queens', interrupted his vacation to aid me with a difficult problem in the records, deciphered a passage in the Buttery Book of Corpus Christi which had defied other palaeographers, and lent his exhaustive knowledge of Cambridge antiquities to clearing up one doubtful point after another.

At Oxford, Mr. E. Lobel deciphered correctly a manuscript which had also defied other palaeographers; Mr. J. R. Liddell and Mr. Ian G. Philip, of the Bodleian Library, submitted to a running fire of questions with admirable

grace; and the Rev. M. R. Ridley, Fellow of Balliol, made a number of useful suggestions.

In London, officials of the British Musem, Public Record Office, and Somerset House did everything in their power to facilitate research. I am especially indebted to Mr. Noel Blakiston and Mr. J. R. Crompton, of the Public Record Office, for assistance in untangling Elizabethan legal procedure and in deciphering and interpreting the more difficult documents. Mr. M. Minovi assisted me with Persian documents which I was unable to read for myself.

In Canterbury Mr. W. P. Blore, librarian of the Cathedral Library, and Mr. Frank W. Tyler, deputy librarian, gave generously of their time and knowledge; Canon F. J. Shirley, headmaster of the King's School, lent every possible assistance; the Rev. Geoffrey Keable, rector of the Church of St. George the Martyr, gave me free access to the parish records; Mrs. Dorothy Gardiner cleared up by her expert knowledge of Canterbury antiquities a number of puzzles; and Mr. H. T. Mead, librarian of the Royal Museum and Public Library, gave me the privileges of honorary staff membership while working in the municipal archives now in his care.

It is a further pleasure to acknowledge the assistance with various details of scholars and librarians throughout the world, especially Dr. J. O. Adams and Dr. Giles Dawson of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington; Mr. W. B. Briggs, Mr. George Parker Winship, and the staff of the Harvard College Library; Mr. C. K. Edmonds and the staff of the Huntington Library; Mr. Milton E. Lord and the staff of the Boston Public Library; Mr. Roger Howson and the staff of the Columbia University Library, New York City; Mr. Valta Parma, Mr. Linn R. Blanchard, and Miss Jessica L. Farnum, of the Library of Congress, Washington;

the staff of the New York Public Library; Mr. Gilbert C. Toxell, of the Yale University Library; Miss Lilla Weed, of the Wellesley College Library; Miss Ruth Granniss, of the Grolier Club Library; Miss Lucy Eugenia Osborne, of the Chapin Library, Williams College; Miss Belle da Costa Greene, of the Pierpont Morgan Library; Col. C. H. Wilkinson, of Worcester College, Oxford; Dr. O. Wilsengren and Mr. R. Ericksson, of Kungliga Biblioteket, Stockholm; Dr. Menn, of the Greifswald University Library; Dr. Wilhelm Hopf, of the Kassel Landesbibliothek; Mr. George Dobbin Brown, of the Enoch Pratt Free Public Library, Baltimore; the authorities of the K. K. Realschule, Vienna; Dr. F. Herič, of the Public and University Library, Prague; Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, of New York City; Professor J. L. Hotson, of Haverford College; Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of New York and Philadelphia; Mr. A. Edward Newton, of Philadelphia; Professor T. W. Baldwin, of the University of Illinois; Professor T. M. Parrott, of Princeton University; Mr. G. W. H. Rylands, of King's College, Cambridge; the late Frank Brewer Bemis, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Percy Simpson, of Oriel College, Oxford; Dr. Douglas Bush, of the University of Minnesota; Mr. Owen D. Young, of New York, and his librarian, Miss Sarah Dickson; Mr. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore; Mr. Henry Guppy, of the John Rylands Library, Manchester; the Very Reverend Provost, Michael J. Burns, rector of St. Mary's, Axminster, Devon; the Reverend Canon Edwin Henson, rector of the Colegio de Ingleses, Valladolid; Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett, of New Haven; Dr. G. B. Harrison, of King's College, London; Mr. W. Beattie, of the National Library of Scotland; Mr. P. J. Dobell, of Tunbridge Wells; Mr. H. M. Riley, of the Public Libraries, Leicester; Mr. Barnet J. Beyer, of New York; Professor A. V. Williams

Jackson, of Columbia University; Mr. Charles Retz and Mr. Arthur Swann, of the American Art Galleries, New York; Mr. Naboth Hedin, of the American-Swedish News Exchange; Mr. A. Van de Put, former librarian, and Mr. Philip James, the present librarian of the Victoria and Albert Museum; Mr. William A. Jackson, of New York; Mr. R. B. Honeyman, of New York; Miss Elizabeth K. Steele, of the Detroit Public Library; Dr. Wilhelm von Scholz, of Konstanz; Mrs. Bertha B. Bandler, of New York; Mr. George B. Arents, of New York, and his librarian, Mr. Jerome E. Brooks; Mr. John E. Hannigan, of Boston; Mrs. J. William Hebel, of Ithaca, New York State; Mr. B. H. Newdigate, of the Shakespeare Head Press, Oxford; Dr. B. A. P. Van Dam, of the Hague; Mr. Hiroshi Kawai and Mr. Masao Nagasawa, of the Tokyo Imperial Library; Dr. W. W. Greg, to whom all Elizabethan scholars are habitually indebted; and the late T. J. Wise, veteran among bibliographers.

Without their aid in finding obscure or rare volumes, checking bibliographical data, and photographing manuscripts, my own work would have been impossible.

J. B.

Christopher Marlowe; but one can say with slightly more assurance that Marlowe was probably the great-great-grandson of John Marle or Marley, tanner, who became a freeman of the city in 1467, not only paying the usual ten shillings for his freedom but making various special contributions as well. This John Marley can hardly have been a son of Thomas Morle, since the sons of freemen became freeman without fee; but he may have been a collateral relative of some kind. He may also have been the son of John Marle, lockyer, who was one of the 'intrantes' — Kentishmen dwelling near the city but outside its walls, who were not freemen but who were permitted to enter the gates and do business on payment of a yearly 'fine'.

Richard Marle, the son of John Marle, tanner, followed the family trade, which persisted for generation after generation, until at length the Marlowe family, probably more to its horror than its pride, produced a genius, the first Marlowe in a century who had no interest in leather. Outside the Canterbury walls, they still show the round flat stones, specially grooved, that ground the tan-bark in the later Middle Ages, stones that may have ground the very stores of tan-bark which all the Marlowes are careful to mention in their wills, and from which Christopher Marlowe fled.

In 1514, exactly one hundred years after the first recorded Marlowe, John Marley's son, Richard, appears in the city accounts among the admissions of freemen.[2] There is no doubt about his parentage, for the accounts describe him as 'the sonne of John Marley tanner* freman of the ſeid Citie byfore the ſeid Rychard Marley tanner was borne' — the usual formula, which apparently indicates that only those sons born to a father who had already

Italics indicate manuscript abbreviations.

obtained his freedom could inherit their own freedom without payment. (The same rule, slightly varied, applied to daughters, who brought as a dower to their husbands special privileges in becoming freemen.)

Richard Marley's son was the first Christopher Marlowe, a tanner like his forebears. Richard Marley's will refers to 'crystofer my son', but for some reason there is no record to show when this Christopher Marlowe became a freeman of Canterbury. His will appears in 1539/40,* however, as that of 'chriſtofer marley tanner of the parish of westgaytt dwellinge within the walles of the cetye of canterburye', clear evidence that he was a freeman.

At this point an element of doubt enters the Marlowe genealogy. Christopher Marley's wife, Joan Marley, was with child when her husband made his will; and the dying man left 'to the child that she goyth withall if hitt be a man child', two houses and various furnishings. John Marlowe, father of the poet, was born about 1540. It is probable, therefore, that the child Joan Marley was carrying at her husband's death *was* this John Marlowe, the father of the poet. Unfortunately, no document to prove it has ever been found. Christopher Marlowe's genealogy, therefore, depends wholly on an assumption. To be exact it depends on the sequence of dates, on the fact that all these Marleys were tanners, as if a family trade were being passed down from generation to generation, and on the further fact that the names Christopher and Joan reappear in John Marlowe's family, as if his children were being named after their grandparents.[3] The assumption may be said to have a fair degree of probability.

* The year being reckoned from Lady Day to Lady Day, it is necessary to give two dates for all days between December 31st and March 25th. The year by Elizabethan reckoning is of course the earlier.

The household that John and Katherine Marlowe established after their marriage in 1562 was an average Elizabethan tradesman's household. The house which Canterbury tradition describes as Marlowe's birthplace is still standing at the corner of St. George's Street and St. George's Lane. There is some doubt, however, whether all of the modern house belonged to John Marlowe. According to tradition, there were once gardens in front of the house, which now abuts directly on the street; and one can see clearly that the front of the house was added (some centuries ago) to an even older rear structure. There is even a vague story that the Marlowes did not live in this particular house but in another, since destroyed, a few yards eastward, and nearer to the city wall.[1]

At any rate the locale is right; the house is unquestionably of the period; and it is reasonable enough to suppose that the birthplace is authentic. For local interest in Marlowe's life had begun among local historians while his father and mother were still alive. The house now pointed out was probably already being pointed out to strangers, even while John and Katherine Marlowe still dwelt in it. [5]

This tradesman's dwelling was, by modern standards, a fairly large house — large enough to accommodate half of an ambitious furniture store to-day. Its carved panelling was so beautiful that the wood from two of its rooms has been removed in its entirety to provide a 'Marlowe bedroom' for one of the modern Kentish gentry, and a panelled drawing-room for another; while the old dining-room has been used to panel a display room for a Canterbury antique dealer. Round the upper part of the dining-room panelling ran an intricate and beautiful carved pattern, while over the fire-place was a huge carved mantel, also of red pine. As the centuries passed various later and unappreciative owners

painted the carving over until it became almost a plane surface. One miscreant even stained and grained it to imitate mahogany!

Outside, the whole house must have been very like its one early Tudor wall, which still remains unchanged and unspoiled on St. George's Lane. Heavy oaken timbers rose half-way up the first story. The second story overhung the lane, thriftily adding space for the shoe-maker's rapidly growing family; and the overhang was supported by oaken braces, elaborately carved as heads and busts of grotesque creatures. To-day, blackened by the passing years, they seem more Mayan than Elizabethan.

Down St. George's Street the old house looked out on the Church of St. George the Martyr, already some centuries old. Like the other old Canterbury churches, this was built of flint nodules, cracked to make them square on the outer edge and plastered together. They were so hard that the passing centuries have altered them not at all, though most of them were already ancient when the shoe-maker's son used to leave this house to stroll with a shining morning face unwillingly to the King's School. Up and down the street that he paced toward the cathedral and the school behind it, were other houses of timber and plaster, the wooden edgings of their gables carved, the second stories overhanging the street a foot or two, their wooden supports carved, too, in many shapes and faces. Round about them all for more than a mile ran the walls of the old city. These walls had six double-towered gates with cells and guard-houses and crenellated battlements and carried some twenty 'watching towers' — the whole being all built above or near walls that the Romans built, and these perhaps built above walls older still.

One by one Katherine Marlowe carried her children

across the street to the Church of St. George the Martyr to be christened. Across that same street all too many of them were carried in tiny coffins a few years later, victims of the appalling sanitary conditions and perhaps also of the crude medical practice of the day.

Mary Marlowe, the first-born, disappears permanently from the records after her christening. She must have been the unnamed daughter of John Marlowe, buried August 28th, 1568. The old Register Book of the Church of St. George the Martyr says only: 'the daughter of John Marlow'.[6] In addition to Christopher, three other sons were born. A son was christened in October 1568, though his name is not recorded; and on November 5th we find again in the burial record: 'the sonne of John Marle.' Thomas Marlowe, christened July 26th, 1570, was buried twelve days later; and when another son was born a few years later he, too, was christened Thomas, just as the Shakespeare family named another daughter Joan in 1569 to replace the Joan Shakespeare who had died soon after her birth eleven years before. The second Thomas Marlowe must have died early, for the wills of the parents made in 1604, after the murder of Christopher, make no mention of another son, though they carefully list bequests to all the daughters.

Christopher Marlowe had four sisters who lived to grow up: Margaret, born in 1565; Joan, born in 1569; An, born in 1571; and Daretye [Dorothy], born in 1573. All these girls were married to young Canterbury tradesmen, and three of them by their marriages made their husbands freemen of Canterbury.

This dignified and profitable station in life could be attained in three ways. One might be born the son of a freeman and be admitted to the rights and privileges without any payment at all; one might become a freeman by

'emption' or 'redemption', that is, by paying a sum ranging from 6s. 8d. to 13s. 4d.; or one might marry the daughter of a freeman and pay only 1s 1½d. To be a freeman was a matter of some importance, since only a freeman had the right to do business in Canterbury, the outsiders who came in as 'intrantes' being merely on sufferance.[7]

The city belonged to its freemen, all of whom were 'truely sworne uppon a boke'.[8] They took an oath of allegiance to the Queen, swore also to maintain 'the franchises customs and usages of the city', to be partners 'of all charges touching the city', to 'emplete no freeman of the city without the city if ye may have right before the bailiffs of the city', and to 'take no apprentices but if he [*sic*] be freeman born'. Citizenship involved a certain military obligation to help in defence. The municipal accounts are full of payments to soldiers, and about the time of Marlowe's birth, the Burghmote decreed that 'every Alderman and Commoner and as many of the Inhabitants as the Mayor should appoint should provide one armed Pike to be kept for use if needful'.[9] John Marlowe is said to have appeared as a bowman on one of the muster rolls of the Armada period, when his former apprentice, Elias Martyn was supplying 'ii calves skynnes for a case for the drommes and makyng the same'.[10]

The freemen received special privileges that gave them marked advantages in doing business. In John Marlowe's time these included provisos of which, says an ancient document, 'On ys, that fremen may come to the counsell of the same cyte, and ther speke and be herd; wher other [men] shalbe voyde, and be put away'. Of more importance to a rising young shoe-maker was the provision that 'freemen of the cyte may holde craft and opyn wyndowes, without leve ther; other may nott, withowte agrement of the

chamber'. These last were the 'intrantes', whose small annual fine, which in practice amounted to a fee, enabled them to do business in Canterbury but left them at a disadvantage when compared with the freemen, who had many other privileges advantageous both in business and in personal life:

> Fremen bethe quyte of toll of customus of lastage and of shewyng, over all Yngeland, and be all the costis of the see.
>
> Yeff a freman of Caunt'bery be condempnyd in eny dett, at sewte of eny man, he may have xv dayes of payenent, under suerte.
>
> A Freman of Caunt'bery may ax and have part of vytyell and corn, and other that comyth to be sold yn the markett.
>
> Yeff a freman of Caunt'bery take aprentys to terme of yers, in the first yere, he may inroll him and pay 2s., and so be of record.

This last provision is to-day of great help in tracing the business careers of the Marlowe family. Other privileges were of greater personal advantage:

> Ther schall be no freman of Caunt'bery be condempnyd, ne convyct be foryn men, for eny trespass, but only by 'her concitezens.
>
> Yeff eny freman of Caunt'bery shuld be taken be his body, or arreynyd, wherfore he schuld suffre emprisonment, he schall no where be imprisonyd, but only in the pr'son of Caunt'bery, ne no where be demyd [judged], but be concitezens of the same cite, be her charter.
>
> Fremen of Caunt'bery schall haue 'her huntyng and ther dysport, wythe-yn 'her boundys of 'her prevelege.

Woods were plentiful about the town and the freemen seem to have taken full advantage of this last privilege, even 'at the sermon time'. In 1569 a grand jury considering the disturbance of religious services, 'found that in this point there were very few or none within the City that were excusable and the cause thereof they thought to be the daily use of fowling'.[11]

Between 1582 and 1594 all of John Marlowe's daughters bestowed their hands upon young tradesmen who aspired to these dignities and privileges. Joan, although only thirteen years old, was married on April 22nd, 1582, to John Moore[12], a shoe-maker, who on the following January 'was admytted & allowed to the liberties of this cytie for the which he payd but xj d ob [11½ pence] because he maryed with Jane the daughter of John Marley of the seid cytie shoe-maker who was a freeman of the seid cytie before the byrth of the seid Jane'. In 1585 Moore was readmitted for the same fee, probably because he had failed to meet some requirement and his privileges had lapsed. The Buttery Book of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where Marlowe was at this time a student, records his usual expenditure at the Buttery — plain evidence that he did not come home for the wedding.[13].

The other daughters were much older before they married. Margaret Marlowe was nearly twenty-five when she married John Jordan, a tailor, on the 15th June, 1590.[14] Anne Marlowe married John Crawford, a shoe-maker, on the 10th of June, 1593, eleven days after her brother Christopher had been murdered in London. (It is probable that no news of the tragedy reached Canterbury for some weeks.) Either in this or in the following year, Dorothy Marlowe married Thomas Cradwell, a vintner.

All the bridegrooms became freemen of Canterbury soon

after their marriages,[15] all paying less than a shilling; and the municipal accounts give the only record of Dorothy Marlowe's wedding. All these marriages seem to have been happy enough, if we may judge from the tone of the will made by the mother of the brides some years later.

CHAPTER II

THE SHOE-MAKER'S SON

The boy wherein false destinie delights.
Dido, Queene of Carthage, 812

IT is fairly easy to imagine the conditions under which Christopher Marlowe grew up. His family's rank was humble, a fact occasionally flung in his teeth by envious rivals in the days of his theatrical success in London but the life of a master craftsman's household, though unpretentious, was not uncomfortable. If John Marlowe was really the descendant of John, Richard and Christopher Marley, he came of a prosperous family. His father, the older Christopher Marlowe, had left the posthumous child two houses, in case it proved to be a boy; and to his wife he had left £20 in money, twenty acres of land, a house, and a meadow. He also made numerous bequests of money to relatives and friends, and his will mentions a servant, two assistants in the tannery and apparently two apprentices besides. Hardly a poor man's will.

Old Richard Marley, dying in 1521, had had so many worldly goods to dispose of that his will occupied six pages. He took good care to direct 'for my soule & all Cristen soules at eu*ery* day of my fforthefare Monethys mynde and xij Monethys mynde a dyryge and a Trentall of massys', for which his executors were to pay, besides giving five shillings to the poor on each of these solemn occasions. Every house of friars in Canterbury received five shillings to pray for his soul for a year after his decease. In case of his son's death, he directed that 'an honest secular p*re*ste shall syng for my

soule my ffathers soule my ffrendes soules that J am most bounden to pray for & all Cresten soules in the seid Church of the holy Crosse [where he was buried] the space of oon holle yere'.

Earlier than Richard Marley, the records are silent as to the worldly well-being of the Marlowe line. Beyond the fact that the first John Marley, freeman in 1467, was a tanner like the next three generations of Marlowes, we know nothing of him. The household of the second John Marlowe was an ordinary tradesman's home, no better supplied with worldly goods than a hundred others, but certainly no worse. It was the house of a respectable freeman plying a respectable craft.

The tanners and shoe-makers formed a single powerful guild, 'the Brethren of the Assumption of Our Lady, of the Crafts and Mysteries of Shoe-Makers, Coriours and Cobbelers', co-operating in the control of the shoe and leather trade, and standing by each other in the great crises of the simple life of their city.

'If any of the seide fraternitie, dwelling in the liberties of the seide citie', ran the old decree of the Burghmote,[1] 'intende to be married, then he shall give knowledge of hit to the wardeyns of the seide fraternyte three daies before the marriage, and then the seide wardens to give a commandment to the bedill of the same fraternite to name the brethren in due time to go with him from his dwelling-place unto the parisshe church where the matrimony shall be solemnized, and to offer with him.' When a shoe-maker or tanner died, it was provided that 'the bedill shall see that the dedde body of every brother have four torches to bring him to the grave, and four tapers to be lighted or borne about his corpse or herse if his body be in the church in the time of the dirige or mass, except there be two corpses in

one day, when the seide torches and tapers are to be equally divided between them.'

Not only was it necessary for a Canterbury shoe-maker to be a freeman, he must also meet the further requirements of membership in his guild. In 1518 the Burghmote decreed 'that every brother shoemaker, cobbeler, or corrier, that will sett up and occupy as a maister within the said citie and libertye of the same, shall pay to the wardens of the seide crafte, ar ever he sett up and occupy, 3s. 4d. to the maintenance of the aforeseide brotherende, upon payne of forefeiture of 6 lbs. of [cobbler's] wax'. The city leather market was held each Wednesday, and to it the tanners brought their wares, paying the ancient tolls of one penny for each piece of leather and twopence if provision had been made for a place to lay the leather out for display.[2] Later, the trade gradually passed into private shops, but this seems to have been well after John Marlowe's time.

Not all the brethren were above sharp practice, for in 1581 the Burghmote found it necessary to appoint two 'searchers of leather', who took oath that they would 'truly search and view all such Leather as shill be uttered or put to sale within this city', and that they would seize any leather that they might find 'not sufficiently curried tanned or wrought'.[3] Doubtless the tanners weighed their hides upon the ancient Trove, or Thrawbeam, which hung in the cornmarket and was used for several centuries.

In 1588 John Marlowe added to his shoe and leather business the practice of a professional bondsman. Elizabethan custom required that the officiating clergy be protected against matrimonial errors at every wedding they performed; and professional bondsmen were never far from the church doors when a wedding was in prospect. John Marlowe was one of these. He appears as a bondsman

Canterbury, well aware of their privileges as freemen: and their apprentices, far from sober young men, ready with their clubs, ready for a riot or a fight or a wench, and readier still to marry their masters' daughters or their wealthy widows and become freemen themselves.

Along the high road the players came, too. Six times in Marlowe's life we have records of players in Canterbury, the Lord Warden's in 1569/70, Lord Morley's in 1581/2 the Earl of Hertford's men in 1582, Lord Leicester's men between 1585 and 1588. Last of all came Lord Strange's men, who are supposed to have produced some of Marlowe's own plays in London and may have produced them in his native Canterbury, since they played there in 1592, when he was at the height of his career as a dramatist.[2] There may have been many other visits from actors, now unrecorded; for the players had been coming to the city with more or less regularity since 1473/4, when the accounts record the payment of five shillings to the players of the Duke of Clarence.[3]

A Canterbury boy did not have to depend upon strolling players, however, for initiation into the theatre. The King's School also engaged in 'settynge forthe of Tragedyes, Comedyes, and interludes'. It is vexing to find that there are no records of plays at the King's School while Marlowe was a scholar; but as there are plenty of records before and after, it is likely enough that as a schoolboy he played various parts upon the stage.[4]

The city itself had once been proud of its theatrical pageant of St. Thomas and there seem to have been other religious dramas with the full approval of the Burghmote; but it is not by any means certain that these continued as late as Marlowe's boyhood.[5]

Queen Elizabeth herself visited Canterbury in 1573/

This was the only visit of the Queen that Marlowe could have seen, for when she came again in 1582 he was at the University. In 1573, however, he may have seen the mayor and aldermen go forth in their furred and scarlet gowns to meet their Sovereign, carrying a gift of £30 in a scented bag. Heralds, serjeants-at-arms, trumpeters, footmen, messengers, porters, the Black Guard, musicians, bedizened courtiers, and 'Walter the Iester' accompanied the Queen. All this pageantry poured down St. George's Street, for according to tradition the Queen held her court in a building near to John Marlowe's house.

The life of the Canterbury streets and public squares was exciting enough of itself, apart from this perpetual flow of strangers through the town. There was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bull-baiting and — a spectacle edifying to the godly and diverting to the unregenerate — the public execution of criminals. Cock-fighting then was about what it is now, but bull-baiting was a peculiarly Elizabethan pastime. Sensitive later generations of Englishmen have permitted it to die out. The bull — sometimes a bear — was chained to the stake and three or four savage dogs specially bred for the purpose were turned loose upon him. This is what Macbeth is thinking of in his speech at the end of Shakespeare's play — 'They have tied me to a stake; . . . bear-like I must fight the course.'

The dogs were mastiffs, or bulldogs, from which the much smaller modern animals are descended. They took their own risks in the combat, along with the bull; but they were highly bred and valuable, and the managers of the fights tried to save them from destruction, whereas the bull was destined in any case for translation into roast beef. The bull might gore the dogs, which could not be prevented if there was to be a fight worth seeing; but he might also toss

them high in the air. When that happened, an attendant ran out with a leather-padded pole and eased the fall of the dog, so as to save him for another fight.[*]

The pastime had the full approval of the city fathers of Canterbury, who had passed a special decree of Burghmote that no beef might be marketed unless the animal had first been baited for the delectation of the populace.

In spite of this, bulls for the stake were scarcely more plentiful than condemned felons for the gallows, who probably received little more sympathy from those who gathered to be entertained by the executions. The city had at least three gallows in the sixteenth century, all of which may have been in use at once. It is sometimes said that there were no burnings of heretics in Elizabeth's reign, but this is not strictly accurate. There were certainly no burnings at Canterbury; but legends of the dreadful fires of Martyrs' Green must certainly have lingered then, since they linger still to-day. And it was in Elizabeth's reign that the heretic Francis Kett was burned in the castle moat at Norwich. Kett had been a fellow of Corpus Christi during Marlowe's first year there; and their names still stand together upon the weekly accounts of the Buttery Book.

Men were hanged — and for some hundreds of years continued to be hanged — for the most trivial crimes. One William Marlow, perhaps a relative of the poet's, would have gone to the gallows in 1598 for stealing a heifer, had he not been able to plead 'benefit of clergy', that is, his ability to read one verse — known as the 'neck verse' — of the Bible and thereby save his life. Where the offence was too small even for the brutal Elizabethan law to inflict a death penalty, there were other penalties almost as savage, slitting of nostrils, cutting off hands or ears, branding — not even the neck verse saved a man from that. The City of

Canterbury itself paid for the ingraving of one Iron to mark Murderers with — 8d.[7]

In treason cases, even hanging was too mild a penalty. Traitors of high degree might be mercifully beheaded or hanged with a silken cord; but, when the government wished to make an example, the traitor was first hanged, then cut down from the gallows while he was still alive, his living body opened, his entrails burnt before his face, after which his body, dead at last, was cut into quarters to be set up in various parts of the kingdom as an example to others.

This was the form of execution legally known as 'hanging, drawing, and quartering'. The traitor's head was often set up on a spike, and a hanged felon might be left dangling from the gallows in his chains till the weather and the birds or the need of the gallows for another execution ended the dreadful spectacle. In his later years, Marlowe must often have glanced up at the grim row of traitors' heads as he went back and forth across London Bridge, near which he lodged for at least part of his life in London.

There was at least one execution of this sort in Canterbury during Henry VIII's attacks on the Church; and though this was before Marlowe's birth, the grim story must have been told and re-told in his hearing many a time, for it leaves a trace in his work. His villain-hero, Barabas, in *The Jew of Malta*, is boiled to death in a cauldron exactly like the unfortunate Friar Stone of Canterbury — a grisly business recorded by the matter-of-fact city accounts purely as a matter of book-keeping:[8]

Item paid for half a tonne of tymber to make a paire of gallowes for to hang ffryer Stone — iiis vjd
Item paid to a Carpenter for makyng of the same Gallowes & the Dray — xvjd
Item to a laborer that dygged the holes — iijd

Item paid to iiij men to help Sett vp the gallowes	vijd
Item paid for drynk for them	jd
Item paid for cariage of the same tymber from Stablegate to the Dongeon	iiijd
Item paid for a hardell	vjd
Item paid for a lode of wood & for a hors to drawe hym to the Dongeon	ijs iijd
Item paid to ij men that set the ketill & parboyled hym	xijd
Item paid to iij men that caryed his quarters to the gates & sett them vp	xijd
Item paid for a Halter to hang hym	jd
Item paid for ij ob [half-penny] Halters	jd
Item paid for Sandwich cord	ixd
Item paid for screwe	jd
Item paid to a woman that scowred the Ketyll	ijd
Item paid to hym that did execucyon	iiijs viijd

During Marlowe's briet lifetime there were at least eight hangings in Canterbury,[9] six of them during his childhood, before he left the city for Cambridge. If the plays he was writing a few years later sometimes seem in their worst passages to have wild rant, savage, bombastic, bloody stuff mingled with their beauty, we must remember some of these early impressions forced upon the sensitive mind of an imaginative child — the deeds of the wisest, best, and greatest men of the kingdom.

Down in Stratford, John Shakespeare's son was living the quieter life of a country boy. It was these days of calmer country life that helped to make the difference between the rounded humanity of Shakespeare and the fierce, turbulent, often unnaturally violent verse that Marlowe poured out in his few brief years. Not for the fiery Marlowe were daffodils that come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty, nor any sessions of sweet, silent thought, nor meditative ponderings on to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, nor even such commonplace, realistic,

human types as Dogberry, Justice Shallow, Bully Bottom, Snout the Weaver, or those real men who actually lived in Warwickshire, 'William Visor of Woncot', and 'Clement Perkes o' th' hill'.[10]

Humorously sympathetic observation of human foibles and human frailties and the life of everyday was not for Marlowe. For him, the far-away, the terrible, the strange — devils, magicians, and world-conquerors who, as Ben Jonson thought, 'fly from all humanity'. Marlowe had plenty of first-hand experience with constables: but it was Shakespeare who created Verges, Dogberry, and the watch in *Much Ado*. Marlowe grew up in a shoe-maker's household: but it was Thomas Dekker who wrote *The Shoemaker's Holiday*.

The country about Canterbury is almost as lovely as that about Stratford, and in the sixteenth century it was still thick with woods. The Stour is a clear river, winding gently through meadow land and low hills, overhung with willows and roses, with water-weeds waving in its current, much like the Avon. The life of the Kentish countryside round Canterbury differs little from that of Warwickshire. But there was a difference, some subtle and inexplicable distinction between the two boys. The boy Shakespeare saw and felt all this. The boy Marlowe could, if he wished, look past the towers of Westgate on his way to the King's School and see the distant hills, caught and framed there like distant landscape in a Flemish picture, but for the most part it did not touch him.

Marlowe's images are from the classic myths he studied at the King's School and at Cambridge, from the glory of the heavens,

> the euening aire,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres,

which his friend Thomas Harriot, most distinguished astronomer of the kingdom, knew so well, or from war and its alarms in which his friend Ralegh played a dashing part. He was a freeman's son of a proud city. Though the countryside lay close about him, just beyond the walls, he scarcely saw it. 'Beauty, to reach his eyes, must be splendid, violent, wild, fierce, and close akin to passionate humankind.'

No one really knows where young Christopher Marlowe received his earliest education. His father, who later became a parish clerk, may himself have taught the boy to read and write. Wherever or however he secured it, Marlowe certainly had a fair grounding in the elements before entering the King's School, at the age of fourteen — an event with which the written record of his life begins again and runs steadily on, year by year, until his death.

The Statutes of the Cathedral provided that no boys could be admitted to the school 'before they have learned to read and write and are moderately versed in the first rudiments of grammar'.

The King's School was one of the two most ancient in the kingdom — older by centuries than either university. Quite possibly the school was already nine centuries old when Marlowe entered it, for ancient tradition declares that it was founded by Archbishop Theodore in the year 600. However that may be, it was certainly ancient when it was re-established and given its royal title by King Henry VIII, who, having in 1541 driven the monks from Canterbury, set up a new collegiate body to administer the Cathedral and its enormous wealth. Among other things, these new authorities were to provide 'two public teachers of the boys in grammar'. These learned men were to devote their talents to 'fifty poor boys, both destitute of the help of friends and endowed with minds apt for learning, who shall

be called scholars of the grammar school, and shall be sustained out of the funds of our church conformable with the limitations of our statutes'.

This sounds very much as if John Marlowe's family was very poor indeed. The term 'poor boys' had, however, been so liberally interpreted that Archbishop Cranmer, when he became the first visitor of the King's School, found a strong disposition to let none but sons of the gentry enter. Cranmer did not try to bar the gentry or even to insist that they be impoverished gentry. All he said was: 'If the gentleman's son be apt to learning let him be admitted; if not, let the poor man's child apt enter his room.'

Even so, young Christopher was very nearly excluded from the King's School on account of his age. No boy, say the Statutes, can be elected 'a poor scholar of our grammar school' who is less than nine years old or 'who hath exceeded the fifteenth year of his age'. As Marlowe had been born in February of 1564, he would have been fifteen some time in February of 1579. Furthermore, he could be admitted to the school only when a vacancy occurred. Luckily a vacancy did occur and he received his scholarship January 14th, 1578/9, when he was only a few weeks under the age limit.

But for this chance vacancy, there would probably have been no more learning beyond the bare rudiments, no career at the University, no acquaintance with the great and powerful of the kingdom, able to further a young man's hopes and plans, no chance to read Archbishop Parker's books—and no *Tamburlaine*, no *Faustus*, no *Hero and Leander*. At best he could have entered his father's shoe-shop and dreamed sometimes in the tan-yard or at the cobbler's bench. Elizabethan drama would have taken a different course. There would have been no Marlowe to guide the early work

of the young Shakespeare out of which the work of his maturity grew; and Shakespeare would have been something quite other than he was.

The schoolmasters who stretched a point to admit the boy probably took no special pride in his later career of secret politics, sceptical philosophy, poetry and writing for the godless stage; but, for all that, they deserved better than they knew of their country and their country's literature, when they gave that eager, passionate mind its chance of learning.

They were not introducing him to a very easy life. School began at six in the morning with the responsive repetition of a psalm and ended with another psalm at five in the afternoon. Technically, Marlowe was part of the Cathedral's ecclesiastical organization; but he was non-capitular, that is, not part of the chapter clergy. All such members of the Cathedral dined together at three tables, the third of which was occupied by the fifty King's Scholars and ten choir boys. Each was given cloth for a new gown at Christmas, two and a half yards to each boy, and free commons, which probably meant only the midday meal, besides an annual stipend of £1 8s. 4d. Actually, the boys seem to have received £4 a year for cloth, commons, and stipend together.

The hours of study were no harder than those in Stratford Grammar School, which like the King's School still flourishes, or in any other school of the day. Discipline was severe as in most Elizabethan schools, whose masters believed that 'there is no other method of making a scholar than by beating him'.

How Marlowe's fiery and rebellious spirit reacted to the discipline of the King's School, there is no record. Amid the Cathedral's archives, a few of the accounts of the King's School for the year 1579, while Marlowe was a scholar, are

still preserved. They show him drawing his stipend regularly; but he is not, unfortunately, one of the schoolboys who signed their names when they drew their stipend, so that we have no scrap of his handwriting. The records for his second year at the King's School are missing; but the Buttery Book of Corpus Christi College shows him arriving there late in 1580. He obviously remained at school through all or most of the Michaelmas term and was then, at the age of sixteen, ready for the university.

There is no hint that he was as yet in bad odour with the academic authorities; on the contrary, he is shown every favour as if he were regarded as a youth of exceptional promise. He was given one of Archbishop Parker's scholarships at Cambridge, which would hardly have been possible unless the King's School was pretty well satisfied with him. These scholarships were intended indeed for boys likely to become clergymen.

At the King's School there began Marlowe's life-long association with the great names of England. Among the family names, famous in English letters and in English history, which appear in the ancient records of the school are Shelley, Lewes, Lyly, Sydney, Playfair, and Bentham. John Boyle, later Bishop of Cork, and his brother, Richard Boyle, later Earl of Cork, were schoolmates. Stephen Gosson had left the King's School in 1572, a few years before Marlowe entered. Like Marlowe he afterwards wrote for the theatre; but, unlike Marlowe, he left off these evil ways and wrote, in *The School of Abuse*, the most savage attack on the sinfulness of the stage and all its doings that had yet been written in England, 'finding playes of themselves, as filthy as the stables of Augia, impossible to bee cleansed before they be carried out of Englande wyth a styffe streame'.[11]

Only a few years after Marlowe left the King's School, another boy entered who was destined to revolutionize physiology and help establish modern medicine. This was William Harvey, discoverer in later years of the circulation of the blood.

CHAPTER IV

LEARNING'S GOLDEN GIFTS'

Still climing after knowledge infinite.
1 *Tamburlaine*, 875

ONE winter's day in 1580, young Kit Marlowe, soon to be seventeen years old, said good-bye to the cobbler and his wife, and to the Reverend Nicholas Goldsborough, headmaster of the King's School, packed up such few belongings as he had, and set off for Cambridge. The road led west and north over the low hills, from which he caught a last glimpse of the cathedral. It was, perhaps, the last time he ever saw them, for there is no record to show that he returned to Canterbury again. Probably he did come back during some of his long absences from the university; but whether or no he ever saw it again, Canterbury had left its indelible impress upon his mind, whence that impress was to emerge a few years later in some of the imperishable verse of English literature. In *Tamburlaine*, in *The Jew of Malta*, in *The Massacre at Paris*, in *The Passionate Shepherd*, there are allusions to the Kentish scene that cannot be mistaken.

Thanks to the bounty of the good and learned Archbishop — a bounty which for three centuries and a half has sent boys yearly from the King's School to Corpus — the shoemaker's son was on his way to a great and ancient seat of learning. The sons of the nobility and gentry, the clergy, the learned men of the kingdom, and sometimes learned men from afar, all mingled there with the sons of poorer families; for the yeomanry were beginning to make scholars of their sons and the flame of the Renaissance was touching

every level of society. When a 'poor man's child apt', like Marlowe appeared in certain fortunate cities, named in th wills of benefactors, he had the chance of winning a scholarship and being sent to the university for three years a least, and perhaps — if he did very well indeed — for two or three years more until he attained the master's degree, one of the proudest academic distinctions in Elizabethan England.

The general terms of Marlowe's scholarship are outlined in the will of Archbishop Parker, who died in 1575, and are made more definite in a formal agreement of April 12th, 1580, between the archbishop's son, John Parker, and the dons of Corpus. Parker reserves to himself the right to nominate the scholars and it was therefore his decision which gave Marlowe his education. The indenture provides that the Canterbury scholars 'must at the time of their election be so entred into the skill of song as that they shall at the first syght solf and sing plaine song And that they shalbe of the best and aptest schollers well instructed in their gramer and if it may be such as can make a verse'.

They were to occupy 'that roome or chamber in the said Colledge late called a storehouse now repaired and finished for that purpose at the cost and charges of the said John Parker in accomplishment likewise of the will of the said most reverend father'. The Master and fellows of Corpus agreed to 'give them reading in the hall within the said Colledge their barber and launder frely without any thing paying therfore' and to 'use the said schollers in such convenient order and manner as other schollers'.

It was further 'provided that none of the said thre schollers thus last above founded shalbe absent out of the said Colledge for more then one moneth in any one yere except he be sent either vpon the Colledge busines or therto compelled

thorough some notable sicknes during which time he shall not leese the comoditie of his Comons and allowaunces of vj d the weke according to the Customes and statutes of the house'. As the college Buttery Book shows, Marlowe greatly exceeded the permitted absence and spent a great deal more than a shilling a week.[1]

Founded, according to tradition, in the thirteenth century, Cambridge had grown to a university of fourteen colleges and from fifteen to eighteen hundred students. The religious note predominated, as it had at the King's School. Marlowe himself was probably already destined for holy orders, as he certainly was when he received his B.A., four years later; and Cambridge University, according to a report made by the bishops to Parliament, included 'an hundred preachers at the least, very worthy men, and not many less in the University of Oxford',[2] for the sister university had grown at about the same pace. Cambridge was a smaller town than Canterbury, numbering not quite five thousand townsmen in addition to the university.

Corpus Christi College, of which Archbishop Parker had been Master, and to which he directed that his scholars should be sent, was already old, though it was some two hundred years younger than the university of which it formed a part. Founded in the fourteenth century by Cambridge townsmen belonging to the Gild of Corpus Christi and to the Gild of St. Mary, it was officially the College of Corpus Christi and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, an origin which its sixteenth-century arms proclaim — the pelican and its brood for Corpus Christi, lilies for the Blessed Virgin.

More familiarly, Corpus was known as Benet Hall; for in Marlowe's time, having no chapel, the college used instead the Church of St. Benet [Benedict] immediately

adjoining, connected with the Old Court by a special passage.

Originally established on the site of tenements owned by the brethren of the Gilds, the College had grown by lease and purchase until by the middle of the sixteenth century it occupied most of its present site, excepting the New Quadrangle, which was not erected until 1823-27. John Josselin's history of Corpus Christi, written in 1569, describes the College buildings, 'with walls of enclosure, chambers arranged about a quadrangle, Hall, Kitchen, and Master's Habitation'.[3] Until the time of Henry VIII, the college had no glass in its windows. Then the Master and Fellows had their windows glazed; and gradually not only were the other windows glazed but rooms and halls were panelled and plastered, until in 1569, says Josselin, the buildings of Corpus had attained 'that elegance and beauty for which they are now conspicuous'.[4]

Sixteenth-century Cambridge had all its modern beauty. Paul Hentzner, the German traveller who wrote an account of his journey to England in 1598, only a few years after Marlowe left Cambridge, says:[5] 'All is splendid; the streets fine, the churches numerous, and those seats of the Muses, the Colleges, most beautiful; in these a great number of learned men are supported, and the studies of all polite sciences and languages flourish.'

Free from the cares of practical life, in edifices ancient even then, surrounded by green lawns and spacious gardens filled with flowers, the company of scholars whom Marlowe came to join were — in theory at least — devoted wholly to the pursuit of learning. Gladly would they learn and gladly teach. So gracious was this cloistered yet eager life that in 1575 William Soone, the University's Professor of Civil Law, observed, even as he renounced it for the sake of his

Catholic faith: 'The way of life in these colleges is the most pleasant and liberal; and if I might have my choice, and my principles would permit, I should prefer it to a kingdom.'

Though pleasant, it was a restricted life. The English universities, like the King's School from which young Kit Marlowe came, were closely linked with the Established Church. Masters and fellows were all in holy orders. The colleges existed mainly to provide an educated clergy for the future; and the scholarship on which Marlowe came to Corpus had been established by a famous prelate to train promising lads for the priesthood of the Church of England. Archbishop Parker's scholars were to hold their appointments for three years; and then, if they intended to become priests, they might continue for three years longer. Marlowe did remain for the additional three years — in fact, he spent six and a half years in Cambridge — and must therefore have been regarded as a candidate for holy orders.

Marlowe's religious views probably became tainted with unorthodoxy while he was still a student at Corpus. Francis Kett, later burned at the stake for his Unitarian views, had resigned his fellowship July 13th, 1580, some months before Marlowe arrived. But weekly entries in the Buttery Book show that he continued in residence during the first part of the next year, long after Marlowe's arrival. Just before Marlowe left in 1587, there arrived one Thomas Fineux, another Kentishman, a great admirer of the poet, who presently also found himself in trouble because of his religious scepticism. It looks as if there was an undercurrent of religious questioning beneath the strict orthodoxy of the College.[6]

In spite of its strongly religious atmosphere, the titular head of Cambridge University was always a layman, a

nobleman of high degree — in Marlowe's day no less a person than Lord Cecil of Burghley. The Vice-Chancellor was usually the head of one of the Colleges.[7]

The University was actually governed by the 'Caput', which consisted of three doctors (one from each of the faculties of law, medicine, and divinity), respectively, a non-regent, and a regent, including an M.A. of not more than three or four years' standing, to represent the younger element in the University. This meant that he was very young indeed, rarely over twenty-five. Elizabethan England was a land of young men, and the average age of the Caput was sometimes as low as thirty-one. Over their deliberations the Vice-Chancellor, acting head of the University, presided when — as was usually the case — Lord Burghley was absent. His Lordship, however, was always in close touch with university affairs.

The authority of the Chancellor — which was usually exercised through the Vice-Chancellor — made him much more than a mere university head. He was an officer of the law, with cognizance of personal pleas, debts, accounts, contracts, and all breaches of the peace (except mayhem and felony) in which a member of the university or a university servant was a party. He had the right of arrest — and the town of Cambridge had to guard his prisoners for him. He had the right to seize bad foodstuffs. He could safeguard the morals of his youthful charges by driving daughters of joy from the vicinity. As the charter put it,[8] he might search 'pro omnibus et publicis mulieribus, pronubis, vacabundis, et aliis personis de malo suspectis' not only in Cambridge but also in towns and villages near it; for his authority extended an 'English myle' around the city. He controlled the book trade in Cambridge, and all stationers gave bond to 'provide sufficient store of all manner of books

fit and requisite for the furnishing of all students continuing or abiding within the university, and the same books to be well bound, and to be sold at all and evry time and times at reasonable prices'. In return the Chancellor protected the Cambridge dealers against their London rivals who pirated Oxford and Cambridge editions impartially. No such books could even be offered for sale in Cambridge.

The College of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary, when Marlowe entered, was governed by the Master and twenty fellows. It chose as fellows only 'honestos, castos, humiles, pacificos & modestos graduatos'. These paragons conversed wholly in Latin, save when the Master gave them special permission to use English. As a further precaution against academic indolence, fellows were required to proceed to the higher degrees within fixed periods. A half or a third had to be in priest's orders, and these received a somewhat larger payment than those in deacon's orders.[9]

An odder group of associates for the most reckless spirit in all that turbulent age, it would be hard to imagine. One may hope that he was 'honestus' and 'castus', though some of his reported conversation hardly bears it out; but 'humilis', 'pacificus', or 'modestus' Christopher Marlowe certainly was not.

Life, studies, even the minute details of dress of the whole university were strictly regulated; and the fiery spirit of the youthful Marlowe was already in fierce rebellion against every restriction of any kind whatever. The Cambridge students had all the love of finery typical of the Elizabethans. But what were these gay and lively young scholars forced to wear?

'The common dress of all', wrote Soone[10], 'is a sacred cap; (I call it sacred, because worn by priests); a gown

reaching down to their heels, of the same form as that of priests.'

Eager and impetuous Elizabethan youth demanded linen shirts and ruffles, and the still more evil vanities of 'long lockes of Hayre', the immense Elizabethan ruff into which one might crowd as much as fifteen yards of cloth, 'Barilled Hosen', adorned with 'cut, welt, pincke or such-like', silk if possible, cut taffeta doublets; and as for gowns, if gowns they must wear, let them be as splendid as the imagination of their tailors might devise.

Above all, they wanted hats instead of round academic caps. And hats Lord Burghley, Lord Treasurer of England, the Queen's chief Secretary of State, who was also Chancellor of the University, was determined that they should not have. In May of 1588, the Armada year, when all England was arming; when John Marlowe down in Canterbury is said to have been enrolled as a volunteer bowman; when Philip of Spain's armed might threatened England with the terrors of the rack, the block, the thumbscrew, and the stake; when the Duke of Parma's soldiery were gathering in the Low Countries ready for invasion; when the Armada was making ready to sail — a time, in short, when the Lord Treasurer of England might be supposed to have plenty to occupy his mind — My Lord Burghley was greatly worried about hats. He let the defence of the Kingdom take care of itself while he scribbled directions about the clothes the boys and their dons were wearing in Cambridge, and sent from London stringent instructions 'that no hatt be worne of any Graduate or Schollar'.[11]

Matters had indeed reached a serious pass; for there was worse. It is painful to record that a year earlier the Lord Treasurer had discovered that even the College tutors were clad in 'Satten Dublettes, silke and velvett overstockes, and

facynge of gownes with velvett and satten to the grownde; and in fine great ruffs, contrarye to lawe and order'.

It is true that Elizabeth and all her court were even more vaingloriously arrayed, that half the nobles of her kingdom all but ruined themselves for the sake of their tailored splendour, and that the poorer gallants of London aped this finery as best they might. It was also true that they all went in daily and imminent danger of battle and peculiarly horrible death. Nevertheless, it worried the Lord Treasurer that many Cambridge students had 'left the ancient, grave, and comely apparell generally used of all scholars in both Universities'. And above all, His Lordship harped upon the question of hats, directing once again that 'all Scholers being Graduats upon the charges of any Howse, do wear a square cap of clothe, and lykwise scholers of Howses that be no Graduats, and all other Scholers that have taken no degree of Scholers, and do lyve upon their own charges, do weare in the said University a round clothe cap'.[12]

Not that Lord Burghley was unwilling to make any reasonable concessions; for he added a magnanimous concession — 'Saving that it may be lawful for the sons of Noblemen, or the sons and heirs of Knights, to wear round caps of velvet'. 'But', added My Lord Treasurer emphatically, 'no hats!' Who shall say what dire perils to the higher life of man the good Lord Burghley's efforts may have averted?

Just what constituted the 'ancient, grave, and comely apparell generally used of all scholars' had been carefully defined in University Statutes of 1570, which were in force when Marlowe entered Corpus ten years later. No one was to 'go forth from his college, except he be clad in a gown reaching down to his ankles and a hood befitting his degree, or at least having a sacerdotal distinction about his neck —

a fine of six shillings and eightpence shall be imposed on any one who disobeys in this respect'.[13] Regulations of 1560 had already provided 'that no scholler doe weare any long lockes of Hayre uppon his heade, but that he be polled, notted, or rounded after the accustomed manner of the gravest Schollers of the Universitie under payne of 6s. 8d.'[14]

In 1585, just after Marlowe took his bachelor's degree, the dress of graduates, of whom he had just become one, was again minutely regulated. The University ordered 'that no Graduate remayninge within any Colledge, Hostell, or Hall, or clayminge to enjoye the priviledge of a Scholler, do weare any stuffe in the outward part of his gowne, but woollen cloth of blacke, puke, London Browne, or other sad color'. The hood was to be of 'the same or like cloth and color'. This was to prevent any possible excuse for wearing that dangerous fabric, silk; and there was a further proviso against 'any stuffe in upon or about his doublett, coates, Jerkyn, jackett, cassock, or hose of velvett or silke'. Nor was the graduate to wear any garment 'that shal be embrodred, powdred, pynked, or welted, savinge at the handes, verge, showlder, or coller: or gathered, playted, garded, hacked, raced, laced or cutt, saving the cutt of the welt and button holes, nor of any other redde, grene, and suche like other colour'.

Further — for the Lord Treasurer's soul still burned within him — 'no hatt to be worne except for infirmities sake'.

Against these restrictions Marlowe's rebellious heart still raged years later when he was writing his *Doctor Faustus* in London. Faustus, alone in his study, sits meditating what he will do when magic shall have placed all power in his hands; and one of his first thoughts is:[15]

Ile haue them fill the publike schooles with silk,
Wherewith the students shalbe brauely clad.

In this ideal university, Marlowe, speaking through the lips of his Faustus, will depend upon the power of magic, a forbidden force, supplied by the devil, not by Holy Church; but at least there will be no such punishments as befell one Stephen Lake, scholar of Trinity, who fell into grievous ways and was rebuked by the Provost, 'for his habit unbecoming a scholar. For he wore under his gown, a cut taffeta doublet of the fashion with his sleeves out, and a great pair of galligastion hose. For this disguised apparel, so unmeet for a scholar, the provost punished him a week's commons'.[16]

Marlowe is thinking of Cambridge and its costumes again when Tamburlaine bids his chieftains dress for his wedding in 'scarlet roabes'.[17] Cambridge doctors have always worn black silk on ordinary occasions, scarlet on great occasions. University life, as Marlowe knew it, was not by any means completely care-free. A contemporary sermon describes a typical day in St. John's College about Marlowe's time; and life in Corpus, which had Puritanical leanings, must have been nearly as severe.[18] Some students of St. John's rose at four or five, prayed and heard an exhortation, from five to six, studied till dinner at ten — 'when as they be content with a penny piece of beef among four, having a pottage made of the same beef, with salt and oatmeal, and nothing else'. Further intellectual pursuits till five; then supper, 'not much better than their dinner. Immediately after which they go either to reasoning in problems or to some other study, until it be nine or ten of the clock; and then, being without fires, are fain to walk or run up and down half-an-hour to get a heat on their feet when they go to bed'.

These earnest students were naturally chill, for no fire could banish the cold that poured in through windows which were closed only by shutters, without glass. Academic dress had been designed with flowing sleeves to wrap the hands, and mighty hoods to encompass the head, but even this did not make for perfect comfort.

University life could be very severe in its simplicity. The inventory of all the worldly goods of a poor student in 1540/41 shows that he owned nothing but 'a long Gowne with a Whood faced with Russels', a chest, two jackets, two doubtlets, one pair of hose, one cloak, three sheets, a coverlet, a blanket, a chair, a meat-knife, eight books, and — concession to the arts! — a lute. Among the books was *The Shepheard's Calendar*, which is interesting because Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* shows so many traces of Spenser. This, however, was not Spenser's poem but an earlier work with the same title.[19]

Marlowe probably had a little more than this poor wretch; but even so, to his fiery spirit the contrast between his poverty as a pensioner and the luxury of the wealthier students, the 'fellow-commoners', would be extremely galling. Just before Marlowe entered the University, the young Earl of Essex was able to spend more than seven pounds on furnishings alone, including extra glass for his windows, 'new hangings in the study of painted cloth', and 'a place makinge for the trindle bed to drawe through the waule'.[20] Scholars slept on trundle beds, the larger beds being reserved for Bachelors of Arts who shared rooms with several juniors. Only Masters and Doctors could have rooms of their own. The unknown author of the Cambridge play, *The Returne from Pernassus*, is thinking of these arrangements when he alludes to the days 'when I was in Cambridge and lay in a trundle-bed'.[21]

The studies to which students, rich and poor, applied themselves were the result of two changes in curriculum. Royal Injunctions from Henry VIII had ended in 1535 the 'frivolous questions and vain glosses' which were all that he could see in medieval scholasticism. The university substituted for them classical and biblical literature, together with a little science for graduates. Boys coming up from the schools could already read and write Latin; though some of the blunders in Marlowe's translations of Ovid leave one in doubt as to the perfection of their Latinity. A whole year was given to each subject — the first to rhetoric; the second and third to dialectics; the fourth to philosophy.

Chance has preserved[22] a list of all the students at Cambridge on October 29th, 1581, together with the subjects of their studies. Marlowe, now in his second year, duly appears as 'Merling', of Corpus Christi, among the students of 'Mr. Johnes, professor lecturae dialecticae'. It was probably under Mr. Johnes that Marlowe studied the modern and highly up-to-date *Logic* of Petrus Ramus, which had recently replaced Aristotle's *Organon* as a Cambridge text. When, in *The Massacre at Paris*, the murderers seize upon Ramus, Marlowe is all ready with a short disquisition on the Ramist philosophy[23]. The bit of didacticism which Marlowe lets the philosopher utter is grotesquely inappropriate to the stage (perhaps the dullest spot in a painfully dull play, and certainly the oddest prologue to a stage murder ever written).

At some time during his six years at Cambridge, Marlowe learned to know his Aristotle — probably during his last year of undergraduate study. 'Quartus [annus] adjungat philosophiam', say the Cambridge Statutes[24]; and though modernistic and reforming dons might, in favour of Ramus, contemptuously reject the mighty 'master of them that

know' as a writer of textbooks on logic, they obviously could not teach philosophy without Aristotle. Marlowe evidently knew the *Analytics* well enough.

Sweete Analutikes tis thou hast ravisht me,

says Faustus[25], dreaming in his lonely study of the endless power and boundless knowledge that magic is to give him at the cost of his soul. Later, when Faustus abandons philosophy, he wishes to

Bid *on cai me on* farewell,

alluding to the Aristotelean ideas of ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν — being and not being. The passage baffled the Elizabethan printers and it fared little better at the hands of Marlowe's later editors, appearing as mere gibberish; 'oncaimeon', until a modern editor recognized it for what it really was.[26]

Though Marlowe's Faustus pretends to be a German, he is actually a Cambridge doctor through and through. Not only does he quote the books that Marlowe studied as a Cambridge scholar; his speech bewrayeth him; for he uses the vocabulary peculiar to the university. Faustus is 'grac't with Doctors name'; Cambridge degrees were granted by the passage of a 'grace' and were recorded in a 'Grace Book'. Faustus says he has 'commencde' in divinity; that is the Cambridge word for taking a degree.

When in 1584 Marlowe received his bachelor's degree, he passed to more advanced study. Candidates for the master's degree were to be *auditores assidui* at lectures upon philosophy, astronomy, perspective, and Greek. They were to make up 'by their own industry' gaps in their earlier work; and they were to attend bare-headed (*aperto capite*) at the learned disputations of those who were already masters of arts. 'Nor', say the Statutes grimly, 'will they

depart thence without seeking permission from the proctor.' Evidently there were dull moments at these learned discourses.

The classics and the astronomical studies of these later years seem to have specially interested Marlowe; for the images which appear in his poetry are drawn almost entirely from classical mythology or from the stars and planets.[27] He never tires of allusions to

All things that mooue betweene the quiet poles

or

The seuen planets, the firmament, and the imperiall heauen,

of which he had learned both at Cambridge and in conversation with his friend Thomas Harriot. We have the testimony of Harriot's own notes that he and his friend Morly'[28] discussed scientific subjects together; and Marlowe's interest in them is plain enough in *Doctor Faustus*. There is a long scene in which Doctor Faustus and Mephistopheles do nothing but 'argue of diuine Astrologie', discussing such matters as 'coniunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipsis'. Strange to say, Marlowe, like Milton, usually adheres for poetic purposes to the Ptolemaic astronomy.

Books filled with such lore were naturally plentiful in a university town. Not only did the Chancellor control booksellers; the university itself began printing again in 1584/5 while Marlowe was a student; and the neighbouring town of Sturbridge held an annual fair famous for its bookstalls.[29] Marlowe could pursue his studies in two of the finest libraries in England. Archbishop Parker's library at Corpus Christi was rich in books and manuscripts, many of which show

their influence in the plays. The university library possessed 'Globes, Astroglobes, and all other Instruments mathematicall'. These were greatly valued and were kept 'safly locked up in some convenient place within the Library with 2 severall locks and keys, whereof the one key to remaine with the Vice Chancellor, and the other to remain with the keeper of the Library'.[30] To this day the seal of Cambridge University is safeguarded in the same way.

The library's books were almost equally precious. There was a triple inventory. The Keeper gave £200 bond 'to preserve safly all and every one of the Books not locked up'. It was provided that 'all masters of arte, batchelours of law or physicke, or any other of the university above that degree, may have free accesse to the bookes of the saide librairie; so that at one time there be not more than tenne in the said librairie together (excepte the straungers that come only to see and not to tarry); and that none of them tarry above one houre at one booke at one tyme, if any other shall desire to use the sayd booke'.

Students did not have free access to the books, but as they paid fees for the use of the library on admission to degrees[31] they must certainly have used them under restrictions of some kind. The fees rose from the four pence paid by bachelors to sixteen pence for doctors. Many of the books were chained and the university accounts during Marlowe's student days contain payments for renewing the chains.

Thanks to the careful records of Richard Moodie and Henry Frogge, the librarians who dutifully gave their bonds of £200 and thankfully received their annual stipends of five marks a year while Marlowe was at the university, we know the titles of some of the books he had opportunity to read as a student; and it is no great surprise to find that the contents appear in his plays a year or two later.[31]

Books that we know Marlowe must have used in writing his plays abounded in Cambridge. Graduates and friends of the university made frequent gifts. The generosity of these benefactors was piously recorded; later academic generations have with equal piety preserved the records; so it is that one can say positively that Marlowe found waiting him in the university library and in the library of Corpus copies of the *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, the famous atlas of the German geographer Ortelius — plain Wortels in his native Germany — together with the works of the learned and long-since forgotten Paulus Jovius, Bishop of Nocera. Marlowe took the very wild geography of *Tamburlaine*, mistakes and all, from the charts of Ortelius. He took parts of his story from Paulus Jovius. He may have added a detail or two from the writings of Pope Pius II, also known as Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, whose works were in the university library, and from Baptista Egnatius's *De Origine Turcorum Libellus* (1539), which was at Corpus.

Most of his *Edward the Second*, Marlowe took from Holinshed, that inexhaustible quarry from which Shakespeare was to dig so much material for *Macbeth* and his historical plays. And Holinshed was almost certainly in the Corpus Christi library before Marlowe left it. At least, the stout leather-bound volume to-day bears on the title-page of one volume the donor's name and the date, 1587, the very year of Marlowe's last degree.

Petrus Ramus was represented by *Rami Arithmetica* and *Ramus in Artes Liberales*, given to the university in 1574, by Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the essayist; and by *De Moribus Veterum Gallorum* and *De Caesaris Militia*, which were among Archbishop Parker's books at Corpus.

Did Marlowe read the very copies of these books, which still stand upon Cambridge shelves? We do not know. He

did not, alas, annotate the books if he ever read them. The modern university librarians who discourage undergraduates from scribbling in the books would be very glad if he had, for we should then possess a few lines of Marlowe's handwriting. We might then even be able to make sure by comparison that the foolscap page of manuscript of *The Massacre at Paris*, now treasured at the great Folger Shakespeare Library, or the *Dialogue in Verse* at Dulwich College, is actually in Marlowe's hand. All that we really know is that Marlowe shows a considerable knowledge of all these volumes, that Richard Harvey, who was leaving Cambridge just after Marlowe entered, seems familiar with many of the same books when he sits down to write his *Lamb of God*, that all of these books were in the university library and theirs for the asking.

Even the neo-Hellenic *Lexicon* of Suidas, with its articles on the legendary 'Musaeus', whose *Hero and Leander* Marlowe was to make a dream for lovers in all lands and climes, lay there on the shelves to help set the young poet dreaming.[32]

Richard Moodie and Henry Frogge took good care of their books, and even rebound Paulus Jovius, one of Marlowe's sources, while he was a student.[33] The heavy covers that still protect its pages may be the very leather that he touched, new from the binders' hands, as he opened it to read of Tamburlaine and his barbarian hordes, or Persian nobles, mad raids and battles far away and long ago. There among the chained books, in his long black gown of 'sad stuffe' reaching decorously to his heels and with the round cap upon which Lord Burghley insisted so vehemently, decorously disposed above his brow, the shoe-maker's son found the stuff of romance, forgot Canterbury, forgot Cambridge, and then hurried off to the old storehouse in a corner of the

Old Court of Corpus, perhaps even then to pen the first draft of the verses that a few years later Edward Alleyn mouthed upon the London stage.

These were the verses whose 'drumming decasyllabon' caught the errant fancy of London, sent poor Robert Greene into venomous fits of envy, opened a new era on the English stage — and presently gave Shakespeare's Ancient Pistol an opening for a sly gibe.

CHAPTER V

ARCHBISHOP'S BOUNTY

O what a world of profit and delight!
Doctor Faustus, 81

STUDENT life in Cambridge was not all serious, in spite of Lord Burghley's efforts. The students 'perhaps keep more dogs and greyhounds, that are so often seen in the streets, than they do books', observes the diary of the Duke of Stettin-Pomerania, a German nobleman who visited the University in 1602.[1] In 1581 a bear was 'bayted in the sermon time, betwene one and two of the clock in the afternoone' and, since Elizabeth's successor on the throne found it necessary to forbid Cambridge students 'bear-baiting, bull-baiting, common plaies, public shewes, enterludes, comoedies or tragedies in the English language, games at loggats [bowling] and nine-holes', it seems likely that all those godless pastimes had long been popular. When Marlowe matriculated, the students had just received permission to 'play at the football, but only within the precincts of their several colleges'.[2]

They were forbidden, however, to bathe or swim in any water (*rivi stagnum aut aquam aliam*) in the county of Cambridge. 'The Backs', where the River Cam flows through the smooth-shaven lawns of the colleges, were evidently too tempting to resist on the hot summer days. This particularly beautiful part of the Cambridge landscape had attained its present beauty very early.

'Behind the colleges', says the diary of the Duke of Stettin-Pomerania, 'flows a lovely river, with many bridges

leading to a meadow pleasantly laid out with trees as a promenade for the students, who make pretty good use of the cheerful place.'[3] Bathing does not appear to have been regarded as a 'good use'. For the first illicit plunge, undergraduates were punished with a public flogging; for a second, by expulsion. Bachelors of Arts were put in the stocks. The punishment for Masters of Arts who so far forgot their dignity was left to the discretion and ingenuity of their Masters and Deans.

From Canterbury and the King's School, where the drama seems to have flourished mildly at least, Marlowe had come to a university where the classic drama was popular and where English plays were by no means unknown. James I may have frowned upon them, but Queen Elizabeth was not so stern. The Queen's Players performed in Cambridge on July 9th, 1583, and Lord Rich's Players were there about 1587. Academic authorities encouraged student plays. A statute of 1560 at Queens' College directs the expulsion of any student refusing to take part, and the statutes of Trinity prescribe the performance of five plays at Christmas.

Gammer Gurton's Needle, the first English farce and the first university play in English, had been produced at Christ's College about 1553. Marlowe as a freshman probably saw Thomas Legge's *Richardus Tertius*, produced for three evenings at St. John's in 1580. He might also have seen *Meleager* at Christ's in 1581, or *Terminus et Non Terminus* at St. John's in 1586. Half a century later, however, the young Milton, as a Cambridge student, viewed with cold disgust young academicians 'upon the Stage writhing and unboning their Clergie limmes to all the antick and dishonest gestures of Trinculo's, Buffons, and Bawds'.[4]

Marlowe's years in Cambridge were enlivened by various diverting episodes. There was the case of Dr. John Browning, who made the mistake of going to Oxford for his D.D., instead of proceeding as required by the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. Lost to all shame, this peccant divine returned to Trinity in 1584 and locked himself up in his room, whence he 'would not depart, keeping his chamber door shut till some were sent to pull him out'. Frustrated in these attempts, the college 'made a decree, the next day by eight o'clock his doors should be broke open. And this was accordingly executed, and they carried him out by strong hand'.[5]

At about the same time, the University was exercised over 'unseamlye owtrages lately commytted by the yonge and unbridled heddes' at the expense of no less a person than Sir Walter Ralegh, then high in royal favour and either already a friend of Marlowe's or soon to become one.

Queen Elizabeth, who delighted in royal gestures, liked to give her favourites magnificent rewards for their services. The only thing she delighted in still more was to save money. The penurious Queen was able to gratify all three tastes at once by patents granting royal monopolies to favoured courtiers. These gave exclusive rights to trade in specified commodities anywhere in England. The favoured monopolist —and he alone — could sell that particular article. This was a royal gift by exercise of royal authority; it cost her majesty exactly nothing; but it enabled the courtier who held the monopoly to charge his own prices for something or other that her long-suffering subjects had to have. 'It bringeth the general profit into private hand, and the end of all is beggary and bondage of the subject', said an indignant Member of Parliament, protesting against 'the great grievances that the town and country which I serve suffereth

by some of these monopolies.' He was speaking in 1601, when there were monopolies on currants, iron, powder, cards, ox shin-bones, train-oil, blubber oil, transportation of leather (which must have annoyed John Marlowe), cloth, ashes, aniseed, vinegar, sea-coal, saltpetre, lead, calamine stones, and pilchards.[6] The Queen's subjects could perhaps live happily without ox shin-bones, aniseed, and calamine stones; but monopoly prices on iron, leather, coal, cloth, and fish were another matter. On one occasion, Elizabeth gave her personal physician, that same Dr. Lopez to whom Marlowe alludes and whom she later hanged, the sole right to sell sumac, an important medicine.

About this time, she had bestowed upon Sir Walter Ralegh the sole right to license vintners, and Sir Walter had issued a licence to a certain Keymer to open a wine-shop in Cambridge. The University protested that it possessed special rights and that Sir Walter's protégé had no privileges within its jurisdiction. Whereupon the proctors tore down Keymer's sign — which the pugnacious vintner as promptly set up again. The proctors received orders to tear it down again, 'which they indevored to doe, firste by themselves, the Beadall and their Servauntes only; but beinge purposely resisted with such provision as they little looked for, as namely with skaldinge water myngled with lyme and aishes, and with stones and brickbattes, they were forsed to send for the helpe of three or foure Masters of Arte moe'.[7]

In 1587, the year when Marlowe received his own master's degree, town and gown fell foul of one another over the grievous matter of some five-and-thirty hogs belonging to William Hammond, bailiff and 'berebruer' of Jesus College. In these days every college maintained a brewer to provide its own special brew. Hammond's swine had grazed on town lands. The borough of Cambridge

promptly clapped them in the pound and then, to the scandal of the citizens, 'Mr. Vicechauncelor made a replevin to delyver the hogges, which never any vicechauncellor dyd hertofore'.

When this failed to bring home the bacon, students of Jesus College evidently took the matter in their own hands. The Mayor of Cambridge complained indignantly that 'the pound in the night tyme hath bene twyse by great multitude of riotous persons with clubbes and other weapons sawne asunder, and the hogges delyvered'. The august head of the University primly denied that this could possibly be 'the misdeameanour of any schollers'.[8]

The bounty of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1575, still keeps three boys from the King's School at Corpus Christi. Parker never lost his interest in Corpus and, a few years after he became archbishop, he was able to found a scholarship, partly with the money left by a certain John Mere, of whose will he had been named 'supervisor', partly with gifts from others, and partly out of his own pocket.[9] Between 1567 and 1575, Parker founded thirteen scholarships, to be held by boys from the King's School, some to be chosen by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, others by the Mayor and Aldermen of Norwich.

Marlowe held one of the last three scholarships, founded for Canterbury boys at the King's School, by the will of the great archbishop. We know this because, though the King's School records for Marlowe's last year are lost, the annual audits of Corpus Christi list a Canterbury boy named Christopher Pashley among the Canterbury scholars until the first quarter of 1580/1. Marlowe arrived in Corpus about Christmas in 1580. In the second quarter Pashley's

name disappears. He had gone to be ordained priest at Ely, on December 21st, 1580, just about the time of his successor's arrival and he soon became curate of St. Benet's, a living in the gift of the college, rising later to be vicar of two parishes at once until his death in 1612. Marlowe's name appears in the audits but is scored through and Pashley's name is substituted. Marlowe's name next appears in the audits for 1581, continuing in the scholarship accounts until his departure in 1587 with his M.A. and the blessing of Her Majesty's Privy Council, though without the blessing of either Corpus Christi or the University.

He has left a plain trail through the archives both of his college and of the University. When a new student entered Cambridge, he was recorded in the Admissions Book of his college; when he matriculated he was recorded again in the Matriculation Book of the University. He also paid a fee to his college on entrance. When he was hungry, he paid a penny for something to eat at the Buttery. Such an entry is actually the earliest record that Corpus Christi has of its first and greatest dramatist.

Wealthy students and the sons of noblemen entered as 'fellow-commoners'. The bulk of the students were, like Marlowe, 'pensioners', who were entered on the 'convictus secundus', or second list. The very poorest were sizars, the sons of parsons, yeomen, and tradesmen, who performed such menial services as rousing their masters in time for chapel, cleaning boots, dressing hair, and waiting at the high table. Even below them were the 'quadrantarii', college servants who were permitted to study. As a tradesman's son, Marlowe was lucky to be a pensioner; but his luxury-loving nature must have resented taking second place, and yearned for the higher rank of fellow-commoner.

When a student was ready for his bachelor's degree, he

handed in — or rather, the praelector of his college handed in for him — a 'supplicat', in which he 'prayed' the university to admit him to 'answering the question', and thus proving his fitness for graduation. When, like Faustus, he was 'grace't' with the degree, that fact was entered in the University Grace Book. Three years later, as a candidate for the M.A., he went through the same formalities.

Archbishop Parker's scholars drew a regular stipend of one shilling for each week. As these payments had to be recorded quarterly in the Bursar's accounts of the college, one can trace the future dramatist's progress through six years of university life almost week by week, except for one year for which the annual audit is lost. For this year, fortunately, the Buttery Book of Corpus Christi, also kept weekly, is preserved. Interesting enough in themselves, the records of his absences are of especial importance because Marlowe was obviously in bad odour with the authorities in his final year; and the irregular attendance in his final years, which the accounts reveal, suggests one of the reasons. There were probably other reasons, numerous enough.

It is often said that we cannot hope to know much about the lives of the Elizabethan poets, because only the lives of soldiers, statesmen, ecclesiastics, and noblemen were thought worth recording. But in Marlowe's case as in Shakespeare's, we can by good luck trace him through almost every period of his active life. Shakespeare's boyhood is a blank; but, thanks to the archives of the King's School, Marlowe's is not. We know what his early education was, what and where he studied for his university degrees. We even have the intensely human and personal record of his weekly buttery bills.

He had scarcely left Cambridge in 1587 when he appeared

prominently in the official life of London, became a well-known if slightly scandalous figure — bitterly condemned by envious foes and warmly praised by his friends — fell foul of the law at least three times, thus appearing in legal archives, and ended at last in a coroner's inquest which in tedious legal Latin recorded the very last day of his life, hour by hour. Save for the Queen herself, no famous Elizabethan ever had a single day so minutely recorded, though scores of the humble and forgotten — who, like the poet, fell foul of courts or constables — are reported with equal minuteness for a posterity that does not even care enough to look for them.

Marlowe arrived in Cambridge at Christmastime in 1580. We know the date exactly because being hungry — or more probably thirsty — he spent one penny at the buttery. The Bursar promptly charged it up to 'Marlen'; in the 'feptimana 10a poſt Michael'; and that entry is the earliest recorded date in Marlowe's university career. The following week, with the freshman's usual abandon, he spent three shillings and three ha'pence — almost exactly three times the weekly amount of his scholarship.

The Admission Book of Corpus Christi College carries the name of Marlin next to the last in the year 1580 — that is, according to modern reckoning, some time in the winter of 1580/81.

There is always something just a little irregular about Marlowe's career. He entered the King's School when he was within the age limit by a few weeks only. He drew the stipend of a Canterbury scholar even before he was a regular member of his college or of the University. He came and went more or less as he pleased, and in the end he secured his master's degree only by the direct intervention of Her Majesty's Privy Council.

Marlowe's first appearance in the Cambridge scholarship accounts is in the second term, or trimester, at a time when he was not yet officially in Cambridge at all, though he had actually been living at Corpus for some months. The Bursar's accounts for the '2a Trimestra', 1580/81, record a payment to 'Marlin' of twelve shillings. Since his stipend was a shilling a week, he had by Michaelmas been in residence officially for a full twelve weeks. The other two Canterbury scholars had presumably been there a week longer for they received thirteen shillings. Indeed, the Bursar actually started to record an entry of payment to Marlowe in the first trimester, and then crossed it off and substituted the name of Pashley, Marlowe's predecessor in the scholarship.

Thereafter, the accounts record regular payments to Marlowe throughout his undergraduate career, except in the spring of 1583, when he defied the regulations which forbade any scholar to leave Cambridge for longer than a month, and was away for seven weeks. We know this because he drew only six instead of the usual thirteen shillings.

In 1584, Marlowe was ready for his first degree. Though he had not entered the university formally until some time in 1581, he claimed the completion of four years' study (*quadrennium completum*) under a decree of 1578/9. This permitted students to claim the *quadrennium completum* if they had begun residence before the *sermo ad clerum*, which 'is or ought to be made in the beginning of Easter term'. They might then 'proceed in the fourth Lent next following the sermon'; this for Marlowe was the Lenten season of 1584, when he was 'reputed and accounted to have wholly and fully satisfied the statute'.[10]

To win his degree, an undergraduate had to keep two

'Acts' or 'Responsions' in the Schools. He announced three philosophical propositions which he was prepared to defend, and students from other colleges were then selected as his opponents. Marlowe was thinking of this public trial of wits when he made the supposedly German but very Cantabrigian 'First Scholar' ask after 'Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*' — the Latin tag of the scholar engaged in a demonstration.[11] He even named the building in which the test took place, 'the Schools' — another local Cambridge name.

After these tests the same undergraduate had, in turn, to keep two 'Opponencies', in which he publicly assailed the philosophy of two other students. The German university men of Faustus's Wittenberg are strangely familiar with Cambridge academic usage, just as the Roman heroes of Shakespeare are acquainted with firearms, or Thomas Heywood's Romans in *Lucrece* with London street-cries.

These acts took place before an audience of graduates in a ceremony at which 'all and singular bachelors and questionists' appeared 'in their habits and hoods'. A Master of Arts presided. One of the respondent's philosophical propositions having been selected, he defended it in a Latin thesis, after which he suffered the ordeal of three separate Latin refutations, each by a different opponent. Having given four demonstrations of his argumentative skill, twice as respondent and twice as opponent, the questionist was examined by his college. If successful, he was 'sent up' for the B.A., the granting of degrees being a matter for the University and not for the college.

The university's own examinations, lasting three days, were usually given just before Ash Wednesday. They were in the hands of the university Proctor and other officials.

The successful questionists afterwards submitted 'supplicats' — both of Marlowe's have survived — in which they humbly 'prayed' that they might be admitted *ad respondendum quaestioni* before the Vice-Chancellor and the university senate. The *quaestio* itself, an examination in Aristotle's *Prior Analytics*, does not seem to have daunted the budding dramatist in the least. A few years later, in writing *Doctor Faustus*, Marlowe makes his hero avow, in queer Latin and queerer Greek, a still queerer enthusiasm for this driest of philosophic treatises: [12]

> Sweete Analutikes tis thou hast rauisht me,
> Bene disserere est finis logices.

The university Grace Book duly records in 1584 that

> Chrōs. Marlyn ex coll. corp. chris.

was admitted to the question; and his supplicat is still preserved at the university Registry. In the usual formula, 'Christopherus Marlin prayeth that twelve completed terms in which he hath heard the usual lectures (even though not wholly according to the form of the statute), together with all opponencies, responsions, and other exercises required by the royal statute may suffice for him to be admitted to the question'. The clause, 'even though not wholly according to the form of the statute', was a mere bit of legalistic caution, intended to cover any accidental irregularity. It occurs in all supplicats of the period, literally hundreds of which have survived.[13]

It is just about this time — the seventh week after Christmas, 1583/4 — that he who has been plain 'Marlin' through four years of the Buttery accounts, suddenly becomes '*Dominus* Marlin'. He is made a Bachelor of Arts and

thereby a 'gentleman', no matter what his birth, on the following Palm Sunday.

At the same time, Thomas Nashe, who collaborated with Marlowe in writing *Dido Queene of Carthage*, also received a B.A. If, as many critics have believed, *Dido* is one of Marlowe's earliest plays, they may have written it as undergraduates. Thomas Heywood, indefatigable play-hack of Elizabethan London, who boasted of having 'either an entire hand, or at the least a maine finger' in 220 plays, is said to have been a student at Peterhouse at about this time and may perhaps have known both Marlowe and Nashe. It was pretty certainly he who later recast Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Robert Greene, later Marlowe's bitterest enemy, was also his contemporary at the University.[14]

As an undergraduate, Marlowe was a satisfactory though hardly a brilliant student. Archbishop Parker's scholars were at least nominally in training for the Church, and the young firebrand, who a few years later was shocking one half of London with religious radicalism while he dazzled the other half with some of the purest poetry — and also some of the purest rant — ever penned, was sufficiently sedate in the role of a candidate for holy orders to persuade the dons of Corpus Christi to send him up for his degree despite the fact that he had fulfilled the requirements by the very narrowest of margins, and had exceeded the absences permitted under the statute by a good three weeks. He even persuaded them to extend his scholarship to the longest period permitted under Parker's will — six years. Yet in the *Ordo Senioritatis* of the university's bachelors for his year, he ranked only 199th among 231 and he was eighth among the twelve from Corpus Christi.[15]

The renewed grant of the scholarship is the harder to understand because Corpus was at this time administered

by Robert Norgate, a Master with strong Puritan leanings, who had gathered about him a group of dons with much the same views. Marlowe, on the other hand, was soon to become a religious sceptic who declared roundly that 'all Protestants ar hipocriticall Asses' and who held that 'if there be any god or any true religion then it is the papists'.[16]

CHAPTER VI

'HIS FAITHFUL DEALING'

In all his accions he had behaued him selfe orderlie and discreetelie wherebie he had done Her Majestie good seruice, and deserued to be rewarded for his faithfull dealinge.

Acts of the Privy Council, June 29th, 1593

A CHANGE seems to have come over Marlowe's life in the University, as soon as he had advanced to the rank of bachelor, and had achieved the dignified title of 'Dominus' which went with it in the Bursar's accounts and in the Buttery Book. Hereafter, as we trace him week by week and shilling by shilling through the Buttery Book and through the scholarship accounts in the Annual Audits, we find Marlowe less and less in Cambridge.

In the first trimester of 1584/5, Dominus Marlin was present but three weeks, if we may judge by the three shillings of his scholarship payments, though the Buttery Book shows that he was not absent the full ten weeks which this implies. In his second trimester he drew his scholarship payments for only seven and a half weeks, and the Buttery Book again shows absences. In his third trimester he drew his payments for only four weeks, and in his fourth trimester for only five. The records of scholarship payments for the next year are lost; but the Buttery Book comes conveniently to the rescue and shows that he was absent at intervals which total nearly four months.

Thereafter the Buttery Book is lost; but the scholarship accounts begin anew. In them we find Dominus Marlin

present nine weeks in the first trimester and five and a half in the second. Thereafter Corpus Christi and the Bursar know him no more. This disgraceful genius's successor was elected as usual in November 1587; but by this time Corpus Christi was eager to forget that such a scandalous personage ever darkened its worn stone doorways or paced the grassy enclosure of the Old Court. Usually, when a new scholar was placed upon the books, the Bursar recorded the name of the scholar whom he succeeded. But in this case the Bursar would not so much as sully his goosequill with the abhorred name. The University had not wished to grant Marlowe a Master's degree. It had been compelled to do so by the Queen's own Privy Council. But it could — and for the sake of Puritanism it did — at least make sure that the man's name should be named no more.

The circumstances under which Marlowe received his M.A. have been elucidated by the discovery of a resolution of the Privy Council bluntly directing the University to award the degree whether it wanted to or not and ask no questions. It was 'not her Majestes pleasure that anie one emploied as he had been in matters touching the benefitt of his countrie should be defamed by those who are ignorant in th' affaires he went about'.[1]

When Master Robert Norgate, of Corpus, and the Vice-Chancellor received word like that from London, they knew what they had to do, if their learned heads were to stand steady on their shoulders. They did as they were ordered, albeit with very wry faces. Marlowe became Magister Artium and departed his Cambridge life for London, leaving some highly indignant dons, outwitted and overruled, fuming behind him, in their dignity.

As an example of governmental interference in university affairs, this document is remarkable even for the sixteenth

century. It deserves to be quoted in full. Thus it stands in the minutes of the Privy Council:

> Whereas it was reported that Christopher Morley was determined to haue gone beyond the seas to Reames [Rheims] and there to remaine, their *Lordships* thought good to certifie that he had no such intent, but that in all his accions he had behaued him selfe orderlie and discreetelie wherebie he had done her Ma*jes*tie good seruice, and deserued to be rewarded for his faithfull dealinge. Their *Lordships'* request was that the rumor thereof should be allaied by all possible meanes, and that he should be furthered in the degree he was to take this next Commence*men*t; Because it was not her Ma*jes*tes pleasure that anie one emploied as he had been in matters touching the benefitt of his Countrie should be defamed by those who are ignorant in th' affaires he went about.

This is not the usual letter of the Privy Council, which is always introduced in the Minutes formally as 'A letter'. It seems merely to have been a resolution; but the grim Lord Burghley sat in the Privy Council as Lord Treasurer at that particular meeting. Doubtless in his other capacity as Chancellor of the University he saw that it reached Cambridge with no diminution in its emphatic language.

It is not really very hard to see what must have happened. This was the year before the Spanish Armada descended on the coast of an England that was not quite sure whether it was really Protestant or Catholic, nor any surer whether Protestantism meant the Church of England or Puritanism. There were grimly honest men who espoused all these views. Catholic families still remained, loyally English for the most part, but, so far as they dared, still practising 'the old religion' in secrecy. Devout English Jesuits, not so loyal, slipped into

the country from the English Catholic seminary at Rheims, disguised as laymen. Plotters against the Queen and the State as well as against the established religion, they took their lives in their hands when they came, and usually lost them for their faith in the end, lost them, not by simple, comfortable beheading or hanging, but by torture or by the horrible death of traitors — hanging, drawing, quartering.

They came to hearten the lingering faithful of the Church of Rome, and to convert wavering Protestants, but also to intrigue against the heretic Queen — in their eyes no Queen at all, but merely an upstart bastard — and her usurping government.

The rulers of England, ecclesiastical and governmental, were nervous. The university authorities, being a little of both, were more nervous still. Serious-minded and devoutly inclined university students, who found themselves turning to the ancient faith, often under the skilful urging of the disguised Jesuits, usually continued their education at Oxford and Cambridge, veiling their real Catholic convictions, and then slipped off to the Continent to complete their studies for the Roman priesthood.

It is possible to judge Dr. Robert Norgate, Master of Corpus, a great deal too severely. What was he to think? Converts to Catholicism notoriously disappeared shortly before receiving the Master's degree. And here was one of his own scholars — ostensibly in training for the priesthood of the Church of England — interrupting his studies for weeks at a time, moving mysteriously about the country, and said by rumour to have made a journey to Rheims — a city filled with wicked English Jesuits engaged in training Roman Catholic pupils to overthrow the Queen's throne, the Queen's State, and the Queen's faith.

It is quite possible that Marlowe really did make a secret

journey to Rheims, acting on secret instructions from some one very high in Elizabeth's affairs of state. The Queen's secret service was directed by Sir Francis Walsingham, second cousin and friend of that Thomas Walsingham who was Marlowe's patron. His spies were everywhere, listening to tavern conversations in England, watching the English Catholic students in Rome, reporting the casual conversations of suspected Englishmen abroad. Their reports still linger in the archives, sometimes straightforward letters telling the worst in plain English, sometimes darkly mysterious and conspiratorial in tone, signed only with a Roman numeral forming part of the secret code.

Nor were these the comic sleuths of fiction. Sir Francis's secret service was vigilant and efficient. Did an Englishman in Germany call the Queen an atheist? Walsingham had a spy on the spot to hear him and write it down[2]. The secret service was clever enough to intercept and read all the letters that passed between the captive Mary Queen of Scots and Anthony Babington's Catholic conspirators, who sought to free her. It was also clever enough to speed those letters on their way again without the least suspicion among the conspirators. And Robert Poley, one of the tools engaged in this very work, was an agent of Sir Francis Walsingham's, an acquaintance of Marlowe's patron, Thomas Walsingham, and an associate of Marlowe's — dined with him, indeed, on the very day of his death.[3]

This man deceived the unfortunate Babington so thoroughly that even when the conspirator had been betrayed, he was still not quite sure whether Poley was the faithful member of the conspiracy he seemed to be, or the government spy he really was. As Babington fled in a vain effort to escape the death which soon overtook him, he sent his treacherous friend a letter which is one of the most

pathetic of all the pathetic documents that have come down from those days, showing both his suspicion that his friend had betrayed him and at the same time his unwillingness to doubt his friend's fidelity:[4]

> ffarewell, sweet Robyn, yf as I take the, true to me. If not Adieu, *omnium bipedum nequissimus*. Retorne me thyne answere for my satisfaction, and my dyamond & what els thow wilt. The fornace is prepared wherin our faith muste be tryed. ffarewell till we mete, which god knowes when.

Poley's character being what it was, Babington probably never got his diamond.

If the Queen's government — as it certainly did — wanted secret information about the Jesuit college at Rheims, Marlowe was an ideal agent. He was about to take the Master's degree, was, in other words, at the very stage in his studies when converts usually fled to the Catholic seminary on the Continent. He was looked on with disfavour by the Puritans of Corpus. He was, as the reports of other spies later made abundantly evident, able to advocate Papist doctrine with alarming enthusiasm.[5]

He may really have gone to Rheims, and it would not be strange if rumour of that journey reached the ears of Dr. Norgate or the Vice-Chancellor. If so, there was only one course for them to take: to refuse the degree, which Marlowe had probably not done very much to earn, and cast out the cut branch for the burning.

Marlowe, alarmed at the prospective loss of a greatly coveted distinction, dashed up to London, saw some friend powerful enough to move the Privy Council in his behalf, returned to Cambridge, and triumphed. It is very likely that this powerful friend was Lord Burghley himself.

Certainly, his protector must have acted with great speed since the degree was taken only a couple of days later.

Vice-Chancellors and Masters of Colleges do not like being compelled to yield to wild and careless students. Whatever they now thought of Marlowe's loyalty to the crown, his academic labours had for three years certainly not been assiduous, and his religious views were certainly not orthodox. There had been trouble with religious scepticism in Corpus for more than a decade — from the time of the heretic Francis Kett who was still living at Corpus among the dons for several months while Marlowe was in residence, to the days of Thomas Fineux (another Kentishman, said to have been 'made an atheist' by Marlowe), who entered just as Marlowe was leaving but whose career, like the heretical Kett's, overlapped the poet's. Cambridge was probably the first of many places which in the next six years were rather glad to see the last of Marlowe, who combined more than ordinarily the madman and the poet.

The Master's degree was highly esteemed by Englishmen of the Renaissance, when learning was cherished like an art, and when no unreal distinction was drawn between art and scholarship. It represented as much study for as many years as a modern doctorate; many university students dropped out, discouraged by the rigour of the course, before they had even attained the baccalaureate. All the greater, therefore, was the pride of the masters.

The university itself ordered 'that no master or scholar shall presume to sit by any master of arts in any chirch, or at any lecture in the schools'. The dignity of the master was recognized by special privileges and academic costume of special silken splendour. It was a proverb that 'a Royston horse, and a Cambridge Master of Arts, are a couple of creatures that will give way to nobody'. The village of

Royston, near Cambridge, made malt, which its horses carried up to London on their backs. The horses could not very well turn out of the road; the Cambridge Masters, feeling themselves equally laden with learning, would not.[6]

The boast of Marlowe's enemy, Robert Greene, that he was 'Master of Arts in both Universities', his contempt for the 'upstart crow', Shakespeare, who had not even a Bachelor's degree, and Ben Jonson's satisfaction in becoming a Master 'in both ye Universities by yr favour not his studie' are thus entirely comprehensible.

The cobbler's son was henceforward almost invariably referred to as 'gentleman'. He was in close association with the great and powerful aristocrats of Elizabeth's court. In Cambridge, he spent much more than the stipend of his scholarship. In London, he wrote not nearly enough to support him. And yet there is never any hint that he was in any straits for money. He had a powerful friend somewhere, or perhaps several powerful friends; and it is no wonder he turned to these mysterious patrons to get him that M.A.

It would be interesting to know the exact nature of Marlowe's work for the government. It was obviously confidential, and its nature is not specified even in the Privy Council's resolution. It was probably secret service of some sort, which almost certainly included the carrying of confidential letters and the dispatch of confidential business. Elizabethan literary men were often used in this way. Anthony Munday, a very minor dramatist, spied upon the English Catholics in Rome for the benefit of the Queen's government. James Welsh, a student of Magdalene College, Cambridge, also did espionage. William Fowler, a minor Scotch poet, Marlowe's friend Matthew Royden, and William Vaughan, author of *The Golden Grove*, all sent in secret reports. Even Ben Jonson has been suspected of espionage.[7]

This was a period of great activity in the government's secret service. Mr. Secretary Walsingham received, between March of 1587 and June of 1588, a total of £3300 for secret service, the largest sum ever given him within so short a time.

Some of that money quite probably went to Christopher Marlowe, while he was still a B.A. of Cambridge University and perhaps after he left the University. Spies were sometimes employed as confidential messengers, carrying secret dispatches of special importance. Robert Poley, for example, acted both as spy and as diplomatic courier. That may be the reason why we find an official letter from Utrecht, addressed to Lord Burghley on October 2nd, 1587, mentioning 'Mr. Morley' among 'the messengers from you'.[8] If Marlowe — who is called 'Christopher Morley' in the Privy Council's resolution — had really been doing confidential errands for the Lord Treasurer, who was also Chancellor of the University, it is no wonder that the Privy Council was a trifle emphatic about his degree. But we must not be too sure, for there seem to have been other Morleys in the Exchequer.

Then, too, Marlowe may have been abroad aiding in some way the negotiations with the Duke of Parma, sponsored by Sir James Crofts, a Spanish sympathizer who still hoped that peace might be maintained. Robert Cecil, son of Lord Burghley, a former Cambridge student of about Marlowe's generation, was engaged in these negotiations, which were still in progress in Belgium the next year, at the very instant when the little English warships were riddling the hulks of the Armada with their shot. No wonder Parma privately described Sir James as 'a weak old man of seventy with very little sagacity'. More likely, however, Marlowe stood with the Walsingham family; and Sir Francis, at least, was bitterly opposed to the peace negotiations.

CHAPTER VII

LONDON AND FAME

That like I best that flyes beyond my reach.

Massacre at Paris, 99

THE London to which Marlowe turned, as the gates of Corpus Christi closed behind him, was the London of a very short period in Queen Elizabeth's long reign. Marlowe knew the literary life of the capital only from 1587 to 1593.

Some time during those six years, or perhaps a little earlier, Will Shakespeare had come up from Stratford. These are the lost years of Shakespeare's life. We do not really know anything about him until the early 1590's, when he began to publish highly erotic but beautiful verse like *Venus and Adonis*, a poem which probably owes its being to a vogue started by Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. We do know that after his marriage, Shakespeare drops out of Stratford records, save for the premature birth of a daughter and the entirely decorous and respectable birth of some later offspring.

But Shakespeare's life covers the whole of the great period of English literature under Queen Elizabeth and the greater part of that under King James. No matter when he came to London, Shakespeare certainly lived there until late in life — late, that is, for those days of swift and sudden death. He saw almost the whole of the most brilliant epoch in English letters, before he retired — rich, respected, and famous — to his native Stratford.

He saw the last of the old theatrical inns; he saw the new theatres go up, one after another, to supplement the first

two or three, which were all that Marlowe knew. He lived through the rising of the Earl of Essex, in which his *Richard II* was used as propaganda; went to court as actor and a playwright; wrote (says a legend of respectable antiquity) one play at the Queen's own command; won the honour of a coat of arms and gave the Stratford Shakespeares a place among the better people; intervened to help on the marriage of his landlady's daughter; stole a girl from Richard Burbage; bought property and set up as a landowner; affably lent his influence to help forward the affairs of fellow-townsmen of Stratford; saw the foundation of the Empire laid, once the Spaniards were conquered; saw the Queen grow old and haggard and ridiculous, yet hold the hearts of her subjects all the while and match her wits against the best of her foemen to the very end; saw the new King ride down from Scotland; and himself, as a King's Player, walked in the royal procession clad in a royal gift of scarlet cloth.

Of all these things, Marlowe knew nothing. He slept in the churchyard at Deptford, while on Bankside, illiterate, greedy Philip Henslowe, money-lender and theatrical producer, watched with covetous eyes, the money that rolled in from production after production of the dead poet's plays; and in the booksellers' shops around St. Paul's an eager public spent its sixpences for fifty years upon those shabby little pamphlets in which the plays and poems first appeared, early editions which to-day sell for much more than their weight in gold.

Marlowe was killed a few months after his twenty-ninth birthday. His life was short; and of that short life most was spent in Canterbury and in Cambridge. Fame came quickly, when he reached London at last, but the whole space from fame to death was five or six years at most. The years be-

tween July of 1587 when he took his first degree, and May 30th, 1593, when he took a dagger thrust above the eye from his friend Ingram Frizer, and died, included all the fledgling eagle ever knew of London life. It is worth while to study carefully the narrow stage that London set for his brief scene.

Marlowe never heard most of the greatest names of Elizabethan literature. He knew Spenser's poems well and almost certainly knew the poet, too. He may have met Sir Philip Sidney. But Shakespeare to him was a raw young beginner, who looked as if he might eventually amount to something. Marlowe never heard of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, or *Twelfth Night*. If he knew *Hamlet* at all, it was as some anonymous early play, botched and bloody, perhaps the work of his friend Thomas Kyd, which Shakespeare revised years afterward. Francis Bacon to him was a rising young lawyer, lucky enough to have a seat in Parliament and powerful friends at Court. Francis Beaumont was a child of less than ten. John Fletcher was a boy, still at Corpus Christi. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer's stepson in his 'teens; certainly no one had ever heard of him.

The Elizabethan writers that Marlowe knew were minor figures, mostly pitiable hacks, whose reputations have for the most part ill endured the test of time — envious Robert Greene, malignant Gabriel Harvey, satiric Thomas Nashe, learned Thomas Watson, grave George Chapman, dissolute George Peele, and Sir Walter Ralegh, whose romantic life has never been forgotten and whose books are never read.

The London that Marlowe knew, including neighbouring Westminster, sprawled along the river for three or four miles. From north to south, including Southwark on the opposite bank of the Thames, it reached about two miles.[1]

It was a city of 100,000 or 120,000 inhabitants, obviously of some degree of piety, since they worshipped in 119 churches, whose steeples broke the low Elizabethan skyline, dominated by the squat tower of St. Paul's — not the great dome-crowned edifice of Sir Christopher Wren, but the old cathedral which had already lost its spire and which perished in the great fire seventy years later.

Municipal affairs were dominated by the dour but solid London burghers, of Puritanical leanings. Social life and gaiety were dominated by the gallants and light wenches of the Court. Over them all, during Marlowe's first year in London, hung the shadow of Spain, the fear of the Armada and the Duke of Parma's soldiery, ready to bring back the terrible days of Bloody Mary. Then came the victory of Howard and Drake and Hawkins, a great joy and a new buoyancy in the English spirit, a proud exultation in England's new freedom and power, all expressed in an outburst of poetry.

Splendid though its citizens thought it, Marlowe's London would in modern eyes have appeared at most quaintly picturesque and at worst rather mean. The streets were narrow, ill-lighted, and unsafe. The police were constables much like Dogberry and his aides in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*. Two of the Shoreditch constables about this time went in fear of their lives because of the poet Marlowe, and appealed to the courts for protection against him.[2] The streets which they guarded were filthy, in spite of the sanitary decree of some early enthusiast for public health, which forbade householders to empty waste into the streets before nine o'clock at night, thereby adding a new peril to nocturnal rambles.

But if the streets that Marlowe trod were filthy, they

were also inimitably picturesque. They resounded with street-cries which an old playwright has preserved:[3]

'Kitchen-stuff, maids!'

'Hot fine oat-cakes, hot!'

'Whiting, maids, whiting!'

'I ha' white radish, white hard lettuce, white young onions!'

'Salt — salt — white Wor-stershire salt!'

'Small-coals here!'

'Lanthorn and candle-light here!'

These were the cries, so rhythmically delivered that they could be bundled together to make a lyric for Thomas Heywood's play on *Lucrece*.

Elizabethan gentry, gallants, nobles, and prosperous merchants who wanted to keep their fine white ruffs unspotted, their silken doublets and fine velvet cloaks free from the street mire flung up by galloping riders or by the new-fangled coaches that were becoming fashionable and creating a traffic problem, much preferred to travel by water. The 'silver christall streame',[4] of the River Thames — in those days still free from the contaminations of modernity — dominated communications. The old plays that deal with London life are full of allusions showing that the river was the city's principal highway. Up and down stream and across the current, north and south among the swans, bobbed the watermen, their little boats darting wherever their fares demanded, with cries of 'Eastward, ho!' 'Westward, ho!' to warn other craft and the gliding swans as well.

It is no wonder that Elizabethan lyrics are full of swans, for the graceful white birds, protected by the Queen who owned them, were everywhere. Sailing thirty miles down the Thames to London, a German traveller found that 'all the

time the river was full of tame swans, who have nests and breed in small islands'. And, said another, 'the sight of them and their noise is vastly agreeable to the fleets that meet them in their course'.[5] These, evidently, did not include Orlando Gibbons's 'silver swan that living had no note'.

On state occasions, the Thames bore the Queen herself in her Royal barge, her watermen in splendid liveries. In Marlowe's time, there led down from the palace at Whitehall 'a verye statlye passage to the Thamise for her Matie to take bardge, to passe at her pleasure the pleasant streame'.[6] The nobility built their palaces along the main-travelled thoroughfare, with water-gates leading down to its bank, and like their Royal mistress travelled in stately barges of their own. The Lord Mayor and city dignitaries, not to be outdone, voyaged upon the Thames, as a visitor records, in a barge 'covered with red taffetas ornamented with a white cross', while 'each guild or company had its own barge, ornamented with numerous flags by which each company might be distinguished'.[7]

Between the courts and the Tower of London the prison barges, bearing state prisoners to and from their trials, plied frequently enough to be familiar sights. The headsman sat grimly in the same barge with his prospective victim — the blade of the axe turned from him if acquitted, the blade turned toward him if convicted. Somehow, in most cases, the blade did turn toward the prisoner eventually. As a foreigner remarked, it was hard to find a nobleman who had not had some relatives beheaded. During Queen Elizabeth's reign, it is estimated that the government executed 6476 men and women in London and Middlesex alone.

The river itself was dominated by London Bridge, the only means of crossing on foot. Here tenements had risen

to a height of several stories and in them scores of families lived, their houses fronting inward on the bridge as on a narrow lane, the rushing water beneath them. 'In the midst', says an account contemporary with Marlowe,[8] there was 'a drawe bridge, and vppon the same bridge on either side, the houses so artificially combined, that the whole bridge seemeth not onely a mayne and faire streete, but men seeme to passe vnder a continuall roofe.' The way was so narrow that two coaches could barely pass each other.

To support all this, twenty thick stone piers obstructed the water, so that the bridge became almost a dam, the Thames rushing between them as if through sluices. 'Shooting the bridge' was a minor adventure. On the southern end of London Bridge, the 'Surrey side', the heads of traitors stood on long, spiked poles. The number varied: but some thirty usually stood there, until they mouldered away or were replaced with others, as silent warning to the throngs of the great Queen's subjects passing underneath. Jesuit missionary priests who had crossed in disguise from the Continent and who, landing at Dover, often passed this way, could glance up at their predecessors and see what their own fate was pretty certain to be. One of those priests later used 'Christopher Marlowe' as a convenient alias. The Tower of London, grim place of torture, imprisonment, and execution, stood farther down the river, much as it had stood for centuries, much as it stands to-day — 'strong and ample, well walled and trenched about, beautified with sundrie buildings, semblable to a little towne'.[9]

London, amid this grimness mingled with splendour, was developing a taste for a new kind of drama which was both grim and splendid. The miracle, mystery, and morality plays, lingering on into the latter half of the sixteenth century, touched the boyhood of Marlowe and Shakespeare

both of whom show in their writings their familiarity with these old plays. The universities had long made a practice of producing plays in Greek and Latin — usually with the approval of their rulers — but these were for the educated few.

The mass of the English people had formed the habit of play-acting, for half the population of the town might take part in the performance of one of the mystery cycles. These popular plays were crude for the most part, but hearty and roughly vigorous. More important, the masses had gained a taste for play-going, much like the taste of our own masses for the cinema. Plays were exciting. They were unreal; but they were full of stir and colour, tales of far away and long ago that broke the monotony of life in Tudor villages and London shops. The nobility shared these tastes; but, better educated, they sought in English plays the grace of classic finish and style that they had learned to know in the universities.

Religion no longer monopolized the drama. Since early in the century, small groups of players had wandered about the kingdom, setting up their stages of barrel-heads and planks in the courtyards of the inns (with their tiers of balconies for the spectators all around). Legally, these players were rogues, vagabonds and masterless men; the godly burghers of London disapproved of them as much as the Queen and her nobles encouraged them.

It was this favour that saved the day for the actors. There was always a way to circumvent the law. The nobility had the right to maintain 'servants', ministering to their own amusements. It was, therefore, always easy for a manager to get some actors together, buy a few costumes, find some manuscripts, and then persuade the Lord Admiral — or the Lord Chamberlain, or the Lord Warden of the Cinque

Ports — that it would be a fine thing to have a company of actors wearing his badge. Thus the actors became the nobleman's privileged servants. Naturally, the noble lord never paid his actors; but the protection of his name enabled them to make a living for themselves and the drama to flourish.

At least five inns in Elizabethan London were quite as much 'common osteryes turned to playhouses', as they were inns. These were the Bull, the Bell, the Bell Savage, the Cross Keys and the Boar's Head.[10] But there was always trouble. The bedrooms of the inns opened directly on the balconies where upper-class spectators sat to watch the plays. Small wonder that the citizens of London objected when they found how frequent was the 'inveigling and alluring of maids, specially orphans and good citizens' children, under age, to privy and unmeet contacts'.[11]

The Puritan element in the City objected to plays anyhow, on general principles. One of their number asserted that the devil gave theatrical performances in hell every Sunday evening to offset any possible good the churches might do on that day. The clergy complained that the competition of the plays was hard to meet. The perpetual danger of plague often gave the London burghers good excuse to forbid the gathering of audiences, for fear of contagion. The Elizabethan impresarios found themselves perpetually harassed.

Scattered here and there about London were 'Liberties' — districts which were geographically in the city, but legally outside it. They were policed by the Queen's indulgent government, not by the stern city of London. These offered haven to the players — Marlowe himself went to live in the Liberty of Norton Folgate, and Shakespeare in the Liberty of Shoreditch. The first Blackfriars theatre was set up in

the Liberty of Blackfriars to enable the actors and their noble patrons to snap their fingers at the Puritans. But this little 'private' theatre was too small for really profitable theatrical ventures.

It was James Burbage, father of Richard Burbage — star of Shakespeare's company, creator of Hamlet and many another leading Shakespearean role — who first found a way out of the difficulty. North of the city was Finsbury Fields — open country with a few houses, just outside London, near enough to attract audiences, but completely beyond the legal jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor.

Here, in 1576, the elder Burbage and his brother-in-law set up the first real theatre that England had possessed since the Roman legions withdrew in 411. It was more than a thousand years since anyone had built a theatre in England. The architect did not know quite what was needed; but he had a model in the theatrical inn-yards. He hit upon a brilliant idea. He would simply build an inn-yard with its balconies and stage, and leave out the inn. Thus was created the first purely British theatre, to which its creators gave the obvious name. It was *the* Theatre. There was no other.

Here the actors, unmolested, plied their craft. Here Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* was certainly produced and probably *Tamburlaine*.[12]

As usual when one business pioneer embarks upon a new and successful venture, imitators were not far behind. Within a year or two there was another theatre — the Curtain, whose name still lingers in 'Curtain Road', now a part of metropolitan London.

We know a good deal about these early theatres. Wandering foreigners came, beheld, and wrote descriptions home. One such, with a sketch attached, turned up in Holland a few centuries later. The artists who drew laboriously detailed

panoramas of Elizabethan London put the theatres in with as much painstaking detail as if they had guessed how interesting their sketches would be to later generations. The contract for the Fortune theatre remains, and we know that Shakespeare's Globe was built to the specifications of that very contract.

Even without all this detail, we can almost reconstruct these old playhouses in our minds' eyes from allusions and stage directions in the old plays. The buildings were rounded or octagonal. That is why Shakespeare's prologue to *Henry V* calls the theatre 'this wooden O'. The inn-yards had been open to the sky? Then so were the theatres. The strolling players of the older days had performed on improvized stages of barrels and planks projecting out into the inn-yard? Then the new theatres would have permanent stages just like it. The gallants who could afford to pay for inn rooms had sat on the balconies of the inns? Then let them sit on the balconies of the new theatres. The common herd had stood in the mud of the inn-yard? Then let them stand in the corresponding part of the theatres. In the old, rounded bull-rings, this had been 'the pit'? Then let it be the pit in the new theatres.

In 1589, by the time Marlowe had won a reputation with his earliest plays, the Burbages and their theatre were in worse than usual difficulties. The widow of Burbage's former partner turned up one day, accompanied by an attorney with a claim; and there followed a scene which is fully recorded in an extant legal document of incredible solemnity.[13] Mrs. Burbage received her guests with something less than cordiality. She told them that her son, Cuthbert Burbage, would 'break their knaves' heads' at the earliest opportunity, while the elder Mr. Burbage, from an upper window, so far forgot himself as to call the

importunate widow a 'murdering whore' and her companions 'villains, rascals, and knaves'.

'If my son come', continued Mr. Burbage, 'if my son come he will thump you hence.' Just then Cuthbert did come, 'and in very hot sort bid them get hence.' After what the widow and the lawyer had heard of Cuthbert's pugilistic prowess and his impetuous disposition, they 'went their ways', appalled by a final series of 'great and horrible oathes' from the Burbages, father and son.

When the lawyer appeared upon a later visit, the other son, Richard Burbage, and his mother 'beat him with a broom staff, calling him murdering knave'. When a second attorney ventured the opinion that this was no way to treat the bearer of a court order, 'the said Richard Burbadge, scornfully and disdainfully playing with this deponent's nose, said that if he dealt in the matter, he would beat him also'.[14]

Some timorous soul among the actors — it was the brother of the great Edward Alleyn, who starred in most of Marlowe's plays — murmured a few cautious words about assault and battery, but Burbage replied, 'My sons, if they will be ruled by me, shall at their next coming provide charged pistols, with powder and hempseed, to shoot them in the legs'.

The Theatre, it is not surprising to learn, stayed under the control of the Burbages. When it came down at last in 1598, it was the Burbage heirs who took it down, to build Shakespeare's Globe and to found a new stock company, in which Master William Shakespeare was a prominent shareholder, as well as actor, playwright, and general handyman.

Southwark, the south bank of the Thames, also known as the Surrey Side, had two theatres, during at least part of

Marlowe's life in London. One was the rather mysterious theatre at Newington Butts, standing well back from the river, which does not seem to have been very popular and about which little is known. The other was the Rose, standing near the Clink Prison, in the 'Liberty of the Clink', directly on Bankside and close to the southern end of London Bridge. Newington Butts seems to have been little used after 1592.[15] The Rose was probably the theatre where Marlowe saw most of his own plays performed; for it was built about 1587/8[16] and was largely controlled by Philip Henslowe, father-in-law of Edward Alleyn, who starred as Tamburlaine, Faustus and Barabas.

The Rose was a circular building of timber, lath, and plaster, with the usual stage projecting into the pit, a 'heavens' over the stage — where the 'j dragon in fostes' doubtless hovered — the whole crowned by a thatched roof and flagpole, where a banner announced the beginning of a play. It was thoroughly overhauled in 1591/2, by which time Henslowe was in complete control of its management. His accounts[17] at this time are full of such purchases as 'hallfe a lode of lathes', 'elme bordes', 'ij thowssen of lathe naylles', 'fur powles', and 'ij gystes to bear the chymne'. So fantastic is his spelling that one often has to pronounce the words once or twice before one can see what he means.

All this refurbishing was in preparation for the coming of Lord Strange's players, with Edward Alleyn at their head. These actors were, just about this time, making a great success with Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, taking in fifty shillings or more at the box office for a single performance.

Bankside, where they played, was not a particularly reputable section of London, though no Elizabethan playwright or producer ever worried greatly over such matters. There were taverns, bull-rings, bear-rings, kennels for the

dogs that tormented the poor beasts. Along the river stood a row of famous brothels, owned by the Bishop of Winchester, whose episcopal palace stood a little farther down the river, nearer the Bridge and respectability. The frail sisterhood to whom the Bishop leased his property were known as 'Winchester geese' or 'Winchester pigeons'. Theirs had been a vice district for centuries. When Henry II laid down regulations to control this sorry traffic 'according to the old customs that had been there used time out of mind',[18] the 'stew-holders' were forbidden to keep any inmate 'against her will that would leave her sin', forbidden to sell food or drink, forbidden to keep open on holidays. Further, 'no man to be drawn or enticed into any stew-house'. The police were to exercise supervision and there was some effort at sanitary regulation. The dead harlots, forbidden Christian burial, lay in what was euphemistically called a 'Single Woman's Churchyard appointed for them far from the parish church'.

The stews were more or less legal establishments until the time of Henry VIII. In 1545/6 that exponent of morality suppressed the whole district by statute, though as Bishop Fuller explains, many suspected that 'he rather scattered than quenched the fire'.[19] The stews were no longer under legal protection, but references in the old plays make it abundantly evident that they were still flourishing. A few plays — like *Holland's Leaguer*, named after a famous brothel — even laid their scenes in the vice district, to which Shakespeare occasionally alludes.[20] Ben Jonson, in his parody of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, degrades the story of that exquisite idyll to make 'Hero a wench of Bankside, who going over one morning to Old Fish street Leander spies her land at Trig-Stairs and falls in love with her'.[21]

Conveniently at hand stood 'the Clink', a prison 'for any such as should brabble, fray, or break the peace in the said bank or in the brothel houses'.[22]

This was the London to which Marlowe came down from Cambridge to try his fortune. He was disgraced at Cambridge, and Canterbury was probably none too friendly to a former candidate for holy orders who was now writing for the stage. Somewhere in the background were powerful friends. Distinctly in the foreground were some very riotous companions. The brilliant Ralegh and the learned Harriot were his friends. He was in some way attached to the circle of the Countess of Pembroke — at least he writes a dedication to her. This was Sir Philip Sidney's sister, for whom *Arcadia* was written. He had his education, his pen, his genius, and his way to make. He plunged into the life of London.

CHAPTER VIII

A YOUNG CAREER

Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds.
1 *Tamburlaine*, 869-871

It was a growing practice at this time for young university men to seek their fortunes in the literary life of the capital. John Lyly, down from Oxford, disgusted with a university where he had 'tyr'd at a dry breast three years', had made a sensational success with a novel, written in a new and highly artificial English prose of his own devising, *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*; and had followed it quickly with a sequel when he saw its success — *Euphues and His England*. The books were written in a new style — one might almost say a new jargon. Elaborate bits of strange natural history, borrowed from Pliny, supplied most of the metaphors, which dealt with unicorns, mermaids, basilisks and elephants. Every sentence balanced and many of the balanced pairs of metaphors were alliterative. It was a strange, lifeless, artificial language, which Shakespeare ridiculed and parodied a few years later.

But as so often happens, the very strangeness of the jargon made it popular. And Lyly, seeing that his work had become the fashion, plunged into dramatic writing with no more misgivings as to his special talents than a popular modern novelist assailing the cinema or attempting to lecture. The result was a series of weakly pretty and fanciful comedies, known to modern readers chiefly by a few

exquisite lyrics which find their way into anthologies under Lyly's name, though they were quite possibly not his work at all. Elizabethan writers took what they wanted where they found it; there never was a race that troubled its head less over literary ethics.

After Lyly, there came suddenly a whole group of university graduates, some to become poets and live in obscure dependence on noblemen and gentry who were at once friends and patrons, others to plunge into that wild variety of hack-work by which the professional Elizabethan man-of-letters made his scanty living — plays, verse and those 'scald, triviall, lying pamphlets', which were sold for sixpence around St. Paul's. These were the cheaper journalism of the day, fiction of a falsely moralistic sort, occasional pieces of unblushing bawdry, handbooks of this and that, religious tracts, and most irreligiously savage criticism of each other — anything that would keep the needy hacks alive in their obscure lodgings.

This was the first group of professional, university-trained literary men that London had ever known. As such, they were promptly dubbed 'the University Wits', and by that name the group has come down the ages. The name did not, to the Elizabethan mind, imply that they were witty. None, as a matter of fact, was witty in our modern sense, and Marlowe least of all. Even humour was notably lacking in most of them. Their attacks were downright savage, brutal sneers — what their contemporaries called 'snarling satires'. The Archbishop of Canterbury had to intervene eventually, calling in and burning the volumes of laborious abuse with which Thomas Nashe and the Cambridge don, Gabriel Harvey, had assailed each other.

'The University Intellectuals' would be a pretty fair rendering of the school's name into modern English. It

meant that their work had a certain polish derived partly from the classics and partly from rhetorical training. It meant also that their work had an elegance which had been lacking in most secular writing in the hundred and fifty years since Chaucer. It meant also that here were men who could write out of a wide intellectual background, not the 'riming motherwits' at whom Marlowe aims a barbed shaft in the opening lines of *Tamburlaine*.

The group included not only Marlowe, Nashe and Greene, who were closely associated, but also George Peele and Dr. Thomas Lodge, that early example of a since familiar type, the literary medico. Most of these men knew Marlowe personally. We know that from the tone of their allusions to him, whether they praise or whether they sneer. None of them, in fact, could very well avoid knowing all about him. Literary London was a very narrow circle in which the different groups were all closely connected. The eccentric, spendthrift writers, the sober, money-seeking stationers, who printed their work, and the actors who did their best to see that plays at least were *not* printed, so long as their performance could still draw a crowd.

Plays for the popular stage had always suffered because the playwrights could never quite make up their minds what kind of verse they wanted to write in. For some strange reason, it never occurred to any of them to go about with their ears open, listen to the real dialogue of daily life, and then write the realistic, racy prose of the actual speech about them. Instead they experimented with any and every kind of verse form. The writers of the early religious plays tried to make their characters talk in stanzas and the young Shakespeare, years later, quietly dropped an entire sonnet into a particularly long speech in *Love's Labour's Lost*. But dialogue in stanzas was hopeless. It was too glaringly

artificial; it made any quick movement of the play impossible; and repartee in stanza-form was as near impossibility as literature could be.

Lyly had tried to write in riming couplets. Then came the authors of *Gorboduc*, who produced very nearly the dullest tragedy in the world — in itself a considerable achievement — and produced at the same time a stupendous idea. The classical dramatists of Greece and Rome had written blank verse. It now appeared perfectly possible to write blank verse in English and use it on the stage. It is hard to see why no one had ever thought of it before, since every schoolboy was brought up on Latin blank verse, learning to read it and even trying to write it, throughout his school days.

Even when the earliest English blank verse began at length to be written, it was merely the old rimed couplet with the rimes left out. Each line stood by itself. A pause at the end marked each off as a separate unit in the rhythmic scheme. The 'run-on' line was unknown. There was none of that merging of one line into another, with subtle variation in the pauses, or with no pause at all, to give the verse variety, beauty, even flow and movement, and some feeling of real life. English blank verse was all a clattering march of monotonous iambics, a parade of wooden soldiers unrelieved. Small wonder that it found few imitators.

Some years after *Gorboduc*, blank verse was tried again on the stage, in a play — long since and most justly forgotten — called *The Misfortunes of Arthur*.

But plays like these were somewhat 'precious' affairs, intended for the private stage and the upper classes. Blank verse reached the practical, commercial stage one day in 1587 or 1588 when Christopher Marlowe walked into The Theatre or The Curtain with the manuscript of *Tamburlaine*

under his arm. It is not by any means certain that his play was the first blank verse to astonish the ears of the groundlings. *The Spanish Tragedie* — a flamboyant, blood-soaked melodrama supposed to have been written by Thomas Kyd, who at one time shared rooms with Marlowe — may have preceded it on the stage.

It does not make a great deal of difference. Both helped to make blank verse popular; both plays made a tremendous impression; both were certainly written at about the same time, perhaps in the same chamber; both suffer from a lamentable tendency to blood and bombast; both were admired and imitated; both were in blank verse. But there was one enormous difference. *Tamburlaine*, with all its noise and its rant and its frequent moments of unrelieved 'hokum', was redeemed by the unearthly beauty of the finest passages, sometimes even of the most violent passages, by an intense and genuine feeling, and by occasional passages of the purest lyricism which in its own special kind has never been surpassed.

This was 'Marlowe's mighty line', and no matter how clumsily it was imitated, no matter how much it was ridiculed and parodied, and no matter how much it deserved both ridicule and parody, it brought to the English stage for the first time 'the heady music of the five marching iambs', the pentameter line which was to be modified and sweetened by Shakespeare, to be gradually reduced almost to the level of conversational English by Beaumont and Fletcher, but never to be lost from the English stage so long as plays were written in verse at all, and to remain for ever after in the poetry that is written in books.

When one is told how important *Tamburlaine* was in the development of the English popular drama, how long its influence lasted, and how great its greatest passages really

are, reading the play is something of a shock. It is long, noisy, tedious, and frequently absurd. Its characters are designed to be superhuman and often are simply not human. It is bloodthirsty with a more than Elizabethan bloodthirstiness. It is full of mere rant and it is often bombastic.

But in spite of all that, there is good reason for calling it an important play, even in its own way a great play. It ushers in an entirely new period in drama. It introduces a new medium, blank verse. It stirs its hearers sufficiently to keep its memory alive for a century or more. It contains some of the finest lyric passages ever written. It marks the first step toward a drama at once literate and popular.

Tamburlaine is a play on the theme of power, which obsessed the poor shoe-maker's son so completely that it dominated almost everything he ever wrote. *Tamburlaine* deals with political power, the might of the conqueror. *Doctor Faustus* deals with power of the intellect, unlawful power through black magic. *The Jew of Malta* deals with the power of wealth, gained through unscrupulous Machiavellian 'pollicie'. *The Massacre at Paris* returns again to the theme of political power, to be attained by violence, as in *Tamburlaine*, and also by 'pollicie', as in *The Jew of Malta*.

The soliloquy of the Duke of Guise, one of the few pieces of pure if violent poetry in this very dull play is the epitome of Marlowe's own mind, and the minds of the fiery and rebellious heroes who echo it:[1]

> What glory is there in a common good,
> That hanges for euery peasant to atchiue?
> That like I best that flyes beyond my reach.
> Set me to scale the high Peramides,
> And thereon set the Diadem of Fraunce,
> Ile either rend it with my nayles to naught,

Or mount the top with my aspiring winges,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleepe,
For this, I waite, that scornes attendance else.

t spirit is Tamburlaine, Faustus, Barabas, Guise – and Christopher Marlowe, playwright of London — all in one. Only in *Dido, Queene of Carthage*, where he had Nashe as a collaborator, or in *Edward the Second*, last and neares perfection of Marlowe's plays, in which he shows for the first time signs of restraint and mastery of his medium and the prospect of growing into something newer and greater, does Marlowe vary from his formula.

Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* is an early example of a kind o play common enough in Elizabethan days. It is neithe tragedy nor comedy, but a chronicle play, based on more o less authentic history, rewritten and adapted for the stage The Tamburlaine of history was Timur Lenk (Timur the Lame), the Asiatic conqueror of obscure birth, whose armie swept across south-western Asia, conquered the Turkish Emperor, Ylderim (Thunderbolt) Bajazeth, and died abou 1404, something less than two centuries before young Marlowe, casting about for a subject, stumbled on some books at Cambridge, and began to regard him as a possible means of success in the theatre.

The Timur Lenk of history really did most of the things that Marlowe astonished the London audiences by making him do upon the stage; and one may have a very interesting time tracing down all the strange avenues along which news of the far-off Asiatic warrior reached the young English university scholar in Cambridge or London. As the play opens, the weak-minded King of Persia is dispatching his general, Theridamas, to suppress[2]

Tamburlaine, that sturdie Scythian thiefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis.

Tamburlaine wins the Persian general and his men over to join his own band, captures the 'Soldan of Egypt's' daughter Zenocrate — obviously so named because the poet remembered a Greek philosopher — then joins forces with a second Persian army and places the king's brother on the throne of Persia, then overthrows the new monarch and makes himself King of Persia. All this by the end of the second act.

It was this crowded action, this rush and bustle of mimic armies across the stage, as well as the beauty of the verse, that thrilled Elizabethan audiences. Here was a play that told its story in orotund and thrilling language, where its predecessors had relied on inanely artificial dialogue, or else called in a chorus to explain to the long-suffering audience what the play was really all about.

The rest of the drama is equally stirring. The Turkish sultan, Bajazeth, enters with 'the kings of Fess, Morocco, and Argier, with others, in great pompe'. (Fez, Morocco, and Algiers, the Barbary states of Northern Africa, were actually under Turkish suzerainty and Marlowe had taken their names, spellings and all, from the map by Ortelius in the Corpus Christi library.) Bajazeth's army encounters Tamburlaine's off-stage while 'they sound the battell within'. Zabina, the Turkish Empress, and Tamburlaine's Zenocrate sit watching it from the stage and taunting each other, until Bajazeth is overcome.

Enter now the Soldan of Egypt, coming to his daughter's rescue with an army — and a speech that became a byword in Elizabethan London. It was the kind of passion in the kind of resounding language that a robustious actor with a big resonant voice and the right kind of talent could take

down to the front and use to make the theatre ring:[3]

> Awake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
> Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskes,
> That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe.
> The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
> The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
> And with a troope of theeues and vagabondes,
> Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace.

The lords and their masked ladies in the galleries were as thrilled as the crowd of 'groundlings' in the pit, and

> Awake ye men of Memphis!

went around London. We know that because other play wrights promptly went off and tried to write speeches like it, some of which survive.

Tamburlaine has in the meantime besieged Damascus, which Marlowe apparently regards as part of the Soldan of Egypt's domains. The besieged city is first surrounded by Tamburlaine's army with white tents, displaying white banners, to indicate that if the governor will surrender,[4]

> So shall he haue his life, and all the rest.
> But if he stay vntil the bloody flag
> Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,
> He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.
> And when they see me march in black aray,
> With mournfull streamers hanging down their heads,
> Were in that citie all the world contain'd,
> Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.

The historical Tamburlaine's custom of displaying first white tents and banners in token of mercy, then red meaning that only the fighting men must die, and finally, after

continued resistance, black to indicate that no living soul would be spared, is mentioned in most books of the period. Marlowe, recognizing an excellent piece of pure theatre, seizes on it at once. He also uses the pathetic scene in which a deputation of young girls comes out from the doomed city to plead for mercy and are handed over to Tamburlaine's cavalry to be speared to death. Pope Pius II gives a vivid account of this episode in a book which was in the Corpus Christi library while Marlowe was a student,[5] and is still there.

From this perfect bit of blood-and-thunder, Tamburlaine goes on into his long soliloquy on his love for Zenocrate,[6]

> Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
> Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee, —

containing that exquisite apostrophe to Beauty which is blank verse as perfect as Marlowe or any other poet was ever to write:

> What is be ufferings then?
> If all the pens that euer poets held,
> Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
> And euery sweetnes that inspir'd their harts,
> Their minds, and muses on admyred theames:
> If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
> From their immortall flowers of Poesy,
> Wherein as in a myrrour we percieue
> The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
> If these had made one Poems period
> And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,
> Yet should ther houer in their restlesse heads,
> One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least,
> Which into words no vertue can digest.

The soliloquy is pure lyric and pure ornament. It advances the plot not a whit. It is wholly without action. But it is the sort of passage that Marlowe loved to write for his great interpreter, Edward Alleyn, just as Shakespeare was later to write another soliloquy which would allow Richard Burbage, as Hamlet, to display his talents. The groundlings gape at the scene with the pleading virgins and Tamburlaine's savage order — flung out in Alleyn's best martial manner to his horsemen:

> . . . straight goe charge a few of them
> To chardge these Dames, and shew my seruant death,
> Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.

There is much shrieking and screaming and clashing of steel, off-stage, while Alleyn, frowning fearsomely, declaims:

> I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
> Nor change my Martiall obseruations. . . .
> They haue refusde the offer of their liues,
> And know my customes are as peremptory
> As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie.

The spell of the great actor lays itself upon the house; and then the mood changes. Alleyn, in all the splendour of 'Tamburlaynes cotte, with coper lace', and 'Tamburlanes breches of crymson vellvet', strides slowly down the stage — out on the platform where every line of his face is visible, where every syllable can have full value — and swings into the lines of the love soliloquy. Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, is not a monster but a man — and a man in love.

An instant later we wade in blood again. Bajazeth beats his brains out against the bars of his cage. So does his Empress, amid the enthusiasm of the pit. The King of Arabia, Zenocrate's discarded suitor, enters mortally wounded. The Soldan of Egypt is defeated and captured.

But love stories must have a happy ending, and the Soldan announces himself

> . . . pleasde with this my ouerthrow:
> If as beseemes a person of thy state,
> Thou hast with honor vsde Zenocrate.

The conqueror of the world, the scourge of God, crowns his Zenocrate, announces their coming marriage, and is reconciled with the Soldan.

The play ended, to what good effect the playgoers spread word of the novel and marvellous talent of this new young writer, said to be 'a Cambridge scholler', we can see in the accounts of Master Philip Henslowe. These accounts do not begin until long after, when Marlowe was already dead and *Tamburlaine* an old play; but even then it could still draw an audience. Between September 1594 and November 1595, Henslowe entered receipts for fourteen performances, the takings for each ranging between eighteen and forty-five shillings — very respectable by Elizabethan standards, especially for a play that was already six or seven years past its prime.

John Taylor, the 'water poet', a Thames boatman with a talent for minor verse, wrote years afterward that 'Tamburlaine perhaps is not altogether so famous in his owne countrie of Tartaria as in England'; and we have allusions to productions at the Red Bull Theatre and by players wandering in the provinces, which show that *Tamburlaine* held the stage, one way or another, for some fifty years. The play became so familiar that Shakespeare, in writing *Henry IV*, could still be sure that his casual allusion to a single line would be instantly familiar to his hearers.[7]

The obvious course for an ambitious young man who has just made a tremendous success with a first play is to write a

new one as fast as possible; and there is no doubt at all that the actors, seeing *Tamburlaine's* success, clamoured for another play. But Marlowe did not have another play to give them. His secret government missions and such study as he had been doing at Cambridge must have kept him fairly well occupied. The thing to do was to write, not a new play, but a sequel to the first one, whose characters and materials he had well in mind already. This duly appeared, some time in 1588, as *Tamburlaine the Great, With his impaſsionate furie, for the death of his Lady and Loue faire Zenocrate*. The poet is quite frank about it in the prologue:

> The generall welcomes Tamburlain receiu'd,
> When he arriued last vpon our stage,
> Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
> Where death cuts off the progres of his pomp.

The Second Part of *Tamburlaine* is obviously more hurried and more careless than the first. Marlowe has glanced through his sources again, and seen that there is a good deal about Tamburlaine of which he has so far made no use. The Turkish vassals of the conquered Bajazeth gather to redeem his defeat. In order to be free to attack Tamburlaine in the east, they swear a holy truce with their Christian foe, Sigismund of Hungary, on the west. Sigismund, however, acts on the theory that his oath is not binding because the Turks with whom he made it are infidels. Breaking his pledged word, he attacks. The Turks appeal, not to Allah, but to the Christ by whom the perfidious Christian King has sworn, to avenge the broken oath by which the Christians have themselves dishonoured His name.

This episode gives Marlowe a chance to write into the play a typical bit of heresy like that which later appears in *Doctor Faustus*. While in these days it lacks the startlingly un-

orthodox ring it had in its own, the passage is a good example of the bold speculation which already occupied the poet's mind and which had probably already helped to bring him into bad odour at the university. It was a tendency in Marlowe's thought which later led to the wild, irreligious tavern talk that horrified government spies reported secretly. But it is, after all, only speculation as to the nature of the one true God. Modern ears will have a hard time finding it shocking in the least degree.

Gazellus, the Turkish leader, cries out in fury:[8]

> Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
> But in their deeds deny him for their Christ:
> If he be son to euerliuing Ioue,
> And hath the power of his outstretched arme,
> If he be iealous of his name and honor,
> As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
> Take here these papers as our sacrifice
> And witnesse of thy seruants periury.
> Open thou shining vaile of Cynthia
> And make a passage from the imperiall heauen
> That he that sits on high and neuer sleeps,
> Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
> But euery where fils euery Continent,
> With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
> May in his endlesse power and puritie
> Behold and venge this Traitors periury.
> Thou Christ that art esteem'd omnipotent,
> If thou wilt prooue thy selfe a perfect God,
> Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
> Be now reueng'd vpon this Traitors soule. . . .
> To armes my Lords, on Christ still let vs crie,
> If there be Christ, we shall haue victorie.

The Turks meet and defeat the Christians in the west. But in the meantime, in the east, Tamburlaine's various armies join into one enormous host. Each of the leaders describes the countries over which his army has marched — taking the names once more, mistakes and all, from the map of Ortelius in Cambridge. Tamburlaine meets and, of course, conquers the Turks.

At this point, however, Marlowe is shrewd enough to see that he cannot go on for ten acts with nothing but a series of speeches, clashes of arms, and mighty conquests. He has already done his best to make Tamburlaine a human and credible figure by developing with all his might the love story of Tamburlaine and Zenocrate, at which the sources of the play barely hint.

There was, in the Orient, a tradition that mighty Tamburlaine had one favourite wife whose death greatly distressed him. This tale, current in Asia, nowhere appears in the printed sources available to the dramatist; but in some mysterious way he got hold of it and used it to vary his play by making his conqueror more humanly appealing — a figure who in spite of all his blood-and-thunder could stir an audience to sympathy. Tamburlaine has loved as other men; the pit shall now see him suffer as other men.

Zenocrate falls ill and dies; and for her death Marlowe writes another of those great lyrical passages which would fall flat enough on the modern stage because of their length; but which gave an actor like Edward Alleyn a chance to stalk down the stage and tear a passion to tatters. They are splendid, fantastically poetic stuff, these highly ornamented passages, though to enjoy them one must leave a good share of one's common sense and modern taste behind.

Blacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden balle of heauens eternal fire,
That danc'd with glorie on the siluer waues:
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.

— Thus it begins, ending with a purple patch of purely lyrical blank verse, built around one echoing, haunting line,[1]

To entertaine deuine Zenocrate,

as a refrain. It is a passage that cries aloud for music and that almost sings itself. Probably the early managers saw their chance and did play it over music, for at the end a stage direction says, 'The musicke sounds, and she dies'.

Critics have sometimes objected to the unrestrained violence of emotion in it, quite forgetting that we have here the words of a barbarian chieftain proudly styling himself 'the scourge of God', a half savage Scythian who is mad with grief, and not likely to express himself with the restraint of a Victorian bishop:

Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,
To entertaine deuine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaslesse lamps
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The christall springs whose taste illuminates
Refined eies with an eternall sight,

Like tried siluer runs through Paradice
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Vse all their voices and their instruments
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and currious harmony,
The God that tunes this musicke to ous soules:
Holds out his hand in highest maiesty
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

For the rest of his life, Tamburlaine carries the beloved body about with him, wherever his armies go,

Embalm'd with Cassia, Amber Greece and Myrre,
Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold.

The defeat of the Turks gives the young dramatist a chance to devise another stage spectacle that lingered long in the memories of the London playgoers. Many later writers allude to it, half smilingly; and Shakespeare himself uses a scrap of it in *Henry IV*, when mine Ancient Pistol, very drunk, indulges in a ranting speech full of half-remembered scraps from the playhouse.

Long before, in 1566, George Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, the first Elizabethan adaptation of Greek Tragedy, had used a scene in which a king appeared, 'sitting in a Chariote very richely furnished, drawne in by foure Kinges in their Dublettes and Hosen, with Crownes also upon their heades'.

Marlowe (or the stage manager) remembered this; and so Edward Alleyn made a sensational entrance as 'Tamburlaine drawen in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria with bittes in their mouthes, reines in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them', while two

other kings are 'led by with fiue or six common souldiers It gave Alleyn one of the most successful speeches of his long career:[10]

> Holla, ye pampered Iades of Asia:
> What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
> And haue so proud a chariot at your heeles,
> And such a Coachman as great Tamburlaine?

Even the phrase 'pampered jades of Asia' had probably been borrowed from Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid, with its 'pampered jades of Thrace'; but that made no difference to the electrified audience.

The ale-houses, the Court, the palaces of the nobility, echoed with the line; and other English writers for three centuries rang the changes on it, from Beaumont and Fletcher to George Eliot.[11]

The last act is a final series of conquests and speeches, ending in the death of Tamburlaine. Babylon is captured and the governor hanged in chains upon the city walls. Tamburlaine falls ill. A map is brought in and the hero traces his life of conquest, exactly following Ortelius again. Zenocrate's hearse appears for the last time while her lover exclaims:

> Now eies, inioy your latest benefite,

and then — in a speech of thirty-odd lines — vehemently dies at last.

The death scene is a curious illustration of the purely dramatic limitations of Marlowe's earlier work. He was primarily a poet, who could not resist the temptation of a resounding line; and his final scene is in consequence much too full of life and vigour. The dying hero can rise to recite a reverberating speech of great length, filled with elaborate

metaphors, classical allusions, all the approved rhetorical devices and 'high astounding terms' that Marlowe loved.

It is all completely artificial and it is saved from absurdity only by the splendour of the language and the extensive willingness of the Elizabethan audience to swallow unreality. Far different is the death scene in which Shakespeare, after a few years' advance in stage craft, lets his Antony die — in blank verse still, but in a blank verse now whose very rhythm has the choking gasp of a dying man.

Marlowe was like most of the writers of his time, who never had the least idea of inventing stories of their own. A playwright's first step was to look around for a source, either some older play, which he could rewrite and bring up to date, or some old book of tales, which he could adapt to the stage. Far from being shamefaced about it, these old writers seem to have felt that it was hardly respectable to write an original plot. Henry Petowe, who wrote a continuation to the poem, *Hero and Leander*, which the dying Marlowe left half-finished, felt this so completely that he lied shamelessly about the non-existent sources which he pretended to have used. He quite obviously devised out of his own imagination the version of the immortal lovers' story which he offers, a version for which there is no shadow of classical authority. But he was ashamed to be original and brazenly asserted he had found his plot in certain 'Italian books'. As the original Greek which Marlowe had begun to adapt is perfectly well known and as no trace of Petowe's mysterious Italian books has ever been discovered, it is plain that he felt the authority of a source was more respectable than the exercise of his own ingenuity.

Only two of Shakespeare's plays have any claim to originality in plot; and for nearly every one of the three hundred or so other Elizabethan plays that have come down

to us, a prototype can be found somewhere or other. Almost all their originals have been unearthed for us by the patient labour of inquiring scholars who have been examining this curious aspect of letters for more than a century.

Often these sources have no particular importance, except that they reveal the quarry whence the stone was digged and afterward shaped. With Marlowe, however, it is worth a little effort to discover sources, because their discovery tells us so much about the kind of man he was and the way his mind worked. Most writers of his day were content with a single source. When Shakespeare wanted to write an historical play, he took down his trusty volume of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, chose what he wanted, let his imagination play freely round it, and wrote his play from that. When Ben Jonson wrote his *Catiline*, he simply translated large chunks of Cicero's orations and put them on the stage without even troubling to adapt them. When Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*, he was content to rewrite an old and fairly well-known play.

But Marlowe was a highly trained university graduate, who had read in the finest libraries of the day. Nothing so simple would do for him. Wherever possible, he reads as many books as he can find before he begins to write; and *Tamburlaine* is the play for which he appears to have read more books than for any other. Half a dozen books about Tamburlaine himself, some of Spenser's poems, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, a treatise on fortification (to get the conqueror's military terminology right), and the maps of Ortelius, which set his geography marvellously awry — these were some of the materials that went to make the play that took London by storm. More mysterious are the echoes that we catch of distant Oriental sources in languages Marlowe cannot possibly have known, whose materials appear in no

European books but nevertheless do appear in the two parts of *Tamburlaine*.

The search for Marlowe's sources thus becomes something more than an amusement for scholarly dilettanti and becomes a genuine search for the mind of a poet. Until a few years ago, it seemed plain enough that Marlowe had used only two books. One of these was a Latin life of Tamburlaine, *Vita Magni Tamerlanis*, by an Italian who Latinized his name as Petrus Perondinus. The other was a queer volume of literary odds and ends quite unconnected with each other — something like a magazine with but a single issue — which the Spaniard, Pedro Mexia, published as *Silva da Varia Leccon*, and which one Thomas Fortescue, otherwise unknown to fame, 'Englished' as *The Foreste*.

From these two books Marlowe could have gathered most of the historical details which he used in writing *Tamburlaine*; but his play also contains a great many other elements that could not possibly have come from these sources. Among the most interesting details of this sort are such minute matters as proper names and titles, the exact number of Tamburlaine's troops at the beginning of his career, the use of the captive Bajazeth as a foot-stool, Tamburlaine's love for Zenocrate and their children.

Where did Marlowe get it all? At the end of his account of Tamburlaine, Mexia adds a little list of his authorities: 'This then that I he'ere giue you, that all haue I borowed of Baptista Fulgotius, Pope Pius, Plantina vpon the life of Boniface the ninth, of Matthew Palmier, and of Cambinus a Florentine writing the History and exploits of the Turks'.

It so happens that all these old authors have survived. Plantina and Matthew Palmier have really very little to say about Tamburlaine, and are unimportant. But the writings

on Tamburlaine of Baptista Fulgotius and of Pope Pius II (both listed by Mexia), were actually in the library of Corpus Christi while Marlowe was a student. So also was the work of Baptista Egnatius (or Ignatius), whom Mexia does not include in his book list, but whom he does, in the body of his work, mention approvingly as 'a diligent sercher of ancient antiquities'.

Going beyond Mexia's authorities, Marlowe seems also to have used the writings of Paulus Jovius, the learned bishop of Nocera, in Italy, whose works were in both the Corpus Christi and university libraries, and Philip Lonicer's *Chronicorum Turcicorum Libri.*

These books abound in details that are in the play but not in Mexia and not in Perondinus. Most of these details are exceedingly minute; but that very fact adds to their significance as showing exactly where Marlowe has been browsing. They are in themselves too unimportant for any one to bother to invent. If Marlowe used them at all, he copied them — perhaps unconsciously. And where would he be so likely to look as in the old books just across the Court in his own college, or in the library of the university? This is the more plausible because both libraries together amounted to a very few hundred volumes — so few that with seven years to browse among the shelves, Marlowe could not very well miss them.

Take, for example, the name of Bajazeth's son. Perondinus says that he was called 'Celebinus', but Marlowe gave that name to one of Tamburlaine's sons by mistake. Baptista Egnatius says that the Turkish prince was 'Orchanes, whom others call Calepinus'. His book was actually published as part of the same collection of Turkish chronicles that included Perondinus. Cambinus gives the name as 'Calapino' and Paulus Jovius explains that many people 'for

Cyryscelebes, named him Calepyne'. Somewhere, also, Marlowe had — as we know from another quotation — also discovered Philip Lonicer's *Chronicorum Turcicorum Libri*, which devotes a chapter to 'Calepinus Cyricelebes, qui Cibelinus', and also refers to him as 'Calepinus Cyricelebes, whom they also call Cibelius'.

All this is reproduced in the play, where the Turkish prince is described as 'Calepinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius'.[12] It is interesting also to note that Marlowe was too economical to waste a high-sounding name like 'Orchanes'. He used it, not for one of Bajazeth's sons, but for one of his vassals. Marlowe loved words, loved the sound and the tone and colour of them; and he could not bear to see a good one go to waste.

Again, Marlowe's Tamburlaine delights in calling himself 'the scourge of God'. Something like this appears in Mexia's *The Foreste*, but it also appears in several of the other books, notably in the Corpus Christi copy of Pope Pius's *Asiae Europaeque Elegantissima Descriptio* (1531) where Tamburlaine is made to say: 'I am the wrath of God and the destruction of the world'.

Yet again, while most sources say that the Persian King sent out a thousand soldiers to capture Tamburlaine, most of them are silent as to the number of Tamburlaine's own troops. But Baptista Fulgotius and Philip Lonicer give the same figure as Marlowe: 'The number came to five hundred'.[13]

'We fiue hundred foote,' says Marlowe's hero.

One of the favourite stories about Tamburlaine was his degradation of the captive Bajazeth, who had to get down on all fours and serve as a footstool for his conqueror. Mexia does not mention the tale and Perondinus alludes to it without using Marlowe's word, 'foot-stool'. But Baptista

Fulgotius and Philip Lonicer are very specific about this detail: 'Using him for a foot-stool' (*eo pro scabello utens*).

Such is the origin of a famous scene which his imitators were to refer to and reproduce for twenty years after Marlowe's death.

It is hard to explain just where Marlowe found the story of Tamburlaine's love for Zenocrate. Johan Schiltberger, a Bavarian traveller who had actually visited the court of Timur Lenk, mentions a favourite wife whom Timur beheaded for infidelity, after which regret for her caused him to fall ill and die. Laying aside the infidelity, this is essentially the story as Marlowe tells it; but the poet certainly never learned the tale from Schiltberger, whose account of his adventures lay in manuscript until 1859.[14]

A queer old sixteenth-century book of sermons[15] also alludes to a wife's influence over the conqueror; but most of the learned books on Tamburlaine simply ignore his marriage, though Perondinus mentions it casually.

Strangest of all is the close correspondence between Marlowe's story and another document which was never translated out of the Turki language until long after Marlowe was dead. This is the *Mulfazat Timury*, or memoirs of Timur, which mentions a favourite wife who accompanied her heroic husband in the field, shared his perils and conquests, and died while he was in the midst of his victories. The Persian historians, Mir Khwand and Ali-i-Yazdi, also tell the story of the captive princess whom Timur married, whom he loved exceedingly, and at whose death he was so distressed that he withdrew from affairs of state.[16]

It is simply impossible to think that Marlowe hit upon the same story that these Oriental writers tell by mere chance; and yet it is equally impossible to show how he could ever have become acquainted with these obscure documents.

Perhaps he heard the tale as it was brought back from the East by word of mouth. This is not by any means incredible; for there was more passage between East and West than one might suppose. The Spaniard, Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, went on an embassy to the Court of Timur not long before the monarch's death; and Timur's Court was at least once in touch with the Court of France.[17] The whole Continent was interested in stories of the Asiatic conqueror — one can see that by the numerous books about him. It was therefore not impossible for such tales to circulate in Europe orally.

CHAPTER X

'BLOODY, BOLD, AND RESOLUTE'

I know sir, what it is to kil a man.
II *Tamburlaine*, 370

WHILE Marlowe was thus moving from triumph to triumph, he was, like most successful men, making enemies. The Cambridge rhetorician, Gabriel Harvey, hated him bitterly, had probably hated him since they were both at Cambridge, hated him so completely that he poured ridicule on Marlowe's works and ideas and made no secret of his exultation a few years later when Marlowe was killed. His brother, Richard Harvey, rector of Chislehurst, Kent, the parish of Marlowe's patron, Thomas Walsingham, may on Christian principles have concealed his enmity toward the impetuous and outspoken Christopher; but he had certainly not enjoyed being called 'an asse', even by the most successful playwright in London. Robert Greene was also venomous against the man who had written better and more successful plays than his own, who was an associate of the great, the brilliant, the rich, and the powerful, while poor Greene himself had to write cheaply sensational pamphlets for a shabby living.

But there were others who disliked 'kynde Kit Marlowe' still more completely. One of these was William Bradley, the son of a London innkeeper. Bradley was a quarrelsome fellow. He was twenty-six years old, one year older than Marlowe; and he resembled a good many other people in feeling that something must be done immediately to take that obstreperous fellow down a peg.

like the elder Harvey, he had probably formed that u
favourable impression at Cambridge — if he was indeed th
William Bradley who had matriculated as a pensioner of St
John's, the college of Marlowe's enemy, Greene, and his
collaborator, Nashe, in 1580 — the year before Marlowe.
e in it only did Bradley detest Christopher Marlowe; he
no greater fondness for Marlowe's friend, the poet,
as Watson. And furthermore, William Bradley — a
te of exceptional capacity — looked with a jaundiced eye
pon a certain Hugh Swyft, Watson's brother-in-law, and
John Alleyn, brother of Edward Alleyn, the same John
Alleyn who had endeavoured in vain to calm the irate Bur-
bages one historic day at the Theatre.

The first permanent record of these rumblings in Brad-
ley's bosom is a record of the Court of Queen's Bench,
probably made during the summer of 1589. An entry, on a
parchment four or five feet long, records that Bradley 'prays
sureties of the peace against Hugh Swyft & Thomas Wat-
son, being in fear of death'.[1] The record is exactly like
the one in which William Wayte asks for sureties against
William Shakespeare and others in 1596.[2] A good many
Londoners in those turbulent days had reason to go to court
asking for protection, and this particular roll is full of their
petitions. Bradley was following excellent example when
he went to court demanding that each of these men be
required to provide bond in their own names and the names
of two sureties each for their peaceful behaviour.

One or more of the Queen's judges heard the plea and
de it returnable on the fifteenth of St. Martin, which
unt, in plain English, November 25th. It was another
emple of the law's delays, and this time the law delayed
long. What it was all about, we shall never know. Long
bre the appointed date arrived, Bradley's fears were only

too fully justified. Bradley himself was in his grave and Watson and Marlowe had been charged with his murder.

Whatever the dispute, it must have been fairly serious for Bradley was a stout man of his hands, not easily frightened and quite ready to do battle on occasion. Seven years before as a mere boy, he had been in a fight with a jerkin-maker's apprentice from which both he and his brother Richard emerged with wounds.[3] The unfortunate outcome of that encounter may, perhaps, have inclined him to see what the courts could do for him, this time.

The courts, as it turned out, could not do very much. On September 18th, 1589, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a rattle of steel along Hog Lane, a street running from the Liberty of Norton Folgate, where Marlowe lodged, toward Finsbury Fields near the Theatre and the Curtain, along which Marlowe walked to see his plays performed. Bradley and Marlowe were engaged in savage battle, sword to sword. It was the usual sort of Elizabethan duel, in which each man fought with his sword, usually with his cloak cast over his left arm to serve as a kind of shield which would at least entangle the enemy's blade, and with his dagger clutched in the left hand, ready for any chance to close in and give his enemy his quietus with a bare bodkin.

The scene of the duel was towards the north end of Hog Lane, beyond the point where the street crossed into the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate — we know that from the detailed description of the place given in the coroner's inquest on Bradley the next day. Marlowe had probably been walking out from his lodgings. It was after the midday Elizabethan dinner, and dinner in the Liberty of Norton Folgate meant wine and plenty of it. It was in this very year that Marlowe's friend, Thomas Nashe, wrote of 'the blacke

pot which makes our Poets vndermeale Muses so mutinous, as euerie stanzo they pen after dinner is full poynted with a stabbe'.[4]

Marlowe's undermeal muse was in a particularly violent mood that day; and as another friend, his former chamber-fellow, Thomas Kyd, said a year or two later, he was given to 'attempting soden pryvie iniuries to men'. That is what he proved on this occasion.

Luckily for Marlowe, he went no farther than the attempt. His friend Thomas Watson was also walking out in the neighbourhood that afternoon. A crowd had quickly gathered about the spot where Marlowe and Bradley were thrusting, cutting, and parrying. There was a battle of excited shouts, advice, and eager cries, which the legal documents learnedly describe as 'clamorem populi ibidem adstant*is*'. Watson heard the noise and made for the scene of the fray. As he came up, Bradley, seeing his enemy Watson coming to the aid of his other enemy, Marlowe, showed no dismay at all. He might appeal to the law upon occasion, but he was not in the least afraid of a fight and he showed remarkable confidence in the chivalry of his opponents. They were two to one but he knew they would fight only man-to-man.

'Art thowe nowe come?' yelled Bradley, in words whose English form — the only English in the document — the Latin inquest carefully records. 'Then I will haue a boute with the'. He used the insultingly familiar 'thou' and 'thee', which in the English of that day was nearly equivalent to using German 'Du' or French 'tu'.

It was the exact situation of the duel between Tybalt and Mercutio, with Romeo interposing. Shakespeare, who certainly knew Marlowe and had certainly heard all about this particular duel, might be modelling the fight in *Romeo and*

Juliet upon it. But Marlowe, wiser than Mercutio, dropped out of the fight as he saw his friend approaching, and Bradley turned his sword against Watson.

So far, no one had been hurt. There had been much rattle of blades, much noise from excited bystanders, and no blood whatever. Marlowe was handy enough with cold steel, and a few years later gave Ingram Frizer, his killer, several wounds with his own dagger before succumbing; but on this occasion he had not succeeded in injuring his opponent.

Watson was willing enough to meet Bradley, and the swords clashed again; but being a much older man than either of the other two, Watson was at a disadvantage. He was wounded. The record of the inquest says that he was so badly wounded that he despaired of his life — a claim he would not have dared to make unless he had some pretty severe gashes to show the inquisitors next day. But it was to his advantage to make his own personal danger seem as great as possible and he was under strong temptation to exaggerate. However badly he may have been hurt, he was quite strong enough to kill his man; and Marlowe, standing by, seems to have felt no need of coming to his aid, in spite of the fact that Watson was getting the worst of it.

He gave ground before Bradley's impetuous onset, and then gave more ground, until at length he had been forced against the ditch which ran along Hog Lane. With this behind him there was nothing for it but to make a stand; and as Bradley continued his thrusts, Watson decided that he could not go on parrying them for ever and that he was in very real danger of his life. He took the offensive and speedily ran Bradley through the right breast. The stab was six inches deep, almost through the body, and one inch wide, about the breadth of the sword-blade. Coroners' inquests were very precise about such matters (they followed

a fixed legal form) and always gave the price of the lethal weapon, which was forfeit to the crown. In this case Watson's sword is valued at three shillings and fourpence.[5]

Watson cleared his blade and saw his opponent dead or dying at his feet with a great gush of blood from the wound.

Such at least is the story that Marlowe and Watson told a few days later, when they were trying to prove that the killing was a necessary matter of self-defence and that they were innocent of murder.

There is no need to wonder where the police were, all this time. The 'watch' of Elizabethan London was not a very intrepid or efficient organization. They were neither so stupid nor so cowardly as Dogberry and his fellow-constables whom Shakespeare depicts; but when they saw two men of Marlowe's stamp with swords in hand, they much preferred to close one eye or look the other way with both eyes. Two constables of Shakespeare's own Shoreditch sought the protection of the courts against Christopher Marlowe a few years after this very duel, asserting that they went in fear of their lives because of him.

Master Stephen Wyld, tailor and constable of Norton Folgate, was not really very eager to leave his needle and thread to interfere with two vigorous men who had swords in their hands, and had just demonstrated their complete willingness to use them. He did not arrive on the scene of battle until all was over. When he did at length arrive, he found Marlowe and Watson, standing by the body as evidence of their innocence, instead of fleeing for their lives, which would have been taken as testimony to their guilt. It was a situation common enough in Elizabethan life and these literati knew the law.

Wyld, doubtless with a sigh for the doublet he was leaving half-finished, arrested them both without dif-

ficulty and took them before the Lieutenant of the Tower of London. The fight, having taken place in a Liberty, was a matter for the Queen's government, not for the city authorities, who would have been as severe as possible. Sir Owen Hopton, the lieutenant, committed them to Newgate Prison, where their arrival, '*pro Suspicione* Murdri', [6] is duly entered.

The following day the unfortunate Bradley's body was exhibited to a coroner's jury and was then buried in the church or churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn.[7] Having assembled the day after the death, as usual, the jury had access to all the facts and cleared Marlowe, who had 'withdrawn himself and ceased from fighting' (seip*su*m ret*ra*xit & a pugnando destitit), and Watson, who was able to prove self-defence. But they had no power to order their release.

Under Elizabethan law, Watson's claim of self-defence meant that he would be required to prove that the other man had made the attack, that he had himself withdrawn as far as he possibly could, and that he had killed only when flight was impossible and he saw no other means of preserving his own life. It is about what modern law demands. The coroner's jury found that Bradley had insulted, wounded, and ill-treated (*ver*berauit, vul*ne*rauit & male *tra*ctauit) the unfortunate and innocent Watson, that Watson 'fled from the aforesaid William Bradley for the salvation of his life as far as to a certain ditch in the aforesaid lane' (a *predicto* Will*elmo* Bradley *pro* saluac*ione* vite sue vs*que* ad quoddam fossatu*m* in venella *predicta* fugijt); and that 'beyond this certain ditch Thomas Watson could not flee without peril of his own life' (vl*tra* quodquidem fossatum idem Thomas Watson abs*que* *pe*riculo vite sue fug*ere* non potuit).

Only then did the guileless, the innocent, the much

abused Watson smite 'the aforesaid William Bradley with his aforesaid sword, giving him a mortal injury or wound in and upon the right part of the breast of the same William Bradley near the nipple, of the depth of six inches and the width of one inch, of which injury the same William Bradley at Fynnesbury aforesaid in the aforesaid county of Middlesex instantly died', as the jury put it, carefully following the approved legal form (*predictum Willelmum* Bradley cum gladio suo *predicto* tunc & ibidem *percussit* dans ei vnam plagam mortalem siue vulnus in & *super* dextram partem pectoris ipsius Will*elmi* Bradley *prope* mamill*am profunditatis* sex pollic*um* & latitudinis vnius pollicis de qua quidem plaga mortali idem Will*elmus* Bradley apud ffynnesburye *predictam* in *predicto* Com*itatu* Midd*lesex* instant*er* obijt).

Therefore, said the coroner's jury, upon their oath, the aforesaid Thomas Watson, though he had indeed regrettably — against the peace of their lady the Queen and her dignity — killed the aforesaid William Bradley, had done it only in self-defence and not as a felony nor in any other way than aforesaid. They were pretty long-winded about it, but no more so than the law required; and their verdict meant ultimate release for Watson.

After the inquest, both men went back to Newgate Prison; but on October 1st, Marlowe secured his temporary freedom by giving bond, with two sureties, for his appearance at the next jail delivery.[8] Marlowe appeared to give bond before William Fleetwood, Recorder of London, and was admitted to bail of forty pounds with two securities. He may have found the justice rather friendly. Fleetwood occasionally denounced plays, players, and playwrights officially, but read them on the sly, as modern justices read detective stories. He seized an early opportunity to buy a copy of *Tamburlaine*, for the play, in an edition of 1590 or

1593 (neither the justice nor the prisoner lived to see any later editions) was listed as part of his library when it came up for sale nearly two hundred years later.[9]

Marlowe's sureties were Richard Kytchine, of Clifford's Inn, gentleman, and Humphry Rowland, of East Smithfield, a horner, that is, an artisan who made the thin slices of horn used in lanterns and perhaps also cut horn for knife handles and the hilts of daggers. Richard Kytchine was of a temperament akin to Marlowe's. He was indicted for an assault with a dagger in 1594; but there are numerous records of his professional appearances in court, which suggest the prosperous man of law in active practice, and he is repeatedly described as 'gentleman'. Humphry Rowland was a less prosperous but still eminently respectable person. Lord Burghley describes him as 'a very honest poore man' in 1583; and he became churchwarden of St. Botolph, Aldgate, in 1586.[10] He was a fairly frequent surety for others and was sometimes in legal toils himself.

Both these men were average, respectable Londoners, and their willingness to become sureties for the playwright — who is in this bond for the first time described as 'gentleman' — suggests that Marlowe was fairly well regarded in London. He was at least a good risk. The fact that Sir William Fleetwood was willing to accept so poor a bondsman as Rowland may mean that he did not regard the murder charge very seriously.

The next jail delivery was on December 3rd, 1589, at 'Justice hall in Le Olde Bailie' — that is, a building on the site of the Central Criminal Court of modern London. Marlowe came to court to fulfil his bond. Watson, after eleven weeks in Newgate Prison, was brought into court. The facts as determined by the coroner's jury were rehearsed. Marlowe was released — against his name in the

Newgate Prison records stands the note: 'freed by proclamation' (de*liberatus per pro*clam*acionem*) — and Watson was returned to prison 'to await the queen's grace'.

The Queen's grace was a long time coming. Poor Watson actually spent almost five months in 'that infamous Castle of Misery' before he received the royal pardon on February 10th, 1589/90. The pardon, still extant, again rehearses the coroner's inquest, word for word.[11]

Affrays of this sort were not unusual among the riotous actors and authors of the London theatrical world. Ben Jonson, who boasted of having killed his man and taken spoil from the body in open warfare in Flanders, also killed the actor Gabriel Spencer (himself a killer) in a private affray, and escaped alive only by pleading 'benefit of clergy', calling for the Bible, reading the 'neck verse' which saved him from the gallows, and submitting to be branded in the thumb with the letter 'T' for Tyburn, where the gallows stood.

These were the milder punishments that the Elizabethan law provided for the educated man. Watson and Marlowe could certainly have escaped the gallows in the same way. Branding was uncomfortable and a little disgraceful, but it was a great deal better than hanging. They would with equal certainty have been branded if they had not been able to prove their innocence of murder, unless they had been able to persuade the authorities to change the indictment from murder to manslaughter. This was the course taken by the very minor dramatist, John Day, Marlowe's collaborator in *The Maiden's Holiday*, who in 1599 killed the equally minor dramatist, Henry Porter.[12]

The coroner's inquest on the unfortunate Bradley has a special interest because it is the only way of telling where Marlowe lived in London. He is there described as a gentle-

man of Norton Folgate. This might mean the main street leading from London Bridge, north through the city, a short stretch of which is called by this name. It is more sensible, however, to suppose that Marlowe lived in the Liberty of Norton Folgate, south of the scene of the duel and conveniently close to the Theatre and the Curtain, where his plays were being frequently performed.

The old actor, William Beeston, who had known most of the Elizabethan poets in his younger days, told John Aubrey later, when he was gathering material for his life of Shakespeare, that Shakespeare himself 'lived in Shoreditch', which is close to Norton Folgate. Beeston himself had lived in Shoreditch and when he talked with Aubrey was living 'at Hoglane, within 6 dores — Norton-Folgate', almost on the scene of the crime which turned out not to be a crime after all.

It is perfectly certain that Marlowe's lodgings were close to Shakespeare's. Unhappily, there is no way of proving that they occupied these lodgings at the same time. But though there is no exact proof to show precisely when Shakespeare lived in Shoreditch and Marlowe in Norton Folgate, it is very probable that they were in these lodgings during the same year, passing each other casually in the street, and acquainted with each other as everyone in the small theatrical world was acquainted with everyone else.

It was in all probability here that the rising young man from Stratford met and admired the brilliant and successfully established young man from Canterbury and Cambridge, whose plays and poems and perilous adventures were the talk of London. Here, then, was formed the friendship of which we catch an echo in Shakespeare's wistful allusion to the 'dead shepherd' in *As You Like It*. Here, too, they

must have laboured long together over those scenes which bear Marlowe's stamp so strongly in *Henry VI*, and first appear, not in Shakespeare's play, but in the two earlier and anonymous plays, *The Contention of the Two Noble Houses of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*.

Another and less innocent resident of Shoreditch about this time — we know that he was living there by 1591 — was the government spy and diplomatic agent courier, Robert Poley, who in 1593 was present in the room when Marlowe was killed.[12] Norton Folgate itself, though somewhat Bohemian, was a good residential district, and it probably required a fair income to live there. Near it, says John Stow in his *Survey of London*,[13] there were 'many faire houses builded, for receipt and lodging of worshipfull persons' — of whom Marlowe was one.

Young Marlowe certainly swaggered through the dubiously respectable streets of Shoreditch pretty frequently; and it is certain that here, again, he fell foul of the law once more. It was a little matter of friction with a constable and the constable's assistant. On May 9th, 1592, Allen Nicholls, 'constabularius' of Shoreditch, and Nicholaus Helliott, 'subconstabularius', went before Sir Owen Hopton, lieutenant of the Tower, and demanded that 'Christopher Marle, of London, gentleman', should be bound over to keep the peace towards all Queen Bess's subjects and particularly towards themselves. Sir Owen, who must by this time have begun to find the appearance of the poet a little monotonous, obliged the Dogberries of Shoreditch by binding their enemy over to appear at the next general sessions, under bond of £20 'good and legal money of England'. No record has ever been discovered to show what came of all this, or whether Marlowe suffered any further penalty. At any rate, his

troubles with the constables do not appear to have interfered with his literary productiveness.

About this time or even earlier, Marlowe was sharing a room with Thomas Kyd, author of *The Spanish Tragedie*, the chief rival of *Tamburlaine* in the esteem of the theatre-going public. It was not an entirely happy arrangement. Kyd's 'first acquaintance with this Marlowe, rose vpon his bearing name to serve my Lord although his Lordship never knewe his service, but in writing for his plaiers'. This mysterious Lord cannot be identified. The description of him does not fit either Lord Strange or the Lord Admiral, for whose players Marlowe wrote. Whoever he was, Kyd had served him 'almost theis vj yeres nowe, in credit vntill nowe' — in other words, since some time in 1587; and he was exceedingly anxious to 'reteyne the favours of my Lord'. This extremely pious nobleman was horrified when he learned of Marlowe's dread opinions — or, as Kyd more picturesquely puts it, 'never cold my Lord endure his name, or sight, when he had heard of his conditions, nor wold in deed the forme of devyne praier vsed duelie in his Lordships house, haue quadred with such reprobates'. Kyd, being under arrest when he wrote all this and knowing that Marlowe was safely dead, painted his late friend in the very darkest colours, having a wholesome regard for the safety of his own skin.

It was this extreme regard for his own well-being that made Kyd so obviously unhappy as Marlowe's chamber-fellow. 'ffirst', he complained, 'it was his custom when J knewe him first & as J heare saie he contynewd it in table talk or otherwise to iest at the devine scriptures gybe at praiers, & stryve in argument to frustrate & confute what hath byn spoke or wrytt by prophets & such holie men'. This was perilous talk with Elizabeth on the throne.

It amused Marlowe to see Kyd's horrified visage at some of his heretical remarks, and he kept on making them to see if he could shock his unfortunate chamber-fellow still further. These shocking remarks, as Kyd also complains, 'he wold so sodenlie take slight occasion to slyp out'. But 'J & many others in regard of his other rashnes in attempting soden pryvie iniuries to men did ouerslypp though often reprehend him for it'. In other words, Kyd was afraid. Eventually relations became so strained that 'as well by my lordes commaundment as in hatred of his Life & thoughts J left & did refraine his companie'.

Unfortunately for himself, in breaking up the association, Kyd failed to dispose of some incriminating manuscripts that belonged to Marlowe — or so he said. These were relics of a heresy charge of some forty years earlier. In 1549 a Unitarian heretic had been arrested and Archbishop Cranmer had permitted him to write out a statement of his beliefs, especially his reasons for doubting the divinity of Christ. This paper was copied and handed about for years. One copy fell into the hands of a certain John Proctour, who printed the heretical statements with a confutation of each in a rare little volume called *The Fal of the Late Arrian*.

One of the manuscripts of the heretic's original views had in some way found its way into the room where Kyd and Marlowe wrote. In 1593 Kyd was arrested; his papers were searched; among them the minions of the law discovered these heretical papers. Kyd, who was in obvious terror of what might happen to him, wrote a long letter[14] to Sir John Puckering, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, explaining that the incriminating documents were not his at all. They belonged, he said, to Marlowe, and had been 'shufled with some of myne (vnknown to me) by some occasion of *our* wrytinge in one chamber twoe yeares synce'.

They were 'fragmentes of a disputation toching that opinion, affirmd by Marlowe to be his'. They were also in a handwriting remarkably resembling one of the two hands that Kyd uses in his letter; but it will not do to be too sure about identification of Elizabethan handwritings. The heretical documents, which have been preserved,[15] are in the 'Italian' hand, practically print, so completely stylized that one man's hand was almost identical with another's. The handwriting also very closely resembles that of Marlowe's free-thinking, scientific friend, Thomas Harriot, who often used the 'Italian' hand for copying out notes and documents.[16]

If we could be quite sure that Kyd was not trying to lie his way out of a predicament, we might regard these notes as genuine documents in Marlowe's own handwriting. But Kyd is so obviously in an agony of anxiety to save his own skin that his statements are almost worthless. Marlowe was already dead when Kyd wrote his letters to Sir John. Kyd probably felt that he could do no harm to Marlowe by pushing the whole responsibility off on him, and that he might — as he actually did — save his own life.

The Bradley duel and the terror of the two constables, however, give point to Kyd's statement that Marlowe 'was intemperate & of a cruel hart', and his allusion to Marlowe's 'rashnes'. Otherwise, the two rival authors seem to have shared their room as amicably as Beaumont and Fletcher. Unlike Robert Greene, Kyd does not seem to have envied Marlowe the success of his plays; but then, Kyd had had a resounding success of his own and was more inclined to be tolerant—so long, at least, as there was nothing to be gained by blackguarding the character of his dead friend.

CHAPTER XI

A GREAT PLAY BOTCHED

Thinke vpon the Iewels and the gold.
The Jew of Malta, 591

DURING these exciting years of duels, jails, charges, bonds, and law courts, Marlowe went steadily onward in the theatre. The last two really distinguished plays that he wrote belong to this period. These are *The Jew of Malta* and *Edward the Second*, the one a wreck of what its author meant it to be and what he probably created, only to have it mangled later, the other almost perfect in its form and substance, foreshadowing a promise of future greatness that Marlowe never lived to fulfil. *The Jew of Malta* is especially interesting because it was Shakespeare's inspiration for *The Merchant of Venice* and because it established two new traditions of the English theatre, the stage Jew and the stage miser. *Edward the Second* is interesting because, though not so great in sheer poetry as *Faustus*, it is, as a technical production, the peak of Marlowe's performance for the stage.

Bailiffs, judges, constables, and sureties could not interfere with this determined young man's steady development in his craft. *The Jew of Malta* was almost certainly written in 1589 or 1590, about the time of the Bradley killing, perhaps while Marlowe was sharing rooms with Thomas Kyd near Shakespeare's lodgings. The prologue refers to the murder of the Duke of Guise — the villain-hero of Marlowe's palpably inferior play, *The Massacre at Paris* — on December 23rd, 1588. Marlowe was sufficiently interested in this political killing to weave an entire play around it, later on; and as an intimate of persons closely associated

with the event itself, and with Elizabethan statecraft, he had often heard it discussed. It thus slipped easily and naturally, almost unconsciously, out of his mind and into his prologue to *The Jew of Malta*.

In February 1591 — that is, 1592 by modern reckoning — Philip Henslowe notes in his accounts the performance of 'the Jewe of Malltuse'. He does not mark it 'ne', as he usually does mark new plays, and we may assume that this was the revival of a play already old upon the boards. If it were really a new play in 1592, we should find a series of performances instead of only one. Date the play 1589 or 1590, then, and everything is logical.

The Jew of Malta is an early version of the story of the rich and wicked Jew, whose beautiful daughter falls in love with a Christian and steals her father's wealth, to which Shakespeare — borrowing with both hands from his friend Marlowe — in after years gave immortal form in *The Merchant of Venice*. The rest of Shakespeare's play, the story of Portia and the caskets, the pound of flesh, Portia's legal masquerade, Lorenzo, Nerissa, and the clown, he borrowed elsewhere.

The Jew of Malta is Barabas, who, as the play opens with some of Marlowe's finest verse, sits in the little inner stage at the rear of the broad Elizabethan platform stage, gloating over his wealth. It was for this scene that Marlowe wrote the famous line,

Infinite riches in a little roome,

borrowing it, strange to say, from William Harrison's *Description of England*, a commonplace geographical work, transmuting it from prose to purest poetry by the deft change of two words.[1] Harrison had written a casual reference to 'great commoditie in a little roome'.

This is the passage at which Shakespeare glanced a few years later — after Marlowe had been stabbed in the little room of a tavern, in a brawl over an innkeeper's reckoning — when he made a character in *As You Like It* say that something 'strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room'. This is also the line that Ben Jonson, who knew Marlowe's works well though he did not altogether approve of them, remembered when he made his own miser in *The Sad Shepherd* allude to 'the sacred treasure in this blessed room'. George Chapman, Marlowe's friend, who finished his *Hero and Leander*, remembered it too when he wrote the line

And show their riches in a little room

in his poem, *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*. Everything that Marlowe wrote clung to the memory of his contemporaries then, as a few passages like the 'thousand ships' still cling to the memories of after generations, centuries later.

Three other Jewish merchants enter with news of fresh commercial successes; but they have scarcely finished when the Christian governor of the island, faced with a demand for Turkish tribute, decrees that all the Jews of Malta must either become Christians or pay over half their estates to satisfy the Turks. When Barabas protests, all of his estate is seized as punishment.

Finding that his house, after seizure, has been turned into a Christian nunnery, Barabas persuades his daughter Abigail to pretend conversion, enter the nunnery, and secure the gold he has secreted there.

Barabas provokes a duel between Don Lodowicke and Don Mathias, two young Christians who love his daughter; and both are slain. Abigail, who has really loved Don Mathias, now turns sincerely to the Church and is genuinely converted. Barabas — who slowly changes from a human

and believable figure in the first part of the play to a mere Elizabethan stage monster in the latter half — poisons the entire nunnery to punish his recreant daughter; but Abigail, before her death, reveals his villainy in provoking the duel.

Barabas saves himself by murdering one friar and then setting up the body where the friar to whom Abigail has confessed knocks it down. The second friar is then accused of murder and hanged. Barabas, however, is betrayed by his villainous slave, Ithimore, who has been a partner in his crimes; but once more the wicked Jew escapes — this time by deserting to the Turkish army which is besieging Malta. Through his treachery, Malta falls — in defiance of history — into Turkish hands, and Barabas is made governor. The villain-hero, now doubly perfidious, offers to betray his Turkish masters for a hundred thousand pounds. He hates equally

Damn'd Christians, dogges, and Turkish Infidels.

A banquet is prepared, at which the floor is to fall in, beneath Barabas's Turkish guests, precipitating some of them into a boiling cauldron and some into the depths below. But the humane Christian governor is content merely to capture the Turks alive, and Barabas is precipitated into the boiling cauldron.

The Jew of Malta, as even the barest of outlines makes only too clear, is a rather crude play, filled with the cheapest blood-and-thunder, which alternates with the keenest characterization and lines of clear human understanding and the finest verse. Barabas, in the first half of the play, is an entirely credible and human, often a pathetic figure — a miser, indeed, who gloats over his wealth, but a father also who sincerely loves his daughter and whose savagery to Christians is explained by the deep wrongs done him and justified by legal sophistry. As Barabas sardonically reminds

the Christian governor, who is virtuously protesting his excellent intentions,

> Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong.

So far in the play, Marlowe's villain-hero has good stage reasons for everything he does, and his yearning for revenge is something any reader can believe.

Then, of a sudden, the poetry — save for infrequent snatches of a few lines — disappears. The character of a man who is vindictive with good reason changes; he becomes the least credible of theatrical villains, indulging in miscellaneous iniquities merely to cause shudders in the uncritical pit. The rush and action of the play is sufficient to conceal some of these flaws, when it is played on the stage; but they are revealed when one sits down to read. Barabas has now become the kind of villain who boasts:

> As for my selfe, I walke abroad a nights
> And kill sicke people groaning under walls:
> Sometimes I goe about and poyson wells.

His villainy has long

> kept the Sexton's armes in vre
> With digging graues and ringing dead mens knels.

In the wars he has slain 'friend and enemy with my stratagems'. And worst of all:

> Then after that was I an Vsurer,
> And with extorting, cozening, forefeiting,
> And tricks belonging vnto Brokery,
> I fill'd the Iailes with Bankroutes in a yeare,
> And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,

And euery Moone made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himselfe for griefe,
Pinning vpon his breast a long great Scrowle
How I with interest tormented him.

This enthusiastic confession of villainy is evidently not the sort of thing in which anyone can be expected to believe. Barabas has become not a genuine character, but a bogy man to startle the groundlings for a moment and provide a rather cheap thrill.

This sudden collapse of the play in its latter half is not proof positive that someone else has retouched and ruined Marlowe's original play. Brave beginnings and botched endings are no novelty in dramatic literature; nor was Christopher Marlowe the type of man who could be relied on to finish, with painstaking care, every work that he began. It is quite possible that Marlowe started the play with the best intentions, grew tired of it, or needed money in a hurry — and finished it in the quickest, easiest way he could. All the speculations of generations of learned critics upon this point may have been wasted on nothing more than a sudden need for cash on the part of a rather dissipated young man who happened to have the kind of genius that did not always last through five acts.

It is more likely, however, that the play owes its present mangled condition to the handiwork of one Thomas Heywood, man-of-all-work to various theatres until well on in the time of Charles I, so prolific that he claimed the authorship, or a share in the authorship, of more plays than he could himself remember.[2]

The Jew of Malta exists only in Heywood's adapted edition of 1633, 'as it was playd before the King and Queene, in His Majesties Theatre at White-Hall, by her Majesties

Servants at the Cock-pit'. The other four important Marlowe plays — the two *Tamburlaines*, *Faustus* and *Edward the Second* — exist in numerous editions. Faustus ran to ten or perhaps even eleven if we allow for a supposed lost edition, and was still being published after the Restoration of Charles II. The two less important plays, *Dido* and *The Massacre at Paris* exist only in single editions, but the correctness of their text is a matter of relatively slight importance, since they were obviously inferior work.

The Jew of Malta, as it exists to-day, is an adaptation of Marlowe's original work, made for Charles I and his court and for the audience at the Cock-Pit. It was probably made from a manuscript that had already suffered forty years of re-writing and adaptation, to suit the tastes of several generations of playgoers, before it finally fell into the hands of the conscienceless Heywood, who cut and recast it to suit his own rather erratic taste.

Heywood at any rate it is who writes the Epistle Dedicatory, in which he avers that he 'vsher'd it unto the Court, and presented it to the Cock-pit', and he also claims credit for two new prologues and two epilogues, one of each for the Court performance and for the performance in the public theatre. The story of the friar who is condemned to death because he thinks he has killed a body already dead, appears in Heywood's own play, *The Captives*, and in his *Gynaikeion, or Nine Bookes of Various History Concerning Women*. It is fairly certain, then, who must bear the responsibility for the general mishandling of Marlowe's play — a mishandling that can never be corrected since we lack any other edition for purposes of comparison.

It may be said in Heywood's extenuation that his adaptations, however offensive from the purely literary standpoint, are usually exceedingly good theatre, as modern

producers have found to their amazement.[3] They were written into the manuscript by a man who understood audiences perfectly, and they still produce the effect that he intended when placed upon the stage, as he also intended.

Next to *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta* has had a longer stage history than Marlowe's other plays. After its first production from Marlowe's manuscript, the actors seem to have left it alone for a year or two; and there are no records of its performance after Henslowe's entry in February 1592. A year after the author's death, it was suddenly recalled to the stage and to a burst of unexpected popularity by nothing less than a scandal at Court. Not that scandals there were unusual occurrences; but this was a scandal with a fillip all its own.

The Queen's personal physician was charged with attempting to poison her, and — the royal physician was a Jew.

According to the strict letter of the law, there were not supposed to be any Jews in Elizabethan England. Edward I had banished them all in 1290; and none could lawfully return until Cromwell called them back in 1650. The historian, J. R. Green, asserts that 'from the time of Edward to that of Cromwell no Jew touched English ground'.[4] If that were true, it would be hard to understand why the Elizabethan playgoers were so interested in plays about Jewish characters, and how Marlowe, Shakespeare and the rest were able to catch so adroitly so many of the subtle and admirable traits of the Jewish character. A play called simply *The Jew* had been popular as early as 1579. Then came Marlowe's play and after it Shakespeare's, to be followed by a succession of plays that employ Jewish characters of much the same sort. Neither Marlowe nor Shakespeare is portraying a mere vulgar monster, though Heywood's

meddling reduces Marlowe's Barabas to that in the last few scenes. They have both caught and reproduced typically Jewish traits — strong family affection, habitual quotation from the Old Testament, clan feeling, religious strictness, and rigid observance of dietary regulations. Jewish commercial acumen is an essential element in both plays.

All this, of course, may be unconscious on the writers' part, but that sort of thing is not accidental. Both playwrights had been observing Jews. And how could they do that if there were no Jews in England?

The answer is, of course, that — law or no law — there *were* a good many Jews in Queen Elizabeth's England. Henry VIII had brought a rabbi to England. His daughter Elizabeth numbered among her ladies-in-waiting during Marlowe's lifetime, a Portuguese Jewess, who rejected an English nobleman's offer of marriage rather than abandon her ancient faith. There are even casual allusions to the custom of hiring court-suits from Jewish pawnbrokers. Throughout Elizabeth's reign a house for converted Jews was maintained in Chancery Lane. Their signatures in Hebrew characters still exist. And, as the study of Hebrew was essential to the education of Christian divines, the universities seem to have welcomed men learned in Jewish literature and not to have been unduly curious as to their religion. Marlowe might easily have known one or two Hebrew scholars in his Cambridge days.

Dr. Rodrigo Lopez was the royal physician whose untimely elevation on a Tyburn gallows furnished the Queen's subjects with a reverberating sensation and restored Marlowe's play to the stage. 'Doctor Lopus portingale howsholder Denizen' is listed among the returns of strangers in London in 1571 as one who 'came into this realme about xij yeares past to get his lyvinge by physycke'.[5] He had

already become a member of the College of Physicians, was attending Sir Francis Walsingham,[6] and soon became household physician to the Earl of Leicester, the royal favourite. In 1586, while Marlowe was still at Cambridge, Lopez became chief physician to the Queen. He helped the Earl of Essex to secure secret intelligence from Spain. When Essex brought over Don Antonio Perez, half-Jewish pretender to the throne of Portugal, who could be so useful an interpreter as Dr. Lopez, with his command of five languages?

But the doctor, alas! was learned rather than discreet. Waxing merry while revelling with Don Antonio, 'Lopez began bitterly to inveigh against the Earl of Essex, telling some secrecies, how he had cured him, and of what diseases, with some other things that did disparage his honor'.[7] The noble Earl, quite reasonably furious, began to use his enormous influence to turn Her Majesty's fickle mind against her medical adviser. It is doubtful whether Lopez was in the least guilty; but, like most Elizabethans, he was not above accepting 'gifts'; he had certainly received 50,000 crowns from Spain; and he had threatened Don Antonio's life. Under torture, he made other confessions, which he subsequently retracted.

The Queen, as usual, hesitated over the death warrant. But she signed at last, and the brilliant physician dangled from a noosed rope at Tyburn on June 7th, 1594, almost exactly a year after Marlowe's death.

By the usual Elizabethan custom, the condemned man was allowed to make a dying speech. His assertion that he loved the Queen as he loved Christ amused the highly Christian mob who had turned out to enjoy the hanging and as the drop fell the crowd hooted: 'He is a Jew!' The Queen, who still suffered some compunctious visitings of

nature, did not seize the estate, as she was legally entitled to do, but left it to the widow. She took only one jewel, said to have been sent to Lopez by the King of Spain, and wore it at her girdle the rest of her life.[8]

Lopez had long been a familiar London figure — Marlowe himself has tucked a casual allusion to him into Faustus: 'Doctor Lopus was neure such a Doctor.'[9] His trial and execution created a tremendous stir. The public became suddenly interested in Jews — especially rich and wicked ones, like Lopez, with murderous intentions.

A hint was enough to Henslowe. A man of his shrewd judgment and experience in estimating the public taste needed nothing more. The manuscript of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* was dug out of the playhouse dust and put into immediate rehearsal. Edward Alleyn refreshed his memory of the part of Barabas.

Henslowe proposed to make some money; and a very satisfactory amount he speedily did make. Lopez was not formally arraigned until February, but on 'the 18 of Jenewary', the players were already performing *The Jew of Malta* — which had not previously been on the stage for at least a year — before the biggest house the play had ever had. The takings were three pounds. Two performances followed in February, the month of the arraignment, two more in April, and one in May. In June, when Lopez was hanged, there were four performances; and the Londoners were by this time so deeply interested in the wicked Jew of Malta that the play ran on with at least one, and sometimes several, performances a month, until February of the following year. Never was man so literally 'butchered to make a holiday' as Lopez. The interest in *The Jew of Malta* did not entirely die out until June 1596, two years after the hanging. When the takings dropped in that month to a meagre thirteen

shillings a performance, Henslowe took it off the stage for good.

The Jew of Malta did not vanish from the boards entirely, however. It continued to be played in the provinces, along with *Tamburlaine*; and there may have been occasional metropolitan revivals. Henslowe lent money 'to bye divers things for the Jewe of malta', in 1601, and then 'lent mor to the litell tayller the same daye for mor things for the Jewe of malta'. This sounds like re-costuming; but there is no actual record of production in London until Heywood's revival in 1633, when Perkins replaces Alleyn — 'so unimitable an Actor', says Heywood — as Barabas. Edmund Kean revived the play in 1818, playing the role of Barabas himself. Since then it has appeared only in amateur productions and a Phoenix Society revival in London in 1922.

The play helped to start a costume tradition on the English stage. Marlowe's lines show clearly enough that Barabas must have been costumed like the 'bottle-nosed knave' there described, and a contemporary pamphlet[10] actually describes Alleyn's make-up as 'the artificiall Jew of Maltae's nose . . . upon which nose two casements were built, through which his eyes had a little ken of us'. The 'casements' were, of course, spectacles. This emphasis on Jewish features is something new. The Old Testament characters of the early mystery plays had, of course, been Jewish; but they seem to have been regarded merely as fellow Christians, without effort to indicate racial characters on the stage.

The red wig and beard which became characteristic of Shylock may have begun with Marlowe's Barabas. According to the old actor, Thomas Jordan, writing in 1664, [11] the original Shylock's

beard was red; his face was made
Not much unlike a witches.
His habit was a Jewish gown,
That would defend all weather;
His chin turned up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

Richard Burbage's *Funeral Elegy* also refers to his impersonation of 'the red-hair'd Jew'.

Not only did *The Jew of Malta* start a fashion in stage costume; it started something more important — a fashion in villains, just as *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* had started fashions in heroes. *The Jew of Malta* is followed by an epidemic of misers and usurers on the stage, while *Tamburlaine* is followed by a series of grandiloquent conquerors and *Faustus* by one conjurer after another. The new style in villains is marked by a Machiavellian philosophy, which Marlowe seems to have imported from Cambridge and made popular.

This is what Marlowe, like other Elizabethans, calls 'pollicie'. By this word they meant crafty scheming for one's own self-interest, cloaked with a completely cynical hypocrisy, as one's guide in life.

Machiavelli had become popular at Cambridge University before Marlowe's time. A letter from Gabriel Harvey, then a student of twenty-three, asks a friend whether he may borrow a book by 'the greate founder and master of pollicies', and jokingly promises not to be so thoroughly converted to the doctrine of 'pollicie' as to refuse to return the book. Just about the time Marlowe is entering Cambridge, Harvey is writing to a friend: 'I warrant you sum good fellowes amongst us begin nowe to be prettely wel acquayntid with a certayne parlous booke callid, as I remember me, Il

Principe di Niccolo Machiavelli.'[12] They had every chance to be acquainted with it after 1584, when it was published in Italian by a London printer.

Marlowe could have learned all about Machiavelli from Harvey, while they were both at Cambridge and before they quarrelled. Or he may have picked up the doctrines whose perilous nature was just the sort of thing in which he delighted, either from the poet Spenser whose works he knew so well, or from Sir Walter Ralegh. Both these men were thoroughly acquainted with the new Machiavellian teaching, which Elizabethans found shocking and fascinating in about equal degree — much like our own contemporaries when they first began to dabble in the Freudian psychology. Harvey remarks in another letter that the sinister Italian is a much cultivated author among all the students.

Machiavelli had by this time been translated into French and Italian, though not into English; but the gist of his thought was reported — for the high moral purpose of refutation — by a learned and indignant French Huguenot, Innocent Gentillet.[13] Gentillet, like a good many Frenchmen, especially the Protestants, objected to the influence of Italians who came to France with Catherine de' Medici; and, after St. Bartholomew's, his book, with the long-winded title which began *Discourse on the Meanes of well governing and maintaining in Good Peace a Kingdom*, ran through a number of editions. Gentillet's full title is a good deal longer; but it always ends with the words, 'against Nicholas Machiavel', and so came to be known as the 'Anti-Machiavel'.

'The end and scope which I haue proposed unto my selfe', wrote Gentillet, was 'to confute the doctrine of Machiavell', which he regarded as 'beastly vanitie and madnesse, yea full of extreame wickednesse.'[14] As 'extreame wickednesse'

was just what Marlowe was looking for when he wrote *The Jew of Malta*, he took Gentillet's statements and mis-statements of the true Machiavellian doctrine at their face value, and made his villain-hero advocate them impartially — especially the passages that fell in with his own unorthodox religious views.[15]

Machiavelli had applied his cynicism only to affairs of state; Marlowe applied it also to personal life. Machiavelli did not necessarily oppose the special conception of power which he called 'virtù' to ordinary virtue; Marlowe did. Machiavelli employed virtù to enhance the power of the state; Marlowe's heroes seek power for its own sake. There are traces of Machiavelli in Tamburlaine and Faustus; and the Duke of Guise in *The Massacre at Paris* is a pure Machiavellian hero. It is only natural that he should be, for he was one of the chief enemies of the Huguenots, for whom Gentillet was spokesman.

Machiavelli proposed to temper 'pollicie' with shrewd and subtle psychology, the one thing of which Marlowe was least capable. Hence the enthusiasm which Barabas shows for revenge, his contempt for religion as mere self-seeking and hypocrisy, his idea that one is bound to keep faith only when it is profitable, and his complete egoism which appears in most of Marlowe's other heroes.

When the actor costumed as Machiavel stepped on the stage to speak the prologue to *The Jew of Malta*, the sinister Florentine made his first appearance in an Elizabethan play; and there entered with him a motif new to the English stage: the ruthless, selfish, unscrupulous execution of devious schemes. Tamburlaine was, after all, a mere barbarian; Faustus was hesitant and beset by scruples. But the Duke of Guise, in *The Massacre at Paris*, the evil favourites in *Edward the Second*, and Barabas himself, are cunning,

sinister, cold-blooded schemers of the same sort that appear in the anonymous plays, *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, where Marlowe's hand is rather more than suspected. This is the type that Shakespeare caught up in his *Richard III* and John Ford and John Webster carried on into later plays. It is a type that never afterwards quite dropped out of English literature — Scrooge was a very late and very Victorian version of Barabas.

Machiavellian usurers are particularly plentiful in the later Elizabethan plays. There are forty-five such usurers in all; nine of them are accompanied by a lovable, reckless gallant of the sort introduced by Marlowe and Shakespeare, who is tricked by the wicked money-lender but saved by the love of the usurer's daughter, niece, or ward.[16] Elizabethan playwrights knew a good thing when they saw it.

The sources of Marlowe's play are numerous and rather confused. The figure of Barabas is in some way related to the lives of two Mediterranean adventurers. These were the Portuguese Jew, João Miques, alias Joseph Nassi, and a certain David Passi. Nassi became confidential adviser to the Sultan. Like Barabas, he was in political and financial relationship with the courts of France and Germany, and false to both. Like Barabas, he was rich — the French government at one time owed him 150,000 ducats.[17] Finally, again like Barabas, he became the Jewish governor of a Christian island, ruling over Naxos and even providing himself with a crown in the hope of being made king of Cyprus.

David Passi aided the Turks in constructing models of Crete and Malta, in preparation for their attacks, kept the Sultan informed of events in Christendom, and became so powerful that the Venetian diplomats report him as 'able to do great harm and great good'. They add that 'this David

for one truth tells a hundred lies' — which would certainly qualify him as the original of Barabas, were such habits at all remarkable either in diplomacy or in the Near East. There was also the converted English Jew, Edward Brandon, who was wealthy, was involved in political intrigue, and became governor of the Channel Islands.

As a friend of many courtiers, Marlowe might easily have heard tales of all these men. Nassi was actually described by Philip Lonicer's book[18] which Marlowe had used in writing *Tamburlaine*, and in Belleforest's *Cosmographie Universelle*, which also contains an episode that reappears in *Tamburlaine*.[18]

A few other clues to Marlowe's literary browsings are preserved in the play. Barabas betrays to the Turks a weak place in the walls where[19]

> The rocke is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
> To make a passage for the running streames
> And common channels of the City.

There still exists an old book by 'T. Washington the younger', on *The Navigations, peregrinations, and voyages made into Turky by Nicholas Nicholay*. This was published in 1585. Its reader learns how, at the siege of Tripoli, a traitor 'informed the Turks of the weakest places of the castle' — weak because of 'having underneath it the cellars'. In other words — Marlowe's words — 'hollow, and of purpose digg'd'.

Again we catch Marlowe following up his author's hints, and doing some further reading. Nicholay's account mentions the *Discours de la Guerre de Malte*, by one Nicholas de Villegagnon. This repeats the story of Tripoli's fall; but it also mentions one 'Octauio Ferneso', and 'le seigneur Fernese'. That is why Marlowe names his governor 'Ferneze', ignoring the gallant Lavalette, who as a matter

of genuine history actually defended the island of Malta. As if to clinch the matter, the accounts of Tripoli and Malta stand close together in this book.[20]

Two other names linger in the poet's head. His ruffian Ithimore is named for the saintly bishop Ithamar, a manuscript of whose miracles (said to be the only one) was in the Corpus Christi library; and when the Turkish leader addresses a pasha as 'Callapine', we know that the name has been carried over from *Tamburlaine*.

CHAPTER XII

MATURITY ACHIEVED

Is it not passing braue to be a King?
Tamburlaine, 758

FROM *The Jew of Malta*, Marlowe turned to the last and in many ways the greatest of his four great plays. All critics agree — it is one of the very few points on which they do agree — that this is the maturest of Marlowe's plays and except for the insignificant *Massacre at Paris*, the latest. It is one of those strange situations in which there is very little dispute about a question, in spite (or perhaps because) of the fact that there is very little evidence. Different authorities date the play differently, but the earliest date given is 1590 and the latest is 1592, while the more recent authorities prefer to believe that *Edward the Second* was written either in 1591 or 1592.

The play is entered for publication in the *Stationers' Register* for July 6th, 1593 — a few weeks after Marlowe's sensational killing. Only a manuscript copy of the 1593 edition has come down to us, but it is clear enough that the bookseller, William Jones, was quick to take advantage of a death that had amazed London, and provided admirable publicity for the first edition of a new work by the dead author. In 1594 there was another edition which has completely disappeared from England but of which two stray copies still exist in Europe. The title-page of this quarto says that 'it was sundrie times publiquely acted in the honourable citie of London, by the right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants'. This

particular company is unknown after 1575/6 until it suddenly reappears in December 1592.[1] It seems certain, then, that about the time when he was writing in one room with Thomas Kyd and shocking him with unorthodox philosophy while he terrified the guardians of the uncertain public peace of Shoreditch, Marlowe was also quietly scribbling away at this play of his that is at once the most perfectly planned, most perfectly finished, and most perfectly preserved.

In *Edward the Second*, Marlowe for the only time chooses a weakling hero; and the eager struggle for power which is the chief characteristic of his other works is handed over to the sycophantic favourites and the rough, ambitious barons who struggle against them, as a mere secondary part of the story. In the main, Marlowe followed history as he found it in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, that quarry of dramatic material which Shakespeare worked so thoroughly, and which Marlowe had found so conveniently at hand in Corpus Christi.

Piers Gaveston, already the degenerate favourite of the weakling king, is hurrying back to Court at the news that the old king is dead and that his patron reigns. Already Gaveston is cynically planning to trap the young monarch's mind,[2]

> I must haue wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
> Musitians, that with touching of a string
> May draw the pliant king which way I please,

when the king enters, arguing with barons who urge him to part company with his favourite. In this dialogue the two Mortimers, father and son, take the leading part, while Gaveston stands silently by, listening but observed by none—a convention of which the Elizabethan dramatists freely availed themselves.

Rejoining the king, Gaveston is received with open arms. When the Bishop of Coventry protests, he is flung into the Tower and his estate handed over to the royal favourite. When the protests of the barons grow stronger, Edward is forced, sorely against his will, to exile Gaveston, who has already sown dissension between King Edward and Queen Isabell. The Queen nevertheless pities her husband's sorrow, intercedes with the barons, and procures Gaveston's recall. His return instantly produces fresh dissension, which is embittered when the elder Mortimer is captured by the Scots and the King refuses to pay his ransom from a captivity incurred in the royal service. The barons now rise in open rebellion, seize Gaveston, and execute him.

The besotted Edward adopts a new favourite in Young Spenser, who is joined by his father. The barons, again alarmed, continue their rebellion but are defeated. Young Mortimer, however, escapes and, with the aid of the neglected Queen, whose wavering affections are at length transferred to him, raises the rebellion anew, and defeats the royal party. The King flees, but is captured and compelled to abdicate, in a scene which Shakespeare later copied in *Richard II*. He is sent to prison in Berkeley Castle, after suffering the indignity of being shaved in 'puddle water', from the nearest ditch. At Berkeley he is the victim of a peculiarly horrible murder.

But the barons and the Queen have gone too far. Young Edward III, in horror at their crime, executes Mortimer and sends the suspected Queen to the Tower.

Such in outline is the story which Marlowe took over — sometimes word for word — from the old chronicles. Outlines of the plots of great plays are the least profitable form of writing known to man. But even from this bald summary the immense advance that Marlowe has made since the early

have been written six years earlier with all the rant of Tamburlaine's dying speech. Now, as Charles Lamb said, 'the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints, which Shakespeare scarcely improved in his *Richard the Second*; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am acquainted'.[3]

Marlowe probably remembered most of the story of King Edward II from his student days at Corpus Christi. There is no doubt whatever that he took most of the play from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, whose narrative he followed closely and whose very language he sometimes copied unconsciously. This was a new book which had appeared in 1586, while Marlowe was in Cambridge; and a copy had been presented to Corpus Christi by a former fellow, Henry Clifford. It bears the date in ink, 1587, apparently the date of its presentation; and this is the very year in which the future playwright took his Master's degree. The faded inscription in old brown ink still stands upon the title-page, and the old folio still stands upon its place in the shelves of the library.

Marlowe's borrowings are very clear. He adapted the mocking ditty of the Scots after their victory over Edward's army at Bannockburn, from Fabyan's *Chronicle* (it is not given by Holinshed):[4]

> Maids of England, sore may you moorne,
> For your lemmons you haue lost at Bannocks borne,
> With a heaue and a ho,
> What weeneth the king of England,
> So soone to haue woone Scotland,
> With a rombelow.

His interest may also have been excited by a manuscript in Archbishop Parker's Library at Corpus Christi. This is an

extract from Thomas de la Moor's *Chronicle*, dealing with the life of Edward II, to which Holinshed refers in a note. Unfortunately, the Archbishop's scribe got tired of his task after a page and a half and left the king's life incomplete; but the manuscript was certainly there in Marlowe's time to guide him to one of the most interesting episodes of his play — the shaving of the captive king in water from a roadside puddle. Holinshed omits this. The complete manuscripts of Thomas de la Moor and Fabyan's *Chronicle* include it.

The books that Marlowe used are unique in Elizabethan study. We can usually point to the titles of the books that Shakespeare and the other dramatists worked from, and even to the passages that they copied. But how and where they got their books and where those books are now, no man can say. Thanks, however, to the pious care of the Cambridge libraries for the last three or four hundred years, it is still possible to point to many a volume standing to this day upon their shelves, and say with tolerable certainty that young Christopher Marlowe, student of Corpus, used those very books.

Marlowe follows the account of Holinshed, his main source, with surprising fidelity. Only in *Dido* and in *Doctor Faustus* did he adhere equally closely to an original, and in those cases the *Aeneid* and the English Faust Book were the only sources from which he could get the story at all. Taking Holinshed's *Chronicle* as he sat down to write *Edward the Second*, the poet simply ran through the book, selecting facts for their stage value and condensing time for the same reason. He makes the Spensers follow Gaveston as the royal favourites, immediately; as a matter of history there was a long period between — a period far too long for the two hours' traffic of the stage. Just as with *Dido* and *Doctor Faustus*, it is possible to run through the play and the source and

indicate by actual passages in the original exactly where the poet's lines come from.

Occasionally Marlowe took a whole phrase bodily from his source; but usually he was careful to re-write Holinshed's rather wooden narrative into his own richer, though now restrained, style. Thus, when Holinshed makes the Earl of Pembroke go 'to visit his wife, lieng *not farre from thence*', Marlowe gives him the speech beginning: 'My house is *not farre hence*.' When Spenser outbids Mortimer and secures a coveted property, both Holinshed and Marlowe use the phrase 'in hand' to buy. When Holinshed says simply: 'The king came to Bristow', Marlowe simply reverses the order of the words and gets the line: 'Come, friends, to Bristow.' When Holinshed quotes a Latin line or two from Polydor Virgil, the historian, about the unhappiness of crowned heads, Marlowe simply translates them along with his own verses.

Even the riddling Latin order for Edward's murder, which conveys contradictory messages according to the place where a single comma stands, was taken over from Holinshed, in simple Latin which the young university man scorns to translate:

> Edwardum occidere nolite timere.
> Edwardum occidere nolite, timere.

Put the comma before the last two words and the treacherous Latin says: 'Don't be afraid to kill the king.' Move it backward for a single word and the same Latin says: 'Do not think of killing Edward. Fear it.'[5]

It is a strange fact that this play, Marlowe's finest technical performance, should have enjoyed a relatively slight success upon the stage. At least, we have to-day no evidence that it was ever much performed. Henslowe's *Diary* is

obstinately silent, except for cryptic allusions to one play called *Mortymer* and another called *The Spencers*, the latter assigned by Henslowe to another dramatist. The only light as to *Edward the Second's* fortunes upon the stage is the conflicting statements on the variant title-pages of the 1622 edition. For some reason this edition appears with two title-pages. One form agrees with the other four editions, which show that the play was first produced by the Earl of Pembroke's company, while the second state of the title-page attributes the later production to the Queen's players at the Red Bull Theatre in St. John's Street. Other records show that Queen Anne's men did play at the Red Bull Theatre, some time between 1604 and 1606, not long after James I came to the throne. The performance by Pembroke's men accounts for the Latin dedication to the Countess of Pembroke, which Marlowe wrote for *Amintae Gaudia*, a book by his friend, Thomas Watson.[6]

The dates show that at least Marlowe's most finished work was kept in production for a period of some years; and Henslowe's silence is probably explained by the fact that he had very little interest in what the Pembroke company was doing — his main interest was in the Lord Admiral's men, whose star was his son-in-law. It may be added that *Edward the Second* has been rather fortunate in its twentieth-century productions. William Poel produced it for the Elizabethan Stage Society, August 10th, 1903. Christ Church, Oxford, gave it another production thirty years later, on February 9th, 10th, 11th, 1933. Granville Barker played Edward in the first production. It was produced at Birkbeck College, London, in 1920, by undergraduates; at the Regent Theatre, London, in 1923, by the Phoenix Society; and at Cambridge by the Marlowe Society, in 1926. There was a highly modernistic Czech production at Prague in 1922.

CHAPTER XIII

FRIENDS AND FOES

It lies not in our power to loue, or hate.
Hero and Leander, I, 167

MARLOWE arrived in London, not as the usual struggling and obscure youngster from the university, with vague literary ambitions, but as a young man who had already been commended by Her Majesty's Government for useful service, and who in consequence had powerful friends at Court and in the Privy Council. He had left the cobbler's shop behind for good, and he probably entered the metropolis with a play or two already stowed somewhere in his luggage.

It is one of the remarkable facts of a remarkable career that in the short space of six years, this youth of humble birth had become associated with the highest and most powerful — as well as with some of the lowest — in Elizabeth's London, with an unknown but very pious Lord, to whom Thomas Kyd, darkly alludes, with Sir Walter Ralegh, the by no means pious Captain of Her Majesty's Guard, with a philosophical, sceptical, literary and scientific group who gathered about Ralegh, with the wealthy and prominent Walsingham family, and with a sinister group of underworld characters, tricksters, petty criminals, spies, and secret agents who killed him at the last.

It all ended with tragedy, but between the middle 1580's and the dagger thrust at Deptford in 1593 lay as thrilling a half-dozen years as ever young man lived even in those stirring years.

Closest akin to Marlowe's spirit among all his London

friends was Sir Walter Ralegh, 'a handsome hasty stout fellow, very bold and apt to affront',[1] twice imprisoned for brawls, a fluent Latinist, an ardent student, a religious sceptic always ready to 'venture at discourse which was unpleasant to the church-men', soldier, sailor, poet, explorer, philosopher, and historian, and in all the various things he undertook surprisingly brilliant. Born of Devonshire gentry in 1552, he was some twelve years older than Marlowe when that young man arrived from Cambridge and he was already a familiar figure at Court. He had caught the Queen's fancy in 1581, and it is in that year that he is said to have made his famous gesture with his new plush cloak.[2] Within two years he held the wine monopoly of England — only he could license vintners, a privilege which the Cambridge dons disputed in vain. This privilege alone brought him an income of £800-£2000 a year. That plush cloak may have been ruined by the mud puddle; but it was a good investment. Within the next five years Ralegh not only achieved the wine monopoly; he was also made Lord Warden of the Stannaries (who had charge of the Cornish tin mines), he was knighted, and he was made Captain of the Queen's Guard, a body of picked men chosen for their magnificent physique.

Ralegh's portraits show him as a handsome man; but there were two opinions about that. John Aubrey said that he had an 'exceedingly high forehead, long-faced, & sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie', while 'his Beard turnd up naturally'.[3] At least Aubrey is justified in saying that Ralegh had 'a most remarkeable aspect', to which he added all the Elizabethan extravagance in dress. One of his costumes was of pure white satin, embroidered with pearls, with a pearl necklace as the final touch. He is credited with one suit in which every button was made of forty pearls.

Even as a prisoner in the Tower, he wore 'a velvet cap laced, and a rich gowne, and trunke hose'.[4]

The Queen was not the only virgin whose affections were entangled by the glamour of his personality and the foppishness of his garments. Contemporary gossip records an unseemly tale of the ardour of his courtship of Elizabeth Throckmorton, Her Majesty's maid of honour, whom he afterwards married. By a tree in a wood, Ralegh made such violent love to his future wife that 'something fearfull of her honour, and modest, she cryed, Sweet Sir Walter, what doe you me ask? Will you undoe me? Nay Sweet Sir Walter! Sweet Sir Walter! Sir Walter!' But gossipy John Aubrey records that these shrieks of feminine protest eventually sank to a mere mumble of 'Switter Swatter, Switter Swatter!' and the lady capitulated.[5]

When the impetuous lover married his lady, Queen Elizabeth was furious — as she usually was with any courtier who dared prefer any charms to her own — and sent them both to the Tower, whence they were later banished to Ralegh's country estates.

Yet though 'he loved a wench well', and though his garments were of an outlandish splendour after the extreme Elizabethan mode, Ralegh was a man of brilliant intellect, an eager, inquisitive mind, akin to Marlowe's own, 'still climing after knowledge infinite'. A contemporary remarks that 'in his youth, his companions were boisterous blades, but generally those that had witt' — and a more precise description of the fiery young poet of Norton Folgate it would be hard to find. Like Marlowe, Ralegh loved wit and loved learning. Even when he was much occupied with affairs of the Court, he still contrived to give his early mornings to study. He employed the brilliant Harriot as his personal mathematical tutor. But 'he studyed most in his

sea-voyages, when he carried always a truncke of bookes along with him, and had nothing to divert him'. It was true enough: 'he was no slug, without doubt, had a wonderfull waking spirit'.

With this brilliance and success, he was 'damnable proud'. Learned though he was, Oxford-educated though he was, he disdained to speak anything but 'broad Devonshire to his dyeing day'. One of his books 'sold very slowly at first, and the bookeseller complayned of it, and told him that he should be a looser by it, which put Sir W. into a passion' — authors are always like that, but few of them are so passionate that they destroy the next volume in manuscript.[6] When he was annoyed by a chatterbox, 'one time at a tavern, Sir W. R. beates him and seales up his mouth his upper and neather beard with hard wax'.

These little pranks are amusing but people do resent them. No wonder a rimed gibe went about, punning on the words 'raw' and 'lye' which made up a spelling of his name often used:[7]

> The enemie to the stomack, and the word of disgrace,
> Is the name of the Gentleman with a bold face.

It was the same pun that James I, who hated him, made later: 'On my soule, mon, I have heard rawly of thee'.[8]

Marlowe's six years in London coincided with some of the most dramatic incidents in Ralegh's life — the rivalry with Essex for the Queen's favour in 1587, just as Marlowe came up from Cambridge; Ralegh's return from Ireland with the poet Spenser and three books of *The Faerie Queene*, from which Marlowe quotes; Ralegh's liaison, ending in marriage, with Elizabeth Throckmorton, and finally the dark rumours of irreligion which gathered about Marlowe's and Ralegh's names in 1593 and 1594. The rest of Ralegh's

long career — the attack on Cadiz, the enmity of James I, the false charges of treason, the long years in the Tower, the hapless voyage to Guiana, its failure, and Ralegh's death on the block — all these lie outside the shorter life of Marlowe.

Three contemporary allusions testify to their acquaintance. One is the poem, *The Nymph's Reply*, written in answer to Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd* and attributed to Ralegh on fairly early authority. A second is the assertion in a government spy's report that Marlowe told a friend 'that hee hath read the Atheist lecture to Sr Walter Raliegh & others'. A third is a spy's casual allusion to a known friend of Marlowe's as Sir Walter's 'man'.[9] One might add a fourth odd, tell-tale bit of verbal evidence. A spy also reported that Marlowe 'hath coated a number of contrarieties out of the Scriptures'. 'Contrarieties' is a very odd word, the sort of word one first hears a friend using and then uses unconsciously one's self. And what do we find in Sir Walter's *Skepsic?* We find a warning not to 'believe Contrarieties'. A small matter no doubt, but its significance is plain enough.[10]

Ralegh and his philosophical intimates delighted to debate religious subjects. In this circle were Thomas Harriot (1560-1621), mathematician and astronomer, Walter Warner (*fl.* 1600), another mathematician, George Chapman, translator of Homer, and the poet who completed *Hero and Leander* after Marlowe's death, and Matthew Royden (*fl.* 1580-1622), a poet admired by his friends in his own day and remembered by nobody now. Thomas Kyd, in his first letter to Sir John Puckering about Marlowe,[11] remarks that 'Harriot, Warner, Royden, and some stationers in Paules churchyard' were 'such as he conversed withall'. Since Harriot and Warner were in the group it also included Ralegh's friend, the Earl of Northumberland, another

patron of Harriot's, and Robert Hues (1553-1632). Harriot, Warner and Hues were known as the Earl's 'three magi'. When Ralegh went to the Tower, 'the Earle of Northumberland was prisoner at the same time, who was patrone to Mr. Harriot and Mr. Warner, two of the best mathematicians then in the world, as also Mr. Hues [who wrote] *De Globis*'.[12]

These men were among the most brilliant of their age. Ralegh and Northumberland were rare figures in that world of courtly climbers who were themselves brilliant enough to know the worth of such men. Harriot improved algebra; anticipated Descartes in analytical geometry; turned his telescope toward the stars about the same time as Galileo; predicted seven comets and observed nine; was one of the first astronomers to observe sunspots; and corresponded with Kepler on optics. The Earl of Northumberland gave him lodging at Sion House, Isleworth, from 1607 to 1621; and there he devoted himself to 'the calm, still air of delightful studies' and increased those masses of notes, calculations, and diagrams, four or five thousand foolscap pages of which still exist. One is a set of scientific observations kept up day by day for many years — it gives one a shiver down the spine to see the scientific student's notes go severely on through that fatal May 30th, 1593, and through the months of plague before and after.

It is interesting also to note a shopping list in which the old scholar jots down the things that he must buy, pipes, tobacco (like all the Ralegh circle), 'my jerkin', 'my scarfe', 'a riding cloke', and — 'a horse for Kit'! Or another page on which Harriot jots down a long and involved scientific note about the plain sphere of the early sixteenth-century mathematician Gemma Frisius, adding 'This Morly told me to consider what benefit followeth' — clear evidence of the

breadth of the poet's intellectual interests, unless Harriot is referring to the navigator, Captain Edmund Marlowe.

Harriot was with Ralegh's American colonists in Virginia, who were rescued by Drake, and it was he who made the first survey of Virginia. Less is known of Warner and Hues, but their studies evidently were much the same though pursued with less distinction.[13]

Their work in that age of superstition was inevitably misunderstood by outsiders, and 'the voice of the Countree reported thereof strange things'. Harriot was especially a victim. At Ralegh's trial he was called 'that devil Harriot'. Marlowe's friend Nashe is alluding to him when he writes in *Pierce Pennilesse* (1592): 'I heare that there be Mathematicians abroad that will prove men before Adam'.[14] Aubrey reports that Sir Walter himself 'was scandalized with atheisme', and recalls that the 'first lord Scudamour sayd "'twas basely sayd of Sir W. R. to talke of the anagramme of Dog".' The indignation of a Jesuit Father with 'Sir VValter Rauleys schoole of Atheisme by the way, and of the Coniurer that is Master thereof' — a palpable dig at Harriot — is part of this gossip. For he complains gravely that 'the olde and new Testaments are iested at, and the schollers taught amonge other thinges, to spell God backwards'.

Harriot's notes still show that he had been carefully calculating the chronology of Genesis and leave little doubt where Marlowe got the idea — solemnly reported by the government's indefatigably theological spy system — that 'the Jndians and many Authors of antiquity haue assuredly writen of aboue 16 thousand yeares agone wheras Adam is proued to haue lived within 6 thowsand yeares'. Immediately after this scandalous thought (a commonplace in most theological seminaries to-day), the terrible Christopher adds: 'that Moyses was but a Jugler, & that one Heriots

being *Sir* W Raleighs man Can do more then he'.[15] The horrified spy wrote it all down.

Anthony à Wood asserted of Harriot that 'notwithstanding his great skill in mathematics he had strange thoughts of the Scriptures and always undervalued the old story of the Creation of the World, and could never believe that trite [pro]position, *ex nihilo nihil fit*. He made a Philosophical theology wherein he cast off the Old Testament, so that consequently the New would have no foundation'.

Actually, the diabolical Harriot was a quiet, gentle scholar of marked piety. In 1616, afflicted with an incurable illness, he wrote his physician: 'I believe in God Almighty, I believe that medicine was ordained by Him; I trust the physician as His minister. My faith is sure, my hope is firm.' In Virginia, just before Marlowe made his acquaintance, he preached with fervour to the Indians, and the sober old poet, George Chapman, praises his 'most blameless life, and the right sacred expence of his time'.[16] Even the daring Ralegh affirmed his belief in a deity on the scaffold, as the headsman stood grimly waiting by the block for him to finish his dying speech.

The general sort of thing that this company of wits and daring philosophers discussed together is made clear by an official investigation in the spring of 1594, just after Marlowe's death. The commission was to investigate the views of Sir Walter and his brother Carew, as well as 'one Heryott of Sir Walter Rawleigh's house',[17] and various others. Elizabeth's ministers delighted to draw up lists of questions and the list used by these inquisitors gives a pretty clear idea what sort of thing they were after:

Whome doe you know or have harde to be suspected of Atheisme or apostacye?

Whome doe you knowe, or have harde that have argued, or spoken againste? or as doubtinge, the beinge of anye God? Or what or where God is? Or to sweare by god, addinge, if there be a god, or such like; and when and where was the same?

Whome doe you knowe or have harde to have sayde, when he was dead his soule shoulde be hanged on the topp of a poole, and ronne god, ronne devil, and fetch it that woulde have it, or to like effecte? or that hath otherwise spoken againste the beinge; or imortallitye of the soule of man? . . . or such like, and when and where was the same?

What can you saye more of anye of the premises? or whome have you knowne or harde can geive anye notice of the same? And speake all your knowledge therin.

Ralegh, Marlowe, and their circle enjoyed horrifying the uncouth guid. One way of doing it was by smoking tobacco — a new and dreadful practice introduced by Ralegh and his Virginia colonists, regarded with suspicion partly just because it was new and partly because it was supposed to blacken the human interior with soot like a chimney. Naturally all of Ralegh's friends smoked — using little silver pipes that were handed from man to man around the table, like an Indian peace-pipe. Ralegh called for a last whiff of his pipe as he went to the block and on one occasion smoked in a nobleman's apartment, 'which made the ladies quitt it till he had done', exactly as if they had been squeamish Victorians. Marlowe averred 'that all they that loue not Tobacco' were fools. Harriot's memoranda are full of pipes and tobacco.

Unfortunately, one of these enthusiastic nicotians, a friend of Ralegh's, a certain Thomas Allen, had torn leaves

from a Bible to dry tobacco on. The inquisitors naturally wanted to know all about anything as bad as that. Worse still, Allen's servant Oliver, walking home from church with two pious and talkative ladies, Mistress Whetcomb and Mistress Brewer, complained that the sermon was too long. His companions, simple souls who admired the parson, replied that 'they were blessed, having so good a man'.[18]

'He vsed many words', said Oliver maliciously, 'but might have ended it in fewer, to as great effect'.

'He did nothing but out of the word of god', said Mistress Whetcomb, appropriately shocked. 'If you Love to heare the worde of God you cannot be wearye with hearinge it.'

'The word of god saith that Moyses had 52 whores,' grinned the flippant Oliver.

'Whores?' cried the indignant Mistress Whetcomb.

'Nay, Concubines,' qualified Oliver, intent on getting all possible fun out of the situation but a little mixed in his Scripture.

'Yt was Salomon,' put in Mistress Brewer, who knew her Bible; and advised Oliver 'to goe home to sleepe', for as she explained later, to the inquisitors, 'she did well perceave he was gonne with drincke'.

How Oliver managed to get into that deplorable state while attending service must remain a mystery; but both ladies later declared that 'there eares did glowe, and that they neuer harde such mounsterous speches from anye man'. Their lives, perhaps, had been too sheltered.

In the summer of 1593, about the time of Marlowe's death, Ralegh and his brother Carew had been equally incautious in conversation with a local parson, the Reverend Ralph Ironside, and a local magnate, Sir Raulfe Horsey — the Queen's Deputy Lieutenant, who was later one of the inquisitors. It was like Ralegh to choose exactly the

people who could make him the most trouble, and air his heresies before them. Ralegh managed very neatly to horrify them both. As the Reverend Mr. Ironside told the commissioners later, he went to the house of another Deputy Lieutenant, Sir George Trencharde, where he found 'Sir Walter Rawleigh, Sir Raulfe Horsey, Mr Carewe Rawleigh, Mr John Fitziames', and others, talking theology.

After supper, Sir Raulfe Horsey felt that 'some loose speeches' of Carewe Raleigh ought to be 'gentlye reproved',[19] and he quoted St. Paul in Latin: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' Carewe Raleigh asked 'what daunger he might incurr by such speeches'.

'The wages of sinn is death,' growled the Reverend Mr. Ironside who, like Sir Raulfe Horsey, was a little too fond of solemn quotations to be a really merry supper companion. 'As that liffe w*hi*ch is the gifte of God through Iesus Christ is liffe eternall: soe that Death w*hi*ch is p*ro*perlye the wages of sinne, is death eternall.'

'Soule,' q*uo*d Mr. Carew Rawleigh, 'what is that?'

'Better it were', said the Rev. Mr. Ironside, growing more solemn as he grew more indignant, 'that we would be carefull howe the soules might be saved, then to be curiouse in findinge out ther essence.'

At this Sir Walter took a hand in the conversation.

'Heitherunto', he said in his Devonshire burr, 'in this pointe (to witt, what the reasonable soule of man is) have I not by anye benne resolved.'

The Reverend Mr. Ironside replied with one of his irritating quotations. This time it was Aristotle *De Anima* — just a little heavy for after supper.

He added a few observations on the nature of God.

'Marrye,' cried Sir Walter with impish delight. 'These 2 be like, for neither coulde I lerne heitherto what God is.'

Yet this horrifying free-thinker ended the conversation by calling for prayers.

'For that', *quod* he, 'is better then this disputacon!'

At conversations of this sort, Marlowe must have made one on many occasions and it undoubtedly helped on the difficulties closing about him before his death. Ralegh on the other hand, perhaps because of his greater social position, had no great difficulty in clearing himself. The investigation led to nothing. He was soon restored to royal favour and off on another expedition.

THE CAMBRIDGE GROUP

Marlowe's Cambridge acquaintances are mostly bitter enemies for he must have been a difficult man to live with. Kyd found him so when they had lodgings together, and association with him at the University did not make men love him. Thomas Nashe, Robert Greene, and Richard Harvey had all been fellow students. The William Bradley of the duel may have been identical with the William Bradley who was at St. John's in Marlowe's time. Gabriel Harvey, bitterest of Marlowe's enemies, was a Cambridge don while Marlowe was at Corpus. Robert Poley, who stood by while Ingram Frizer killed the poet, may have been a Cambridge man of the elder Harvey's generation.

Of them all, only Thomas Nashe seems to have been friendly, though he sometimes found it difficult to maintain his friendship with Greene and Marlowe at the same time. Still, he heartily hated Gabriel Harvey, who hated Marlowe and Greene impartially. That made it easier, and he wrote pamphlet after pamphlet against Harvey to which that worthy replied with such asperity that the bishops ultimately stopped the controversy by burning all their books and forbidding them to publish any more.

Nashe seems to sneer at Marlowe once or twice, but he collaborated with him in *Dido*, he is supposed to have written an elegy in his honour and his own pamphlet, *Christ's Teares Over Jerusalem*,[20] alludes to 'poore deceased Kit Marlow' in terms of apparently sincere regret. Even when he parodied *Hero and Leander*, it was with a note of regret for his old associate. It was, he said, a story of lovers whom 'diuine Musaeus sung and a diuiner Muse than him, Kit Marlow'.

Not so Robert Greene, who imitated and hated Marlowe in about equal degree. His life after the University was a long and rather squalid tragedy. He had always done rather better than Marlowe at Cambridge; and his rival's swift and sudden success in after life was the bitterest of all his many blows. He had matriculated at the University in 1575 among the 'quadrantarij', the poorest group of undergraduates, and it was five years before he received the degree which others took in four. He took an M.A. in 1583, so that for at least three years he had been at the University with Marlowe. Nashe had been at the University from 1582 to 1586, when he became B.A. He seems to have lingered at the University; but he left in something like disgrace.

Starting his literary life in London four years earlier than Marlowe, Greene never approached his success. After 1588 he found himself in the humiliating position of a writer who must imitate a junior, grinding out *Alphonsus King of Arragon* in imitation of *Tamburlaine*, and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* in imitation of *Doctor Faustus*. While Marlowe always seemed well-to-do, always associated with the rich and powerful, Greene sank lower and lower. He turned out pious and hypocritical pamphlets, one after another, all written in a fluid curiously compounded of ink and tears and alcohol. Married to a gentle and charming girl, he proved himself a faithless and dissolute husband. Poverty forced him to such

straits that he was accused of selling the same play to two rival dramatic companies at once. Involved with a serving wench who bore him a bastard child, Fortunatus Greene, he and the child died not many years apart; and the keepers of his wretched lodging, impressed by the fact that the man was after all, an author of sorts, crowned his corpse with bays. It had scarcely been removed for burial when the malignant Gabriel Harvey pushed his way into the house to learn the worst about his dead foe.

It is no wonder that after the success of *Tamburlaine* and the first successes of Shakespeare, Greene burst out in virulent denunciation of their authors — so virulent in fact that it was gently pruned by Henry Chettle. Even with this decorous editing, Greene's malignant abuse almost seems to shriek from the page. He explains the failure of one of his own plays because 'I could not make my verses jet upon the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the mouth like a fa-burden of Bow-bells, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine'.[21] Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* does contain the line:

> What daring God torments my body thus?

He sneers at 'mad and scoffing poets that have poetical spirits, as bred of Merlin's race'. In the English of that day Merlin was pronounced 'Marlin', just as in modern English 'clerk' is 'clark'. Greene had known Marlowe at Cambridge where his name usually appears in the records as 'Marlin'. Again, Greene sneers at a love passage as a mere 'Canterbury tale told', he continues, 'by a propheticall full mouth that as he were a Cobbler's eldest sonne would by the laste tell where another's shoe wrings'. In his *Farewell to Folly* published in 1591, the year before his death, he sneers again at 'the life of Tomliuclin' — Tamburlaine, of course.

Peddlers, he says, were wrapping their goods 'in those vnsauorie papers'. As a matter of fact, the first edition of Marlowe's play had appeared the year before.

Greene died on September 3rd, 1592, but not even the approach of death lessened his hate. His dying hands penned a tract called *A Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which Peele, Nashe, Marlowe, and Shakespeare are all attacked. He exhorted Marlowe to repentance thus:

> Wonder not, (for with thee wil I first begin), thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse: for penitrating is His power, his hand lies heauie vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me in a voice of thunder, and I haue felt he is a God that can punish enimies.

Marlowe, in other words, was God's enemy. It was a pleasant thought. And so Greene died.

This is the pamphlet in which he sneers at Shakespeare as a mere 'shake-scene', a 'Johannes-fac-totum', or Jack-of-all-trades who dares to be both actor and author.

Thomas Nashe later[22] called the *Groatsworth of Wit* 'a scald triuiall lying Pamphlet'; but he had at one time joined Greene in ridiculing 'idiote art-masters, that intrude themselues to our eares as the alcumists of eloquence; who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbraue better pens with the swelling bumbast of a bragging blank verse'. This is 'conceited' Elizabethan prose at its worst. It is indeed hard to see exactly what it does mean; but it certainly means Marlowe — an 'art-master', who had a reputation for 'arrogance', and who certainly wrote a 'bragging blank verse'; and it certainly means to be unpleasant. Evidently

Nashe later repented of his effort to carry water on both shoulders, to be Marlowe's friend and yet to abuse him to please Greene. The attack is printed in an introduction to Greene's *Menaphon*.

THE HARVEYS

But none of all these mighty haters hated Marlowe with quite such outspoken virulence as Gabriel Harvey. There were three Harvey brothers, sons of a rope-maker of Saffron Walden, near Cambridge. Only two of them — Gabriel and Richard — come into the story. Gabriel, the elder, was fourteen years older than Marlowe. An indefatigable scholar, he was by 1585 B.A., M.A., LL.B. of Cambridge and D.C.L. of Oxford. In that year, while Marlowe was at the University, he was elected Master of Trinity Hall; but his election was set aside by the Queen. He had been deputy proctor in 1583 and as such in an excellent position for friction with the obstreperous young man from Canterbury.

Harvey was a close friend of Spenser, with whom he corresponded at length, and is the 'Hobbinol' of *The Shepheard's Calendar*. Failing to win the academic heights he coveted, he retired eventually to his native Saffron Walden and — on the strength of four degrees in other subjects — practised medicine!

Why Gabriel Harvey hated Marlowe, no one knows. His brother, Richard, author of *The Lamb of God* and other works on piety or astrology, had better reason for hatred, for of him 'Kit Marloe was wont to say that he was an asse good for nothing but to preach of the Iron Age'.[22] Marlowe was probably right; for as to Richard Harvey's asininity there was a certain unanimity. Even Robert Greene for once agreed with Marlowe. He called the unfortunate Richard 'a vaine glorious asse',[23] though his opinion was later

suppressed by the publisher and appears in only one surviving copy of his book, *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier*.

Whatever else may be said of Richard Harvey, he had a nice taste for beautiful books. Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, still possesses an illuminated manuscript of the gospels which once was his. The title-page has his inscription: 'Sum Ricardi Haruei, 1627 in Chisleherst, in Kent', and there are occasional notes in the beautifully round and flowing calligraphy of the 'vaine glorious asse'. Looking at it to-day, one thinks of quiet hours in a country rectory, rather than of the savage rancours of the Elizabethan literary world; to do Richard justice, there is no record that he ever struck back at his foes.

His vehement brother was quite capable of doing that for the entire family. From about the time of Greene's death in 1592 until after Marlowe's death in 1593 — plague or no plague — Harvey was living in London engaged in some legal business for which, with his two law degrees, he was well qualified. He thus received the news of Greene's death at once in time to rush ghoulishly down to hear the story; of Marlowe's death he received confused reports. He thought Marlowe had died of the plague.

He hated Nashe nearly as much as he hated Marlowe and Greene, comparing Nashe — who wrote bawdy verses — to the obscene Italian, Pietro Aretino; Greene to Julian the Apostate; Marlowe to the Greek sceptic, Lucian. He alludes elsewhere to 'no religion but precise Marlowisme', and in his exultant poem on Marlowe's death he describes the murdered poet as

> He that nor feared God, nor dreaded Diu'll,
> Nor ought admired, but his wondrous selfe.

One longs to know the reason for all this malignity.

GENTRY AND NOBILITY

Ralegh was not the only gentleman of high degree with whom Marlowe was on terms of intimacy. Kyd alludes to Marlowe's 'bearing name to serve my *Lord* although his *Lordship* never knewe his service, but in writing for his plaiers, ffor never cold my *Lord* endure his name, or sight, when he had heard of his conditions, nor wold in deed the forme of devyne prayer vsed duelie in his *Lordships* house, haue quadred with such reprobates'. Translated out of Kyd's hysterical epistolary style, this means that Marlowe wrote for the actors of a certain nobleman. The nobleman was very pious. When he learned that Marlowe was not, he would have nothing more to do with him.[24]

Marlowe wrote for the players of Lord Strange, the Lord Admiral, and the Earl of Pembroke; but the description does not fit any of them and probably refers to some other nobleman.

Mr. Thomas Walsingham, of Scadbury, Chislehurst, Kent, is usually regarded as Marlowe's patron. When some years after Marlowe's death Elizabeth visited his home and knighted him, he became the fourth Sir Thomas Walsingham. Of his acquaintance with Marlowe we can be sure. The Privy Council directs its messenger to Walsingham's house when it wishes to find Marlowe. The publisher of one of the 1598 editions of *Hero and Leander* dedicates the poem to Sir Thomas, in the name of 'the vnhappily deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauors, entertaining the parts of reckoning and woorth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his brain should chance to come

abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had ben accustomed therevnto, it would prooue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, than any other foster countenance whatsoeuer'.

Walsingham was on friendly terms with his second cousin, Sir Francis, secretary to the Queen, who had intervened to assist him when he came into his estate; even after Sir Francis's death, the Privy Council were ready to come to his kinsman's assistance when they heard that he was 'in danger to suffer great domage in his patrimony by the rigor of divers bondes and statutes'.[25]

Many of Marlowe's associates seem to have been associates of the Walsinghams. Sir Roger Manwood, whose epitaph Marlowe wrote, was a relative by marriage. Thomas Watson travelled with one of the Walsinghams, either Sir Thomas or his son, on the Continent. Of the three men present at Marlowe's murder, two at least were acquainted with his patron.

SPIES, MURDERERS, PERJURERS, ADULTERERS

Ingram Frizer, who killed Christopher Marlowe, is alluded to in legal documents of the time as Thomas Walsingham's man. Long after the killing, he continued to do business for the Walsinghams. Robert Poley, government secret agent, who sat in the room while Marlowe was killed, was acquainted with Sir Thomas and Sir Francis Walsingham. It is a perplexing tangle of relationships.

Ingram Frizer first appears in history in 1589,[26] when he bought the Angel Inn at Basingstoke for £120. He was in and out of the courts most of his life and at his death even his estate was thrown into the court

and determined by 'sentence'. His most famous exploit, about the time of Marlowe's death, was to persuade a foolish young man to buy some old artillery — 'a certayne number of gunnes or great Iron peeces' — signing a bond for £60. Frizer then undertook to sell the 'gunnes' but pretended he could get no more than £30 — his own money of course. The unfortunate 'gull' now had £30 in hand and a debt to Frizer of £60. Later, with the assistance of Nicholas Skeres (also present at the death), Frizer tricked his victim into signing two fraudulent bonds — one on behalf of Sir Thomas Walsingham, who is described as Frizer's 'master'. Long after these events Frizer, haled to court, did not deny these charges but merely pleaded that they were outlawed. In 1600 he retired to Eltham, Kent, where he became churchwarden and tax collector and was classed among 'good and lawful men of the country'. He and his wife died in 1627, leaving one daughter, never dreaming that centuries after Frizer's career of fraud and petty schemes had closed for ever, people would still be interested in him because of the man he killed.

ROBERT POLEY

The mysterious and sinister figure of the government secret agent, Robert Poley, may have come into Marlowe's life very early. Many of his original letters, ciphers, and secret reports survive; and they are obviously the work of a man of some education. This makes it tempting to identify him with the Robert Pollye who was a chorister of King's College, Cambridge, in 1564 and matriculated as sizar of Clare in 1568.[27] As a Cambridge man a few years older than Marlowe, already in the secret service, he may well have been the connecting link between Marlowe's Cambridge and his London life. Spy, adulterer,

treacherous friend, only too probably a turn-coat, he was probably the least edifying of all Marlowe's associates.

He first appears in the records when sent to the Marshalsea prison by Sir Francis Walsingham, and thereafter he is recorded as in and out of prison with reasonable regularity every year or two. Released from the Marshalsea he entered the government secret service, headed by the very man who had sent him to jail; and though a seminary priest had married him to 'one Watson's daughter', he was deep in an intrigue with Mistress Joan Yeomans, wife of a London cutler, William Yeomans.

He went to live with his mistress's mother. The old lady had no idea what was going on until one day she found her daughter 'sittinge vppon the said Polleys knees the sight thereof did soe stryke to her hart that she shoulde never recover yt'. She 'prayed God to cutt her off verie quickly or ells she feared she shoulde be bawde vnto her owne daughter'.[28] Shortly afterwards the poor old mother really did die. Poley contrived to get the unfortunate Yeomans thrown into prison so that he might continue his intrigue with Mistress Yeomans unhampered; and when the husband finally got out of prison, Poley eloped with her.

Poley was deeply involved in Anthony Babington's conspiracy to murder Queen Elizabeth and place Mary Queen of Scots on the throne of England. But the secret agent played a part so dark and devious that it is still hard to decide which side he was really on, or whether he changed from side to side. It is more likely that he was on both sides at once. Elizabeth's secret service certainly employed him as a spy; but then, so did the Catholic conspirators. Elizabeth's secret service certainly distrusted him; but then, so did the Catholic conspirators. Both sets

of employers were at times inclined to believe in him and at other times inclined to fear he played them false. Both were probably right about that.

As nearly as this tangle of deceit can be unravelled three hundred years later, it appears that Sir Francis Walsingham sent Poley as his spy to join the conspirators. Babington was instantly suspicious. In a letter still extant[29] he writes to Mary's secretary: 'I would gladlie understand what opinione you hould of one Robert Pooley whome I find to haue intelligence with her Majestyes occasions. I am private with the man and by the meanes thereof knowe some whate but suspect more.' Thomas Morgan, one of Mary's foreign agents, writes that his friends 'dout the sayd Poley was sent by England to practise my death in prison'. Hence Morgan 'wrote not one line with him'. It was wise of him, for presently Poley's letters begin to be 'accidentally' intercepted by the government.

In spite of all this, Poley soon wormed his way into the conspirators' confidence; and as a result this double-spy, who was already spying for the government, was placed by the conspirators 'to be Sir Phillipp Sidney's man'. Sidney was at this time living in the household of his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, head of the government secret service. The innocent conspirators thought that Poley was 'therebye able to picke owt many things'.

All this time the government kept the conspirators' letters passing through official hands, deciphered them, and sent them on to their destination, occasionally forging a few additions. When at length the government struck, one of the conspirators was arrested in Poley's very lodgings and Poley went to the Tower, where he remained for at least two years. It has been supposed that this imprisonment was a trick to mask the fact that he was a government spy; but, with all

the conspirators promptly hanged it is hard to see why he was immured for two whole year

Poley had been caught with prohibited books about 1586 and had a stormy interview with Sir Francis Walsingham. But he himself 'saied that he putt Mr. Secretary into that heate that he looked out of his wyndoe and grynned like a dogge'. Poley denied the charges but told a friend privately 'that I will sweare and forswear my selffe rather then I will accuse my selfe to doe me any harme'. Later he admitted 'receyvenge and keepenge of a feawe purposeless Bookes' for a friend in prison. It was this obvious liar and admitted perjurer whose testimony helped to get Frizer off after the Marlowe killing. Like Frizer, he knew the Walsinghams, for in one letter he tells of having 'attended Mr. Thomas Walsingham for my secrett recourse to Mr. Secretary'.[30] In other words, Marlowe's killer was a business agent of his patron, Thomas Walsingham, and Marlowe's friend Poley was acquainted with both branches of the Walsingham family.

Both Frizer and Poley must have died about the same time, if we can identify the secret agent with Robert Poley, 'citizen and habberdasher of London', whose will on May 9th, 1626, divided a small estate.[31]

NICHOLAS SKERES

Nicholas Skeres was a much less important person than either Frizer or Poley. William Fleetwood, Recorder of London, described him as one of the 'Maisterles men and Cutpurses whose practice is to robbe Gentlemen's Chambers and Artificers' shoppes in & about London'.[32]. Later, he was listed with Babington 'and others of this crew'. After Marlowe's death he fell 'in very dangerous company', went to jail, and was described as 'seruant to the Earl of

Essex'. Like Poley, he seems to have carried secret messages, and after the Essex rebellion he went to jail again. After that he fades into the dim light of the underworld.

Thus Marlowe's associates range up and down the scale: the brilliant Ralegh, favourite of the Queen; Harriot, devoted man of science; saintly old George Chapman; the Walsinghams, respectable country gentry; Frizer, the swindler; Poley, the spy; Skeres, the cut-purse and jail-bird. Strange company in which to write the mighty line.

CHAPTER XIV

'STABD WITH A DAGGER'

His life like a Canne too full spills vpon the bench
John Earle: *Micro-Cosmographie* (1628).

In the spring or 1593, the impetuous poet was again in trouble with the authorities — as he had been almost constantly since his last year at Cambridge. If we look back over the six years of his literary career, we find him with amazing regularity in a scrape of some kind. In 1587 the University of Cambridge disapproved of Marlowe so strongly that it would not grant him the usual degree until the Privy Council intervened. In 1589 he was duelling with Bradley and was sent to prison on murder charges, of which he eventually cleared himself. In 1592 he was quarrelling with the constables of Shoreditch. In 1593, the Privy Council, which had been his ally in the squabble at Cambridge, was sending out a warrant for him; Thomas Kyd, another erstwhile friend, was making the gravest charges against his conduct and character; government spies were secretly dogging his footsteps and listening to his casual conversation; and he was saved from the trouble that was obviously brewing only by the unexpected stroke of a dagger.

Even that may not have been the accident it seems; for there are those who hold that the stabbing was secretly arranged by powerful figures in the Elizabethan aristocratic world, who feared the revelations Marlowe might make and procured a murder to stop the troublesome poet's mouth for ever.

Some of this turmoil can be attributed to mere bigotry and stupidity in high places. Cambridge University probably had nothing more serious against its would-be Master of Arts than a suspicion of his conversion to Roman Catholicism. No one knows who was at fault in the quarrel that led to Bradley's death; at all events, it is quite certain that Marlowe did not kill him. A pair of constables who go in fear of their lives because of a single poet are figures of farce, not tragedy. No one knows why the Privy Council demanded Marlowe's presence before it in 1593; Her Majesty's Councillors frequently called Her Majesty's subjects into their august presence on very trivial grounds.

There were two possible reasons for the disfavour into which Marlowe was obviously falling. One was the suspicion of atheism which was gradually growing against Marlowe and the whole Ralegh circle, sometimes called the 'School of Night'. This culminated in a formal government investigation of the religious views of Ralegh and his friends the following year — an accusation from which, after much testimony and pious palaver, everyone emerged unscathed and Ralegh, restored to royal favour, went on to fresh official preferment.

The other was certain placards or 'libels' against Flemish immigrants, which had been surreptitiously posted up about London and which had led to riots. Thomas Kyd had been accused of having a hand in this — that is why his letter to the Lord Keeper says that he was 'suspected for that Libell that concern'd the State'. Whatever they were, the libels showed the hand of a literary man. Hence the accusation of Kyd. It turned out that Marlowe and Kyd had roomed together; and the search of Kyd's papers revealed heretical documents. Hence suspicion of both Marlowe and Kyd. That is why the latter has so much to

say about Marlowe's 'monstruous opinions' on religion, especially 'concerning Atheisme, a deadlie thing which was vndeserved chargd withall'.[2]

There had been a steady immigration of European Protestants to escape the Catholic persecutions; and their increasing number in London and their competition in trade had offended the Elizabethan mob. It is fairly clear that Kyd, finding himself involved, was so anxious to clear himself that he made every charge he could think of against his dead friend, though he does not say specifically that Marlowe was involved in the libels. Just treason and atheism — that was all.

Most of this is speculation on reasonable grounds. What we do know positively is that in the middle of May 1593 a little less than two weeks before Marlowe was killed, the Privy Council became suddenly very eager to interrogate Christopher Marlowe. On May 18th it issued 'a warrant to Henry Maunder one of the Messengers of her *Majesty's* Chamber to repaire to the house of Mr. Tho: Walsingham in Kent, or to anie other place where he shall understand *Christ*ofer Marlow to be remayning, and by vertue thereof to apprehend and bring him to the Court in his Companie'.[3]

The reference to Walsingham makes it perfectly sure that among the eight or nine Christopher Marlowes then flourishing in London, we have the right man.

The plague was at this time raging in London, the theatres were closed, and everyone who could do so had left the city. Marlowe could not go down to Canterbury, where the plague was equally severe. In less than a month that summer it wiped out Thomas Arthur, supposed to have been the poet's maternal uncle, his wife, and four children. Dorothy Arthur, the only survivor of that stricken family, came to live in John Marlowe's house. It was about this time

that the Canterbury accounts contain the grim entry: 'Gave to Goodman Eccles for watching at Anthony Howe's Door in the Morning after the Watch was broken up when his House was first infected with the plage. 2. d. Abel Payne for watching at several other Doors on the like cause.' It was the only thing to do with plague patients: shut them up and let them die.[4]

The sages of the day knew that, in some mysterious way, the dreadful disease was 'catching'. They rather suspected that it was due to divine wrath at the abomination of stage plays; but however that might be, they took both moral and sanitary precautions. They closed the playhouses (a precaution which contained a little of both elements); they burned the bodies of the dead; and they closed all suspected dwellings.

Marlowe, having nothing to do in London, with the theatres closed, and the actors travelling in the provinces, being unable to return to his father's house (which there is no record of his having seen since his departure for the university), bethought him of his friend Thomas Walsingham, and went down to the Walsingham estate at Scadbury, Chislehurst, which was far enough out of London in the Kentish countryside to be safe from infection, and close enough to London to keep in touch with his literary and theatrical interests there, as soon as the outbreak of plague ceased.

Since there was no market for plays at the moment, he was probably peacefully at work upon his poem of *Hero and Leander*, when Master Henry Maunder and his warrant arrived together. The Queen's Messenger had had very little difficulty in finding his man; for two days after the issue of the warrant — barely time to ride down to Chislehurst and back — the Privy Council records that[5]

This day *Christo*fer Marley of London gent, being sent for by warrant from their L*ordships* hath entered his appearance accordinglie for his *Indemnity* therein, and is commaunded to give his daily attendaunce on their L*ordships* untill he shalbe lycensed to the contrary.

With that, the whole matter vanishes from the records. Within a few days, Marlowe was dead. Whatever the Privy Council had wanted, it could not get it — unless, as three hundred years later scholars began to whisper, some powerful personage wanted Marlowe hushed up about something and to attain this end took the most direct means of stilling his lips. In that case, some one — not necessarily on the Privy Council — had gained exactly what he wanted.

That is, in all likelihood, too sinister an interpretation of the facts, though not by any means impossible. Her Majesty's Council do not seem to have been greatly worried about young Marlowe. They wanted him, so they sent for him. After his appearance they decided that they still wanted him, so they ordered him to appear daily. If they had been really worried about him, they would have clapped him in the Tower without further ceremony.

The Lords of the Privy Council often sent urgently for the Queen's subjects, both of very great and of very little importance; and then did practically nothing about it when they appeared. The President of Corpus Christi, Oxford, for instance, had been summoned like Marlowe, but a few weeks earlier, but he seems to have suffered no further inconvenience. A certain Mistress Anne Rolles, summoned before their Lordships in a dispute over an estate, simply sent word that she 'was not well at ease, and thereby (thoughe she was in towne) not in case to repair hether'. Their Lordships, gallantly unwilling to disturb a lady, politely agreed to await

Mistress Anne's convenience, stipulating only that she 'shuld not depart till leave were graunted unto her',[6] which was really all they insisted on in Marlowe's case.

The whole affair, whatever it was, may have been trivial, and it may be mere coincidence that it was preceded by charges of atheism and followed by murder. At least, the Reverend Richard Harvey, rector of Chislehurst and brother of the malignant Gabriel, seems never even to have heard of the arrest; and Gabriel Harvey, who a few months later is whooping with delight over Marlowe's death, never mentions the affair.

Gabriel Harvey was not a man who ever failed to bring out anything to Marlowe's discredit. The arrest at Chislehurst must have been very quietly managed indeed if no hint of it reached the long and eager ears of the Harveys, either of whom would have rejoiced at any bad news affecting Marlowe, partly because they resented his bitter tongue, partly also because they must have held him to blame for some of the bitter attacks on them by his friends Nashe and Watson.

Marlowe was now rather at a loss for lodgings. The plague-stricken city was dangerous, yet he was officially bidden to be there daily, attending the Privy Council's wishes regularly. It would have been a little embarrassing to go back to Chislehurst, from which Master Henry Maunder had taken him, under arrest, only a day or two before. Then, too, Chislehurst was a little too far out from London to make it convenient to go back and forth daily. Probably Marlowe went to the little village of Deptford, across the Thames from London and a few miles down stream, where, it has been surmised, the wealthy and respectable Anthony Marlowe, agent for the Muscovy Company, may have been a kinsman.[7]

In Deptford, at least, we find him ten days later when he walked through the door of a tavern kept by Dame Eleanor Bull, widow, at Deptford Strand, about ten o'clock in the morning of May 30th, 1593. With him were three extremely doubtful characters: Ingram Frizer, Robert Poley, and Nicholas Skeres.

The four men had no desire for the company of the ordinary folk who frequented Dame Eleanor's tavern, but called for a private room '& there passed the time together & dined & after dinner were in quiet sort together there & walked in the garden belonging to the said house until the sixth hour after noon of the same day & then returned from the said garden to the room aforesaid & there together and in company supped'.[8]

There was obviously something extremely private in the wind. All except Frizer — and perhaps Frizer too, though of that we have no evidence — had been concerned in minor affairs of state, which were sometimes shady and which were always confidential. The four stayed away from the tavern ordinary, at which Elizabethan gallants usually mingled freely. They took two meals in private, had enough private conversation to keep them busy from ten in the morning until six at night, and seem in every way to have kept very much to themselves.

Poley had arrived that very day from the Hague, carrying official correspondence,[9] which may or may not have had something to do with the conversation. Frizer, being associated with Sir Thomas Walsingham, would know all about Marlowe's difficulties with the Privy Council, and probably all about the difficulties in which Marlowe's former room-mate, Thomas Kyd, found himself. Skeres had been privy to Frizer's schemes several times before.

The quartet had had two meals together, which almost

certainly means that they had between them consumed a good deal of drink. After supper in their private room, Frizer, Poley, and Skeres sat down to a game of 'tables', or backgammon,[10] while Marlowe lay down on a bed behind them — perhaps in tribute to the potency of Dame Eleanor's liquors. His three companions were sitting side by side on a bench — chairs being rare articles of furniture in Elizabethan taverns — with their knees under the table, intent upon their game. Frizer was wearing the usual dagger at his side, and finding it in his way, slung it around so that it hung down behind him over the edge of the bench — temptingly within reach of where Marlowe was lying. The others were probably similarly armed; but it is this twelve-penny dagger of Frizer's that matters. The four may also have had their swords with them; but if so they had probably been taken off and left with their cloaks.

While the other three played, Marlowe fell into a dispute with Frizer over the bill. According to one account,[11] Marlowe was the guest of 'one named Ingram [Frizer, of course] that had invited him thither to a feast'. If that is true, it is no wonder that when Marlowe was confronted with the bill, he and Frizer 'were in speech & uttered one to the other divers malicious words for the reason that they could not be at one nor agree about the payment of the sum of pence, that is, le recknynge'. Thomas Kyd was probably at this very moment in prison meditating the letters in which he declares that Marlowe was 'intemperate & of a cruel hart', and accuses him of 'rashnes in attempting soden pryvie iniuries to men'.[12] Once again Marlowe proved the correctness of Kyd's estimate of his character, just as he had in the Bradley duel.

Infuriated by the dispute and probably more than a little drunk, he snatched at Frizer's dagger, got it out of the sheath

before anyone could stop him, and 'maliciously gave the aforesaid Ingram two wounds on his head of the length of two inches & of the depth of a quarter of an inch'. It is hard to see how an angry man striking downward at a seated opponent with a stout steel blade could have inflicted nothing worse than a couple of scalp wounds if he was really trying to kill. But Marlowe may have reversed the dagger and tried to 'knock out' his opponent with the heavy hilt, so as to do no fatal injury.

That would leave the blade of the dagger pointing upward and toward his own face. Frizer was caught with his knees under the table and a man on each side of him, while the furious poet was slashing at him from above. Unable to rise, he turned round and caught Marlowe's arm. Or, as the official record has it, Frizer 'in his own defence & for the saving of his life, then & there struggled with the said Christopher Morley to get back from him his dagger aforesaid; in which affray the same Ingram could not get away from the said Christopher Morley'.

Finding himself caught and unable to disarm his opponent, Frizer seized Marlowe's hand and the dagger together, and drove the blade back. His blow caught Marlowe in the right eye and crashed back into the frontal lobe of the brain. Or, as the coroner's report rehearses the story, 'So it befell in that affray that the said Ingram, in defence of his life, with the dagger aforesaid of the value of 12*d.* gave the said Christopher then & there a mortal wound over his right eye of the depth of two inches & of the width of one inch; of which mortal wound the aforesaid Christopher Morley then & there instantly died'.[13]

As a matter of fact, injuries to the frontal lobe of the brain, though fatal, do not cause instant death but a prolonged coma which is followed by death. 'Then & there

instantly died' is either the careless use of a common legal phrase; or else the three excited men, looking down at the victim, mistook his coma for death.

This assumes that the story they told the coroner was true, and none of them was remarkable for veracity. If the men were lying, their story — which is, medically speaking, impossible — may cover a cold-blooded and deliberately planned assassination. If so, they succeeded, for its accuracy was never questioned until in recent years the evidence has been examined by modern physicians.[14] The coroner was not even curious enough to ask why three men were unable to overpower one man and disarm him without killing him. If the official version of the murder is true, Marlowe must indeed have been a terrible fellow, against whom two constables or three ordinary mortals were entirely helpless.

If we accept the view that there is more here than appears on the surface, and that Marlowe was deliberately put out of the way, much that is hard to understand in the official papers becomes clear enough. His three companions did not try to overpower and disarm Marlowe because they were part of a plot to kill him. Their demand for privacy was part of the plot; and the long time they spent together was necessary to get Marlowe drunk enough so that he could be easily dealt with. Frizer shows only two scalp wounds after this desperate encounter because he never was in any real danger. He may have given himself a few slashes to make his story credible — an old device. The coroner may have been so notably incurious because he had been given a quiet hint from someone in authority, not to ask too many questions. After all, he was an official of the Queen's Court, amenable to influence from powerful courtiers. The statement that Marlowe died instantly, from a wound that could

not possibly have killed him instantly, may be part of the general fabrication necessary to cover up a murder. Elizabethan coroners could, if they wished, be completely accurate in such medical details. One James Feake, who was killed by the actor Gabriel Spencer, also received a wound in the right eye, and the coroner is careful to report that he 'languished & liued in languor', for three days.[15]

And the motive? If this idea is correct, the whole atheistic Marlowe-Ralegh circle was becoming suspect. Kyd had been arrested, charged both with atheism and with the 'Libell that concern'd the state'. Kyd was in prison, where he could be controlled. Marlowe was at large, was about to come before the Privy Council, and might tell too much. It was wise to silence him.

It is a pretty theory but not really very convincing. We have only the conclusions of the coroner's jury; we do not know what witnesses they summoned or what evidence they heard. Very likely they checked all statements made to them with the utmost care. The only powerful courtier who could have been in danger at this time was Sir Walter Ralegh. The investigation of his religious views the following year seems to have caused him little trouble — though of course that may have been so because Marlowe was out of the way.

Whatever the motive for the killing, its sequel is fully recorded. Frizer 'neither fled nor withdrew himself', action which helped establish the presumption of his innocence. Queen Elizabeth happened to be somewhere in the vicinity — probably at Kew, from which Frizer's pardon[16] is dated — and this brought Deptford 'within the verge', a circle of twelve miles which surrounded the person of the sovereign wherever she went. The Marlowe killing thus came within the jurisdiction of the Queen's own coroner, William Danby, and not under that of the local authorities.

Frizer seems to have had little difficulty — much less than Thomas Watson had had four years before when he killed William Bradley.

Marlowe was killed on Wednesday evening, May 30th, 1593. The inquest was held Friday, June 1st. His body could not be buried until the coroner's jury had viewed it; but it was taken to the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, and buried the same day — probably in the churchyard, since burial within most Elizabethan churches was a privilege rigidly restricted and hardly to be hoped for by a scapegrace poet, known to be of 'monstruous opinions', who had been killed in a tavern brawl.

The court of Chancery issued a writ of certiorari on Friday, June 15th, inquiring of Coroner Danby whether Frizer had killed Marlowe with malice aforethought (and therefore feloniously) or whether the killing was in self-defence (and therefore innocent, or at least such as to entitle him to a pardon). The coroner reported the finding of his jury, that Frizer had killed Marlowe in self-defence, and Frizer was a free man. Thomas Walsingham, Marlowe's supposed friend, continued to employ Frizer, as a later transaction, recorded in the legal documents of the time, shows.

The murder created a sensation even in plague-stricken London; and the Puritan divines soon found in it evidence of heaven's judgment against all 'play-makers and poets of scurillitie'. But the first on the scene of the tragedy, as usual, was that carrion-crow, Gabriel Harvey, who had been engaged in legal business in London for nearly a year.[17] Just as he had rushed off with glee to learn the worst the moment he heard of Robert Greene's death, so now he burst into print with an amazing and almost unintelligible farrago called *A Newe Letter of Notable Contents*. This

contains a 'poem' called 'Gorgon, or the Wonderfull Yeare', the poem being quite as wonderful as the year it purports to describe — obviously 1593, since the title-page is so dated. This contains the line:

Weepe Powles, thy Tamberlaine voutsafes to die,

and then adds a 'glosse', which is quite as obscure as the poem it pretends to interpret, which tells how Death,

smiling at his tamberlaine contempt,
Sternely struck-home the peremptory stroke.

It is not possible to make anything intelligible of this windy nonsense, which is really only a savage's war-whoop at a foe's death. 'Tamberlaine' is a clear allusion to Marlowe, and 'Powles' is, of course, St. Paul's Cathedral — the haunt of 'some stationers in Paules' churchyard', whom Kyd mentions[18] among 'such as he conversd withall'. All that these drivelling lines were intended to convey was that Harvey, never what you might call a sensitive and scrupulous person — had heard of his enemy's death and was hugely pleased. He did not mention the murder, because he was under the impression that Marlowe died of the plague. Harvey would have been still happier and would have reached even more confused lyrical heights of utterance if he had known the truth.

To Puritan preachers in search of edifying and also thrilling sermon material, the murder was a godsend; and they rang the changes on it through one edition after another of their devotional books of moral counsel. Theirs was the only account of the murder that got beyond the official records, which soon disappeared into the official files, where they lay forgotten for the next 330 years. As a result the Puritans, with the very best intentions, started a story about Marlowe's death and 'atheism', which had a very long

life and acquired various trimmings — notably the tale of the 'lewd wench', for the sake of whose sinful favours Marlowe was supposed to have battled with his foe. For most of this there was not a scintilla of evidence; but a story which is at once thrilling, horrifying, and edifying has a long life; and the apocryphal lady and her apocryphal sins actually put in an appearance in sober print as late as 1917.

The first of this crew was the Reverend Thomas Beard, a divine noted for the Puritan zeal with which, as a contemporary says, he 'painfully preached the word of God'.[19] He was the schoolmaster who taught Oliver Cromwell, and is said to have flogged the Lord Protector in early youth — surely no ordinary man.

Beard was heart and soul in the Puritan cause. In his highly popular book, *The Theatre of God's Judgments*, he set out to discredit the stage and the Papacy, together with all anti-Puritans. Here, ready to his hand, was the sensational murder of 'a playmaker and poet of scurrilitie', who had long been suspected of Roman Catholic leanings and who was certainly no Puritan. The result was a passage which, though mostly a tissue of well-intentioned lies, deserves to be quoted if only for the vehemence of its rhetoric.

Beard was looking for horrifying examples. He translated a good many of them from the French and described the death-bed of Rabelais much as his modern congeners describe that other classic, the death-bed of Voltaire. He gathered up a good many examples of his own, hit-or-miss, from books whose accounts he did not trouble to check, or, as in the case of Marlowe, from hearsay:[20]

> Marlin, by profession a scholler . . . but by practice a playmaker and a poet of scurrilitie, who by giving too

large a swing to his own wit, and suffering his lust to have the full raines, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that he denied God and his sonne Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote bookes against it, affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver, and Moses to be but a conjurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to bee but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a device of pollicie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge!

It so fell out, that in London Streets, as he purposed to stab one whome hee ought a grudge unto, with his dagger, the other party perceiving so avoided the stroke, that withall catching hold of his wrist, he stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort that notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could be wrought, he shortly after died thereof; the manner of his death being so terrible (for he even cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth) that it was not only a manifest sign of God's judgment, but also a horrible and feare-full terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notable appeare, in that he compelled his owne hand which had written those blasphemies, to bee the instrument to punish him, and that in his brains which had devised the same.

Like so many of the devout, Beard found moral abuse and moral fervour rather easier than the pursuit of fact, and fell into several errors. If Marlowe was really stabbed where the coroner's jury said he was stabbed, after viewing the body with its wounds, it is certainly not true that he 'cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe and together with his

breath an oath flew out of his mouth'. Marlowe was unconscious long before the end; but it was a good, sound, conventional picture of the atheist's death-bed, the sort of thing people expected and liked, and the story spread.

It spread to Canterbury, where it came to the ears of an old gentleman of no particular importance named Simon Aldrich. He had a friend in one Henry Oxinden, scion of a family of Kentish gentry who spent his life largely in pruning his fruit trees, tending his garden, reading his large library, and writing down his thoughts on the margins of his books and in two large commonplace books. They have all survived and they provide an entirely independent version of the Marlowe murder as it was told by Simon Aldrich, a contemporary who must often have passed old John Marlowe and his wife in the narrow Canterbury streets.

Oxinden wrote down the story as Aldrich told it to him in February of 1640. He copied it again in a later and better commonplace book, now in the Folger Shakespeare Library; and for some strange reason he copied it still a third time on a fly-leaf of his copy of the now rare 1629 *Hero and Leander*. There it was found about 1830; but unfortunately it was found and published by John Payne Collier, the notorious forger. After Collier was exposed, no one would believe anything he said; and Aldrich's account of the matter was completely discredited until a few years ago, when both commonplace books turned up to confirm the story. In the meantime, the mysterious copy of *Hero and Leander*, which few had ever seen, disappeared completely. The London book dealer, P. J. Dobell, sold it to an unknown purchaser; and even the photograph of the all-important inscription which had been made about 1880, and had survived until about 1910, also disappeared.

But the commonplace books remain, the earlier one in the

British Museum, the other in the Folger Shakespeare Library. No one questions their authenticity. They deal mostly with Marlowe's supposed atheism, but each ends with the sentence: 'He was stabd with a dagger and dyed swearing'.[21]

Beard's book had an enormous influence. It ran through at least four editions; and as late as 1659 still a fifth version had been prepared in manuscript.[22] Its story of the atheist's death was instantly caught up by other pious writers, among them one Edmund Rudierd who, in a lurid tome entitled *The Thunderbolt of God's Wrath* tells of[23]

> One Marlin, a Cambridge Scholler, who was a Poet and a filthy Play-maker, this wretch accounted that meeke seruant of God Moses to be but a Coniurer, and our sweete Sauiour but a seducer and deceiuer of the people. But harken yee braine-sicke and prophane Poets, and Players, that bewitch idle eares with foolish vanities: what fell vpon this prophane wretch, hauing a quarrel against one whom he met in a streete in London, and would haue stabd him: But the partie perceiuing his villainy preuented him with catching his hand, and turning his owne dagger into his braines, and so blaspheming and cursing, he yeelded vp his stinking breath.

Rudierd closes with the sepulchral warning: 'Marke this yee Players, that liue by making fooles laugh at sinne and wickednesse.'

Marlowe was not killed 'in a streete in London'; but in Greenwich, hard by Dame Eleanor's Deptford tavern, there was a thoroughfare called 'London Street'. Beard made the mistake and Rudierd uncritically copied him. It may be said in favour of the Reverend Thomas Beard that his second edition corrected the blunder by omitting the words.

More than fifty years after Marlowe's death, Beard's account of it was still being copied for purposes of moral edification by a London parson, the Reverend Samuel Clark, or Clarke, whose *Looking-Glasse both for Saints and Sinners* appeared in March, 1645/6, at a time when the Puritans were masters in London and players and playwrights had been completely suppressed. The Reverend Samuel had written a *Life of Tamerlane the Great* himself; but he had probably never heard of Marlowe's play, and certainly did not admit it if he had. His story is nearly word-for-word from Beard.

William Vaughan, however, the author of *The Golden Grove*, which appeared in 1600, seems to have done a little independent investigating for himself. His account of the murder gives Frizer's first name and the place of the murder correctly. After a list of other writers, he says:[24]

> Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow by profession a playmaker, who, as it is reported, about 7 yeeres agoe wrote a book against the Trinitie: but see the effects of God's justice. It so hapned, that at Detford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram, that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, hee quickly perceyuing it, so auoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort that his braines comming out at the daggers point, hee shortlie after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine justice worke the end of impious Atheists.

An anonymous Cambridge University play, *The Returne from Pernassus*, a kind of satire which comments freely on many of the poets and playwrights of the day, echoes ancient Cambridge rancours in its four lines about Marlowe:[25]

. . . happy in his buskine muse,
Alas, vnhappy in his life and end,
Pitty it is, that wit so ill should dwell
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.

The tale about the 'lewd wench' was first set afloat by a certain Francis Meres, who in 1598 published a book called *The Wit's Treasury*. A great admirer of contemporary writers, he gives a great deal of valuable early information about Marlowe, Shakespeare, and their fellows; but literary enthusiasm carried him away. He was eager to compare Marlowe with 'Iodelle, a French tragicall poet, beeing an epicure and an atheist', and with the Greek poet-actor who, Ovid says, was killed by a rival in love. Hence, after explaining how 'our tragicall poet Marlow for his Epicurisme and Atheism had a tragical death', he refers to Beard and closes his own account with a passage that explains how:[26] 'As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his: so Christofer Marlow was stabd to death by a bawdy servingman, a rival of his in his lewde loue.'

That was enough; the tale was started; and nearly a hundred years later the antiquary Anthony à Wood, writing the lives of Oxford graduates (with whom Marlowe had nothing to do), drags a thinly disguised quotation from Meres, sinful lady and all, into his *Athenae Oxonienses*:[27]

> He being deeply in love with a certain woman, had for his rival a bawdy serving-man, one rather fit to be a pimp, than an ingenious amoretto as Marlo conceived himself to be. Whereupon Marlo taking it to be a high affront, rush'd in upon to stab him with his dagger. But the serving-man being very quick, so avoided the stroke, that withal catching hold of Marlowe's wrist, he stab'd his

own dagger into his head in such sort, that notwithstanding all the means of surgery, that could be wrought, he shortly after died of his wounds, before the year 1593.

It ought to be clear by this time how this story arose. Meres touched up his copy with some apt comparisons, and thereby started a slander which lasted until publication of the official documents describing Marlowe's death — in 1925. Anthony à Wood was so entranced by the spiciness of the tale that he dragged the Cambridge poet into a book about Oxford. Thereafter, one industrious chronicler after another quoted his predecessors, the tale growing larger and larger and the lady wickeder and wickeder down the centuries.

Had there been any evidence for the existence of this wench, Frizer would have been glad enough to bring her out at the inquest; and the Puritans would not have missed so choice a morsel for an instant. If the admiring Meres had only been able to control his enthusiasm for comparative literature, this particular libel against Marlowe's memory would never have gained a start upon the truth. As it is, the erring lady simply will not die. Born in Meres's too fertile brain, she lived merrily on until the year 1917, when she made (let us trust) her last and positively final appearance in a devout cleric's article upon 'Marlowe and the Heavy Wrath of God,'[28] which concludes darkly that 'the evils of Marlowe's chief characters were also Marlowe's own, and he, like these characters, fell to be plagued in hell'.

The chief contributors to the long life of this damsel frail and fictitious, were the compilers of theatrical handbooks. Toward the end of Elizabeth's reign, the book-buying public was not only eager to buy play-books, but also began to develop an interest in the lives of the dramatists — something

entirely new. This demand was met under William and Mary by a flood of little 'playhouse companions', alphabetical 'Who's Who's' to the British stage for the last century, giving thumbnail biographies of the authors, lists of their plays, and even lists of the sources from which those plays were taken.

The booksellers soon hit upon the modern device of including a list of their other plays in an advertising page inserted at the back of each edition. By the middle 1600's, these had become voluminous catalogues, giving rough lists of all the important authors and all their plays, usually with a good many other plays that they had not written. Four rather complete lists of this sort appear between 1656 and 1671.[29] Similar compilations were numerous in the middle and later eighteenth century.

These industrious hacks copied from each other and reviled each other with equal impartiality, and they snatched up information of all kinds without very carefully examining its source. One of them, William Rufus Chetwode, in his *British Theatre* (1752), reveals the talents of a cinema scenario writer born a hundred and fifty years too soon:[30]

> Having an intrigue with a loose woman, he came unexpectedly into her Chamber, and caught her in the Embraces of another Gallant. This so much enraged him, that he drew his Dagger and attempted to Stab him; but in the Struggle, the Paramour seized Marlow, turned the Point into his Head, and killed him on the spot in 1592.

J. P. Kemble, the actor, noted in his copy of the *Theatrical Intelligencer* that Marlowe 'died about 1592 of a wound received in a brothel from his own sword being forced upon

him. Fortunate, indeed, for Kemble, that Dame Eleanor Bull never heard her tavern so described!

Modern writers have operated on these misleading data with lamentable results. The third edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* describes the lady as a 'low girl'. The brothers Didot in their *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* explain her as 'une fille de basse condition'; Hippolyte Taine calls her a 'drab'; and Iwan Bloch in 1912 casts her into the rough embraces of a brutal and licentious soldiery as simply 'eine Soldatendirne'. There is not a trace of real evidence for any of this, but by 1917 she had become 'a disreputable wench'. Three hundred years of sound and fury and bad names over nothing, all because Master Francis Meres's pen slipped into a needlessly fine flourish one day in 1598! He got a little sex-interest into his story; but he misled history for three hundred years.

The true story was revealed by Professor Leslie Hotson's discovery of the coroner's inquest, the chancery writ, and Ingram Frizer's pardon, which he published in 1925.[31] The long series of errors which these documents corrected had really begun when the vicar of the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, blundered in entering the record of Marlowe's burial in his register on June 1st, 1593. That entry, correctly read, runs:

> Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis ffrizer; the · 1 · of June.

As there had never been a *Francis* Frizer, this placed a first stumbling block in the way of future researchers, but as there was no particular interest in the matter for the next two hundred years, it did not really matter very much. In 1820, the English antiquary, James Broughton, author of the first extensive critical account of Marlowe and his work,

inquired of the vicar of St. Nicholas and was told that the murderer's name was given as 'Ffrancis *Archer*'.[32] This set scholars questing for a mysterious Francis Archer, of whom nobody had ever heard and of whom no one could ever find a trace, except the usual Bacon-Shakespeare expert who presently discovered the non-existent Archer in the usual cryptogram.

The two innocent vicars of St. Nicholas between them, thus misled scholars completely; but the later one, at least, must not be too greatly blamed. The 'ff', often used in Elizabethan times instead of a capital, with which his predecessor had begun Frizer's name, *does* look a good deal like a capital 'A' to anyone not thoroughly familiar with Elizabethan handwriting. Hasted's *History of Kent* later gave nearly the correct reading, 'Frezer', another investigator made it 'Frazer', and Sir Sidney Lee, in writing Marlowe's life for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, hesitated to decide; but none of this was any use so long as the first name stood as 'Francis', the original blunder of the vicar who buried Marlowe.

Meantime a clue lurked undetected in the account of the murder given by William Vaughan, who in 1600 had said that the murderer was 'one named Ingram' — which every one mistook for a surname. Actually, Elizabethan records frequently use the Christian name in preference to the surname. In the documents discovered by Hotson, Frizer is called 'the said Ingram' and Marlowe 'the said Christopher'. The will of Richard Marley (1521) refers repeatedly to 'the said Christopher my Sonne', 'the same Margaret, my Syster', 'the said Alice, my wyf', and 'the said Katerin my Moder'. Gabriel Spencer, whom Ben Jonson killed, is twice called simply 'one Gabriel' in the indictment.

When, therefore, Hotson stumbled on the name of

'Ingram Frizer' in the Calendar of Close Rolls at the Public Record Office, he instantly suspected the truth. The document in which he found it had nothing to do with Marlowe; but it did prove that Queen Elizabeth numbered among her subjects a man with *both* the names that had been given as the murderer's. If there was an Ingram Frizer in existence, then Vaughan might be right about one half of the name and the Burial Register at Deptford might be right about the other half.

Following up this fragmentary and still doubtful clue, Hotson discovered in a list of pardons an entry recording a grant 'Ingramo ffrisar' on June 28th, 1593, just four weeks and a day after Marlowe had been killed. At that very instant the Public Record Office closed for the day, and the discoverer was left the whole of one very long night to wonder whether he had made one of the literary discoveries of all time, or whether he had merely found another mare's nest. In the morning he was able to send for the documents themselves, which told the true story, already recounted here. The secret of Marlowe's death was a secret no longer.

CHAPTER XV

POETIC INTERLUDES

And from my hands the reines will slip away.
Ovid's *Elegies*, III. ii, 14.

MARLOWE wrote at least three other plays, two of which survive while one is completely lost. It would have made little difference to his purely literary reputation if all three had vanished together; but we should have lacked many a strange and intimate glimpse into the workings of his mind.

Still a fourth play bears Marlowe's name upon the title-page; but the evidence for his authorship is so late and untrustworthy that it is a full century since any critic has ventured to include it in a collected edition of Marlowe's works. This is *Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen* — in spite of its flamboyant title an innocuous and inoffensive play, perhaps the work of a rather dull author who was imitating Marlowe, or even re-writing some very early and completely forgotten Marlowe manuscript.

In one way or another, a good many old plays have survived from Elizabethan days, either without any indication of authorship, or with authors' names upon their title-pages that are plainly impossible and obviously put there by unscrupulous early publishers who wanted to improve their sales.

Critics who believe that they can tell by looking at a play or poem the name of the man who wrote it, have busied themselves for generations with speculation on the true authorship of some of these doubtful plays. Many of them

have been fathered on Shakespeare — sometimes for the most ludicrous reasons. The banal tragedy of *Mucedorus* was once regarded as his on no better grounds than the accident that Charles II's bookbinder had bound it with his Shakespeare! Critics who can believe in the plenary inspiration of book-binders can believe in anything; and some have not been slow to impute to Christopher Marlowe a large number of the superior waifs and strays and orphans of the Elizabethan stage, who still lack authors.

Occasionally their attributions may be right, as when the two source plays which preceded *Henry VI* are on highly rational grounds believed to have been at least in part from Marlowe's pen. More frequently the reasoning seems to run: 'Here is a play bereft of an author. Here is Marlowe, an author almost certainly bereft of several lost plays. Let us put the two together and all will be well.'

Among the plays thus claimed for Marlowe have been *Selimus*, *Locrine*, *Edward III*, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, *The True History of George Scanderbage*, *An Alarum for London*, and *Arden of Feversham*. The first two, which deal with the legendary history of Britain, to which Milton makes some allusion in *Comus*, are closely related to each other and are probably by the same author, but there is no reason to suppose that author was Marlowe, except that the style is vaguely like his or an imitator's — and his imitators were extraordinarily abundant.

The only reasons for assigning *Edward III* to Marlowe are a supposed resemblance in the style, and a passage in Robert Greene's *Francesco's Fortunes*: 'If the Cobler hath taught thee to say Aue Caesar, disdain not thy tutor.' People who enjoy riddles have assumed that 'the Cobler' was Marlowe, and have pointed out the undoubted fact that the words, 'Ave Caesar' appear in *Edward III* and in no other Eliza-

bethan play. So far as evidence from style is concerned, it is enough to say with Swinburne that 'the author of "King Edward III" was a devout student and humble follower of Christopher Marlowe'. The other argument is hardly evidence at all.

Arden of Feversham is a fine piece of work, which has also been assigned to Shakespeare. The unknown author has caught a few of Marlowe's tricks of expression and occasionally quotes a line or two of his known work; but on such a basis, Marlowe might be the author of the entire first half of the Elizabethan drama, for nearly all the early authors both imitate him and quote him copiously. There is no better reason for regarding the other plays as Marlowe's, though in some cases writers may be influenced by him or may even be re-writing still earlier plays in which he really had had a hand years before.

The two authentic Marlowe plays which still survive are *The Massacre at Paris*, a violently Protestant historical play, based on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and subsequent events in the French wars of religion, which were both bloody and violent enough to suit theatrical taste; and *Dido, Queene of Carthage*, written in some kind of collaboration (there is a good deal of doubt just how much or what kind) with his friend Thomas Nashe. Still another Marlowe play, now lost, was *The Maiden's Holiday*, written in collaboration with John Day, which disappeared for ever when an unappreciative eighteenth-century cook used the sole surviving manuscript to put under her pies.

The play was entered for publication in the *Stationer's Register*, April 8th, 1654, more than half a century after Marlowe's death, and is there ascribed to his collaboration with John Day (1574[?]-1619). As Day had been a mere boy at Marlowe's death, it is hard to see how they could

have collaborated, unless Day was employed to bring an old Marlowe manuscript up to date. The play is described as a comedy, which may mean that we have lost Marlowe's only experiment in this vein; or may mean only that the publisher is making the same mistake as that other publisher who described *Tamburlaine* as 'twooe commicall discourses'.

No printed copy has survived, and there is some doubt whether the publisher ever issued any. The only reason for thinking that he did is a remark in David Erskine Baker's *Companion to the Playhouse* (1764) that Marlowe 'also joined with Day in the Maiden's Holyday. 1654'[1]; but Baker may merely have been reading the *Stationers' Register* and have taken it for granted that the play was really published. Most of the Marlowe editions printed as late as this survive in several copies, which is an additional reason for doubting that this totally unknown play ever saw print at all.

On the other hand, there is always the chance that copies may still be lying about old country houses in forgotten lumber rooms, or may be concealed in Continental libraries, where so many rare English plays have been discovered. If such a copy is ever found, it will be worth its weight in gold, for it will be the only copy in the world of a play that no one has seen for at least two hundred years. Marlowe's play on *Dido* was likewise eagerly sought by collectors for many years, and its existence seriously doubted, before at length three copies turned up.

The unique manuscript of *The Maiden's Holiday* — which only too probably contained specimens of Marlowe's handwriting, of which not a scrap that can be proved genuine now survives — found its way into the hands of John Warburton, an English collector, who died in 1759. In his own catalogue of his library, which still survives in the British

Museum, he has entered it as 'The Mayden Holaday by Chris. Marlowe', without mention of Day's collaboration, probably because Marlowe's name stood alone on the manuscript.[2]

Warburton seems to have taken a very languid interest in his collection, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever so much as read this unique part of it. He makes no notes of its nature or contents, and there is absolutely no record of what it may have been like. He carelessly left his manuscripts where Betsy, his cook, could get them; and did not discover what was happening until the artless Betsy had 'unluckily burnd or put under pye bottoms' the Marlowe manuscript and several others as well.[3]

There is no real way of telling at what stage in his career Marlowe wrote the two extant plays. *The Massacre at Paris* cannot have been earlier than the death of Henri III of France, on August 2nd, 1589. Henslowe enters 'the tragedey of the gvyes' in his diary as 'ne' on January 30th, 1593/4, exactly seven months after Marlowe's death. The takings on this occasion were £3 14*s*., a large amount which suggests that audiences streamed to the last work of a popular playwright who had died in sensational circumstances. Henslowe's 'gvyes' was the Duke of Guise, the central figure of the play, whose name really provides a much more logical title than that by which it is usually known, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's being merely an episode of the opening part.

The play starts with the marriage of Henry of Navarre to Margaret, daughter of Catherine de' Medici, Queen Dowager of France. The mood of Machiavellian 'pollicie' in which the play is written closely resembles the tone of *The Jew of Malta*, and suggests that Marlowe's mind was running very much along the same lines when he wrote

them, probably not very far apart. The history of this stormy period in France provides an abundance of that blood-and-thunder in which Elizabethan audiences delighted; and this particular story came close home because every man in the theatre had seen the Protestant refugees who had streamed from France to England.

Although *The Massacre* is a scamped and hasty play, carelessly written, with only occasional flashes of Marlowe at his best, he has been shrewd enough to take full advantage of the opportunity thus provided. For once he could punctuate his play with murders without taking any liberty with his sources whatever. The Duke of Guise, villain-hero of the play, plants an assassin to murder Admiral Coligny, who had been the friend of Marlowe's friend, Sir Walter Ralegh. The shot only wounds its victim and in a later scene we have the stage direction, 'Enter the Admirall in his bed' — meaning either that the bed, Admiral and all, was thrust in from the wings; or else that the curtain along the rear of the stage was drawn, revealing him wounded in his bed. (The first device would not in the least have surprised an Elizabethan audience — one of Shakespeare's plays has the direction, 'Bed put forth', at the moment when that article of furniture is required in the play.)[4]

The old Queen of Navarre, mother of the bridegroom, is poisoned with a pair of perfumed gloves, an episode from history which made such a great sensation that it was still being referred to as late as Sir Richard Steele's oddly titled comedy, *The Funeral.* Then follows the massacre itself, with much mimic slaughter and much rushing of armed men back and forth across the little platform stage. The wounded Admiral is assassinated in his bed; and Marlowe is particularly careful to depict in full the murder of the philosopher Petrus Ramus. He had special reason for being interested

in this episode because he had studied the philosopher's works as a Cambridge student and Ramus had been an acquaintance of Sir Francis Walsingham.

As usual, Marlowe could not resist the chance to display his learning. The murderers and their victim, therefore, indulge in a lengthy discussion of the Ramistic and Aristotelian logical systems — surely the strangest prologue to an assassination ever put upon the stage. Marlowe indulges that same interest in Aristotle which appears in *Faustus* by letting his villain-hero condemn the unfortunate Ramus with the accusation:

> Was it not thou that scoftes the Organon,
> And said it was a heape of vanities?

Ramus thereupon, with the scholar's ruling passion strong in death, proceeds to reconcile his own logical system with Aristotle's. After a dozen lines or so of this, one hardly blames the wicked Duke for crying:

> Why suffer you that peasant to declaime?
> Stab him I say and send him to his freends in hell.*

Henry of Navarre, the Protestant champion, escapes from Paris. The Duke of Guise taunts the weak French King for his subserviency to his minions and is met by taunts about the Duchess of Guise's infidelity with the courtier, Mugeroun. Guise procures the courtier's murder. The King procures the murder both of Guise and his brother the Cardinal. A friar, in retaliation, murders the King, and the Protestant Henry of Navarre, very nearly the only surviving character, comes to the throne of France.

The play is obviously badly plotted — indeed, hardly

* An example of Marlowe's use of the six-stressed line.

plotted at all — clumsily motivated, and saved from complete dullness only by some splendid passages written for the Duke of Guise and by the rush and bustle of the fast-crowding deeds of blood. These were the kind of thing that most delighted the Elizabethan public, and even to-day they give the play the only interest it still possesses.

In spite of all that, it had the ingredients of a fair popular success. It played throughout the year 1594 to respectable houses and was revived and re-costumed in 1598 and 1601. Philip Henslowe made many loans to the actors for the new costumes. He 'lent vnto Wm Bon[ne] 19 of novemb*er* 1598 vpon a longe taney [tawny] clocke [cloak] of clothe the some of xij s. wch he sayd yt was to Jmbrader his hatte for the gwisse'. On November 27th the same actor received a pound 'to bye his stockens for the gwisse' and another gets the same amount 'to bye a payer of sylke stockens to playe the gwisse'. In 1601 the actors are buying 'stamell cllath for a clocke for the gwisse'; and there was a complicated transaction whereby Henslowe 'lent vnto the company to lend the littell Tayller to bye fuschen [fustian] and lynynge for the clockes for the masaker of france'. Later, he 'lent vnto the companye the 13 of novemb*er* 1601 to paye the littell tayllor Radford vpon his bill for the gwisse'. Finally, Henslowe 'pd at the apoyntment of the company vnto the littell tayller in fulle payment of his Bille for the gwisse the 26 of novemb*er* 1601'. Obviously, this was a revival of no ordinary splendour.

In spite of these elaborate fittings, *The Massacre at Paris* was far from rivalling the success of *Tamburlaine* or *Faustus*. Unlike most of Marlowe's other works it is never referred to and rarely if ever imitated by his contemporaries; but it does possess the distinction of having helped to set two governments at odds. In 1602, Sir Ralph Winwood, English

Ambassador in Paris, discovered that Queen Elizabeth's dignity was being affronted on the Parisian stage. As he wrote to Lord Burghley from Paris on July 7th, 'certaine Italian Comedians did set up upon the Corners of the Passages in this Towne, that that Afternoone they would plaie *l'Histoire Angloise contre la Roine d'Angleterre*'.[5]

When Sir Ralph protested, the French Government told him that he had no legitimate ground for complaint, because the French monarchy had suffered similar treatment on the London stage. The performances to which they objected can only have been the revival of Marlowe's *Massacre* in 1601. As the Ambassador tells the story: 'It was objected to me before the [French] Counsaile by some Standers by, that the Death of the Duke of Guise hath ben plaied at London; which I answered was never done in the Life of the last King [of France]; and sence, by some others, that the Massacre of St. Bartholomews hath ben publickly acted, and this King represented upon the Stage.'

There seems to have been general agreement that no living Christian monarch could be presented on the stage. The Italian comedians had violated this convention by using Queen Elizabeth as a stage-character. The assassination rate and general royal mortality in France being what it was at this time, practically all of Marlowe's characters were safely dead long before 1601. But Henry of Navarre lives clear through the five acts of *The Massacre at Paris* and as Henri IV he was still upon the throne of France. One sees why nothing further is heard of Marlowe's play, upon the boards.

The French Ambassador in London made a similar protest against *The Tragedy of Charles Duke of Biron*, by Marlowe's friend, George Chapman, in which the French King also appears; but the later dramatists were not deterred

from other attempts to give their audiences the pleasure of seeing the mighty of their own day upon the stage. Thomas Middleton put King James I and the Spanish Ambassador Gondomar into his *Game at Chesse* under a disguise so thin that the Spanish Government objected strongly. Later the English Government made Philip Massinger revise *Believe As You List*, because it was afraid of offending Spain again.[6]

The Massacre at Paris was no great loss when further performances ceased. It is a blood-soaked piece of commercial writing, built to fit the rather bad taste of the worst element among the theatre-goers of its time — crude, violent, gory, relieved only by purple patches of poetic interludes stitched in between assassinations, mainly because Marlowe simply could not stay upon the low level of his own play.

The best example of this is the great soliloquy of the Duke of Guise, already quoted, in which Marlowe lays bare all his own aching longing for the glory and the splendour that eluded him in life but not in poetry. The words are the words of a character in a play; but the mood belongs to the shoe-maker's son who could not bow his proud and discontented spirit to be a country clergyman like the other Canterbury scholars of his day in Cambridge; who associated with the noble, great, and powerful of Elizabeth's Court and yet was never one of them; and who made up for humble birth and lodgings in a liberty and drudgery for the players by spinning gorgeous webs of magnificent verse to give his longings vent.

Marlowe's friends probably helped to provide material for the play. The murdered Admiral Coligny had been a friend of Ralegh, who had himself fought in the French wars of religion. Sir Francis Walsingham had been

Ambassador in Paris during the horrible night of the massacre itself. He had known the murdered Ramus, and under the diplomatic immunity of the Embassy Sir Philip Sidney himself had sought refuge. That Marlowe knew Sir Francis personally there is no proof; but he seems to have been more or less in touch with the whole Walsingham circle; and he certainly wrote a dedication to Sidney's sister, Sir Philip being Walsingham's son-in-law. It is tempting to believe that from Ralegh, Sidney, or the Walsinghams, Marlowe picked up his knowledge of the Massacre; he probably gained still more from the Huguenot refugees who had streamed to England.

However much Marlowe may have learned from his distinguished and his humble friends, he also read a great deal in preparation for writing his play — almost as widely, in fact, as he had read when he was writing *Tamburlaine*. He probably depended on diplomatic gossip for the scandals about the Duchess of Guise and the Duc d'Epernoun. Writers in France who wished to keep their nostrils unslit, their ears intact and their heads firmly on their shoulders did not print such things; but it is the business of a diplomat like Sir Francis Walsingham to know all about the seamy side of the courts to which they are accredited.

Printed sources were abundant, for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's and the French wars of religion had enjoyed a very good press. The journalism of the day consisted principally of 'newsbooks' and controversial pamphlets, predecessors of the genuine periodicals which were to spring up in the next century. Whenever anything so sensational as the Massacre happened, every printer hastened to pick up an honest penny by bringing out a newsbook or broadsheet telling just as much of the truth as he could learn and as he thought safe. The discovery of America had been thus

reported in a news broadside which ran through seventeen editions. Sometimes these pamphlets reported the news with extreme speed. Thus the *Stationers' Register* for September 25th, 1590, while Marlowe's career was at its height, contains the entry of 'The true news from ffraunce broughte by the aste post the 23th [*sic*] of September 1590'.[7] The entry is made only two days after the arrival of the news, and by that time the old-fashioned handpresses had probably been clanking for some time.

Sensational and dramatic stories of the struggles in France and the series of assassinations were not, therefore, hard to come by. As a contemporary remarks, after the murder of the Duke of Guise, 'There was no foolish Poet nor Ballet-singer within Parris, that deuised not one couple of songs touching this action'.[8] Both Catholics and Protestants were eager to spread their own interpretations not only of the massacre itself but of the assassinations. As another contemporary remarks[9], 'Bokes are extant on both parts'. A good many of them are still extant and we can find in them the very events out of which Marlowe made his play.

Eager to pacify the horrified Protestants outside France, the French Government took some highly modern steps to distribute secret propaganda, justifying the massacre. A letter from Charles IX of France still exists in which his Most Christian Majesty orders his Ambassador in England to have certain propagandist pamphlets 'secretly published and passed from hand to hand without any one's knowing that they come from you or from me',[10] — exactly the kind of thing that both sides did in the World War.

In a sense, therefore, Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris* is a 'news play', like *Arden of Feversham*, *A Warning for Fair Women*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, or Ben Jonson's lost *Page of*

Plymouth, which dealt in the manner of the sensational press of to-day with exciting murders. His play had for its audience the same sort of interest that any current sensation has for the modern reader of the Sunday newspapers. The modern reader insists on getting his sensations a little fresher; that is the main difference.

The newsbooks and contemporary histories that Marlowe used are among the most ephemeral of publications. Hastily run off the press in small editions to catch an immediate market among buyers interested in the particular event described, they were rarely bound and disappeared quickly — as yesterday's newspaper does. Hence, while it is possible to be quite sure what kind of material Marlowe was using, we can never be quite sure that we have the exact books. He almost certainly used the tenth book of a long-winded volume called *Three Partes of Commentaries, Containing the whole and perfect discourse of the Ciuill warres of Fraunce*, which had appeared in Latin and English in four successive editions between 1570 and 1574. Marlowe's lines show so many verbal echoes of this work that it is hard to doubt his use of it; but as usual he seems to have gone farther afield in his search for material. It is reasonably certain that he also used the highly Protestant *Tocsain contre les Massacreurs* (1579) — which mentions Ramus's efforts to buy his life, omitted by most books, but mentioned by Marlowe; and perhaps also a Catholic pamphlet called *Le Martire des Deux Frères*, which describes the assassination of the Duke and Cardinal de Guise, and which also has some surprisingly plain-spoken allusions to the royal favourites.

Dido, Queene of Carthage is in itself of no more interest to modern readers than *The Massacre at Paris*; and Elizabethan readers seem to have felt much the same about it. But it is intensely interesting as a kind of unconscious first draft

of many of the most felicitous lines and phrases, to which Marlowe owes his enduring reputation. In this play, Marlowe seems to be groping his way through his immaturity towards the greater work that he was eventually to do as his mind became mature, and he acquired a firm hold upon his craft. There is no really good way to date this play; but the many curious anticipations of passages that in other work have become perfection could only belong to the early endeavours of an unpractised hand. It is likely enough that Marlowe wrote his part of it while he was still at Cambridge.

All writers are likely to echo themselves more or less; but the Elizabethan poets echoed themselves and each other in a degree quite inconceivable in our time; and Marlowe was particularly inclined to this failing. He was always repeating himself, from play to play or from poem to poem; and doubtless if he had had more predecessors worth echoing, he would have plundered their best lines with the same blithe unscrupulousness that his immediate followers showed, when they took what they pleased from his works and forgot about quotation marks.

The lines of *Dido* which are echoed in later plays, are not, however, like Marlowe's ordinary repetition of himself. Almost invariably the lines or phrases of *Dido* which are reproduced in maturer works are less fortunate, less happy, less inevitably right than in the newer and more brilliant dress which the poet gave to his own creation as it rose to his mind anew, when he was working upon another play later in his career. It is as if the youthful writer labouring over *Dido* had inspirations and ideas which he was not yet competent to deal with, as if there was genius enough in him for the inspiration, but not skill and experience enough to deal with inspiration when it came. Marlowe did the best he could

with his unpractised hand, and later, when mastery over his craft had come, remoulded it.

Many of the most famous lines in *Doctor Faustus*[11] — three of them in the most famous passage that Marlowe ever wrote, the lines about the 'thousand ships' — make their appearance first in rough, experimental drafts in *Dido*.* In all, some five and twenty passages in *Dido* appear and reappear in this way in Marlowe's other works. They range from an entire line,[12]

Threatening a thousand deaths at eurie glance,

which is transplanted bodily into *Hero and Leander*, to mere echoes of small phrases or slight turns of speech. Occasionally the poet hits upon a phrase like 'quenchles fire' or 'blubbered cheeks' or 'lawles spoyle', which he later repeats in another play. 'Quenchles fire' is repeated in *Dido*, *Edward the Second*, and twice in *Tamburlaine*. It had a rather pleasant sound, Marlowe liked it, it was running in his head, and it slipped off his pen so easily that he probably never knew he was repeating himself.[13] The repetitions are most common in *Tamburlaine* and *Doctor Faustus*; but they occur in all the plays and most of the poems. While Marlowe elsewhere often catches up and reproduces a line from one or another of his plays, he never does this with a frequency in any way approaching that with which he borrows again and again from his own work in *Dido*, *Queene of Carthage*.

Probably this is because *Dido* is an early play, perhaps written while Marlowe and Nashe were at Cambridge together, or just after Nashe had followed Marlowe to London. Nashe had been at the university from 1582 to 1588; but when in the latter year he found it expedient to

* See pp. 132-3

leave Cambridge as soon as possible, without his M.A., it would have been natural for him to turn to his old friend Marlowe, then at the beginning of his meteoric London career. It would be equally natural for two young university men to take a classical subject — *Dido* is nothing but a re-writing of the first part of Virgil's *Aeneid*; and Nashe's inferiority to Marlowe as a writer, which shows in all his published work, would account for the odd way in which lines of an excruciating badness alternate with lines that plainly foreshadow the brilliance of Marlowe's later manner.

The changes that Marlowe made in Virgil's story tell us a good deal about the poet himself. He was clever enough to see that the plot would gain interest if there were more conflict. He therefore took the obscure character, Iarbas, whom Virgil barely mentions, and transformed him from a neighbouring prince of no great importance into a noble at Dido's court and the rival of Aeneas for her love.

Marlowe's nature led him to make still further changes, which amusingly demonstrate the difference between the classical restraint of an Augustan like Virgil and the romanticism of an Elizabethan. Virgil's hero is always 'pius Aeneas'; Marlowe uses that adjective just once; *his* Trojan is an Elizabethan adventurer, a little like Drake and a great deal more like Ralegh. Virgil's Aeneas leads a band of warriors against the Greeks; Marlowe's Aeneas attacks them all alone. Virgil's Aeneas, like a prudent soldier, slips out of doomed Troy under cover of the shadows; Marlowe's Aeneas fights his way out through the enemy. Virgil's Aeneas carries the aged Anchises to safety; Marlowe's carries Anchises on his back and Iulus in his arms, while he leads Creusa by the hand. Virgil's describes the building of Carthage by the Cartha-

ginians; Marlowe's hero builds the city himself. The changes are typical of the poet and only a little less typical of the age.

The fantastic result is in some queer way related to the passage mouthed by the player-king before the critical prince in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Late in the eighteenth century, when all copies of *Dido* had disappeared, it was supposed that Shakespeare had simply copied these lines from his friend Marlowe's play. When two or three copies of *Dido* were finally discovered, and the two plays could be compared, it was evident that this was not the case. Nevertheless, there is a kind of resemblance, almost as if Shakespeare were slyly poking fun at the elder play by exaggerating some of its exaggerations. Marlowe, for instance, wrote[14] that the Greek hero, Pyrrhus,

> . . . disdaining whiskt his sword about,
> And with the wind thereof the King fell downe.

Shakespeare underlined and emphasized the ridiculous side of this, adding just a word or so too many, so that it became:

> But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
> The unnerved father falls.

Later Shakespeare himself became a victim to Marlowe's habit and repeated his own parody in all seriousness in *Troilus and Cressida*:

> The captive Grecian falls
> Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword.

Like the play which Hamlet discussed with the strolling players, *Dido* 'pleas'd not the million', and it is no very great exaggeration to say that 'it was never acted; or, if it

was, not above once', though it would be flattering Marlowe too far to say that this was because *Dido* was 'an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning

CHAPTER XVI

MARLOWE'S MIGHTY LINE'

> . . . how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
> Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
> Ben Jonson in *Shakespeare's First Folio*

THE real test of a writer for the theatre is production in the theatre; and dramatic genius of the first rank must withstand this test without regard for changing fashions or the lapse of time. Such a claim can hardly be made for Marlowe. None of his plays holds the stage to-day save as brief revivals for the delectation of curious literary folk. It is for their pure poetry, far more than for their dramatic quality, that they live. Tamburlaine's lyric passages, 'What is beauty saith my sufferings then?', the death of Faustus or his apostrophe to Helen, the Jew of Malta gloating over the infinite riches in a little room, the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty', which Charles Lamb praised so highly in *Edward the Second*.

Not only do the plays live as poetry, but Marlowe's best lyric and narrative verse belongs to the top flight of English poetry: the unfinished fragment of *Hero and Leander*, the lyric properly entitled *The Passionate Shepherd*, but better known by its first line,

> Come liue with mee, and be my loue,

for which Sir Walter Ralegh wrote a reply, and one fragment without a title, beginning,

> I walkt along a streame for purenesse rare.

Marlowe's less significant verse — the rather amusing translations of Ovid, the work of a very young man intent on a little daring bawdry; the rather dull version of the first book of Lucan's *Pharsalia*; and one Latin epitaph — might have been forgotten without any detriment to his memory and without any great loss to literature. Nor, if the five surviving lines are a fair sample, need one mourn unduly the group of sixteen sonnets and the eclogue, 'Amor Constans', supposed to be Marlowe's, which came to light in the nineteenth century and then disappeared again.

The sonnets seem to be addressed to an Elizabethan painter named Seager, of whom nothing else is known:

> Whilest thou in breathinge cullers, crimson white,
> Drewst these bright eyes, whose language sayth to me,
> Loe! the right way to heaven; love stoode by the,
> Seager! fayne to be drawne in cullers brighte.

The eclogue begins with the line:

> For shame, man, wilt thou never leave this sorrowe?

the rest being lost. These mysterious verses were found together with a manuscript translation by Henry Howard of the last instructions given by the Emperor Charles V to his son, Philip of Spain. The poems were signed 'Ch. M.' — a signature frequent on Marlowe's title-pages — and were in a hand different from the rest of the manuscript. They are supposed to have been transcribed by a certain Paul Thompson, of whom nothing whatever is known, about the end of the sixteenth century.[1]

Though these poems seem to have been of no particular value, their loss suggests that a good deal of Marlowe's lyric verse has long since disappeared. Such a loss could happen very easily. Elizabethan poets and playwrights

unlike their modern counterparts, had no very great desire for print. To them there was no magic about publication. The act of creation itself and the quiet appreciation of his manuscript work by a small, discerning circle were enough for an Elizabethan poet. Sir Walter Ralegh never published any of his poetry; one of the earliest allusions to Shakespeare's Sonnets describes them merely as 'his sugred Sonnets among his private friends'. Publishers frequently had to steal the manuscripts of poems in order to publish them at all.

The poets' friends took copies freely of anything they liked. Every gentleman kept a commonplace book, in which he scribbled odds and ends of notes, extracts from favourite classic authors, together with English poems that he had happened to see in print or manuscript and that had happened to strike his fancy, sometimes mingling them with philosophical reflections of his own. Some of these commonplace books are a curious mingling of tawdry obscenities with some of the finest lyrics in the language. Sometimes they have been the sole means of preserving poems or biographical facts known only from their scrawled and scribbled pages. No one would ever have been sure that Marlowe wrote his Latin epitaph on Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, if Henry Oxinden had not copied it out twice in one of his commonplace books and named the author; and we owe three different versions of *The Passionate Shepherd* to the fact that it, too, was copied into commonplace books. Marlowe's lost eclogue and lost sonnets were apparently part of a similar collection. For an Elizabethan playwright, it was enough to have seen his work upon the stage — and to have received Philip Henslowe's grudging payment of a few stingy pounds.

The publishers whose shops clustered around St. Paul's Cathedral, were eager snappers-up of such unconsidered trifles. Sometimes commonplace books fell into unauthorized hands, and lyrics were gathered up from manuscript or print and brought out in that amazing series of English anthologies which begins with *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557 and extends well into the seventeenth century, preserving many poems, good and bad, the manuscripts of which are lost and which would not otherwise have survived at all. It is to such anthologies that we owe two other versions of *The Passionate Shepherd* and Ralegh's reply, as well as the surviving fragment of Marlowe's untitled lyric.

When Marlowe was killed, he had already finished but had not published some 800 lines of his *Hero and Leander*. These are known to-day as the first two 'Sestyads' — a word which we owe to the misplaced ingenuity of George Chapman, who completed the poem. As Homer, whom Chapman translated, had written an Iliad on the city of Ilium, so he, Chapman, would write a series of 'Sestyads' about the town of Sestos, where Hero dwelt.

Marlowe had written the story of the immortal lovers up to the point where they are united and then parted; and the first edition of 1598 consists merely of this part of the poem, without any division at all. Chapman later divided Marlowe's fragment into two parts and then added four more, in respectable but uninspired verse of his own, to complete the story.

In all probability, Marlowe had been quietly writing away at it down at the Walsingham's Kentish country seat, when he was interrupted by Master Henry Maunder, bearing the Privy Council's summons, was recalled to London, and was killed in Deptford before he could write anything more.

There is an old tradition, founded on a very obscure passage in Marlowe's part of the poem, that Marlowe, anticipating his own death, asked Chapman to finish the poem. It is hard to see just how this was possible, in view of what we now know about the suddenness and violence of Marlowe's death. Chapman was certainly not at Dame Eleanor Bull's tavern when Marlowe was stabbed; and though the poet was probably a long time dying, there is every medical reason to believe that he lay to the end in a coma from which he never recovered. Marlowe neither 'dyed swearing', as his foes averred, nor was he able to think to the very last about his unfinished poem, as his faithful admirers have long liked to believe.

But he may have for a long time suspected that he was in danger of some sort. He had been under a cloud for some weeks at least. He had perhaps some premonition of his end, or he may have known that he went in peril of his life for any one of half a dozen reasons; and he may well have asked Chapman, another member of the Ralegh circle, to finish the poem if he did not live to finish it himself.

In his Third Sestyad, Chapman has a passage that is as strangely moving as it is difficult to understand, hinting at something of the sort:[2]

> Then thou most strangely-intellectuall fire,
> That proper to my soule hast power t'inspire
> Her burning faculties, and with the wings
> Of thy vnspheared flame visitst the springs
> Of spirits immortall; Now (as swift as Time
> Doth follow Motion) finde th'eternall Clime
> Of his free soule, whose liuing subiect stood
> Vp to the chin in the Pyerean flood,
> And drunke to me halfe this Musean storie,

Inscribing it to deathles Memorie:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be consecrate to sleepe.
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to light surrender
My soules darke ofspring.

The exquisite, Keats-like quality of Marlowe's part of he poem deserved a better completion, but most modern eaders prefer to take Marlowe's work as a beautiful fragment, sufficient in itself, even though unfinished, and let Chapman's lengthy continuation pass unread.

Like Marlowe, Chapman bases the story on a little-known and very late Greek poem, attributed to a certain Musaeus. Marlowe and Chapman undoubtedly thought of this author as a very early Greek poet of the classical age. That is how he was described in the ancient *Lexicon* of Suidas, of which there were two copies in the Cambridge University library. But modern criticism has first shown that the Greek dialect of the original poem is very late, and has then pursued its destructive course by showing that Musaeus himself is more or less a myth. The poem, whoever wrote it, is in good respectable Greek, but it is Greek dating from some time in the decadent Alexandrian period, probably from the fourth or fifth century, A.D. A new Latin version had appeared in 1587, as the poet was leaving the university; but as a Cambridge-trained scholar he would naturally prefer to go directly to the original Greek.

Hero and Leander tells the story of the young Leander, dwelling in Abydos, and his love for Hero, a maiden of Sestos, on the other side of the Hellespont, how Leander swam the Hellespont nightly for her sake, how he won her — and here Marlowe's fragment breaks off, after a love scene

described in the most delicate verse and with complete frankness.

Chapman tells the rest of the story: how Leander is drowned returning from Sestos, how the waves wash his body to the foot of Hero's tower, how, seeing it, she throws herself from its heights and dies, and how the lovers' souls pass into[3]

> two sweet birds surnam'd th' Acanthides,
> Which we call Thistle-warps, that neere no Seas
> Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,
> And feede on Thistle tops, to testifie
> The hardnes of their first life in their last.

Musaeus, with classic restraint, had told the whole tale in 343 lines. Marlowe, with romantic exuberance, expands and elaborates, making an entirely new work out of the old story and breaking off, with the tale half-told, after 818 lines.

Shortly after the poet's death, on September 28th, 1593, the publisher John Wolf entered in the *Stationers' Register* 'a booke entituled HERO *and* LEANDER beinge an amorous poem devised by CHRISTOPHER MARLOW'. Like other publishers, he was plainly trying to take advantage of the stir caused by Marlowe's death, and though no copy of this 1593 edition now survives, he must surely have carried out so promising a business enterprise.

Five years later, there was a sudden revival of interest in *Hero and Leander*. In 1598 there appeared a new edition containing only the first two Sestyads, then, in the same year, another edition with Chapman's continuation, and also an entirely independent continuation by one Henry Petowe. Thereafter the poem appeared in a new edition every few years until 1637. The amazing abundance of copies of the

last edition tells a story of waning interest. People bought the little chapbooks but were not interested enough to read them to pieces like the earlier issues.

Except that he was a dull fellow and a liar in a mild way, almost nothing is known of Henry Petowe; and his continuation, like his other works, is now so obscure that it is almost impossible to find a copy.[4] He was Marshal of the Artillery Garden (the Artillery Lane of modern London), where the gunners from the Tower went for training. He wrote a book called *Philocassander and Elanira*, which is supposed to show traces of Marlowe's poem, and also to record Petowe's own courtship. Of his various other works only one, a funeral poem on Queen Elizabeth, ever roused enough interest to require a second edition.

In his Continuation of *Hero and Leander*, Petowe professed reverence for 'that admired poet Marloe', but he is not willing, like Marlowe, to follow the story as the Greek original had told it. Instead, he pretends in his 'Epistle Dedicatorie', that he has been 'enriched by a Gentleman, a friend of mine, with the true Italian discourse, of those Lovers further Fortunes'. No such 'Italian discourse' has ever been discovered. It probably never existed. Petowe lied about it because he felt that literary respectability demanded a source and forbade him to invent his own plot — exactly the reverse of what a modern writer would feel.

However dreadful Petowe's poem may be, it is mercifully brief, reaching only 628 lines, and contains a second tribute to

> Marlo admir'd, whose honney flowing veine,
> No English writer can as yet attaine,
> Whose name in Fames immortall treasurie,
> Truth shall record to endless memorie,
> Marlo late mortall, now fram'd all divine.

Petowe's original plot is extremely weak and artificial. Duke Archilaus falls in love with Hero and banishes Leander. The Duke dies and Hero, accused of poisoning him, submits her fate to ordeal by battle. Leander returns as her champion, is victorious, and — in defiance of all classical tradition — lives happily with Hero 'full many yeares' as ruler of the city and 'heire of Sestos right'.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

In 1599 there appeared a small book entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, by William Shakespeare. At the back of the little volume there is a second title-page, which does not repeat Shakespeare's name and which introduces 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music'. The poems which follow are not all what we should call sonnets; but that was not a matter of importance among Elizabethans, who were likely to describe any short poem by that name.

Among these poems is one nearly as well known as the famous lines in *Doctor Faustus*, which has found a place in many English anthologies from that day to this, *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*. The poem is unsigned and only four stanzas are printed; but a new anthology, *England's Helicon*, which appeared in 1600, printed the fuller version, which has since been accepted, after comparison with various other printed and manuscript versions, as approximately what Marlowe wrote. As printed in *England's Helicon*, the poem runs:

> Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
> And we will all the pleasures proue,
> That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
> Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheepheards feede theyr flocks
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls
Melodious byrds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines shall daunce & sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy minde may moue,
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

There had been no signature in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, but this version is, in *England's Helicon*, signed 'Chr. Marlow'. At about this time there appeared a black letter broadside of which but a single copy is preserved.[5] This can be roughly dated because it is 'printed by the assignes of Thomas symcock', a printer flourishing in the 1620's. In 1653, Izaak Walton in *The Compleat Angler* tells how he heard a milk-maid sing 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago', and then prints the text. In his edition of 1655 he printed a somewhat different version.

In recent years three early commonplace books containing still other versions of the poem have come to light. One of these, now in the Folger Shakespeare Library, was kept by John Thornborough (1551-1641), chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. Another, of unknown origin, but obviously dating from Elizabethan times, is in the possession of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. The third is in the Ashmolean Collection at the Bodleian.[6] The Rosenbach book contains a great many verses, some highly erotic and a few which the owner, grown shamefaced, has carefully scratched out. These include a few verses from Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Amores*.

Charles Lamb copied out by hand in the book of poetry that he made for his adopted daughter, Emma Isola, Walton's version of the lyric and of Ralegh's reply. The manuscript, which still survives though broken up into separate pages, remained in the possession of the little girl's descendants for generations — at least as late as 1905.[7]

The companion piece, *The Nymph's Reply*, universally attributed to Ralegh, is very nearly inseparable from it, and the two poems have almost always been printed together. *The Passionate Pilgrim* printed but one stanza of the reply. *England's Helicon* printed it more fully and even added a second reply, now forgotten. All of the manuscript versions also give the reply in one form or another.

The Passionate Shepherd in a most curious way pervades all Marlowe's work. Just as in *Dido, Queene of Carthage*, we find him conceiving (rather vaguely and badly) the exquisite lines and phrases which were later to make his name immortal, so through all his plays we find hints, phrases, and even one entire line of *The Passionate Shepherd*. This is in *The Jew of Malta*[8] where the ruffianly slave Ithamore,

making love to the courtesan, Bellamira, falls into the rime and almost into the measure of the lyric:

> Where painted Carpets o're the meads are hurl'd,
> And Bacchus vineyards ore-spread the world:
> Where Woods and Forrests goe in goodly greene,
> I'le be Adonis, thou shalt be Loues Queene.
>
> The Meads, the Orchards, and the Primrose lanes,
> Instead of Sedge and Reed, beare Sugar Canes:
> Thou in those Groues, by Dis aboue,
> Shalt liue with me and be my loue.

Tamburlaine woos Zenocrate[9] in very much the same words:

> A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee,
> Mounted on Steeds, swifter than Pegasus.
> Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silke.
> Enchast with precious iuelles of mine owne:
> More rich and valurous than Zenocrates.
> With milke-white Hartes vpon an Iuorie sled,
> Thou shalt be drawen.

Tamburlaine wins over Theridamas who has been sent to capture him; Callapine, the captive Turkish prince, persuades his jailer to let him escape; Venus bribes Ascanius; Dido woos Aeneas; even Mephistopheles persuades the hesitant Faustus to his doom — in lines of invitation to ornately catalogued joys which are exactly in the tone of the Shepherd's promises to the Shepherdess. Mr. R. S. Forsyth has detected[9A] no less than fourteen passages which show Marlowe writing in the mood of this poem, with one or more examples from every one of his important works.

'MARLOWE'S MIGHTY LINE'

VERSES IN 'ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS'

The anthology, *England's Parnassus*, which appeared in 1600, reproduced one fragment of Marlowe's poetry which is otherwise unknown. It is without title, except for the general heading, 'Description of Seas, Waters, Rivers, &c.', which the publisher gave to the whole section of the book in which they appear. Almost unknown to the average reader, these verses deserve quotation both because they are beautiful in themselves and because they are the only known poem by Marlowe in any form except the couplet or blank verse:

I walkt along a streame for purenesse rare,
Brighter then sun-shine, for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious pray,
That in the pibble paued chanell lay.

No molten Christall, but a richer mine,
Euen natures rarest alchumie ran there,
Diamonds resolud, and substance more diuine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appeare
A thousand naked Nymphes, whose yuorie shine,
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare
Then euer was that glorious Pallas gate,
Where the day-shining sunne in triumph sate.

Vpon this brim the Eglantine and Rose,
The Tamariscke, Oliue, and the Almond tree,
As kind companions in one vnion growes,
Folding their twindring armes as oft we see
Turtle-taught louers either other close,
Lending to dulnesse feeling Sympathie.
And as a costly vallance ore a bed,
So did their garland tops the brooke orespred:

Their leaues that differed both in shape and showe,
(Though all were greene) yet difference such in greene,
Like to the checkered bent of Iris bowe,
Prided the running maine as it had beene —

id there, without even completing the sentence, the poem reaks off, perhaps to be completed some day when a fuller ersion is found in some Elizabethan commonplace book ing as yet undiscovered in the proverbial dusty attic.

The grace and beauty of these poems, strangely suggestive f Keats, is of a piece with the finer lyric passages in the lays. What is not so apparent to the modern reader, miliar with three centuries of lyric verse in which the lessons Marlowe had taught were applied by Shakespeare, Milton, and Keats and a hundred others, is the amazing newness and strangeness that Marlowe's contemporaries easily discerned in his poetry.

English poetry was in a bad way when Marlowe burst upon the scene. Chaucer was the last great poet who had written gracefully, clearly, and beautifully in English. Spenser was exquisitely ornate, no doubt; but even Sir Philip Sidney had his hesitant moments. When Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt came back from Italy and began to experiment with English lyrics, they had grasped only very imperfectly the real problems of English versification, though this was not apparent to the admiring readers of their own day. Both of them had to twist ordinary English words out of their ordinary pronunciation in order to make them scan at all, using false accents like 'bannér', 'captáin', and so forth.

Sidney and Spenser had gone beyond this; but the principles on which they worked were very imperfectly under-

stood. A powerful school, led by Gabriel Harvey, was still trying to write English verse which should scan *quantitatively* with a metre produced not, as in all English poetry before and after this time, by alternation of accented and lightly-stressed syllables, but by the alternation of long and short, as in ancient Greek and Latin verse. It was a natural attempt, for all these men were brought up in the schools upon this kind of verse; but it was, for the English language, a completely wrong method.

No one really knows why the stubborn English tongue has always refused the burden of quantitative verse, any more than anyone knows why the six feet of the hexameter, which are so beautiful in Homer and Virgil, are so flat and dull when English poets use them. The fact remains that both efforts have always failed, and that Harvey and his school were trying their best to turn English poetry into a blind alley. Their failure was apparent enough to Marlowe and others of his school — particularly to his friend Thomas Watson, who in order at once to exemplify and to ridicule Harvey's pretensions, wrote a couplet about him in a roughly quantitative measure:[10]

> But, o, what newes of that good Gabriell Harvey,
> Knowne to the world for a foole and clapt in the Fleet for a Rimer.

There was much bitter dispute over these matters; and the sudden appearance of half a dozen treatises upon the 'Arte of English Poesie' and similar subjects shows how keenly literary folk of the day were interested in the relative merits of blank and rimed, quantitative and accentual verse.

Marlowe's great successes came in the late 1580's and early 1590's. They introduced a number of technical

devices which, though not absolutely new, had certainly not been very widely employed by many of his predecessors.

The easiest way to understand the changes that followed Marlowe's brief career is to place side by side three passages from poems written a few years apart — first a battle scene from Nicholas Grimald's *Death of Zoroas*, one of the two or three earliest English poems in blank verse which was published in *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557, then a similar passage from the Earl of Surrey's translation of the *Aeneid*, and then the same passage, which Marlowe has translated with very slight adaptations of his own in *Dido*.[11]

The passage from *Zoroas* describes a scene nearly like the emergence of the Greeks from the wooden horse, which the other two poets take from Virgil. Grimald wrote:

> Now clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr
> Gan passe the noyes of tarantars clang:
> Shrowded with shafts, the heven; with clowd of darts,
> Covered, the ayre: against fulfatted bulls,
> As forceth kindled ire the Lions keen:
> Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hoonger pricks:
> So Macedoins against the Persians fare.

Note the harsh and unpleasing sound of almost unpronounceable word-groups like 'shrowded with shafts', or 'fulfatted bulls', or the somewhat less than euphonious 'greedy gutts'. Note also the hit-or-miss way of distributing the pauses in the verse itself, adding nothing to the euphony, helping the sense not at all, and sometimes, as in the fifth line, resulting in a jangle of consonants that can hardly be pronounced.

The Earl of Surrey advanced somewhat beyond this. His

work is far more smoothly regular, though even he cannot quite make 'the great captáins' obey orders and march where they should in the line. Yet in his poem there is little emotional lift, and still less of the charm of sound, adroitly used to re-enforce the meaning:

> Sinon, preserved by froward destiny
> Let forth the Greeks enclosed in the womb:
> The closures eke of pine by stealth unpinn'd,
> Whereby the Greeks restored were to air.
> With joy down hasting from the hollow tree,
> With cords let down did slide unto the ground
> The great captains.

Marlowe's freer translation differs entirely from both of these. It is something entirely new, a piece of life and movement, a verse in which every line falls neatly into the pattern of subtle sameness and still more subtle variation, the whole a vivid picture of living men in action, in which the movement of the verse fits the action it describes and the sound mysteriously echoes the sense:

> Then he vnlockt the Horse, and suddenly
> From out his entrailes, Neoptolemus
> Setting his speare vpon the ground, leapt forth,
> And after him a thousand Grecians more,
> In whose sterne faces shin'd the quenchles fire
> That after burnt the pride of Asia.

This was the 'mighty line', or at least an early experiment in it, which Marlowe swiftly remoulded into a subtle instrument to catch the minds and imaginations of his hearers and his readers, and to set all the other scribblers in London to imitating everything he did — among the rest not least that promising young man from Stratford, two months

younger, who was then beginning slowly and clumsily to follow in the way that Marlowe had marked out for him. Marlowe's verse introduces at least a dozen new technical devices. These are not all of Marlowe's original invention; one can find some of them, or their rudimentary beginnings, here and there among his predecessors; but it was Marlowe who first used most of them freely and effectively; and Marlowe seems to have been the first writer to use some of them at all.

The technical side of poetry is at best a mysterious business. Poetry is not, like music, pure emotion expressed in sound without anything that really deserves to be called intellectual content. On the other hand, it is not in the least like the sterner forms of prose, in which the intellectual content is all, and such grace and charm of style as the author can compass is merely an incidental, added gift from heaven. Poetry uses rime and metre and often adds to them that 'language enriched with every kind of ornament' that Aristotle prescribed for what he considered the highest form of poetry. Sometimes it uses these things solely for the sound's sake, solely to obtain the pure beauty of sound and the mysterious throb of rhythm, which always heightens emotion. (Even prose tends toward rhythm when the writer's emotional state is heightened, and there are passages in some of the greatest prose writers that can be cut out of their prose context and rearranged as a kind of rhythmic 'free verse', without a single change of wording.)

On the other hand, poetry can never pass whole into mere beauty of sound, though in lyric verse the intellectual content may become very thin indeed. Prose summaries of the 'ideas' expressed in one of Shakespeare's sonnets or in a lyric by Robert Herrick, would show their purely intellectual content to be alarmingly slight. The value of these

poems is not in what is said; it is in the perfect form that gives a very old truth or a very small idea a value that will last for ever.

An important element in that form is the sound of the words themselves. Marlowe was the first writer for the stage and one of the first English lyric poets to make a skilful (and probably deliberate) use of the music inherent in speech itself. This is one of the most ticklish questions in prosody; yet anyone who can hear verse at all can tell instantly the difference between a thoroughly bad line which definitely offends the ear, like Matthew Arnold's

> Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days my mind

and the pure music of Keats's[12]

> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

— lines which after all mean next to nothing when you come to test them, as they were never meant to be tested, by cold reason; but which have the kind of wistful beauty that outlasts philosophies.

Keats himself explains the difference in the next line:

> Forlorn! the very word is like a bell.

Anyone who will go out and listen to a church bell and then listen to the word, will see how, even in the cold and scientific sense, Keats was right. It is the boom of the *o*'s and the rumble of the *r* and *l* and *n* that gives the word the curious beauty which it transmits to the whole passage. No one pretends that devices of this sort were new in poetry. They are at least as old as Homer, who in his 'poluphloisboic thalasses' had accurately caught the lift, halt, and surge of

billowing water; and who in the famous line in the Odyssey[13]

Δεῦρ' ἄγε νῦν, πολύαιν' Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν

had produced exactly that 'vowelled undersong' which Marlowe was later to use so adroitly.

Such writing was rare among the Elizabethans before Marlowe, and usually confined to lyric poetry — the most natural place for it, though not the only one. It simply does not appear on the stage before Marlowe. One does find it in all Marlowe's verse for the stage, used frequently, appropriately, and just as effectively as in his lyrics — lines like[14]

And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse

or

Are smoothly gliding downe by Candie shoare,

or

Faire as was Pigmalions Iuory gyrle,
Or louely Io metamorphosed,

in which the poet is obviously seeking the pure melody of speech. Marlowe was the first poet to see this element of resonance, linked with other imagination-filling qualities in the geographic names which he culled from the atlas of Ortelius, with much more regard to sound than to anything else. That is why Usumcasane recruits Tamburlaine's soldiers

From Azamor to Tunys neare the sea

and why the faithful Techelles recruits his Moorish host

From strong Tesella vnto Biledull

— magic, golden-sounding names of far-off, strange, and magic places.

Since he was thus in love with pure sound, wed smoothly that Marlowe did not use rime more frequently. Sometimes lines, or at was his ear, so adroit his pen, that he rimes with the utmost verse-grace when he wills in poems like *Hero and Leander* the *The Passionate Shepherd*; and — as the fragmentary 'I Walkt Along a Streame' shows — he was entirely deft in manipulating a delicate and difficult stanzaic scheme. Often in the plays one can see him barely avoiding a rime, as if by a sturdy exertion of the will he were resisting a stylistic temptation. In *Tamburlaine*[15] we have lines ending: 'witnesses . . . for this'; '. . . home . . . Dame'; 'followers . . . Emperours'; 'one . . . possession' — almost rimes but not quite; 'false rimes', if you will, almost exactly like the assonances which some modern lyrists think superior to rime and use deliberately. In the whole play of *Doctor Faustus* there are but eight rimes, and these probably accidental.

Marlowe seems to have known instinctively — or to have had it pointed out to him by extremely practical stage-managers — that though lovely, golden sound gave Alleyn a chance for magnificent down-stage declamations, they were out of place in the swiftly moving portions of the plot. He might have learned as much from Aristotle's *Poetics*, but wherever he learned the rule, he observed it strictly. All of the great lyric passages which run on for twenty to fifty lines in a single speech, the 'verse paragraphs', which Marlowe invented to take the place of stanzas, are in the 'quiet' portions of the plot, moments of emotional tension but not moments when the stage events are running swiftly through their mimic life. These passages are not really drama, but they are magnificent as poetry, and Marlowe wrote them so melodiously that he gives the effect of rime yet does not burden his play with its final touch of unreality. Thus, all unknowing, he gave the lie, in advance, to that

billowing w[illegible] Dryden laid upon all Elizabethans, when he Odysse[illegible]itury later that Shakespeare 'to shun the pains of [illegible]ual rhyming' wrote blank verse.

Shakespeare, who burdened his own early plays with overabundant rime and even sank a sonnet whole in a long speech of *Love's Labour's Lost* (where it does no particular harm but very little good), might well have learned from his great predecessor the lessons which he actually did learn only after a decade of effort. If like Marlowe he had rimed less and had played with mere verbal conceits less eagerly, he might have leaped into greatness as swiftly as Marlowe did.

Marlowe's blank verse owes much of its beauty to its variety. Most important among the variations that he introduces is the use of 'run-on', or 'run-over', lines — the device that French critics call *enjambement*. When blank verse began to be written in England it was written by poets who for generations had used rime of one sort or another. Familiar though they were with the unrimed verse of classic Greek and classic Latin, they do not seem to have noticed that much of the charm of the great classic poems is due to the frequent running of the voice without an instant's pause from the end of one line to the beginning of the next. The English poets began by regarding blank verse as merely rimed verse with the rime left off. They made up for the point which the rime marks in the reader's memory at the end of the line, by using a pause. Every line was thus 'end-stopped', and the resulting monotony is scarcely conceivable to anyone who has not heroically delved among the worst of the minor and deservedly forgotten bards. *Gorboduc*, one of the dullest plays ever written in any land or age in any language, is a dreadful example of what happens when the end-stopped line predominates. The trouble, of course, is the relentless pause.

Marlowe began to vary this, so that line flowed smoothly into line, often without any pause at all for several lines, or at most with very brief pauses, until thought and verse-pattern ended together in a final pause which marked the climax of his thought. This was the so-called 'verse-paragraph', of which the passage on beauty quoted on p. 111 is a superb example. A much shorter verse-paragraph in *Edward the Second* runs on for four lines without a single perceptible pause at a line-end:

> . . . A heauie case,
> When force to force is knit and sword and gleaue
> In ciuill broiles makes kind and country men
> Slaughter themselues in others and their sides
> With their own weapons gorde, but what the help?

Not only does Marlowe run these lines over, one after the other, thus giving the ear a change from the end-stopped lines which begin and close the passage; he also introduces a certain variety within the lines themselves, so that no one line sounds exactly like any other; and yet the fundamental pattern of the pentameter verse — what Tucker Brooke once aptly called 'the heady music of the five marching iambs' — is never lost to the memory, no matter with how much variety the ear may be indulged.[18]

The caesura, or pause within the line, falls first after the word 'knit', the end of the third foot. In the next line it falls after the word 'broiles', the end of the second foot. In the next line, it is a very slight, barely perceptible pause after 'others', again at the end of the third foot. In the last line it is a very sharply marked pause in the same place, after 'gorde', giving the actor time to get in a telling gesture. Thus no one line is rhythmically like any other, yet all conform to pattern, giving that odd mingling of diversity and

sameness, surprise and expectation fulfilled, that is the mind's delight in rhythm.

Occasionally Marlowe varies his verse still more by boldly admitting an alexandrine, the typical French line with six instead of the conventional five iambic feet. The continual use of hexameter lines is practically impossible in English, but an occasional hexameter is effective enough. Spenser had placed an alexandrine as an intrinsic part of his verse pattern at the end of every 'Spenserian' stanza. Marlowe's best-known alexandrine is actually in a passage in *Tamburlaine* which Marlowe lifted bodily from *The Faerie Queene*, tell-tale hexameter and all.

Marlowe must have known Spenser's works well, for he frequently quoted them[17]; and he probably knew the poet himself, for Spenser had come home from Ireland with Ralegh in 1589, bringing the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*, the only part of the poem from which Marlowe quotes. His lines in *Tamburlaine* are almost word-for-word from Spenser:

> Ile ride in golden armour like the Sun,
> And in my helme a triple plume shal spring,
> Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
> To note me Emperour of the three fold world,
> Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
> Vpon the lofty and celestiall mount,
> Of euer greene Selinus queintly dect
> With bloomes more white that Hericinas browes,
> Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
> At euery little breath that thorow heauen is blowen.

The last line, having originally been the close of a Spenserian stanza has six instead of the usual five feet. Marlowe's earliest editors, shocked at this apparent irregu-

larity, solicitously amputated one foot to make the line conform.

Quite possibly, Marlowe simply remembered Spenser's lines, subconsciously, thought they were really his own, did not realize that he was plagiarizing, and let this alexandrine slip accidentally into his verse. But there are plenty of other alexandrines in his work that are not accidental, since they are used either to open or close scenes or to give special emphasis to an appeal or an entreaty.

It is not always possible to tell whether Marlowe really meant certain lines to be scanned as alexandrines. This doubt is caused by his addiction to the so-called 'tumbling ending'. Most Elizabethans pronounced words like 'nati-on' 'executi-on', as if the last three letters represented two distinct syllables, though modern pronunciation was also known and used.[18] Marlowe liked to give these syllables their full Elizabethan value; and lines like

Blácк are his cóllours, blácke Pauíllión

will not yield even their conventional five feet, unless this peculiar pronunciation is used. Sometimes, however, Marlowe writes a line like

Why mán, they sáy there ís great éxecútión.

This must either be scanned as a six-stressed line, or else the last four syllables must be counted as one foot — what is sometimes called a 'tumbling ending'.

It is lamentably probable that the poet troubled his head very little about many of these wire-drawn distinctions. Like other men, he had five fingers and like other poets he could count his stresses on them. Many of the alexandrines are probably accidental. Many of his tumbling endings are doubtless equally accidental. For Marlowe was certainly far

less conscious of the technical devices of his own scansion than the learned gentlemen of a later day, who discourse at length upon his art. He had an exceptionally sensitive ear, a gift for beauty, a feeling for language. If a verse struck fire from his imagination, pleased his own ear, his actors, and his audiences, it may be doubted whether Marlowe himself tumbled uneasily on his midnight bed worrying whether his endings tumbled too.

But whether he meant to do it or whether it was partly accidental, Marlowe did start the long process of releasing English poetry from a hopelessly inadequate technique. Later poets improved on his improvements. Where he had used a few cautious substitutions of other feet for the orthodox iambus, his successors employed many. Where he had occasionally added a syllable or two, or had dropped in an alexandrine, his successors eventually took so many liberties with their verse that in the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher it almost ceased to be verse at all. But all this began with the relatively cautious experiments of Christopher Marlowe.

A few of his less important poems are important merely as indicating stages in his development. No literary interest at all attaches to the epitaph on Sir Roger Manwood, which is the only evidence now remaining for Henry Oxinden's note in his Commonplace Book that Marlowe 'made excellent verses in Latin'. Manwood had been on the bench when Marlowe was let off so easily after the Bradley killing; he was often associated with Marlowe's patrons, the Walsinghams; he was well known for philanthropy in and near Canterbury. It was natural enough that Marlowe should write his epitaph, though it does not seem to have been greatly appreciated. Sir Roger's tomb still stands at St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, but it bears another epitaph.

'MARLOWE'S MIGHTY LINE

Until John Payne Collier discovered Marlowe's Latin lines written in the Prideaux copy of *Hero and Leander* (now lost), no one had any idea of its existence; and even then — in view of Collier's bad reputation for forgery — the epitaph was set down as doubtful, until the discovery of the Oxinden Commonplace Book in the Folger Shakespeare Library set all doubt at rest.[19] Oxinden had twice copied the epitaph and had given Marlowe's name.

He had also tried to translate the Latin, with the result that he very nearly added one more libel to the innumerable others that have blackened the unfortunate poet's name. Beside his copy of the Latin verses he had written: 'a hanter of baudrie', 'a ruffian, a rauener of a dilicate meates, a gluttoun, a votary of sinn'. This sounds very much like another of the Puritan diatribes against Marlowe's personal character; but it turns out to have nothing to do with Marlowe at all. It is simply Oxinden's gloss on Latin words in the epitaph, whose meanings he had had to look up. Marlowe had described Sir Roger as a terror to evil-doers, and these were some of the evil-doers whom (with the best intentions) he had mentioned as the particular objects of a just judge's wrath. It would have been the final irony of fate if these charges had been permanently attached to Marlowe's name!

Proof of Marlowe's authorship of this obscure Latin verse is of special interest because another piece of Latin has recently shown to be his. This is the prose dedication of Thomas Watson's *Amintae Gaudia*, which is signed 'C.M.' Though this had long been suspected to be Marlowe's work, proof was lacking until Mr. Mark Eccles's discovery of the Marlowe-Watson-Bradley duel showed that Marlowe and Watson were friends, thus leaving no doubt that the initials were Marlowe's.

This, in turn, suggests that still a third doubtful work

may also be Marlowe's. The Bodleian Library at Oxford contains the only copy in the world of a strange little black-letter pamphlet, *The Nature of a Woman*, also signed 'C.M.' It is a very dull story in prose, based on a classical version of the ancient legend of the child who grew up among wild beasts. It is entered in the *Stationers' Register* in 1595, at a time when the publishers seem to have been looking for Marlowe manuscripts; and the odd way in which the other two suspected works have in recent years turned out to be authentic suggests that this, too, may some day be proved genuine. If so, it will not matter very much, for the story is one of the least readable ever written; though as Marlowe's only known prose work it would, could its authorship be proved, have a certain interest, if only because its dull insignificance is in such curious contrast with the flame and passion of the mighty line.

THE TRANSLATIONS

Of Marlowe's two extant translations, neither has very much literary interest. One is so hopelessly dull that, except in collected editions, it has never been reprinted since it first appeared. The other has only that interest which the fillip of a *succès de scandale* gives to any book. It may not be a very brilliant poem — but at least it was condemned by two archbishops and burnt by the common hangman!

The first is Marlowe's version of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which records the wars of Caesar and Pompey. Marlowe rendered the original Latin, which is not particularly inspired, line-for-line, and the result is quite as bad as could be expected. There is a certain interest in the dedication written by Thomas Thorpe, publisher of Shakespeare's Sonnets, to Edward Blount, publisher of *Hero and Leander*. This alludes to 'that pure Elementall wit Chr. Marlow;

whose ghoast or Genius is to be seen walke the Churchyard in (at the least) three or foure sheets'. The 'Churchyard' is St. Paul's, where the living Marlowe had had friends among the booksellers, and where his plays and poems were on sale. The 'sheets' were, of course, the printers' broad sheets of paper, large enough for from four to twelve pages of the small books of those days. 'Three or foure sheets' were thus sufficient for the average Marlowe edition and in a very special sense a wrapping for his 'ghoast or Genius'.

The translation of Ovid was a much more serious affair. Publius Ovidius Naso had about the time of Christ written in his *Amores* some of the most licentious verse that even imperial Rome itself ever produced. In the end he shocked even that cynical and debauched society and had to go into exile. Yet in spite of the erotic nature of so much of his poetry, Ovid remained — decorously edited, let us trust — an accepted classic, read both in schools and in the university. He was an especial favourite of Marlowe's, who shows traces of Ovid's poems in practically everything he ever wrote — sometimes an unconscious half-quotation, sometimes an allusion.

At some period in his career — probably very early, though the matter is still in dispute — Marlowe made a translation of the three books of the *Amores*. Since they were written in Latin elegiac metre, someone gave them the unfortunate title of 'Ovid's Elegies', which to the English reader suggests poems like *Lycidas* or Gray's *Elegy*. A more misleading title for a collection of some of the least decorous love poetry ever written can hardly be imagined. Marlowe found and translated these bawdy verses — translated them, it is to be feared, even while he was still within the grey walls of Corpus Christi, an ostensible candidate for the priesthood

of the Church of England. Some time in the middle 1590's — 1596 is the date usually given — one or more publishers found them, too.

Now these particular poems of Ovid's have equal claims to be regarded as art and as pornography; and the scale is so nicely balanced that a reader whose mind inclines to either side of the scale is quite safe in indulging in a good, smug sneer at the expense of anyone whose mind tips in the opposite direction. But the publishers had no doubt at all which way the mind of the Bishop of London would incline. And the Bishop of London was in control of all printing within the city, and armed besides with fearful penalties against any printer who offended.

This particular publisher — whoever he was — had every intention of offending, for he judged, quite rightly, that there was a very pretty penny in it; but he had at the same time a wholesome respect for the safety of his own skin. Consequently, he made sure of protecting himself. The poems were printed without the name of publisher or printer and without date. As a joke, the anonymous publisher added a false place of publication — Middleburg. Time has evaporated the full flavour of that rich Elizabethan jest; but it must have drawn many a chuckle from the bawdy gallants and 'prentices who bought the little books. Middleburg was the Dutch town where the Brownists and other Puritan sects were accustomed to print their tracts, which were banned from England because of an undue piety which the state church did not approve.

With the Elegies were coupled the 'Epigrames' of 'J.D.', or John Davies. Marlowe's name had also been given only in initials. There does not seem to have been much doubt about the authorship, for many of the surviving copies have the names filled in by hand, and the indignant bishops in

1599 described them quite accurately as 'Davyes Epigrams, with Marlowe's Elegyes'.

By 1599, these scandalous little books had begun to attract public attention. At the same time Marlowe's friend, Thomas Nashe, and his enemy, Gabriel Harvey, had been abusing each other in print so bitterly that the quarrel was becoming almost as great a scandal as the licentious books. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London decided to suppress them entirely, together with some other questionable works. They therefore listed nine books and wrote to the Wardens of the Stationers' Company, ordering that 'any of the bookes aboue expressed lett them bee presentlye [i.e. immediately] broughte to the Bishop of London to be burnte'. The Bishops further ordered 'That noe Satyres or Epigrams be printed hereafter', and 'that all Nashe's bookes and Doctor Harvyes bookes be taken wheresoeuer they maye be found and that none of their bookes bee euer printed hereafter' — which is a blow for any author.

These orders reached the Stationers' Company on June 1st, 1599, and seven of the titles listed were actually burnt later in the month, Marlowe's included. Most of the condemned works have since been reprinted for the benefit of curious scholars, without noticeable damage to public morals.

So far as can be judged from the type and paper of undated editions, which give a certain clue to the period of publication, the sinful works of Marlowe and Davies enjoyed a wholly unmerited popularity and continued to be published until about the time of Cromwell. They exist, at any rate, in six perfectly distinct editions, and one finds them to-day in the most unexpected surroundings. The Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, bought one edition, apparently on publication, bound it up with other versions of

Ovid's other works, and later willed it to the College Library (which still has it), apparently solely out of scholarly interest. Not all purchasers were so high-minded. One of the Bodleian Library's most precious copies contains the scrawls of various illiterate owners, about whose interests there can be no doubt at all. One of them composed a bawdy couplet of his own, and was so pleased with it that he copied it into his book twice and started to copy it for a third time.

might have created characters quite other than these. He, who severely ignores contemporaries, is perpetually quoting or imitating Marlowe. Even the rival poet in the Sonnets, the only other contemporary writer to whom Shakespeare can possibly allude, may not have been George Chapman at all, as many scholars suppose, but only Marlowe once again. 'The swelling sail of his great verse' in the eighty-sixth sonnet sounds very like Marlowe's mighty line, though it can also be interpreted as a reference to the seven-stressed line of Chapman's translation of Homer. Refusing to imitate other Elizabethans, Shakespeare laid under contribution every important work that Marlowe ever wrote — all his plays, two of his poems, and one of his translations! Marlowe's influence over Shakespeare is of the first importance in *The Merchant of Venice*, which takes over the Shylock-Jessica-Lorenzo story almost entirely from *The Jew of Malta*; the second and third parts of *Henry VI*, which are mere re-writings of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, old plays which may contain Marlowe's work; *Richard II*, which takes its abdication scene bodily from *Edward the Second*; *Richard III* and *Titus Andronicus*, which have typical Marlowe villain-heroes; and *Julius Caesar*. Faint traces of Marlowe appear in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Henry IV*, *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Troilus and Cressida* and *King Lear*. Of the thirty-five plays ordinarily regarded as Shakespeare's, more than one half reveal some kind of indebtedness to Marlowe.

Other contemporary and later writers also imitated Marlowe — at first deliberately and then unconsciously, as the lessons he had taught became a part of that tradition of the language and literature to which every new writer, as he begins to write, submits without being very clearly

aware which of his predecessors helped create it. The works which most influenced other writers were *Tamburlaine*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Hero and Leander*, and *The Passionate Shepherd*.

It is possible, by making several large assumptions, to assert that the influence of *Tamburlaine* lasts down into the middle of the eighteenth century and appears even in Thomas Godfrey's *Prince of Parthia*, the first American play (1754) ever produced upon the professional stage. Godfrey was admittedly under the influence of Nicholas Rowe[17]; and Rowe had written a play on Tamburlaine which was probably influenced by Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

But it is not necessary to strain the evidence in this fashion — however interesting the result may be — to show how profound was the influence of *Tamburlaine* and of Marlowe's other plays and poems. It may be too much to suppose that *Tamburlaine* reached out, across two centuries and three thousand miles of sea, to link the London of Elizabeth with the embryonic literature beginning to spring up in the New World. But there is no doubt at all that the influence of the mighty line extends right through English literature, at least until Milton and even John Keats, and revives anew in the admiring Swinburne, who gloried in everything Elizabethan, and, above all Elizabethans; in Marlowe, to whom he devoted his first published work as an undergraduate at Oxford; and with whom his last published work, left in manuscript at his death, still dealt, after a lifetime of eulogy and devotion.[18]

Tamburlaine was certainly an influence on succeeding plays at least until the closing of the theatres in 1642, and *Faustus* was remembered well into the eighteenth century, though towards the end it was degenerating into mere pantomime and its author was forgotten. *Hero and Leander*

called forth a flood of imitators who copied its exquisite versification as best they could and — with rather more success — its lush sensuality. This continued until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the fashion of parodying the classics was brought over from France, and the old poem of Marlowe and Musæus became one of the most frequent victims. It became a popular subject for the tapestries woven at Mortlake by weavers brought to England from Flanders. The set of tapestries reproducing the story of Marlowe's immortal lovers occupied 284 Flemish ells and was described by Sir Sackville Crow, who was in charge of the manufacture of tapestries in 1670 as the only one of the six designs in England 'worth the making'. Charles I purchased a set for £1704 and another set was on the list of tapestries to be bought for Cromwell — a curious adornment for a Puritan palace.[19] *The Passionate Shepherd*, as we have seen, established a definitely new motif, which remained permanently in the English literary tradition, finding its most successful expression in poets like Donne and Herrick.

Marlowe's other works are practically without influence. No writers seem to have paid any attention to *Dido*, and there is no way of knowing whether John Webster's play of *Guise* was an imitation of Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris* or not. If so, it was the only one; both plays soon dropped out of sight. The translations naturally were without influence.

The influence of *Tamburlaine* appears in one way or another in at least nearly thirty plays and various poems, beginning, immediately after it first appeared, with a flagrant imitation in Robert Greene's *Alphonsus King of Arragon*, and ending in 1702 with Nicholas Rowe's *Tamerlane the Great*, which was produced steadily until 1815.[20] The

more literate among Marlowe's immediate successors were quite aware of his play's literary faults. Shakespeare quoted it only once and then in derision. Joseph Hall in his satires poked fun at 'Turkish Tamburlaine',

> Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,
> That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.[21]

Ben Jonson complained that such plays 'fly from all humanity', and have 'nothing in them but the scenicall strutting and furious vociferation'.[22] A satirical play — we should call it a revue to-day — *The Returne from Pernassus*, is plainly gibing at Marlowe in the guise of its character named 'Furor Poeticus', who has 'a very terrible roaring muse, nothing but squibs and fireworks' (there were plenty of both in *Doctor Faustus*), who is a 'nimble swaggerer with a goosequill', and who is made to describe his own works as 'my high tiptoe strouting poesye'. The fact that this was a Cambridge play suggests that resentment against Marlowe still lingered at the university.

But these are the cooler, more detached opinions of later literary generations, who followed Marlowe by a decade or more, when critical standards had begun to develop, when the first startling thunder of the mighty line had grown dull in long-accustomed ears, and when the brilliance of Marlowe's original accomplishment was obscured by his bombastic faults, of which men grew increasingly aware. The first impulse among contemporary authors was to write plays as nearly like Marlowe's as possible. And the most impudent attempt at imitation was by Robert Greene, who was ready enough to sneer at his Cambridge contemporary and quite as ready to steal his thunder, in one play after another. This is clearest in *Alphonsus King of Arragon*, in which Greene practically rewrote Marlowe's play scene by

scene and episode by episode for two whole acts. From the third act on, Greene found energy enough to break away and write his own play, but the traces of *Tamburlaine* continue to the end. The imitation in the first part of the play is so remarkable that it is worth outlining in detail:[23]

Tamburlaine	*Alphonsus King of Aragon*
1. Tamburlaine plans to conquer Persia and Asia.	1. Alphonsus plans to reconquer Aragon.
2. Tamburlaine joins forces with Cosroe to conquer Persia.	2 Alphonsus joins forces with Albinus to conquer Aragon.
3. Tamburlaine meets King Mycetes and seizes his crown	3. Alphonsus kills King Flaminius and claims the throne.
4 Theridamas, sent to attack Tamburlaine, is persuaded to join his army	4. Laelius, seeking to avenge his king, recognizes Alphonsus and is won over to his side
5 Tamburlaine wins Persia for Cosroe	5. Belinus attributes his victory chiefly to Alphonsus.
6 Cosroe, in gratitude, makes Tamburlaine regent	6. Belinus, in gratitude, gives Alphonsus the domain of Aragon.
7. Tamburlaine rebels and seeks the crown for himself	7. Alphonsus rebels and seeks the crown for himself.
8. Tamburlaine conquers and makes boastful speeches	8. Alphonsus conquers and makes boastful speeches

That brings us to the end of the second act. Thereafter, the parallels are only a little less close. Both leaders abuse their foes and are abused with elaborate 'Billingsgate' before each battle; both victorious heroes reward their faithful followers with crowns; both victors feast; both defeat Turkish emperors who as captives are strangely alike; both win the love of unwilling princesses, daughters of foreign potentates; both ungallantly allow the ladies to fear the fate of mere concubines, but legitimately marry them at last. Greene's hero woos his love in the very mood of the 'invitation to love' which appears in Tamburlaine's wooing of Zenocrate and which, as has already been pointed out, runs all through Marlowe's other work:[24]

The Indian Soyle shalbe thine at command,
Where euery step thou settest on the ground
Shall be receiued on the golden mines;
Rich Pactolus, that riuer of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tmolus mount,
Shall be thine owne, and all the world beside,
If you will graunt to be Alphonsus bride.

In addition to this, both heroes defy Mahomet; both boast that they can control fortune itself [25]; and Alphonsus specifically mentions 'mighty Tamburlaine'.[26]

All these resemblances are to the First Part of *Tamburlaine*, as if Greene had rushed his rival play on the boards as soon as he saw Marlowe's success — at the very moment when Marlowe was writing as hard as he could to finish the Second Part.

Greene often imitates *Tamburlaine* in other plays. His *Orlando Furioso* repeats the conquering-hero theme which Marlowe had made fashionable, employs the Marlowe trick of getting colour out of geographic names, and introduces a hero whose 'glorious genius makes him coequal to the gods' — like Tamburlaine, 'affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes'.[27] In still another play, *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, in which Greene collaborated with Thomas Lodge, he imitated *Tamburlaine's* retinue of three tributary chieftains, made his hero boast in the vein of Tamburlaine, and introduced a good many verbal echoes.

Other imitators of the same sort are George Peele, in his *Battle of Alcazar*, *Edward I*, and even occasionally his biblical play, *David and Bethsabe*. Lodge also imitates in his *Wounds of Civil War* and so does the anonymous author of *The Wars of Cyrus*.

Marlowe's erstwhile friend, Thomas Kyd, often sounds very much like Marlowe himself in such plays as *The Spanish Tragedie*, *Jeronimo* and *Soliman and Perseda*; but, as the two men were writing in the same room about the time these plays were produced, it is a little hard to tell who is borrower and who is lender. But the abject terror in Kyd's tone, when he refers to his fiery companion, suggests pretty clearly who was likely to be the stronger character and the dominating influence.

Two highly theatrical passages in Marlowe's play made an enormous impression. One was the sensational entrance of Edward Alleyn as Tamburlaine, mounted in his chariot and whipping on his captive Turkish kings with the cry [28]

> Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia:
> What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

The other was the humiliation of Bajazeth as a footstool for the conqueror.

Marlowe had lifted the chariot with the captive kings bodily from Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, but he made it so vivid that everyone forgot about the older play. The Elizabethan audience did not know whether the episode was original with Marlowe and would not have cared a whit if they had known that it was borrowed. Marlowe's successors, knowing that the scene always 'worked', were content with that.*

This scene was repeated throughout the next decade, on into the seventeenth century. Four captives, usually Moors, draw the chariots of triumphant conquerors through one Elizabethan play after another. Indeed, remembering the frugal habits of the theatrical managers, as exemplified

*See pp. 118-19

by old Philip Henslowe, there is the diverting probability that it was the same property chariot in all the plays.

Towards the end a derisive note slips into allusions to the famous speech. Shakespeare, in *Henry IV*, is using it as pure comedy. So are Beaumont and Fletcher with their 'Weehee, my pampered jade of Asia', in *The Coxcomb*; John Ford and Thomas Dekker in *The Sun's Darling*, where it becomes, 'I sweat like the pampered jade of Asia', or John Day and Henry Chettle in their *Blind Beggar of Bednall Green*, which contains a threat to 'murther your Tamberlayn and his Coatch-horses'. The anonymous *Women Pleased* makes it, 'Away, thou pampered jade of vanity'; and John Taylor, the water poet — an ordinary boatman of the Thames who took to literature — uses it twice as 'pampered jades of Belgia'. The deathless line — one begins at last to wish it were not quite so deathless — appears and reappears, accurately quoted, in *Eastward Hoe*, by Ben Jonson and collaborators; in Edward Sharpham's *The Fleire* (1607); and R. Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Diuell* (1615).[29]

The scene in which Tamburlaine used the captive Turkish Emperor, Bajazeth, as his footstool is copied or alluded to almost as freely. The revisers of *Doctor Faustus* even dragged this episode into their distortion of Marlowe's later play.[30] Philip Massinger, in *Believe as You List*, brings the chariot drawn by kings and the emperor used as a footstool together in a single passage:[31]

> Then by the senators, whom I'll use as horses,
> I will be drawn in a chariot. . . .
> Our enemy, led like a dog in a chain,
> As I descend or reascend in state,
> Shall serve for my footstool.

There are at least sixteen similar references by Marlowe's contemporaries or immediate successors.

There was at least one other Elizabethan play on the subject of Tamburlaine. This was called *Timur Khan* and is now completely lost. It survives only in a playhouse 'plotte', or outline of the play which the stage manager used to control properties, exits, entrances and other business.[32] We know that it was distinct from Marlowe's play because the incidents outlined in the old manuscript 'plotte' are not the same, and also because Ben Jonson sneers impartially at both 'the Tamerlanes and Tamer-Chams of the late Age',[33] as if they were different plays.

The anonymous author of *The Taming of A Shrew*, the source for Shakespeare's play, borrowed both from *Tamburlaine* and from *Doctor Faustus*; but his style is so hopelessly pedestrian that the fifteen-odd purple patches that he has stitched in from Marlowe are instantly discernible. Shakespeare, who followed the older play closely in his revision, was careful to cut out these passages from Marlowe, as if he, too, were quite aware of their origin.

Other writers imitate *Doctor Faustus* and pilfer its best lines almost as freely as those of *Tamburlaine*. *Doctor Faustus* restored to favour on the stage a devil whose popularity had sadly waned since the days of the mystery, miracle, and morality plays. The Puritans regarded His Satanic Majesty as the chief ally of the sinful players; but until Marlowe's Mephistopheles appeared, the 'abhominable presence' had been absent from the stage for some years. Thereafter, devils, accompanied by squibs, the thunder produced by drums and rolling cannon balls, and other sensational stage devices — 'tragical sport which pleased much the humors of the Vulgar'[34] — continued almost without intermission except under the Common-

wealth, when all stage plays were banned. Dekker was alluding to this interest in the diabolical when he gave its impudent title to his *If This Be Not A Good Play, the Divill Is In It.* Many other plays show how popular the foul fiend had become — such plays, for instance, as Ben Jonson's *The Divil is an Asse* (1616), in which Pug, the devil, is carried off to hell much like Faustus; *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*, whose author is unknown; *The Devil and His Dame*, attributed to William Haughton; *Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil* — all of which are in the fashion that Marlowe started when he borrowed Faustus from Germany.

Robert Greene was again early in the field with an imitation of Marlowe's most recent success. Just as he had earlier made haste to take advantage of the vogue of *Tamburlaine*, so he was quick to produce *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, a play about magicians in which he was clever enough to appeal to national pride by making an English and not a German magician his hero and by letting him triumph over foreign practitioners of the black art.

Thomas Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, based on the story of the magic purse, is another obvious copy of *Doctor Faustus*. It has allegorical figures of virtue and vice; Doctor Faustus had good and evil angels. Fortunatus tricks the sultan; Faustus tricks the pope. Dekker's heroine Agrippina is won by magic; Marlowe's Helen is raised from the shades by magic. Fortunatus rejects wisdom for wealth; Faustus rejects wisdom for power. Both prosper by magic; both repent too late; both meet disaster through the magic power they have achieved. Fortunatus is carried off by satyrs; Faustus is carried off by fiends. It should have been a clear case for the copyright lawyers; but fortunately for Dekker there was no such thing in those days. It was quite

safe for him to write a second imitation of *Faustus* in *The Witch of Edmonton*. This play takes over the story of the magic compact sealed in blood, which also reappears in *The Divil's Charter* by Barnabe Barnes, *The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom*, by Richard Johnson, *Amyntas*, by Thomas Randolph, and the anonymous *Merry Devil of Edmonton* — not to be confused with Dekker's play. Randolph even wrote:[35]

> My blood congeales
> Within my quill, and I can write no more.

Marlowe had written:

> My bloude conieales, and I can write no more.

The anonymous *Two Merry Milkmaids* is a deliberate parody of Marlowe's play. A student dabbles in magic — exactly like the unfortunate Thomas Fineux of Corpus Christi College — and succeeds only in raising his tutor disguised as a spirit. Later, the tutor raises a real spirit and performs some of the Faust miracles. Into the play creeps the tell-tale line:

> This is the Face that wud not let me rest.

James Shirley, John Fletcher, and the anonymous author of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* show occasional traces of *Doctor Faustus*.

John Milton seems at least once to be quoting *Doctor Faustus* in *Paradise Lost*, when he writes of the fiend and[36]

> The Hell within him, for within him Hell
> He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
> One step no more than from himself can fly,

again makes Satan soliloquize:

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell.

This is too much like Marlowe's

Why this is hel, nor am I out of it

and his

And where hel is, must we euer be

to be purely accidental.

Marlowe's influence on Goethe and Byron carries the effect of the old play down through the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century. It seems to have provided a model in some degree for Sir Henry Arthur Jones's *The Tempter*, bringing Marlowe's direct literary influence down to the threshold of the twentieth century. His dramatic life and death soon attracted dramatists, poets, and novelists; since Johann Ludwig Tieck's *Dichterleben* in 1828, at least eighteen plays and novels have had Marlowe as their subject. Swinburne wrote six poems dealing either with Marlowe himself or with his characters. There were two plays and two poems about Marlowe in 1930, a play and a novel in 1936, another novel in 1937.

Thus the cobbler's son, whose short life gave him five or six years of active literary maturity at most, lives for ever in his own work and in the work that he inspired in others.

CHAPTER XVIII

MARLOWE AND HIS BOOKS

About the borrowing of a booke or two.
The Jew of Malta, 921

Tamburlaine was the only one of all Marlowe's works that their author lived to see in print. Two editions, each containing both parts of the play, were published in 1590 and 1592, and copies of each edition still exist, though they are among the rarest books in the whole world. Early editions of *Hero and Leander*, *Edward the Second*, and the translation of Lucan were rushed to press two or three months after Marlow's death, but all copies of these have entirely disappeared. Thirty-seven other editions of various plays and poems have survived, a flood which began when the stabbing at Deptford stimulated public interest in the poet and his work. All these, if they are dated, bear dates after his death, and there is no reason to suppose that the undated plays and poems were published earlier.

From the moment publication began until the 1637 edition of *Hero and Leander*, Marlowe remained so popular that scarcely a year passed without a new edition of one or another of his plays or poems. Then, as the troubles leading to the Civil War developed, people grew less interested in work which was by that time growing old-fashioned; after the *Faustus* of 1663 there were no more new editions until the nineteenth century.

These little quartos and octavos, most of which are to-day worth a good deal more than their weight in gold, originally appeared as little paper-covered pamphlets. Each title-page bore the name of the play or poem, usually with the author's

name in full or in initials or sometimes in abbreviation, an ornament of some kind, the name of the printer and publisher, the place where they were sold, and the date. Marlowe's name is frequently given merely as 'Ch. Mar.', and in all editions of *Tamburlaine* is omitted entirely.

Except for a few of the earlier editions, *Doctor Faustus* is illustrated with a lurid woodcut depicting the conjurer standing in his cabalistic circle, while a devil of fearsome aspect emerges through the trapdoor which was always built into Elizabethan stages for just such purposes. This lively little picture evidently served its purpose of attracting buyers and served it well, for each successive publisher who brought out an edition of the play continued to use the woodcut. As one wood block wore out, a new one — traceable by the minor variations that the new engraver introduced — was made to replace it.

Marlowe never rose to the dignity of a collection of his plays in folio, a fashion started by Ben Jonson long after Marlowe's death, and much ridiculed at the time by his numerous enemies as a piece of pretentious vanity. The success of the four Shakespeare folios soon made play publication in folio respectable enough.

Our modern abomination of cheap wood-pulp paper was unknown in those happy days, and consequently the little pamphlets in which Marlowe's plays and poems appeared, cheap as they were, had to be printed on good rag paper, which has endured the centuries unharmed. If cheaper paper had existed the early printers would undoubtedly have used it for little books like these, which were not in their own day regarded as especially valuable. Practically all Elizabethan literature would then have crumbled into a fine yellow powder, not later than the middle of the seventeenth century, the only exceptions being stray lyrics

preserved in the manuscript commonplace books and the fortunate poets who, like Shakespeare, appeared in expensively printed folios. But even these would not have given complete and satisfactory texts of many plays and poems, for very often these cheap little quartos and octavos are nearer to what the author originally wrote than the gigantic folios. Without good rag paper most of the great Elizabethan writers and all the lesser ones would have remained mere names. On such material accidents do reputations in literature depend.

The Shakespeare First Folio, tradition says, was originally published at one pound a volume; but this was a large and important work, intended to form part of a permanent library, and may have been bound before being offered for sale. The pamphlets which have preserved Marlowe's writings to posterity were less seriously regarded. Most of them were sold in stationers' stalls around St. Paul's or at the city gates, much like magazines at modern railway stations. The 1600 and 1617 editions of *Hero and Leander*, say their title-pages, 'are to be ſolde in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Blacke-beare', and the 1606 *Tamburlaine* 'neere the little North doore of Saint Paules Church at the Signe of the Gun'. The old publishers seem always to visualize a pile of copies, for the title-pages invariably say 'are to be sold', never 'is'.

A fair average price was sixpence each — at least, one finds that sum noted on fly-leaves and title-pages with great regularity. Once the price noted is as low as twopence, but that is in the British Museum's copy of *Lucan*, a very small and very dull book that might easily sell for less than the plays. Edward Alleyn paid five pence for his copy of the 'Shakſper sonnetts', listed in his papers among the 'Howshold stuff'.[1] An early hand has marked 'Price

0-3-0' and 'Price 0-2-0' on two of the British Museum Marlowes; but such prices as two and three shillings must certainly include the cost of binding, or else have been inserted by later buyers when book-collecting was beginning and these little books were rising in value.

In modern publishing, the words 'quarto' and 'octavo' have lost their original meaning, and have come to mean merely a rough indication of book sizes. To the Elizabethan printer, they meant exactly what they said. The normal printer's sheet of paper was, of course, hand-made. It could not be larger than the largest tray that a paper-maker could work by hand, and the sheets seem in practice to have been about 15 x 20 inches. If these sheets were folded to produce four leaves (that is, eight pages), the result was a quarto. If they were folded once more, to produce eight leaves, the result was an octavo. These folded sheets were gathered up and stitched together to make a book. The original sheets were labelled A, B, C, and so forth; and each leaf was also numbered. Thus the first sheet bore the signatures, 'A1, A2, A3, A4', though the last was often omitted altogether and the first was often given as simple 'A'. These lettered signatures were a guide to the hand-workers who gathered and stitched them, and after publication they served as page numbers, which were often omitted from the smaller books.

Sometimes the workmen erred, and then we have a confusion like that in the British Museum's copy of the priceless 1598 *Hero and Leander*, in which signature H and signature D have been transposed, to the amazing damage of the sense; whereas the only other copy of this edition, in the Huntington Library, has the signatures in the correct order. Or there are other mistakes like that in the 1612 edition of *Edward the Second*, in which one page appears in

its proper place in signature I4, and then suddenly reappears a little farther on — identically the same — at signature K2. In the British Museum copy this blunder has been corrected. Some printer must have seen the error and corrected it; but, as if to plague him, practically none of the corrected copies has survived, whereas there are several of the others. *Edward the Second* never fared very well with printers. The next edition (1622) exists in copies with different title-pages. The first state has the usual line, 'As it was sundrie times publiquely acted in the honourable citie of London, by the right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants'. Then someone about the print-shop seems to have remembered that there had been a more recent production. As a result, about half the surviving copies substitute the line, 'As it was publikely Acted by the late Queenes Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull in S. Iohns streete'.

The Elizabethan printers who turned out these little books originally gave them pages almost as big as those of modern novels, but they left exaggeratedly wide margins. If the sharp scythe of time and the still sharper and far crueller edge of the bookbinder's knife had been kinder, the great Elizabethan collections of to-day would contain more books like the Levy-Bandler *Jew of Malta*, probably the tallest Elizabethan quarto in the world, whose pages are 21·5 cm. high by 15·1 cm. wide, and whose margins are 6·35 cm. — roughly two and a half inches — wide, while the bottom margin is 4·5 cm.

As can be seen from these measurements, the type mass on these large pages was proportionately much smaller than a modern publisher would use for pages of similar size. But the little books were not especially valuable in the eyes of their original purchasers and their edges have rotted

away or have been ruthlessly cut and trimmed, so that to-day some early books of Marlowe's have no margin at all but have been trimmed even into the type itself.

The contempt in which the play pamphlets were held by the severer school of Elizabethan thought is illustrated in the views of Sir Thomas Bodley, who described them as 'riffe raffe' and sternly forbade the Keeper of the great Oxford Library which he had just founded to admit anything of the sort. The Stationers' Company early began providing free copies of all books that the university libraries asked for; and had the Bodleian's founder been a little less stubborn, his library might to-day possess every Elizabethan play and poem that was ever published — all of the several thousand which once existed but of which only a few hundred now survive in a few rare copies scattered here and there about the world at prices that range from £15,000 down.

But, said Sir Thomas sternly:[2] 'I can see no good reason to alter my opinion, for excluding suche bookes, as almanackes, plaies, & an infinit number, that are daily printed, of very vnworthy maters & handling, suche as, me thinkes, both the keeper & vnderkeeper should disdaine to seeke out, to deliuer vnto any man. Happely some plaies may be worthy the keeping: but hardly one in fortie ... Were it so againe, that some little profit might be reaped (which God knowes is very litle) out of some of our play bookes, the benefit therof will nothing neere counteruaile, the harme that the scandal will bring vnto the Librairie when it shalbe giuen out, that we stuffe it full of baggage bookes.'

Since no one thought very highly of these little books, most readers took little trouble to preserve them; but there were a few far-sighted book collectors, even in those

days. Sir Thomas Egerton was buying and preserving plays and poems as early as 1600; since he was fortunate in descendants who shared his tastes, his collection has reached the twentieth century unharmed. At Barham, near Marlowe's own Canterbury, Henry Oxinden's library was built up, half a century later, and included several of Marlowe's plays and poems. Sir Thomas Isham, of Lamport Hall in Northamptonshire, was also buying at about the same time the early quartos which in the early eighteenth century were stored in his lumber-room and conveniently forgotten for 150 years, emerging after their long oblivion as fresh and clean as new books even to this day.

Many of the early collectors made a practice of gathering up several plays or poems at once and handing them over to a binder to be put together in a single volume. Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Elegies often appears to-day in little books made up a couple of centuries ago from the various seventeenth-century translations. The British Museum has a fairly complete volume of Marlowe's works made up in this way, which comes from the library of George III, but was probably put together long before his time. The Bodleian has a similar collection made by the eighteenth-century collector, Edmund Malone, and the library of Charles II contained a somewhat less complete collection, formerly in the Huth collection.[3] Many of the other surviving Marlowe plays are still parts of miscellaneous dramatic volumes, made up for the libraries of English country gentry, centuries ago.

Later generations of book-collectors have bought these volumes of old plays and broken them up to get at the more valuable works for separate binding. Still later collectors, as Elizabethan books grew in value, took off these bindings to put on new ones of greater splendour. Each re-binding

meant a further re-trimming of pages whose edges had often already had to be trimmed because of damage by mice, water, or weather, centuries before. It is really no wonder that wide margins are precious to collectors. Practically no Elizabethan quarto or octavo has reached the twentieth century with its margins wholly uncut. Some have been so badly cut that only the text remains and sometimes even that has been partly trimmed away. Usually, however, the 'headlines' or 'running heads' at the top of each page and the signatures and catch-words at the bottom have been the first to suffer.

Often the old books have obviously lain for a long time unregarded in attics or cellars or as unimportant parts of the stock-in-trade of second-hand book dealers, exposed to air, damp, and mice, until interest in the Elizabethans began to revive at the end of the eighteenth century. To-day dexterous patches, made by fraying the edges of torn or gnawed surfaces and then uniting the fibres with those of a new piece of paper, somewhat improve the appearance of injured pages.

From the time of his death until the last *Hero and Leander* in 1637, Marlowe's better works were being constantly reprinted. After that there was but a single edition, the 1663 *Doctor Faustus*; and then until well on in the nineteenth century he was completely out of print. Of the 39 extant editions of these early books, there are 210 known copies which can be definitely located; several have dropped out of sight in the last twenty years; at least a score of other copies almost certainly still lie in unknown hands and others are probably yet to be discovered. The known copies are widely scattered about Great Britain, Europe, and America, the chief collections being those of the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, the Folger

Shakespeare Library in Washington, the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, and the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Cambridge University and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, do not own a single early edition of any of the works of their famous son, though a few copies are scattered in other Cambridge libraries. The Pierpont Morgan Library, Harvard, Yale, Wellesley, and various Oxford colleges own a few; and one of the two known copies of the 1628 *Doctor Faustus* is in Kungliga Biblioteket in Stockholm.

The Jew of Malta, in its single edition of 1633, is the most common of all Marlowe's plays, forty-two copies being known. Ten editions of other plays and poems exist only in single surviving copies. Four editions appear in the *Stationers' Register* but are represented by no surviving copies and there is some reason to believe that still a fifth edition has vanished, leaving no trace even in the *Register*. This is the supposed second edition of *Dido*, said to have been seen by two scholars in the eighteenth century but since unknown. The copies that can now be located may be tabulated thus:

Tamburlaine

1590. Black letter octavo. Parts I and II [STC 17425]. — 2 copies: Bodleian; Huntington, the latter also possessing two leaves of a third copy.

1592. Black letter octavo. Parts I and II [STC 17426]. — Unique copy at the British Museum. Sometimes erroneously described as a 1593 copy. No such edition exists.

1597. Black letter octavo. Parts I and II [STC 17427]. — Unique copy in Huntington.

1605. Black letter quarto. Part I only [STC 17428]. — 10 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Bodleian; Dyce; Huntington, 2 copies; Boston Public Library; Barnet J. Beyer, New York; Rosenbach [White copy], New York; Magdalene College, Cambridge.

1606. Black letter quarto. Part II only [STC 17428a]. — 8 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Bodleian; Dyce; Huntington; Rosenbach (2 copies, White and Clawson); Worcester College, Oxford.

Doctor Faustus

1604. Black letter quarto [STC 17429]. — Unique copy at Bodleian.

1609. Black letter quarto [STC 17430]. — 2 copies: Hamburg; Huntington.

1611. Black letter quarto [STC 17431]. — Unique copy at Huntington.

1616. Black letter quarto [STC 17432]. — Unique copy at British Museum.

1619. Black letter quarto [STC 17433]. — Robert Garrett, Baltimore.

1620. Black letter quarto [STC 17434]. — 3 copies: British Museum; Worcester College, Oxford; A. Edward Newton.

1624. Black letter quarto [STC 17435]. — Unique copy: British Museum.

1628. Black letter quarto [Unknown to STC]. — 2 copies: Lincoln College, Oxford; Kungliga Biblioteket, Stockholm.

1631. Black letter quarto [STC 17436]. — 8 copies: British Museum; Bodleian, 2 copies; National Library of Scotland; Huntington; Harvard; Yale; Barnet J. Beyer, New York (Clawson copy).

1663. Quarto [not listed in STC, being after 1640]. — 8 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Dyce; Huntington; Harvard; Yale; Carl H. Pforzheimer, New York; Worcester College, Oxford.

Jew of Malta

1633. Roman quarto [STC 17412]. — 41 copies known.

Edward the Second

1594. Quarto [STC 17437]. — 2 copies: Landesbibliothek, Kassel; Zentralbibliothek, Zurich.

1598. Quarto [STC 17438]. — 7 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Bodleian; National Library of Scotland; Huntington, 2 copies; Folger.

1612. Quarto [STC 17439]. — 6 copies: British Museum; Dyce; Huntington, 2 copies; Harvard; John E. Hannigan, Boston.

1622. Quarto [STC 17440 and 17440a]. — 12 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Bodleian; Dyce; Yale; Harvard; Boston; Owen D. Young, New York; Rosenbach; Nationalbibliothek, Vienna; Huntington; Worcester College, Oxford.

Dido

1594. Quarto [STC 17441]. — 3 copies: Bodleian, Huntington, Folger (a fourth copy lost since 1860).

Massacre at Paris

[No date.] Octavo [STC 17423]. — 11 copies: British Museum; Bodleian; Dyce; Magdalene College, Cambridge; Huntington; Williams College; Folger; Charles W. Clark, New York; Rosenbach; Library of Congress; P. J. Dobell, Tunbridge Wells.

Hero and Leander

1598A. Quarto [STC 17413]. — Unique copy at Folger.

1598B. Quarto [STC 17414]. — 2 copies: British Museum; Huntington (both Lamport copies).

1600. Quarto [STC 17415]. — 3 copies: British Museum; Huntington; Rosenbach.

1606. Quarto [STC 17416]. — 4 copies: British Museum; Bodleian; Morgan; Wellesley (Rowfant copy).

1609. Quarto [STC 17417]. — 3 copies: Dyce; Folger; Rosenbach (White copy).

1613. Quarto [STC 17418]. — 2 copies: British Museum; Huntington.

1616. Ghost Edition. No copies known; probably never existed though many books refer to it.

1617. Quarto [STC 17419]. — 4 copies: Huntington; 2 copies; Rylands Library, Manchester; Worcester College, Oxford.

1622. Quarto [STC 17420]. — 3 copies: Huntington; Yale; Estate of F. B. Bemis, Boston.

1629. Quarto [STC 17421]. — 10 copies: British Museum; Dyce; Bodleian; Trinity College, Cambridge; Library of Congress; Huntington; Folger; Williams College; John E. Hannigan, Boston; Prideaux copy (in hands of unknown owner since 1917).

1637. Quarto [STC 17422]. — 14 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Dyce; National Library of Scotland; Trinity College, Cambridge, 2 copies; Rylands Library, Manchester; Huntington; Folger; Harvard; Morgan; University of Texas; Williams College; Carl H. Pforzheimer, New York.

Lucan

1600. Octavo [STC 17415]. — 5 copies: British Museum; Bodleian; Huntington; Folger; Rosenbach.

The translations of Ovid exist in six separate editions. Having been surreptitiously printed without printer's name or date, the editions can be distinguished only by choosing a check-copy of each edition and naming the whole edition for it. The ornaments on the title-pages are different in each edition and these are given in the list below:

1. Check-copy: Mason AA207 (Bodleian). 6 asterisks in two rows of 3 each, the whole in brackets. Octavo. — 3 copies: Bodleian; Dyce; Huntington.

2. Check-copy: Douce 031 (Bodleian). Ornamental band at top of page; ower on page a long band made up of 2 dolphins, 2 birds, and a head. Octavo. - Unique copy at Bodleian.

3. Check-copy: Isham copy found at Lamport Hall. Quarto. 2 lace designs. — Unique copy at Huntington.

4. Check-copy: Bindley copy (C34.a.28) British Museum. Quarto. One lace ornament. — 2 copies: British Museum; Carl H. Pforzheimer, New York.

5. Check-copy: Malone 368 (Bodleian). 3 leaves above 2 hands. Octavo. — 11 copies: British Museum; Bodleian; Dyce; Huntington; Morgan; Wellesley; Yale; Carl H. Pforzheimer, New York; John Bakeless, New York; Quaritch, London; Myers, London.

6. Check-copy: Malone 133 (Bodleian). Square formed of four small squares, that in the upper left corner being turned the wrong way. Octavo. — 8 copies: British Museum, 2 copies; Bodleian; Huntington; Folger; Harvard; Emmanuel College, Cambridge; George Arents Jr., New York.

The values of these books range from the £15,000 which the late Henry E. Huntington paid for the volume containing his unique copy of Marlowe's Ovid down to about £3, which is a depression price for a very bad *Jew of Malta*. The late H. C. Folger paid $12,900 for one of the three known copies of *Dido*. The late Dr. Bernard Bandler paid $7,600 for the Levy-Bandler *Jew of Malta*, but in that case the value was due not to the rarity of this very common play, but to the extraordinarily fine condition in which this particular copy has been preserved. Some years ago, a collector found a Marlowe Ovid 'in an old clothes shop for 4d.' It turned out to be the finest copy of that edition in private hands, and is to-day valued at £42.

It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that book-collectors began to realize the value of Elizabethan plays and poems. Men like Richard Heber, who maintained several houses to receive his libraries and liked to say that every man should own three copies of every book he owned at all — one to read, one to show, and one to lend to his friends; early editors of Shakespeare like Edward Capell, Isaac Reed, George Steevens, and Edmund Malone; actors like David Garrick and John Philip Kemble — all searched the old book shops and haunted

the auction rooms. King George III was likewise a notable collector and many of the nobility either added to the old libraries which they had inherited, or at least preserved them intact.

So keen were the rivalries for old books that friendships did not always remain unbroken. It is doubtful whether Steevens ever forgave Malone for bidding £17 17s. for Dr. Richard Wright's copy of *Dido*. Steevens himself stopped bidding at £16. The book which destroyed their friendship is now preserved among Malone's other books at the Bodleian, to which they were given by his brother, after James Boswell, son of the biographer, had finished using them in preparing his edition of Shakespeare.

Isaac Reed consoled Steevens by presenting him with his own copy, which he had bought from 'a man in Canterbury' for a shilling. This book, now in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, is probably the very copy once owned by Henry Oxinden, whose two commonplace books and whose 1629 *Hero and Leander* give one of the early accounts of Marlowe's death. Most of Oxinden's books remained in his family until 1807, when his great-grandson left the library to the parish of Elham, Kent. Here the parishioners were allowed to borrow as they pleased. Many rare and valuable books were taken, forgotten, and later sold by people who had no idea that these were the parish's books. The *Dido*, however, seems to have escaped from Oxinden's library before this general disaster overtook the collection. At least it is said that the actor John Henderson (1745-1785) bought it from the dealer Yardley for four pence.[1]

Steevens was overwhelmed by Reed's gift and wrote in the book: 'This copy was given me by Mr. Reed. Such liberality in a collector of Old Plays is at least as rare as the

rarest of our dramatic pieces.' When Steevens died, his book went to John, Duke of Roxburghe, and at his death it was bought by Sir Egerton Brydges for £17. From his library it went to Richard Heber and then to the Duke of Devonshire, who paid £39. When Henry E. Huntington bought the Devonshire plays *en masse* he became the owner of two of the three known copies of *Dido*. One was the Reed-Steevens copy. The other was the Bridgewater copy, which had passed down until 1917 among the descendants of Sir Thomas Egerton (1540[?]-1617) who must have bought it as a new copy on publication.

While the books were together in the Huntington Collection, someone removed the Reed-Steevens inscription and placed it in the Bridgewater copy, which is still in the Huntington Library. The Reed-Steevens copy was then sold in 1923 to Herschel V. Jones, at whose sale it was bought by H. C. Folger. There is no doubt that the Folger copy is the Reed-Steevens copy, since it still bears the Steevens stamp and the Roxburghe arms.

Since the eighteenth century there have been rumours of a fourth copy of *Dido*, which is supposed to contain an elegy on Marlowe written by his friend and collaborator, Thomas Nashe. If this book could be found, great would be the excitement among bibliophiles, first, because nothing whatever is known of the elegy, which probably contains new biographical facts; second, because this lost copy may represent an entirely unknown edition.

There seems to be no doubt that this edition once actually existed. Both Bishop Thomas Tanner (1674-1735) and Thomas Warton (1728-1790) allude to a copy of the play containing the elegy, which is not in any of the three known copies. Edmund Malone, in a note affixed to his copy of *Dido*, now at the Bodleian, says that when he inquired of Warton,[6]

> He informed me by letter, that a copy of this play was in Osborne's catalogue in the year 1754; that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of Mr. [William] Oldys's books that Osborne had purchased), & that the elegy in question 'on Marlowe's untimely death' was inserted immediately after the title page. . . . Unluckily he did not purchase this rare piece, & it is now God knows where.

'God knows where' is probably some dusty attic in America. For a copy which cannot be identical with any of the three now known, was sold in New York city in 1860 — for twenty-five cents. This was one of several Marlowes, all of which brought ridiculously low prices, in the library of William E. Burton, an English actor who had had his greatest successes in America. Several catalogues of his sale exist and many of them are annotated with prices; but none gives the name of the purchaser, so that there is no hope of tracing its fate. This priceless book may long since have been destroyed; yet on the other hand, it may still be ensconced upon some forgotten shelf waiting its fortunate discoverer.

Burton's *Dido* has been missing for less than a century. Marlowe quartos have been lost for longer periods than this and yet have been recovered in perfect condition. The most romantic episode of this sort was the discovery of two copies of an entirely unknown edition of *Hero and Leander* found together in the lumber-room of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of the Isham family. In 1867, Sir Charles Isham requested Charles Edmonds, Librarian of Birmingham, to examine the main library at Lamport Hall, which was known to contain some rare and valuable books. Not content to stop here, the bibliographer pushed

his investigations further and at length burst into an ancient 'back-lumber-room, covered with dust and exposed to the depredations of mice, which had already digested the contents of some of the books'. Here, amid hundreds of worthless volumes, he discovered a small collection, 'the very sight of which would be sufficient to warm the heart of the most cold-blooded bibliomaniac. In this same place they had remained uncared for and unexamined for a period exceeding "the memory of the oldest inhabitant".'[6]

No one knows exactly how or why they got there; but one can reconstruct a fairly plausible tale by examining the history of Lamport Hall. The books seem to have been bought by Sir Thomas Isham, the third baronet, who succeeded to the estate in 1595, dying in 1605. He is described as 'a man of considerable literary acquirements, as well as an enlightened bibliomaniac.'[7] His grandfather, Nicholas Barker, may have been one of the family of Queen's Printers. The Isham books were therefore probably bought as soon as they were published, and were then bound in the Elizabethan vellum which they still wear.

The fifth baronet, Sir Justinian Isham, made extensive alterations at Lamport Hall in the time of George I; and these books are supposed to have been removed to the lumber-room while the alterations were in progress. The library was crowded with other books, Elizabethan writers were very much out of fashion at the time, and there the old books lay until the inquisitive Edmonds rediscovered them.

The seventh baronet seems to have been the last who knew where the books were. He did not like to have the main library used, and always kept the key to the lumber-room in his own hands. When he became too infirm to walk upstairs, only the butler was allowed to use it. Afterwards, the books were completely forgotten. Being bound in old-

fashioned Elizabethan vellum without labels or lettering, they looked particularly uninviting to the average spectator.

When Edmonds stepped across the threshold, he found a totally unknown Shakespeare, the 1599 *Venus and Adonis*, the second known copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, two copies of a second and unknown 1598 edition of *Hero and Leander*, and a previously unknown edition of Marlowe's Ovid. It was for this, bound with the Sonnets, that Henry E. Huntington paid the £15,000 said to have been the highest price ever paid for any English book except the First Folio. Edmonds was positive 'that the books had remained in the house from a very remote period, and that no additions of any moment had been made to the library for the last 150 years' — which would take the books back to 1715.

One *Hero and Leander* was bought for the British Museum, where it still remains, its pages looking almost as fresh and new as the day they came from the printers. The other, together with the Ovid, eventually found its way to the Huntington Library; from the day of the discovery to this, no other copy of either edition has ever been traced.

The 1594 *Edward the Second* and the 1628 *Doctor Faustus* also slumbered unknown for a long time. The first copy of this edition of *Edward the Second* was found in the Landesbibliothek at Kassel, Germany, in 1876. It was unbound but wrapped up in the pages of an early English translation of the Bible. It probably reached Kassel soon after publication, for English actors visited the court in 1594 and may have brought the book with them. It may also have been taken to Germany by Prince Otto of Hesse, who was in London in 1611, or by the Landgraf Moritz der Gelehrte, who was much interested in English plays and bought a good many early editions which are still in the Landesbibliothek. In the Zentralbibliothek at Zurich there is

another copy of the same edition, which once belonged to Johann Jakob Bodmer, Swiss critic, disciple of Addison, and translator of *Paradise Lost*.

These sole survivors of the disaster which has overtaken the rest of the edition escaped because they were allowed to lie unread after the enthusiasts who had taken them to the Continent had died. The two surviving copies of the 1628 edition of *Doctor Faustus* remain for the same reason. The very existence of the edition itself was unknown until the Lincoln College copy was found some time between 1910 and 1920 after centuries of oblivion. Later, another copy turned up in the Kungliga Biblioteket (Royal Library) at Stockholm. This, together with a *Jew of Malta*, had been part of the library of Major-General J. A. Hamilton (1734-1795), a Scottish soldier who became Master of the Royal Household of Sweden. The Swedish branch of the Hamilton family retained the books until they passed to the Kungliga Biblioteket as a gift from the present Baron Hamilton of Boo in the province of Näske. The unique copy of *Titus Andronicus* now in the Folger Shakespeare Library probably reached Scandinavia in much the same fashion.

One of the most valuable early copies of Marlowe has been lost. This is the Prideaux copy of the 1629 *Hero and Leander*. It is infuriating to reflect that the history of this book — which contains Oxinden's annotations on the life of Marlowe and a copy of the Manwood epitaph — can be traced from about the time of its publication to 1917, when it vanished from the hands of a well-known London dealer who cannot now remember to whom he sold it. Since these annotations, as published during the nineteenth century, correspond almost word-for-word with the two Oxinden Commonplace Books, and since Oxinden habitually repeated himself, it is safe to assume that this copy of *Hero*

and Leander was part of his library. It probably shared the fate of his other books at the hands of the parishioners of Elham. It appeared in 1834 at the sale of Richard Heber's library [s] when it went to an unnamed collector for ten shillings. It was later owned by John Payne Collier and passed to his son-in-law, F. Ouvry. Colonel W. F. Prideaux purchased it soon after Ouvry's death and, when his books were sold in 1917, this one went to the London firm of Dobell, who sold it to the mysterious unknown.

Modern collectors are more than making amends for the early neglect of these rare old books. Their more precious volumes have gradually, by will or by gift, come into the hands of the world's great libraries where they can cease from their adventures and find permanent homes. Other great collectors, like the first J. P. Morgan, H. C. Folger, and H. E. Huntington, have turned their private collections into semi-public libraries, available to qualified scholars. At the same time, all the great libraries have for at least a century or more been buying really valuable early editions, including Marlowe's, whenever funds were available. Thus, gradually, the more important copies have come into the possession of great institutions where all can use them who have any right to do so, and where they can receive the careful, expert handling that even the best made book begins to require after the first few centuries of its existence.

The 1619 *Doctor Faustus* is now the only unique Marlowe item in private hands. All three copies of *Dido* and both copies of the 1628 *Faustus* have long been in libraries and so have two of the three copies of the 1620 edition. Even a very common play like *The Jew of Malta* is represented by twenty-six copies in university and other libraries as against sixteen in private hands.

Neglect has in the past, no doubt, deprived us for ever of much of the best work of Marlowe and the other Elizabethans; but what has chanced to survive to our own day is now preserved and protected for as long as our own order of society can hold itself together.

NOTES

[The following abbreviations are used CHEL=*Cambridge History of English Literature*, Jahrb = *Jahrbuch*, German Shakespeare Society, MLN=*Modern Language Notes*, MLR=*Modern Language Review*, N & Q=*Notes and Queries*, PMLA=*Publications of the Modern Language Association*, RES=*Review of English Studies*, SP=*Studies in Philology*, TLS=*Times Literary Supplement*]

CHAPTER I THE MARLOWE FAMILY

[1] On William Morle, see J M Cowper *Roll of the Freemen of Canterbury*, col 288, MSS *Accounts*, 1393-1445, Vol I, fol E xii The Canterbury counts are preserved in the Royal Museum and Public Library (Beaney Institute) On Thomas Morle, see Cowper, *op cit*, col 288 MSS *Accounts*, 1445-1506, Vol II, fol E ix On Simon Morle, see Cowper, *op cit*, col 288, MSS *Accounts*, 1393-1445, Vol I, fol E xxxix The folio numbers in the MSS do not run consistently through the volume and are at best rough guides

[2] On the first John Marle, or Marley, see Cowper, *loc cit*, MSS *Accounts*, 1445-1506, Vol II, fol Cmj On Richard Marley, tanner, see Cowper, *op cit*, col 57, MSS *Accounts*, 1512-1520 His will is in *Consistory Court Register*, Public Record Office, Canterbury, Vol XIII, fol 61, and is transcribed by Tucker Brooke, *Life*, p 83 ff

[3] On Christopher Marley, see his Will, *Archdeaconry Register*, Public Record Office, Canterbury, Vol XXI, fol 258 ff

[4] This story was told to Mrs. Dorothy Gardiner by old inhabitants of Canterbury

[5] Cf the conversations of Henry Oxinden with Simon Aldrich, p 234

[6] The original Register Booke of St George the Martyr, now in care of the Rector, is actually a copy made in 1599 Unfortunately the copyists, 'findinge the saide records (some of theim) Vnperfectly Wrotten, and confuzedlye bound together, they could not so orderly proceade as they desired' The entire work has been transcribed by the late J M Cowper and carefully indexed so that all references here given may be easily located

[7] Cowper *Roll of the Freemen of Canterbury*, p xi

[8] 'Burghmote Orders, 1469, &c,' Bunce MSS II, 328 Original said to be 'at the end of the large book of H6' Cf Cowper, *loc cit* The Bunce MSS are at the Beaney Institute, Canterbury

[9] John H Ingram *Christopher Marlowe and His Associates*, p 130 He gives no reference except 'one of the burgher manuscript records', which I have not been able to locate

[10] Historical MSS. Commission, Appendix to 9th Report, I, 158-a. Cf. Brooke, *op. cit*, p 15-n.

[11] Bunce MSS. II, 492; 'Rights and Privileges. New Transcribed, 1529'. Bunce Minutes, No. XXIV, Bunce MSS. I, 108.

[12] MS. Register of St. Andrew's, Canterbury, now in custody of the rector of St. Margaret's. Moore's two admissions to the rank of freeman are in Cowper, *op. cit*, col. 139; Brooke, *op. cit.*, p. 9; and the Canterbury MS. *Accounts*, 1577-1587, Vol. IV, which has no folio numbers at this point.

[13] Buttery Book of Corpus Christi, preserved in the Estates Bursary.

[14] These three marriages took place in the Church of St Mary Bredman and are recorded in its Register, now in the custody of the Rector of St. Margaret's, Canterbury. St. Mary Bredman, which has long since disappeared, must not be confused with St. Mary Bredin, which still stands.

[15] J. M. Cowper *Roll of the Freemen*, cols. 280, 112, 329. MSS. *Accounts*, 1587-92. Vol 15, fol 92, *Accounts*, 1592-1602, Vol. 16, fols. 9, 10. In these old books the folio numbers begin anew each year.

CHAPTER II THE SHOE-MAKER'S SON

[1] John Brent: *Canterbury in the Olden Times* (1879), pp. 151-2.

[2] Bunce Minutes, No. XLIX

[3] *Bunce MSS. II, 285; Bunce Minutes, No. V.*

[4] On Canterbury incomes and other statistics, for 1522, see Bunce Minutes, No XVI The data as to John Marlowe's apprentices are in the municipal archives, MSS *Accounts*, 1558-1568, Vol. 12; *Accounts*, 1568-1577, Vol. 13, *Accounts*, 1577-1587, Vol. 14; *Accounts*, 1592-1602, Vol. 16, ff. 10 recto, 11 recto Cf J M Cowper: *Roll of the Freemen*, cols. 200, 213, and John Bakeless, TLS 36 12 2 Jl 1937.

[5] All the Marlowe wills are in the Public Record Office, Canterbury John Marlowe's is in *Archdeaconry Register*, Vol. 52, fol. 373.

[6] Will of Dorothy Arthur, *Archdeaconry Register*, Vol. 50, fol. 361.

[7] Will of Katherine Marlowe, *Archdeaconry Register*, Vol. 54, fol. 267

CHAPTER III. THE KING'S SCHOLAR

[1] *Jew of Malta*, 1861

[2] John Tucker Murray: *English Dramatic Companies*. See Index under 'Canterbury'. Bunce MSS I, 49, Bunce Minutes, No. V

[3] Bunce MSS. II, 27

[4] *Acta Capituli*, Vol. I, fol 20, *Publica Exercita Lovetoit* [i e. *Lovejoy's*] *Scholarium*, Cathedral Library, Canterbury, MS. E41. Cf. King's School Catalogue (1936), p 10, CHEL, V, 115, Dorothy Gardiner: *Canterbury*, pp. 69-76, Woodruff and Cape *Schola Regia*, p 89

[5] Bunce MSS. II, 359; Bunce Minutes, No. XXII.

[6] John Brent: *Canterbury in the Olden Times* (2nd ed., 1879), p. 184; Bunce MSS, I, 138; II, 194-5.

[7] Bunce MSS. I, 47.

[8] MS. *Accounts*, 1539-1545, Vol. 9; Bunce MSS. I, 49.

[9] Bunce MSS. I, 126, 188; II, 196-7, 198, 201; Bunce Minutes, Nos. V, VI, VII.

[10] II *Henry IV*, V, i, 42-3.

[11] *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*, reprinted by W. C. Hazlitt in *English Drama and Stage*, p. 161.

CHAPTER IV. LEARNING'S GOLDEN GIFTS

[1] Indenture of April 2nd, 1580, preserved in an old MS. book of 'Statuta, &c. &c.' in the Spencer Room of Corpus Christi College. See especially ff. 56-8. Discovery of this indenture by the present author confirms the deductions of Mr. G. C. Moore Smith from the college accounts. Cf. MLR, 4: 167-77 in 1909.

[2] Lansdowne MS. 33, f. 86; Lansdowne MS. 51, f. 144; Cooper: *Annals*, II, 435; II, 403; CHEL, V, 404.

[3] John Josselin: *Historiola Collegii Corporis Christi*, par. 2.

[4] Ibid., par 4.

[5] Paul Hentzner: *Journey into England* (Ed. 1807), pp. 29-30; Cooper: *Annals*, II, 330; George Braun, or Bruin: *De Praecipuis Totius Universi Urbibus*, Lib. II, Cap. 1.

[6] On Kett's resignation, see the 'Chapter Book, 1569-1626', p. 84. Fineux's academic career is recorded in the accounts of Corpus Christi, the University Matriculation Book, and the two Oxinden Commonplace Books, one in the Folger Shakespeare Library and the other in the British Museum, Addit. MS. 28012, ff. 514 verso 515 recto.

[7] John Venn: *Grace Book Delta*, pp. vii-viii.

[8] John Willis Clark: *Letters Patent of Elizabeth and James I Addressed to the University of Cambridge*, p. 23. Cf. Thomas Dinham Atkinson: *Cambridge Described and Illustrated*, p. 485.

[9] Corpus Christi Library, Parker MSS. No. 49, ff. 3, 7-10. Cf. Catalogue by M. R. James, II, 444. The Buttery Book sometimes lists more than twenty 'magistri', but these were probably not all fellows but other masters of arts who for one reason or another remained in residence.

[10] C. H. Cooper: *Annals of Cambridge*, II, 329; George Braun or Bruin: *De Praecipuis Totius Universi Urbibus*, Lib. II, Cap. I; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 46: 201 My 1776.

[11] Cooper: *Annals*, II, 455 (1588); 448 (1587).

[12] Cooper: *Annals*, II, 455 (1588).

[13] J B Mullinger *University of Cambridge*, II, 389, *Documents Relating to the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, I, 482-3

[14] *Historical Register*, p 190, Cooper *Annals*, II, 161-3, quoting MSS Cole, 42, fol 290, Hartshorne *Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge*, p 446-n

[15] *Doctor Faustus*, 118 19

[16] Cooper *Annals*, II, 346 (1576)

[17] 1 *Tamburlaine*, 2306

[18] John H Ingram 'New View of Marlowe' *Universal Review*, 4 380-99 (1889)

[19] E J L Scott *Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey*, A D 1573-1580 [London Camden Society, 1884]

[20] Cooper *Annals*, I, 398, 352 (1540/41, 1577), Atkinson, *op cit*, p 260

[21] *Returne from Pernassus*, I, 1

[22] British Museum, Lansdowne MSS fols 84-6 Marlowe's name appears on fol 85, verso, col 3

[23] *Massacre at Paris*, 365-421

[24] Cap VI, 'De Ratione Studiorum' Stat Univ Cantab in *Documents Relating to the University and Colleges*, I, 459

[25] *Doctor Faustus*, 34

[26] *Doctor Faustus*, 40, 17, 31

[27] *Doctor Faustus*, 84, 672, 645-90

[28] British Museum, Addit MS 6786, f 491 This may be a reference to Capt Edmund Marlowe

[29] Cooper *Annals*, II, 396 (1593), Stat Acad Cantab in *Documents*, I, 462, *Grace Book Delta*, fol 150 verso, p 404 of Venn's printed transcript, E G Duff *English Provincial Printers*, p 26, E J L Scott *Letter Book of Gabriel Harvey*, pp 59, 61, 74

[30] Cooper *Annals*, II, 389-90 (1582)

[31] Cooper *Annals*, II, 387 (1581/82), Stat Acad Cantab in *Documents*, I, 357, C Sayles *Annals of the Cambridge University Library*, p 53 (1574-83)

[32] See the *Catalogus Librorum MS* (Donors' Book), pp 21 ff, now in the University Library, C Sayle *Annals of the Cambridge University Library*, pp 49, 52, 53, *Rough List of the Parker Books* (MS), Nos 47, 298 in the Library of Corpus Christi

[33] C Sayle *Annals of the Cambridge University Library*, p 53

CHAPTER V ARCHBISHOP'S BOUNTY

[1] Royal Historical Society, *Transactions* (NS) 6 35 (1892)

[2] Lansdowne MS 73, No 29, 7 Calend May 1581, British Museum, Cooper *Annals*, II, 383 (1581), II, 382 (1580), *Stat Acad Cantab*, p 461, J J Smith *Cambridge Portfolio*, I, 102

[3] Royal Historical Society, *Transactions* (NS) 6 34-5 (1894)

[4] *Apology for Smectymnuus, Works* (1851), III, 267

[5] Cooper *Annals*, II, 400 (1584), John Strype *Life and Acts of Archbishop Parker*, II, 195-7, Book IV, Chap xviii

[6] J B Black *Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, pp 192-3

[7] Cooper *Annals*, II, 405-6 (1584-85), William Oldys *Life of Ralegh* (Oxford, 1829), I, 60 3, Edward Edwards *Life and Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh*, I, 63, II, 24-5

[8] Cooper *Annals*, II, 440-1 (1587)

[9] G C Moore Smith, MLR, 4 169 Ja 1909, Robert Masters *History of CCC*, p 85, John Josselin *Historiola* (Ed J W Clark, 1880), pp 42-3, Moore Smith, *loc cit*

[10] James Heywood and T Wright *University Transactions*, pp 221-3

[11] *Doctor Faustus*, 196-7 Cf John Venn University of Cambridge *Grace Book Delta*, pp 373, 375, *MS Grace Book*, ff 142 verso, 143 recto

[12] *Doctor Faustus*, 34-5

[13] The original is of course in Latin It is No 199 among the Supplicats 1583/4, University Registry

[14] The statement, sometimes made, that Greene left Cambridge in 1579 is erroneous and is disproved by university archives See B A Supplicats, 1579/80, No 115, M A Supplicats, 1582/3, No 29, *Grace Book Delta*, fols 284 and 140 recto, Venn's transcript, pp 326, 329, 360

[15] B A Supplicats, 1583/4, *Grace Book Delta*, fol 142 verso, Venn's transcript, p 396

[16] Harleian MSS 6848 and 6853, ff 185 recto, 307 verso (formerly numbered 170 and 320)

CHAPTER VI 'HIS FAITHFUL DEALING'

[1] Acts of the Privy Council, June 29th, 1587 Dasent's edition, XXIV, 244 The original is in Volume VI, Public Record Office

[2] *Cal State Papers, Dom Eliz* 1601-1603, p 23

[3] Patent Rolls, 1401, Chancery Miscellanea, Bundle 64, File 8, No 241 b Cf J L Hotson *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, 29, 32

[4] Lansdowne MS 49, No 25, f 63 Various other manuscript versions of this letter are extant British Museum

[5] Harleian MS 6848, f 185, Harleian MS 6853, f 307, British Museum, Tucker Brooke *Life*, p 99

[6] Cooper *Annals*, II 430, 329, *Stat Acad Cantab*, p 467

[7] A K Gray, PMLA, 43 682-700 S 1928, *Cal State Papers, Domestic*, 1581-90, CLXX, No 44, Conyers Read, *Sir Francis Walsingham*, II,

323-n; Ethel Seaton, RES, 5: 273-276 Jy 1929; Anthony Munday: *English Romayne Life* (Ed. G. B. Harrison, Bodley Head Quartos), pp. 2, 6.

[8] *Cal. State Papers, Domestic, Elizabeth, Additional*, 1580-1625, XXX, No. 43, October 2nd, 1587.

CHAPTER VII. LONDON AND FAME

[1] William Smith: Particuler Description of England (1588). British Museum, Sloane MS. 2596. Cf. Rye: *England as Seen by Foreigners*, p. 185; Diary of Lupold von Wedel in *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* (NS) 9: 228-9 (1895).

[2] Mark Eccles: *Christopher Marlowe in London*, pp. 104-7; Middlesex Sessions Roll, 309, No. 13.

[3] Thomas Heywood: *Rape of Lucrece* (Mermaid ed.), pp. 424-5.

[4] Rye, *op. cit.*

[5] Lupold von Wedel's Diary. *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* (NS) 9: 228-9 (1895); Rye, *op. cit.*, p. 183.

[6] Rye, *op. cit.*

[7] Diary of Lupold von Wedel, *op. cit.*, p. 253.

[8] John Norden: *Speculum Britanniae* (1593), p. 35.

[9] Norden, *loc cit.*

[10] J. Q. Adams: *Shakespearean Playhouses.*

[11] London Ordinance of 6 December 1574; W. C. Hazlitt: *English Drama and Stage*; J. Q. Adams: *Shakespearean Playhouses*, p. 24.

[12] Thomas Middleton: *The Black Book.* See *Works of Middleton* (Edited by A. H. Bullen), VIII, 13.

[13] C. W. Wallace: *First London Theatre*, pp. 121 ff.; J. Q. Adams: *Shakespearean Playhouses*, pp. 56 ff.

[14] Adams, *loc. cit.*

[15] Adams, *op. cit.*, p. 140.

[16] Adams, *op. cit.*, p. 145.

[17] Henslowe's Diary, folio 7; Greg's ed., I, 13.

[18] Stow's *Survey of London* (1598), p. 371 (Ed. Henry Morley, 1890).

[19] *Holy State*, Vol. I, p. 338 (Ed. 1841).

[20] 1 *Henry VI*, I, iii; *Troilus and Cressida*, V. x. 55. Cf. E. H. Sugden: *Topographical Dictionary*, p. 69.

[21] *Bartholomew Fair*, V, iii (Mermaid ed.).

[22] Stow, *op. cit.*, p. 371.

CHAPTER VIII. A YOUNG CAREER

[1] *Massacre at Paris*, 97-106.

[2] 1 *Tamburlaine*, 44-5.

[3] I *Tamburlaine*, 1372-78

[4] I *Tamburlaine*, 1559-66

[5] Pius II *Asiae Europaeque Elegantissima Descriptio* (1531), in the Parker Bequest, Corpus Christi, Cambridge

[6] I *Tamburlaine*, 1897-9, 1916-56 and the following scenes

[7] For provincial productions, see *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot*, Ed 1654, p 271 The passage is omitted in the edition of 1768 The book is sometimes referred to as *Festivous Notes upon Don Quixot* Cf II *Henry IV*, II iv, 178-9

[8] II *Tamburlaine*, 2896-921

[9] II *Tamburlaine*, 2969-3001

[10] II *Tamburlaine*, 3980-2

[11] *Middlemarch*, Chapter xxii Beaumont and Fletcher *Coxcomb*, II i, *Women Pleased*, IV, i, Ford and Dekker *Sun's Darling*, III, ii, John Taylor *Works*, Ed 1630, Sigs L-13 and Rob-2, Day and Chettle *Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green*, Ed Bang, line 1660, Ben Jonson, *Eastward Hoe*, II, R Braithwaite *Strappado for the Diuell*, Ed 1878, p 159, Edward Sharpham *The Fleire*, Ed Nibbe, p 22, Thomas Lodge *Wounds of Ciuill War* (III)

[12] Baptista Egnatius *De Origine Turcorum* (1556), p 185, Andrew Cambinus *Turkish Affaires*, p 6 recto, Paulus Jovius *Shorte Treatise upon the Turkes' Chronicles* (1546), Chapter v, f viii, Philip Lonicer *Chronicorum Turcorum* (1578), Book I, Tom I, f 16 recto, Pope Pius *Asiae Europaeque Elegantissima Descriptio* (1531), p 86, II *Tamburlaine*, 3111

[13] I *Tamburlaine*, 317, Baptista Fulgosius *Factorum Dictorumque Memorabilium Libri IX*, p 379 of the Corpus Christi College copy, which is No 47 in the Parker List It is also called *De Dictis Factisque Memorabilibus* The passage is in Book III, Chapter iv of the 1509 edition, which has no page numbers, and on p 104 of the 1578 edition It is copied almost word for word in Philip Lonicer, *op cit*, f 15 recto, Book I, Tom I

[14] *Bondage and Travels of Johann Schiltberger*, edited by Karl Friedrich Neumann and translated into English by Commander J Buchan Telfer, R N

[15] Heinrich von Effenham *XIII Homiliae* (1571), f 72-k, Book II, Chapter i (Copy in Harvard College Library)

[16] Mir Khwand (the elder) *Rauzat-us-Safa* (Teheran edition, 1854), Vol VI, ff 15 and 15 verso, Ali-i-Yazdi *Zafarnameh* (Bibliotheca Indica, Calcutta), Vol I, pp 356-7, Vol II, pp 1-5

[17] Silvestre de Sacy 'Mémoire sur une correspondance inedite de Tamerlane avec Charles VI' *Mém de l'Acad des Inscriptions*, 6 470-82 (1822), *Narrative of the Embassy of Ruy Gonzales de Clavijo to the Court of Timur*, translated by Clements R Markham There is a later (1928) translation by Guy M Strange

NOTES

CHAPTER IX. 'THE WATCH STRIKES'

[1] *Doctor Faustus*, 102-3. The earlier quotations are from the opening soliloquy.

[2] Oxinden Commonplace Books, Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C. and British Museum, Additional Manuscript 28012, ff. 514 verso —515 recto; 'Oxinden Amici', Folger Shakespeare Library, Annual Audits, Corpus Christi College; Matriculation Book, Cambridge University.

[3] *Doctor Faustus*, 312-18, 11 *Tamburlaine*, 2909-10.

[4] *Doctor Faustus*, 294, 338-9, 559-60.

[5] *Doctor Faustus*, 1328-47.

[6] *The Knave of Clubs* (1609) in *Works of S. Rowlands*, Vol. II, p. 29 (Hunterian Club, 1880) Cf. Alexander Tille. *Faustsplitter*, pp. 65 ff.

[7] *English Faust Book*, Chapter 45, *Iliad*, Gamma, 156; opening lines of *Iphigenia*; *Aeneid*, II, 197-8

[8] 11 *Tamburlaine*, 3055-56; *Dido*, 1610-12, 1162, 1329.

[9] *Doctor Faustus*, 1359-60

[10] Josephine Preston Peabody *Marlowe*, I, 1

[11] *The Black Book*, attributed to Thomas Middleton Bullen's Middleton, VIII, 13.

[12] CHEL, III, 198. The lines are in stanza 22 of the Haslewood (1815) edition of the *Mirror*, II, 466.

[13] Tucker Brooke, PMLA, 37: 384 (1922); Boas's edition, p 8.

[14] For the identity of Ive, see Accounts, 351/542 in the Public Record Office, July 9th, 1587 (f 96 verso), August 23rd, 1587 (f. 97 recto); 351/543 18th August, 1600 (f 59 verso).

[15] Cf Wilhelm Scherer's (1884) reprint of the *Faustbuch*, pp 102-3; *English Faust Book*, Chapter xx; *Doctor Faustus*, 839-43, 844-5.

[16] *English Faust Book*, Chapter xxix; *Doctor Faustus*, 805.

[17] *Acts* xix, 19

[18] Heidelberg University Archives, 1, 3, No 50, f 36 recto.

[19] *Explicationum Melanchthonianarum* in *Evangelia Dominica*, Parts II and IV, Alexander Tille· *Faustsplitter*, Nos. 9 and 10, Ward's edition of *Doctor Faustus* (1910), p. lxv and note.

[20] *Doctor Faustus*, 967, 984, Mermaid edition, p. 210 and note; Bullen's edition, I, 258 and note, Percy Simpson, *Essays and Studies*, VII, 154.

[21] *Henslowe's Diary*, f. 108 verso; Greg's edition, I, 172.

[22] *The Black Book*, attributed to Thomas Middleton Bullen's Middleton, VIII, 13; John Melton: *The Astrologaster* (1620), p 31 There is a copy of this book in the Harvard College Library. Cf. Brooke *Trans. Conn. Acad.* 25 375 (1921-22).

[23] *Histrio-Mastix* (1633 ed.), Part I, f. 557 recto, 556 recto; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 2nd ser. 34 234 S 1850; Chambers *Elizabethan Stage*, III,

424; J. Q. Adams: *Life of Shakespeare*, p 126; John Aubrey: *Natural History and Antiquities of Surrey* (1718-19), I, 190.

[24] On Continental productions, see Johannes Meissner: *Die Englischen Comoedianten zur Zeit Shakespeares in Oesterreich*, p. 90. Pope's allusion is in *The Dunciad*, Book III, lines 229-230 and notes.

[25] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV, v. 70-1; *Richard II*, IV, 1. 281-286; *Troilus and Cressida*, II, iii, 6, II, iii, 80-1. Cf. *Doctor Faustus*, 1327-29 and McKerrow's *Nashe*, III, 185.

[26] *Doctor Faustus*, 195, *Faust* 481, *Faust Fragment* 128, *Urfaust*, 128; *Doctor Faustus*, 699, *Faust* 482, *Faust Fragment* 129, *Urfaust* 130. Cf. Otto Heller: *Faust and Faustus*, p. 51 ff and James Taft Hatfield, JEGP, 24: 450 Jy 1925.

[27] *Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary* (Macmillan, 1869), August 2nd, 1829, II, 434. Cf. Eckermann's *Goethes Gesprache*, August 2nd, 1829, VII, 108 and *Goethes Tagebucher*, *Goethes Werke* (Weimar, 1894), III Abth. Band 6, p. 215.

CHAPTER X. 'BLOODY, BOLD AND RESOLUTE'

[1] Mark Eccles: *Christopher Marlowe in London*, p. 57. The original document is in the Public Record Office, London, K.B. 29/226, f. 119. It was originally discovered by Hotson. All the other episodes related to the duel are, however, the discoveries of Mr. Eccles.

[2] Hotson: *Shakespeare versus Shallow*, p. 9.

[3] Eccles, *op. cit.*, pp. 48, 57.

[4] 'To the Gentlemen Students', prefixed to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*, Grosart's Greene, VI, 23. The relation of this passage to the duel has not previously been noted.

[5] Originalia, E 371/549. lxxj, Public Record Office; Eccles: *op. cit.*, p. 26.

[6] Middlesex Sessions Roll, Middlesex Guildhall, No. 248; Eccles: *op. cit.*, p. 34.

[7] St. Andrew's Parish Register; Eccles: *op. cit.*, p. 46.

[8] Middlesex Sessions Roll, 284, No. 1; printed in Jeaffreson's *Middlesex Sessions Records*, I, 189, as an abstract. Cf. Brooke: *Life*, pp. 96-7; Sir Sidney Lee, *Athenaeum*, No. 3486· 235-6 18 Ag 1894; H. F. Westlake in London *Times*, June 24th, 1926, p. 17-d; Hotson in *Atlantic Monthly*, 138 40 Jy 1926.

[9] *Bibliotheca Monastica-Fletewodiana*, No. 1351, p. 76. Priced copy in the Bodleian. This curious fact has not previously been noted.

[10] Letter to the Lord Mayor, first noted by Eccles: *op. cit.*, p. 91. Cf. *Remembrancia*, I, Nos. 505, 516 (ff. 256, 262); W. H. and H. C. Overall: *Analytical Index to the Series of Records Known as the Remembrancia* (1878), p. 154; Hotson, *Atlantic Monthly*, 138: 37-44 Jy 1926; Eccles: *op. cit.*, p. 69.

[11] This bond has been known since Sir Sidney Lee printed it in the *Athenaeum* (see Note 8), but no one had any idea what it was for until Mr Mark Eccles discovered the Bradley-Watson documents The date is often erroneously given as 1588 This is because the documents are dated merely 31 Elizabeth, the regnal year being dated from the day the Queen ascended the throne, namely, November 17th, 1558 Thus '31 Eliz' runs from November 17th, 1558 to November 16th, 1559 This error appears in the revised edition of the DNB, in John H Ingram's *Christopher Marlowe and His Associates*, in E K Chambers's *Elizabethan Stage*, and in Hotson's *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, but Hotson carefully corrects it in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July 1926

[12] Hotson *Atlantic Monthly*, 148 26-31 Jy 1931, Eccles *op cit*, p 35

[13] (Ed 1908) I, 167 On Poley's residence, see *Cal State Papers, Dom Eliz*, 1591-94, p 35 The Original is in Vol CCXXXVIII, No 140, Apr 1591

[14] Harleian MS 6849, fol 218, Harleian MS 4848, fol 154 The first was discovered by F S Boas and printed in his *Works of Thomas Kyd* The second was discovered by F K Brown and printed in TLS, 20 355 June 2nd, 1921, cf *Archiv*, 142 257 D 1921 and Brooke *Life*, pp 103-108

[15] Harleian MS 6848, ff 187 189

[16] Additional MSS 6782-6789

CHAPTER XI A GREAT PLAY BOTCHED

[1] *Jew of Malta*, 72, CHTL, III, 366, *Sad Shepherd*, I, i, 13, Chapman *Ovid's Banquet of Sence* (Parrott's ed) *As You Like It*, III, iii, 15-6

[2] Thomas Heywood Address prefixed to *The English Traveller* Quotations from *The Jew of Malta* are from lines 386, 940 ff

[3] Lewis Perry in the Williams College acting version (1909), pp xvi, xviii

[4] J R Green *Short History of the English People* (1888), Part II, 205

[5] Public Record office, SP 12/82, f 7, N&Q, 2nd ser 8 448 3 D 1859, Sidney Lee *Trans New Shaks Soc*, 1887-92, p 158

[6] Walsingham's Diary (Camden Soc Misc), Vol VI, p 12, Nov 21st, 1571

[7] Godfrey Goodman *Court of King James the First*, I, 152-3 (Ed John S Brewer)

[8] Sidney Lee 'Original of Shylock', *Gentleman's Magazine* (OS), 246, (NS) 24 185-200 F 1880, 'Elizabethan England and the Jews', *Trans New Shaks Soc*, 1st ser Vols 11-14 143-166 (1887-92), Camden's *Annales* (3rd ed, 1635), pp 430-1, William Murdin *Collection of State Papers Left by William Cecil, Lord Burghley*, p 669

[9] *Doctor Faustus*, 1149-50

[10] William Rowley: *Search for Money* (1609). Percy Society Reprint (1890), p. 19. The author must not be confused with the dramatist.

[11] E. E. Stoll: 'Shylock', JEGP, 10: 236 Ap 1911; W. Creizenach: *Geschichte d. neueren dramas* (1909), IV, 514; J. P. Collier: *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, pp. 52 ff.; Karl Elze: Jahrb. 6: 161 N 1871.

[12] *Letter Book of Gabriel Harvey* (Ed. E. J. L. Scott), p. 79. Cf. pp. 174, 135, 175; *Works of Gabriel Harvey* (Ed. A. B. Grosart, Huth Library), 1, 69.

[13] Hanns Josef Schäfer: *Innosenz Gentillet, sein leben und besonders sein 'Anti-Machiavel'*, Bonn Diss. (1929); *Biographie Universelle* (Michaud, 1856), XVI, 196-7; *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle* (Didot, 1857), XIX, 949-950. Columbia University has a copy of the 1608 English edition.

[14] English (1608) ed., Sigs. Aij, verso; ij, recto.

[15] Cf. Chester Louis Reiss: *Christopher Marlowe and Atheism*, New York University Master's Thesis (MS.), 1932.

[16] Albert Croll Baugh's edition of *Englishmen for My Money*, Pennsylvania Diss., 1917; Arthur Bivens Stonex: 'Usurer in Elizabethan Drama', PMLA, 31: 190-210 (1916); Walter Reinecke: *Der Wucherer im alteren englischen drama*, Halle Diss., 1907.

[17] H. Graetz: *History of the Jews*, IV, 595.

[18] Lonicer, *Chronicorum Turcorum Tomi Duo*, pp. 273, 296. Cf. Ethel Seaton, 'Fresh Sources for Marlowe', RES, 5: 390-3 O 1929; Belleforest: *Cosmographie Universelle*, II, 580.

[19] *Jew of Malta*, 2090-2; Nicholay, Book I, Chapter xix; Villegagnon, pp. 61-2; cf. pp. 63, 109.

[20] Villegagnon, p. 98.

CHAPTER XII. MATURITY ACHIEVED

[1] John Tucker Murray: *English Dramatic Companies*, I, 59.

[2] *Edward the Second*, 51-53.

[3] Charles Lamb: 'Characters of Dramatic Writers', *Works* (1876), IV, 219.

[4] *Edward the Second*, 992-7.

[5] *Edward the Second*, 1274, 1361, 1745, 1881-2, 2465; Holinshed (Ed. 1586) III, 321, III, 325, III, 339, III, 341. Holinshed (Ed. 1807) II, 551, II, 559, II, 583, II, 587.

[6] E. K. Chambers: *Elizabethan Stage*, II, 447, 420; Mark Eccles: *Christopher Marlowe in London*, pp. 163-9.

CHAPTER XIII. FRIENDS AND FOES

[1] Bodleian Library, Aubrey MS. 6, f. 77 verso; John Aubrey: *Brief Lives* (Oxford, 1898), II, 192.

[2] Thomas Fuller: *Worthies of England* (Ed. 1811), I, 287.

[3] Aubrey MS. 6, f. 75 verso; Aubrey, *op. cit.*, II, 182.

[4] Aubrey MS. 6, f. 77; Aubrey, *op. cit.*, II, 188.

[5] Aubrey MS. 6, f. 77; this indecorous episode is omitted by the Oxford edition, but is printed by John Collier: *Life and Credulities of John Aubrey*, p 35; Aubrey *Brief Lives* (Oxford, 1898), II, 183.

[6] Aubrey MS 6, f. 76; Aubrey, *op. cit.*, II, 191.

[7] Aubrey MS. 6, f. 75 verso, 76; Aubrey, *op. cit*, II, 182, 186.

[8] Aubrey MS. 6, f. 76, Aubrey, *op cit*, II, 186.

[9] Harleian MSS. 6848, f. 185. The other copy (Harleian MS. 6853, f. 307) omits this phrase.

[10] The parallel first detected by Miss M. C. Bradbrook: *School of Night*, pp 17-8; Raleigh, *Works*, VIII, 554; Harleian MSS. 6848, f. 186; Harleian MSS 6853, fol 308

[11] Harleian MS. 6849, f. 218; Tucker Brooke: *Life*, p. 105.

[12] Aubrey MS. 6, f. 77; Aubrey, *op. cit.*, II, 185.

[13] Harriot's papers are at the British Museum, Additional MSS. 6782-9.

[14] F. S. Boas: *Marlowe and His Circle*, p. 70.

[15] Harleian MS. 6848, f 185, Harleian MS. 6853, f 187.

[16] Preface to the translation of Homer: J. E. Spingarn: *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, I, 69-70.

[17] Harleian MS 6849, ff. 184-190. For transcript, see G. B. Harrison's edition of *Willobie His Avisa*, pp 255-71; cf. J. M. Stone: 'Atheism under Elizabeth and James I', *The Month*, 81: 174-187; Ja 1894.

[18] The dialogue is verbatim from the official report referred to in the preceding note.

[19] Ibid.

[20] McKerrow's *Nashe*, II, 180; III, 195, 198.

[21] *Perimedes the Blacksmith.* See Grosart's *Greene*, McKerrow's *Nashe*

[22] McKerrow's *Nashe*, III, 85.

[23] The passage appears only in the Huntington Library's copy of *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier*. Cf. *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XIV, 7-8, Part 1.

[24] Harleian MS. 6849, f. 218, Brooke. *Life*, p. 104.

[25] J R. Dasent: *Acts of the Privy Council*, XIX, 153-4, May 24th, 1590.

[26] The 'sentence' on Frizer's estate is preserved at Somerset House, London (99 Skynner). On his career, see Hotson: *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, pp 41-51; F. S. Boas: *Marlowe and His Circle*, pp. 109-11, Hotson, *Atlantic Monthly*, 138: 39 Jy 1926; Eugenie de Kalb, TLS, 24: 351, 21 My 1925; J W Kirby, TLS, 29: 592, 17 Jy 1930.

[27] J. A. Venn: *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, III, 380.

[28] First noted by Sir. E. K. Chambers, MLR, 21: 84-85, Ja 1926. Cf F. S Boas *Marlowe and His Circle*, p. 32; *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCXXII, Nos. 13 and 14. SP. 12/122, Nos. 13 and 14.

[29] Bodleian Library, Ashmolean MS. 830, f. 4 recto; British Museum,

Cottonian MS Calig B V. art 22, f. 170 recto; Calig. C. IX, art. 145-147, especially f. 303, formerly 240 Cf *Calendar of State Papers, Scotland, Elizabeth*, 1589-1603, II, 972; *State Papers*, Vol XVI, No. 7.

[30] *Calendar of State Papers Foreign Ser*, 1586-1588, Part I (General), p. 229, Feb ? 1587. The original in the Public Record Office is in the volume labelled 'France, XVII', No. 26 bis. It was placed there in 1925 and bears Poley's signature.

[31] Somerset House, London (97 Hele).

[32] Lansdowne MS. 44, No 38, f. 118. First noted by Sir E. K Chambers, TLS, 24 352, 21 My 1925. Cf Boas *op cit*, pp 96-7, and T. Wright: *Queen Elizabeth and Her Times*, II, 248 See also *Acts of the Privy Council*, XXXII, 130, *Calendar of Scottish Papers*, VIII, 564 The original is in Mary Queen of Scots Papers, XIX 2, in the Public Record Office

CHAPTER XIV. 'STABD WITH A DAGGER'

[1] Harleian MS 6848, f. 154, British Museum.

[2] Harleian MS 6849, f. 218.

[3] J. R Dasent *Acts of the Privy Council*, XXIV, 244. The original manuscript is in the Public Record Office, London, this passage being in Vol XI Cf Brooke *Life*, p. 58; Ingram: *Christopher Marlowe and His Associates* gives a wrong reference.

[4] Bance MS I, 127. Royal Museum and Public Library (Beaney Institute), Canterbury

[5] See Note 3 above. This entry occurs on the same page of the original manuscript.

[6] J R Dasent *op cit*, XXIV, 118 Cf pp 128, 137, 144, 277, and Note 3

[7] Anthony Marlowe frequently appears in the records See W. W. Greg *Henslowe Papers*, p. 51; *Cal. State Papers, Foreign*, XIX, 132; Joseph Lemuel Chester: *London Marriage Licenses*, 1521-1869, p 887

[8] Hotson *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, pp. 31-32, translating the original Latin of the pardon, Chancery Miscellanea, Bundle 64, File 8, No. 241 b, Public Record Office, London.

[9] On Poley's comings and goings, see Declared Accounts of the Lord Treasurer of the Chamber (E 351/542) and of the Master of the Posts (E 351/543) in Public Record Office, London. Also Ethel Seaton 'Marlowe, Robert Poley, and the Tippings', RES, 5: 1-15 Jy 1929, 'Robert Poley's Ciphers', RES, 7.1-14 Ap 1931 Miss Seaton has discovered Poley's ciphers in *State Papers*, 106, Vol. II, Nos 105, 105A, 105B, Public Record Office

[10] William Vaughan: *Golden Grove*, ed. 1600, Sig. C4 verso; ed. 1608, Sig. C5.

[11] Vaughan *loc. cit*

[12] Harleian MSS 6868, f 154 and 6849, f. 218

[13] Hotson: *op cit*, p. 33

[14] Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M D: *Assassination of Christopher Marlowe*, *passim*, and especially the medical opinions appended

[15] J. C. Jeaffreson: *Middlesex Records*, I, xlv-xlvii. The originals are preserved in the Middlesex Guildhall, London.

[16] Patent Rolls of Chancery 1401, Public Record Office

[17] McKerrow's *Nashe*, V, 80-81

[18] Harleian MS 6849, f. 218.

[19] DNB, II, 15; Benjamin Brook: *Lives of the Puritans*, II, 396; Carlyle's *Cromwell* (Works, New York, 1897), VII, 67; Hunter's *Chorus Vatum*, British Museum

[20] *Theatre of God's Judgments*. The spelling has been partly modernized

[21] One of the Oxinden manuscripts is in the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D C It is known as the 'Oxinden Commonplace Book'. The other is in the British Museum, Additional MS. 28012, ff. 514 verso-515 recto There were similar notations in the Prideaux copy of the 1629 *Hero and Leander*, now lost

[22] A folio manuscript, apparently prepared as the basis of a fifth edition, appears in P J and A. E. Dobell's Catalogue No. 22, Item No 193

[23] *Thunderbolt of God's Wrath*, Chapter xxii, p. 29.

[24] Vaughan *loc cit.*

[25] *Returne from Pernassus*, I, ii

[26] Reprinted in G Gregory Smith: *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, II, 324.

[27] Anthony à Wood *Athenae Oxonienses* (Ed. 1815), II, 9

[28] F Paul in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, 42: 588 O 1917

[29] Three are reprinted by W W Greg. *List of Masques, Pageants, &c.*; and there is another in the series 'Old English Drama, Student's Facsimile Edition'

[30] Chetwode, p. 8, Baker, ed 1764, Sig. X2 recto; Ed 1782, I, 301, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 3rd ed. (1797), X, 576; *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, XXXIII, 860-63; Taine *Hist Eng. Lit.* (Edinburgh, 1872), I, 238 Iwan Bloch *Englische Sittengeschichte*, II, 10. Kemble's book is now in the Folger Shakespeare Library.

[31] *The Death of Christopher Marlowe.*

[32] *British Stage and Literary Cabinet*, 5: 22 Je 1821. The signature there given, 'Dangle, Jr.', is believed to conceal Broughton himself Cf. Hotson, *op. cit*, p. 17; Brooke *Life*, p. 77; *Gentleman's Magazine* (OS) 100 (NS) 23: 6 Ja 1830.

NOTES

CHAPTER XV POETIC INTERLUDES

[1] *Biographica Dramatica* (1812), Pt II, p 493

[2] Lansdowne MS 807, British Museum

[3] Steevens and Read *Shakespeare* (1803), II, 371 -, - rederick Thornhill 'Old Dramas in Mr Warburton's Collection', *Gentleman's Magazine* (OS) 118 (NS) 85 217-22 S 1815, William Prideaux Courtney Article, 'Warburton, John', DNB, XX, 755, W W Greg 'Bakings of Betsy', *Library*, 3rd Ser 2 225-59 Jy 1911, Egerton Brydges *Censura Literaria* (1807), V, 273

[4] *Massacre at Paris*, 257, II *Henry VI*, First Folio, p 135, Second, p 470, Third, p 134, Fourth, p 145

[5] E Sawyer *Memorials of Affairs of State Collected (Chiefly) from the Original Papers of the Right Honourable Sir Ralph Winwood* (1725), I, 425

[6] Cazamian and Legouis *Hist Eng Lit* I, 284, CHEL, VI, 166-7, Jonn Bakeless 'Christopher Marlowe and the Newsbooks', *Journalism Quarterly*, 14 18-22 Mr 1837

[7] Arber's reprint, II, 265

[8] Jean de Serres *First Booke of the historie of the last troubles of France*, p 202 (wrongly numbered 184) Bound with *Historical Collection* Copy in the New York Public Library

[9] *A true and plaine report of the Furious outrages of France*, quoted in Matthias A Shaaber *Some Forerunners of the Newspaper*, pp 179-n , 237

[10] *Correspondance diplomatique de Bertrand Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon*, VII, 402

[11] *Doctor Faustus*, 1328, 1330, 1329, 1472, 1428, *Dido*, 1612, 1329, 1162, 1269, 26

[12] *Hero and Leander*, I, 382, *Dodo*, 526

[13] Cf *Dido*, 481, *Edward the Second*, 2030, II *Tamburlaine*, 2945, 3529 For 'blubbered cheeks', cf *Dido*, 1541, I *Tamburlaine*, 1802, for 'lawles spoyle', cf *Dido*, 260, I *Tamburlaine*, 548 There are scores of similar parallels

[14] *Hamlet*, II, II Cf Edward Capell *Notes and Various Readings to Shakespeare* (1783), I, 134-5, *Dido*, 548 9, *Hamlet*, II, II, 494-5, *Troilus and Cressida*, V, III, 40-41

CHAPTER XVI 'MARLOWE'S MIGHTY LINE'

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser 1 469 450, 18 My 1850

[2] *Hero and Leander*, III, 183-98

[3] Ibid , VI, 276 80

[4] The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library It was reprinted by Leonce Chabalier in his *Héro et Léandre, Poème de Christopher Marlowe et George Chapman* Dyce's edition reprints a few passages Cf DNB, XV,

975-976; Warton: *Hist. Eng. Poetry* (1781), III, 434-n, E. H. Sugden: *Topographical Dictionary*, pp. 31-2: STC, 19803-8.

[5] British Museum, *Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 250.

[6] Ashmolean MS. 1486, II, f. 6 verso.

[7] Quaritch Catalogue 525 (1936), No. 48, p. 11; Sotheby Catalogue, Je 8-9, 1936, Nos 459-460, pp. 65-6; E. V. Lucas *Life of Charles Lamb* (1920 ed.), II, 745-6.

[8] *Jew of Malta*, 1809-16

[9] I *Tamburlaine*, 278-302, [9A] PMLA, 40: 692-742 (1925)

[10] McKerrow's Nashe, III, 127. Cf. I, 300.

[11] *Aeneid*, II, 326-39, *Dido*, 475-85.

[12] Matthew Arnold: 'To a Friend' (Oxford ed., 1913), p. 40, John Keats 'Ode to a Nightingale', stanza 7.

[13] *Odyssey*, m. 185.

[14] I *Tamburlaine*, 1951; *Jew of Malta*, 81; II *Tamburlaine*, 2529-30; II *Tamburlaine*, 2702, 2717.

[15] I *Tamburlaine*, 30-31; 73-4; 262-3; 339-40. Cf. Ruth Janet Barber. *Certain Elements in the Structure of pre-Shakespearean Dramatic Blank Verse*. Stanford University, Master's Thesis, 1923, p. 10; Tucker Brooke: *Marlowe's Versification and Style*, SP, 19: 195 Ap 1922

[16] *Edward the Second*, 1751-1755. Tucker Brooke: *Marlowe's Versification and Style*, SP, 19: 189, 2 Ap 1922.

[17] Janet Spens: *Faerie Queene*, Chap. i; M. C. Bradbrook: *School of Night*, p. 5, Charles Crawford. *Collectanea*, I, 66 ff.; Georg Schoeneich: *Der litterarische Einfluss Spensers auf Marlowe* (1907); II *Tamburlaine* 4094-4103; *Faerie Queene*, I, vii, 32

[18] Henry Bradley. 'Shakespeare's English' in *Shakespeare's England* [Ed. Sidney Lee, 1916], II, 542.

[19] Mark Eccles: 'Marlowe in Kentish Tradition', *Notes and Queries*, 169: 39-40 20 Jy 1935.

CHAPTER XVII. MARLOWE'S INFLUENCE

[1] Bodleian Library, Aubrey MS. 6, f. 108.

[2] George Saintsbury (Ed.): *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*, II, 527; Douglas Bush: *Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition*, pp. 193-195; DNB, II, 904.

[3] III, v, 81-2, *Hero and Leander*, I, 176. The passage is also quoted by Thomas Heywood in *The Captives* (II, ii, 139-41) and with slight changes by George Chapman in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (Ed. 1873, I, 47). 'None euer lou'd but at first sight they lou'd.'

[4] III, iii, 9-10.

[5] III, iii, 15-16.

[6] Oliver W. F. Lodge in TLS, 24: 335, 14 My 1925.

[7] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, i, 22-27.
[8] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, i, 199-200.
[9] *Much Ado About Nothing*, V, ii, 30-1.
[10] *Edward the Second*, 2632-34; *Hamlet*, III, i, 79-80.
[11] *Edward the Second*, 2366-67; *Hamlet*, I, v, 63.
[12] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, i, 15-27; IV, v, 70-1.
[13] *Troilus and Cressida*, II, iii, 80-1; *Doctor Faustus*, 1328; Cf. McKerrow's *Nashe*, III, 185.
[14] *Richard II*, IV, i, 281-6; *Doctor Faustus*, 1328 ff.
[15] *Elegies*, I, viii, 43; *Amores*, I, viii; *Merchant of Venice*, V, i, 109.
[16] *Massacre at Paris*, 1005, 1027; *Julius Caesar*, II, ii, 10, 28, 48; *urth Book of the Commentaries*, p. 207 (Bound with J. de Serres: *Historical Collection*, New York Public Library).
[17] Thomas Clark Pollock: 'Rowe's Tamerlane and The Prince of Parthia', *American Literature*, 6: 150-62, My 1934.
[18] 'Early English Dramatists', in *Undergraduate Papers*, 1:7-15 1 D 1857; there are copies of this short-lived periodical in the Bodleian Library and British Museum. Cf. 'Christopher Marlowe in Relation to Greene, Peele, and Lodge', *Fortnightly Review* (OS) 105 (NS) 99: 764-9, My 1916; *North American Review*, 203; 742-8, My 1916. Also published in an edition of 20 copies by T. J. Wise (1914), a copy of which is in the University Library, Cambridge. Reprinted in the Bonchurch edition of Swinburne, XII (Prose Works, II), 127-35.
[19] William George Thomson: *Tapestry Weaving in England*, pp. 82, 124, 148, George Leland Hunter. *Decorative Textiles*, II, 305.
[20] Gibbon: *Decline and Fall*, Chap. LXV, n, Prescott: *Conquest of Mexico* (1855), II, 152-n.
[21] Hall's Satires, Book I, Satire III (Vergidemiarium)
[22] *Discoveries* (Ed. G. B. Harrison, Bodley Head Quartos), p. 33.
[23] Adapted from E. Hubener: *Einfluss von Marlowe's Tamburlaine* (Halle Diss, 1901) Cf. Nikolai Il'ich Storozhenko: *Grin, yevo zhizn* (Life of Green), translated in Grosart's *Greene*, Vol. I.
[24] *Alphonsus*, v, ii; I *Tamburlaine*, 278-301.
[25] II *Tamburlaine*, 4290; *Alphonsus*, III, ii (Dyce's 1861 ed)
[26] I *Tamburlaine*, 369-70; 2155-56; *Alphonsus*, p. 242-b.
[27] *Huth Library*, XIII, 128; I *Tamburlaine*, 261. Cf. E. H. Wright: *Influence of Christopher Marlowe*, p 4 (Columbia University Master's Thesis [MS]); E. Hubener, *op. cit.*; Adolf Geissler. *Einfluss der Tamburlaine-Rolle*, Ch vii (Berlin Diss, 1925).
[28] II *Tamburlaine*, 3980-81. Cf. George Gascoigne: *Complete Works* (Ed. J Cunliffe, 1907), I, 246
[29] Among the more important parallels are Thomas Dekker: *Old Fortunatus*, I, i, pp. 299-300 of the Mermaid ed.; *Travels of Three English Brothers*

(1607) (Bullen's ed , 1881), p 80, Thomas Heywood *Golden Age* (1611), Shaks Soc Reprint, III, 1, p 48, Philip Massinger *Maid of Honor*, II, ii, p 325 of the Mermaid ed , Habington *Queen of Arragon*, Hazlitt's Dodsley, XIII, 396 For other parallels, cf Tucker Brooke 'Reputation of Christopher Marlowe', Trans Conn Acad , 25 (1922) 366-73, Je 1922

[30] *Doctor Faustus*, 889-92, p 203 of Brooke's ed

[31] III, iii, p 424 of the Mermaid ed

[32] Reprinted in James Boswell's revised edition of Malone's *Shakespeare* (1821), III, 356-7, from originals in Malone's collection Cf W W Greg *Elizabethan Playhouse Documents*

[33] *Discoveries* (Ed G B Harrison, Bodley Head Quartos), p 33

[34] William Winstanley *Lives of the English Poets*, p 134

[35] Edition of 1638, IV. vi, *Doctor Faustus*, 494

[36] I owe the parallels with Milton to F C Owlett, Esq , of London Cf *Paradise Lost*, IV, 18-22, 73-5, *Doctor Faustus*, 312, 555

CHAPTER XVIII MARLOWE AND HIS BOOKS

[1] Dulwich College MSS No 11, 17 Transcribed in the *Alleyn Papers*, II, 44

[2] Bodleian Library, Oxford, MS Bodley, 699, Nos 220, 221 (1612), G. W Wheeler *Letters of Sir Thomas Bodley to Thomas James, First Keeper of the Bodleian Library*, No 220, p 220, No 221, pp 221-2

[3] Huth Catalogue, Part IX, Addenda, No 8258, p 2275

[4] Tucker Brooke *Dido*, pp 19 20, Mark Eccles *Marlowe in Kentish Tradition*, N&Q, 169 60-1, 27 Jy 1935 The remaining books of Ormden's library, now the property of the parish of Elham, Kent, are in the Howley Library, Canterbury Cathedral

[5] Tanner *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica* (1748), p 512, Warton *Hist Eng Poetry* (1781), III, 435, Malone's note in the Bodleian copy of *Dido*, reproduced in Farmer's facsimile of 1914

[6] London *Times* newspaper, October 4th, 1867 For further discussion of this discovery, see Bullen's *Marlowe*, I, xlix-l and note, Seymour de Ricci *English Collectors of Books and MSS* , p 27, Charles Edmonds *A Lamport Garland*, R K Graves 'The Isham Books', *Bibliographica*, 3 418-29 (1897), Charles Edmonds *The Isham Reprints*

[ ] *Isham Reprints*, p vi, *Bibliographica*, 3 418 (1897)

[8] Heber Catalogue, Part IV, No 1415, p 183, N&Q, 1st Ser 1 302, 9 Mr 1850, 6th Ser 11 305-6, 18 Ap 1885, 11 385, 2 My 1885, Ouvry Catalogue, No 1031, N&Q, 6th Ser 12 15, 4 Jy 1885, John H Ingram *Christopher Marlowe and his Associates*, p 274 and note 79

INDEX

AARON, 300
Abigail, 190-1, 300
Abydos, 266
Accounts, 26, 37, 43 4, 69 71, 75, 78
Actors, 35, 94 5, 104, 141, 146, 222
Acts, Apocryphal, 138
—— Book of, 138
Addison, Joseph, 330
Admiral, the Lord, *see* Charles Howard
Aeneas, 133, 259, 272
Aeneid, 133, 192, 258, 276
Agrippina, 310
Alarum for London, 244
Aldgate, 161
Aldrich, Simon, 234
Alexandrian period, 266
Alexandrines, 249 *n*, 284
Alia Yazdi, 125
Allen, Thomas, 203
Alleyn, Edward, 64, 98 9, 112, 116, 118 9, 132, 135, 146 7, 154 178 9, 307, 315
—— John, 98, 154
Alphonsus, King of Arragon, 207
Amintae Gaudia, 194, 287
Amores, 288 92
Amyntas, 311
Analytics, 75
America, discovery of, 253
Anabaptists, 257
Angel Inn, 213
Anne, Queen, 194
Anthologies, 264
Anti Machiavel, 181
Antioch, 139
Antony and Cleopatra, 301
Apocryphal Gospels, 138
Apostles, Epistles of, 138
Apprentices, 31
Arcadius and Sepha, 295
Archbishop of Canterbury, 103, 291
'Archer, Francis', 241
Arden, Mary, *see* Mary Shakespeare
Arden of Feversham, 244 5 254
Arents George Jr, 324
Arctino Pietro, 211
Arian, 166
Ariosto, 121
Aristotle 68 9, 75, 128, 205, 249, 281
Armada, 53 80, 86, 90
Arnold Matthew, 279
Arte of English Poesie, 275
Arthur Dorothy, 32, 221
—— Katherine, *see* Katherine Marlowe
—— Thomas, 221
Artillery Garden, 268
—— Lane, 268
Ascanius, 272
Ashmolean Collection, 271
Astarte, 151
Astronomy, 60, 200
As You Like It, 163, 169 70, 296 7, 301
Atheism, 82, 84, 199 ff, 208, 220-1, 229, 231 ff, 235
Aubrey, John, 163, 196 7
Athenae Oxonienses, 237

BABINGTON, ANTHONY, 82 3, 215 7
Babylon, 119
Backgammon, 226
Backs, The, 65
Bacon, Francis, Lord Verulam, 62 89
—— Friar, *see Friar Bacon*
—— Sir Nicholas, 62
Bacon Shakespeare Theory, 241
Bajazeth, 108, 114, 122, 308
Bakeless, John, 324
Baker, David Erskine, 246
Bandler, Dr Bernard, 324
Bankside, 88, 99
Banquet of Sense, 170
Barabas, 38, 99, 108, 169 ff, *182 3*, *300*
Barham, 319
Barker, Granville, 194
—— Nicholas, 328
Barksted, William, 295
Barnes, Barnabe, 311
Barnfield Richard 295
Barton, Salomon, 32
—— Mrs Salomon, 32
Basingstoke, 213
Bathing, 65
Battle of Alcazar, 306
Bear baiting, 36, 65, 99
Beard, Thomas, 235 7
Beaumont, Francis 89, 106 119, 167, 286, 294 5, 308
Beeston, William, 163
Believe As You List, 252
Bellamira, *272*
Bellcforest, François de, 184
Bell Inn, 95
—— Savage Inn, 95, 146
Belphegor, 310
Bemis, F B, 323
Benefit of clergy, 37, 162
Bentham, 44
Berkeley Castle, 188
Berlioz, Hector, 127
Betsy, Warburton's cook, 247
Bever, Barnet J, 321 2
Bible, 138, 162, 176, 201 2, 204
Bindings, 319
Bindley Ovid, 324
Birde, William, 142, 144-5
Birkbeck College, 194
Birmingham, 327
Biron, Charles Duke of, 251
Bishop of London, 290
Black Guard, 36
Blackwood's, 151
Blank verse, 105, 273 ff
Blind Beggar of Bednall Green, 308
Bloch, Iwan, 240
Blood, circulation of, 45
Blount, Edward, 288 9
Boar's Head Inn, 95
Bodleian Library, 271, 288, 292, 318, 321 4
Bodley, Thomas, 318
Bodmer, Johan Jakob, 330
Boiling to death, 38 9, 171
Bondsmen, 30 161
Boniface IX, 122
Bonne, William, 250
Boo, Baron Hamilton of, 330
Bookbinders, 317, 319 20
Book prices, *see* Prices
Book trade, 51 2, 60 89
Boston Public Library, 321
Boswell, James, 325
Bosworth, William, 295
Bottom, 40
Boyle, John, 44
—— Richard, 44
Bradley, Richard, 155
—— William 153 60, 168, 206, 219, 220 226, 230, 286 7
Braithwaite, R 308
Branding 37, 38, 162
Brandon, Edward 184
Brewer, Mistress, 204
Bristow 193
British Museum, 235, 315 24
British Theatre, 239
Brooke, Luke 283
Brothels, 100, 239
Broughton, James, 240
Browning John 67
Brownists, 290
Brydges, Sir Egerton, 326
Bull baiting, 36, 65, 99
Bull, Eleanor, 225, 235, 240 265
—— Inn, 95
Burbage, Cuthbert, 98, 154
—— James, 96 8 154
—— Mrs James, 97, 154
—— Richard, 88, 96 8, 112, 154, 179
Burghley, Lord, *see* Cecil, William
Burghmote, 29 30 35 6
Burned books, 206, 288 92
Burton, William L, 327
Byron, George Gordon, Lord, 149 152

CAESAR, JULIUS, 62, 244, 288, 299 *See also Julius Caesar*
Caesura, 283
Calderon, Pedro, 149 52
Calepinus, 123
Callapine, 185, 272
Cam, River, 65
Cambinus, Andrew, 122-3
Cambridge, city of, 48

INDEX

Cambridge, mayor of, 69,
—— University 40, 86, 101, 153, 163, 177, 180-1, 207-8, 219, 256, 291
accounts, 61; curriculum, 58-60, degrees, 47, 59, 73-4, 84-5, German influence, 141; government, 51-2, 54, 59, Jews at, 176, library, 123, 192, 321; plays, 65, 94, 236, 304, size, 48, Statutes, *see* government
Cambridgeshire, 65
Canterbury, 17, 63, 101, 163, 234, 253, 286, 319
actors, 35, Burghmote, 29, 30, 35-6, Cathedral, 41, 43, 46, freemen, 23 ff., 41; life in, 34, 36-9, walls, 22
—— Archbishop of, *see* Archbishop
Capell, Edward, 324
Captives, The, 174
Caput, 51
Catchwords, 320
Cathedral, 40, 43, 46
Catholics, 80-1, 85, 220, 232, 254-5
Catiline, 151
Cecil, Robert, 86
—— William, Lord Burghley, 51, 53-5, 63, 65, 82-3, 86, 146
Celebinus, 123
Central Criminal Court, 161
Chamberlain, the Lord, 94
Chancellor of Cambridge, 51, 60, 80, 86
Chancery, 230
—— Lane, 176
Chapman, George, 89, 170, 199, 202, 218, 251, 264-7, 301
Chappell, J., 151
Charles I, 303
—— II, 147, 174, 244, 319
—— V, 262
Chaucer, Geoffrey, 274, 293
Chettle, Henry, 208, 308
Chetwode, William Rufus, 239
Chislehurst, 211-2, 224
Christ Church, Oxford, 194
Christ's College, Cambridge, 66
Christ's Teares Over Jerusalem, 207
Chronicorum Turcicorum Libri, 123
Chronik, Schedel's, 141
Churchyard, Thomas, 136
Cicero, 121
Cinque Ports, 94-5
Circulation of the blood, 45
Civil War, 313
Clark, Charles W., 322
—— Samuel, 286
Classics, 141
Clavijo, Ruy Gonzalez de, 126
Clawson, John L., 321-4
Clifford, Henry, 191
Clifford's Inn, 161
Clink, Liberty of the, 99
—— Prison, 99
Close Rolls, 242
Clowns, 142, 144
Cock-fighting, 36
Cockpit, 174
Coligny, Admiral, 248, 252
Collected works, 314
Collectors, 319, 321-31
Collier, John Payne, 234, 287, 331
Commoners, 73
Commonplace books, 234, 263-4, 286, 287, 331
Companion to the Playhouse, 246
Compleat Angler, 270, 295
Comus, 244
Congress, Library of, 322-3
Convictus Secundus, 70
Constables, 158, 164, 219
Contention, The, 164, 183, 244, 296, 301
Conversations with Goethe, 150
Corinna, 136
Cork, John Boyle, Earl of, 44
Coroners, 160-1, 228
Corpus Christi, Cambridge, 46-8, 79, 87, 89, 130, 134, 192, 289, 311
accounts, 69, 71, 78, 191; Admissions Book, 70, Buttery Book, 26, 36, 44, 48, 70-1, 75, 78; Fellows, 36, 49, 52; history, 48-9; library, 60-2, 109, 123, 185, 187, 191-2, 321, Master, 49, 52
—— Gild of, 48
—— Oxford, 223
Cosmographie Universelle, 184
Costume, 52-7, 74, 112, 132, 145-6, 196-7, 250
Cotswold Hills, 34
Cotton, Charles, 295
Courtiers, 36, 54, 85, 89, 119, 253
Coventry, Bishop of, 188
Coxcomb, The, 308
Cradwell, Thomas, 26
Cranmer, Archbishop, 166
Crawford, John, 26
Crete, 183
Creusa, 258
Cripplegate, 155
Criticism, textual, 141, 143-4
Crofts, James, 86
Cromwell, Oliver, 175, 232, 291, 303
Cross Keys Inn, 95
Crow, Sir Sackville, 303
Curtain Road, 96
Cyprian of Antioch, 139, 151, 152
Cyprus, King of, 183
Cyrano de Bergerac, 152, 312

Damascus, 110
Danby, William, 230
David and Bethsabe, 306
Davies, John, 290-2
Day, John, 162, 245, 247, 308
De Anima, 205
Death of Zoroas, 276
De Caesaris Militia, 62
Defoe, Daniel, 146
Degrees, 47, 59, 73-6, 84-5
Dekker, Thomas, 40, 294, 308, 310
De Moribus Veterum Gallorum, 62
De Origine Turcarum Libellus, 62
Deptford, 88, 195, 200, 224-5, 236, 242, 297
Descartes, René, 200
Description of England, 169
Devereux, Robert, Earl of Essex, 57, 88, 177, 218
Devil and His Dame, 310
Devils on stage, 146-7
Devonshire, William, Duke of, 326
Dialogue in Verse, 63
Dialogues of the Dead, 133
Dictionary of National Biography, 241
Dido, Queene of Carthage collaboration with Nashe, 76, 108, 207, 245, 257-8; date, 257-8, degeneracy, 190; editions, 246, 259, 321-2, 325, 331, famous phrases in, 133, 255-7, 271; influence, 259-60, 300, 303; production, 260, sources, 192, 258; verse, 277-8
Didot Brothers, 240
Discours de la Guerre de Malte, 184
Divil is an Asse, 310
Divil's Charter, 311
Dobell, P. J., 234, 322, 331
Doctor Faustus, 34, 107-8, 127-31, 168
Cambridge traces, 55-6, 59, 74, 249, date, 136-7; editions, 145-6, 313, 329, 322, 329-30, 331; influence, 148-9, 180, 207, 298, 304, 308-12; production, 96, 99, 131; sources, 132, 141, 192; text, 143 ff; 'thousand ships', 133, 144, 170, 257, 269, 298
Dogberry, 40, 90, 158, 164
Donne, John, 266, 295, 303
Doubtful documents, 63
Douce 031, 323
Dover, 34, 93
Drake, Sir Francis, 90, 202, 258
Duels, 155 ff., 170, 219
Dulwich College, 63, 147
Dunciad, 148
Drayton, Michael, 295
Dryden, John, 282
Dyce Collection, 321-4

Earle, John, 219
East Smithfield, 161
Eastward Hoe, 308
Eccles, Goodman, 222
—— Mark, 287
Eckermann, 150
Edinburgh Review, 151
Edmonds, Charles, 327-9
Eduard I, 306
Edward II, 187 ff., 300
—— III, 188, 244, 245
Edward the Second, 62, 108, 136, 168, 182, 186 ff., 257, 261, 283, 300, criticism, 186, 189-91, editions, 194, 313, 316-17, 322, 329-30, influence, 300-1; production, 194, sources, 187, 191-2

INDEX

Edwards, Thomas, 295
Egerton, Sir Thomas, 319, 326
Egnatius, Baptista, 62, 123
Egypt, Soldan of, 109-12
Elegies, see Ovid
Elham, Kent, 325, 331
Eliot, George, 119
Elizabeth, Queen, 32-7, 54, 66, 72, 81-2, 85, 87-8, 91-2, 146, 162, 164, 175, 195-6, 212, 229, 238, 242, 251-2
Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 291, 324
Encyclopaedia Britannica, 143
England's Helicon, 269-71
England's Parnassus, 273
English Channel, 34
Enjambement, 282
Epernoun, Duc d' 253
Ephesus, 139
Erdgeist, 149
Essex, Earl of, *see* Devereux, Robert
Euphues, 102
Exchequer, 86
Executions, 38-9, 81, 92, 188
Exeter, 147

FABYAN'S *Chronicle*, 191-2
Faerie Queene, 137, 198, 284
Fal of the Late Arrian, 166
Farewell to Folly, 208
Faust (Goethe's), 149
Faust, Dr John, 127, 139 41, 152, 257, 302
—— Books, 132-3, 137-8, 141, 192
Faustus, see *Doctor Faustus*
Feake, James, 229
Fineux, Thomas, 50, 84, 130, 311
Finsbury Fields, 155
Fitziames, John, 205
Fleetwood, William, 160-1, 217
Fleire, The, 308
Flemings, 220, 303
Fletcher, John, 89, 106, 119, 167, 286, 294-5, 308
—— Phineas, 295
Folger, H C, 324, 331
—— Shakespeare Library, 63, 234-5, 271, 287, 320-5, 330
Folios, 314-5, 329
Football, 65
Ford, John, 183, 294, 308
Forests, The, 121
Forsyth, R S, 272
Fortescue, John, 122
Fortunatus, 310
Fowler, William, 85
Francesco's Fortunes, 244
Frankfurt, 141
Freemen, 23-6
French Wars, 252-3
Freudian psychology, 181
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 148, 207
Frizer, 'Francis', 240
—— Ingram, 89, 157, 206, 213, 218, 225 ff.
Frogge, Henry, 61, 63
Fulgotius, Baptista, 122-4
Funeral, The, 248
Funeral Elegy, 180
Furor Poeticus, 304
Fust, Johann, *see* Faust, Johann

GALE, DUNSTAN, 295
Galileo, 200
Game at Chesse, 252
Gammer Gurton's Needle, 66
Garrett, Robert, 322
Garrick, David, 324
Gascoigne, George, 118, 307
Gast, Johan, 140
Gaveston, Piers, 187-8, 192
Gazellus, 115
Gemma Frisius, 200
Genesis, 201
George I, 328
—— III, 319, 325
Gentillet, Innocent, 181
Gertrude, Queen, 300
Ghost edition, 313
Ghosts, 294
Gibbons, Orlando, 92
Godfrey, Thomas, 302
Gods, heathen, 139
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 127, 149
Golden Grove, 85, 236
Golding, Arthur, 119
Golding-lane, 146
Goldsborough, Nicholas, 46
Gondomar, 252
Gorboduc, 105, 282
Gosson, Stephen, 44
Goths, 297
Gounod, Charles François, 127
Grace Book, 71
Graetz, 148
Gray's *Elegy*, 289
Greek, 59, 141, 266, 275
Green, J R., 175
Greene, Fortunatus, 208
—— Robert, 64 85, 89, 104, 148, 153, 167, 206-10, 230, 244, 294, 304, 310
Greenwich, 235
Grim, the Collier of Croydon, 310
Grimald, Nicholas, 276
Groatsworth of Wit, 209
Guise, 303
Guise, Cardinal of, 249, 255
—— Duchess of, 253
—— Duke of, 107-8, 168, 182, 247, 249-50, 252, 299, 300
Gutenberg, 141
'Gwisse', 250
Gynaikeion, 174

HAGUE, 225
Hamburg Library, 322
Hamilton, J. A., 330
Hamlet, 89, 112, 130, 143, 259, 298, 300-1
Hammond, William, 68
Hampden, Walter, 152
Handbooks, Theatrical, 238
Hannigan, John E., 322-3
Harriot, Thomas, 40, 60, 167, 197, 199-202, 218
Harrison, William, 169
Harvard College Library, 321-4
Harvey, Gabriel, 89, 103, 153, 180-1, 206, 208, 210-1, 224, 230 ff., 275, 291
—— Richard, 63, 153, 206, 210-1, 224
—— William, 45
Hasted, E., 241
Haughton, William, 310
Hawkins, Sir John, 90
Headlines, 320
Heber, Richard, 324, 331
Heidelberg University, 140
Helen of Troy, 131-3, 151, 261, 310
Hellespont, 266
Helliott, Nicholaus, 164
Henderson, John, 325
Henry II, 100
Henry IV, 113, 118, 300-1, 308
Henry V, 97
Henry VI, 164, 244, 296, 301
Henry VIII, 38, 41, 49, 58, 100, 176
—— of Navarre, 247, 249, 251
Henslowe, Philip, 88, 99, 113, 142, 145, 169, 175, 178-9, 193, 247, 263
Hentzner, Paul, 49
Heralds, College of, 18
Hero and Leander, 44, 87, 100, 120, 127, 170, 190, 199, 207, 212, 222, 234, 261, 264-9, 281, 295, 296-8
Herrick, Robert, 278, 295, 303
Hertford, Lord, 35
Hesse, Otto, Prince of, 329
Hewes, William, 31
Heywood, Thomas, 74, 76, 91, 143, 173-4
Histoire Angloise, 251
Histrio-Mastix, 146
Hog Lane, 155, 157
Holinshed, 62, 121, 187, 191-3
Holland, 96
Holland's Leaguer, 100
Holy Cross, Church of, 29
Homer, 264, 275, 279, 301
Homunculus, 149
Hooker, Brian, 152
Hopton, Sir Owen, 159, 164
Horsey, Sir Raulfe, 204-5
Hotson, John Leslie, 240-2
Hotspur, 300
Howard, Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, 90, 94, 165, 194
—— Henry, Earl of Surrey, 262, 274, 276, 293
Howe, Anthony, 222
Hudson, Thomas, 33
Hues, Robert, 200, 202
Huguenots, 182, 253
Huntington, Henry E., 324, 329, 331
—— Library, 316, 321-4
Huth Library, 319

IAGO, 190
If This Be Not a Good Play, 310
Ignatius, Baptista, *see* Egnatius
Iliad, 264
Ilium, 264
Images, 40

INDEX

Inns, 87, 95, 97
Intrantes, 19
Iphigenia in Tauris, 133
Ironside, Rev Ralph, 204-5
Isabel, Queen, 188 9, 300
Isham books, 319, 324, 327-9
—— Sir Charles, 327
—— Sir Justinian, 328
—— Sir Thomas, 319, 328
Isola, Emma, 271
Italian comedians, 251
Ithamar, Bishop, 185
Ithmore, 171, 185
Ive, Paul, 137
'I walkt along a streame', 273, 281

JAMES I, 66, 87-8, 198, 252
Jeronimo, 307
Jessica, 300, 304
Jesuits, 80-1, 83, 93, 201
Jesus College, Cambridge, 68 9
Jew of Malta, The, 168 ff , 186, 261
  Canterbury traces, 38, 46; date, 169, editions, 321-4, 331; influence, 169, 179-80, 182 3, 'pollicie', 107, production, 99, 148, 175, 179, 247, 271, 300 2, revision, 76, 143, 303-4, sources, 175-6, 180-4
Jew, The, 175
Jews, 168, 175-7, 179
Jocasta, 118, 307
Jodelle, 237
John, Troublesome Reign of King, 244
Johnes, Mr., 58
Johnson, Richard, 311
Jones, Henry Arthur, 312
—— Herschel V , 326
—— Richard, 143
—— William, 186
Jonson, Ben, 40, 85, 89, 100, 142, 162, 170, 241, 254, 294, 308-10, 314
Jordan, John, 26
—— Thomas, 129
Josselin, John, 49
Journalism, 253-5
Jovius, Paulus, 62-3, 123
Julian the Apostate, 211
Julius Caesar, 299, 301
Juries, 26, 160-1

KASSEL LANDESBIBLIOTHEK, 322, 329
Kean, Edmund, 179
Keats, John, 133, 266, 274, 279, 293, 302
Kemble, J. P., 239, 324
Kent, 300
Kepler, Johann, 200
Kett, Francis, 37, 50
Kew, 229
Keymer, a vintner, 68
King's School, Canterbury, 22, 46, 48
  accounts, 43-4, 69, 71; history, 41-2, life at, 43 5, plays at, 35, 66
Kungliga Biblioteket, 321-2, 330
Kyd, Thomas, 89, 106, 155, 165-8, 186, 195, 199, 206, 212, 219, 221, 225-6, 307
Kytchine, Richard, 161

LADY DAY, 20 *n*
Lake, Stephen, 56
Lamb, Charles, 191, 261, 271
Lamb of God, 63, 210
Lamport Hall, 319, 323-5, 328
Latin, 141, 193-4, 255, 266, 275
Lear, 89, 300-1
Lee, Sir Sidney, 241
Legge, Thomas, 66
Leicester, Lord, 35
Levy-Bandler, 317
Lewes, 44
Lewgar, 134
Lexicon of Suidas, 63, 266
Libels, 220-1, 229
Lighthorne, 298
Lincoln College, Oxford, 322, 330
Lodge, Dr. Thomas, 104, 294, 306
Lodowicke, Don, 170
London, 87, 89, 186, 264
  liberties, 95-6, 98, 159; population, 90, street cries, 91, Tower, 92
—— Bishop of, *see* Bishop
—— Bridge, 38, 93, 163
—— Street, 233, 235
Lonicer, Philip, 123-5, 184
Looking Glasse both for Saints and Sinners, 236
Looking-Glass for London, 306
Lopez, Dr. Rodrigo, 68, 175-8
Lord Mayor, 92
Lorenzo, 169, 301
Love's Labour's Lost, 191, 288
Low Countries, 34
Lucan, 262, 288, 315
Lucian, 133, 211
Lucrece, 74, 91
Lust's Dominion, 243
Luther, Martin, 140
Lycidas, 289
Lycophron, 237
Lyly, family, 44
—— John, 102-3, 105
Lyne, untitled, 273

Macbeth, 36, 62, 88, 190
Machiavelli, Niccolò, 180-3, 247
Magdalene College, Cambridge, 85, 321 2
Magic, 127 ff , 138 40
Magico Prodigioso, 151
Magus, *see* Simon Magus
Mahomet, 306
Maiden's Holiday, 162, 245-7
Malone, Edmund, 324, 326-7
Malta, 171, 183, 185
Manfred, 151
Manwood, Sir Roger, 213, 263, 286 7, 330
Marguerite, 127, 149
Marle, John, lockyer, 19
Marley, Christopher, 20, 28
—— Joan, 20
—— John, tanner, 19, 28-9
—— Richard, 19, 20, 28, 241
Marlow, William, 37
Marlowe, An, 23, 26
—— Anthony, 224
—— family name of, 18
—— Christopher, poet, absent from Corpus, 73, 78; admission to Corpus, 54, 59, 72; ancestry, 17, 20; *see also* Marley assassination plot, alleged, 223; birth, 23; character, 128, 134, 155-7, 165-7, 173, 197; death, 219, 221, 225 ff , 265, degrees, 70, 84, 85; doubtful works, 288; education, 40-86; home life, 28, 31-3, humour, 144, influence, 148, 168, 169, 186, 182-3, 293 ff ; Latin, 262-3, 286-7; legal troubles, 158 ff., 164, 219; lost works, 243, 262, 326-8, love affair, alleged, 237 ff; matriculation, 70, models, 293-4; name, spelling of, 18-9, 72, 298, 314; plays, *see* individual titles, poems, *see individual titles; power* theme, 107 8, 182; Privy Council, 78-86, 221-4, rant, 107; reading, 62-3, 108-9, 121; religion, 50, 76-7, 83-4, 114-16, 120, 165-7, 199 ff., 220, 231 ff.; technique, dramatic, 135, 188 ff., 255-7, versification, 261-88
—— Christopher, alias, 93
—— —— others of same name, 20, 28, 221
—— Dramatic Society, 194
—— Dorothy, 23, 26-7
—— Edmund, Captain, 201
—— house, 21, 36, 331
—— Joan, 23, 26
—— John, father of the poet, 17-18, 21, 29-31, 33, 36, 46, 68, 221, 234
—— Katherine (Arthur), 17, 21-2, 31, 46, 234
—— Margaret, 23, 26
—— Mary, 23
—— Thomas, 23
Marston, John, 294
Martire des Deux Frères, 255
Martyn, Elias, 31
Martyrs' Green, 37
Mary, Queen, 90
—— Queen of Scots, 82, 216
—— William and, 239
Mason AA 207, 323
Massacre at Paris, 63, 107
  Cambridge traces, 58; Canterbury traces, 46; date, 168, 182, 186; influence, 300, 303; production, 250, 252; sources, 245, 247-55
Massacre of St Bartholomew's, 181, 245, 251, 253
Massinger, Philip, 252, 294, 308
Mathias, Don, 170
Matriculation, 70
Maunder, Henry, 221 2, 224, 264

INDEX

Maye, Mary, 33
Medici, Catherine de', 181, 246
Medicine, 23, 68, 127, 176 ff, 228
Meleager, 66
Menaphon, 210
Mephistopheles, 129-31, 149, 272
Merchant of Venice, 169, 279, 300-1
Mercutio, 156
Mere, John, 69
Meres, Francis, 237-8
Merlin, 208
Merry Devil of Edmonton, 311
Merry Wives of Windsor, 298, 301
Mexia, Pedro, 122-4
Micro-Cosmographie, 219
Middleburg, 290
Middleton, Thomas, 252
Midsummer Night's Dream, A, 298, 301
Mighty line, 106, 304
Milton, John, 60, 66, 244, 274, 293, 302, 311
Miques, Joao, 183
Miracles, 139
Mir Khwand, 125
Mirrour for Magistrates, 136
Misfortunes of Arthur, 105
Monopolies, 67-8, 196
Moodie, Richard, 61, 63
Moor, Thomas de la, 192
Moore, John, 26
Morgan, J. P., 331
—— Library, *see* Pierpont Morgan Library
—— Thomas, 216
Moritz der Gelehrte, 329
Morle, Simon, 18
—— Thomas, 18-9
—— William, 18
Morley, Lord, 35
—— Mr, 86
Morrice, Goodwife Sarai, 33
Mortimers, 136, 187, 189, 298
Mortlake, 303
Mortymer, 194
Mucedorus, 244
Much Ado About Nothing, 90, 298, 301
Mugeroun, 249
Mulfuzat Timury, 125
Munday, Anthony, 85
Muller Wilhelm, 151
Murderers, 37 8, 162, 300
Musaeus, 63, 207, 266-7
Muscovy Company, 224
Mychell, Thomas, 31

NÄRKE, PROVINCE, 330
Nashe, Thomas, 76, 89, 103-4, 108, 154 5, 206 7, 209, 211, 224, 257, 291
Nassi, Joseph, 183
Native of a Woman, 288
Navarre, Henry of, 247, 249, 251
—— Queen of, 248
Navigations, peregrinations, and voyages, 184
Naxos, 183
Neck verse, 37, 162
Nerissa, 169
Newe Letter, 230
Newgate Prison, 159-62
New books, 253-5
New Testament, 201-2
Newton, A. Edward, 322
Nicholay, Nicholas, 184
Nicholls, Allen, 161
Nocera, Bishop of, *see* Paulus Jovius
Norgate, Robert, 77, 79, 83
Normandy, 18
Norman-French, 18
Northumberland, Earl of, 199-200
Norton Folgate, 95, 151 2, 155, 163, 197, 296
Norwich, 37
Nymph's Reply, 199, 271

OCTAVOS, 313, 316, 320
Odyssey, 280
Old Bailey, 161
—— Court, 64, 134
Old Fortunatus, 310
Old Testament, 176, 179, 201 2
Oldys, William, 327
Orchanes, 123-4, 187
Ordo Senioritatis, 76
Oriental sources, 116, 121, 126
Organon, 249
Orlando Furioso, 121, 206
Ortelius, 62, 109, 116, 119, 121
Othello, 89, 190
Otto, Prince of Hesse, 329
Ouvry, F., 331
Ovid, 58, 119, 135-6, 170, 237, 262, 288 97, 307, 319
—— editions, 323-4, 329
Oxberry, W., 151
Oxford, 48, 102, 194, 198, 210, 237-8, 288, 302
Oxinden, Henry, 231, 263, 286-7, 319, 325, 330

Page of Plymouth, 254
Palmer, Matthew, 122
'Pampered jades', 119
Paper, 314-6, 320
Paradise Lost, 311, 330
Pardons, 162
Parker, John, 47
—— Library, 60-2, 123, 192
—— Matthew, 34, 42, 46-7, 50, 60, 69, 72, 76
Parker scholarships, 47-8, 50, 71-3, 76, 85, 134
Parma, Alessandro Farnese, Duke of, 53, 86, 90
Pashley, Christopher, 69-70, 73, 134
Passi, David, 183-4
Passionate Pilgrim, 269-71, 329
Passionate Shepherd, 199, 261, 263-4, 269-72, 281, 295, 297
Influences, 302, 303
Peabody, Josephine Preston, 134
Peele, George, 89, 104, 209, 306
Pembroke, Aymer, Earl of, 193
—— Henry, Earl of, 186, 194, 212, 317
—— Mary, Countess of, 104, 194
Pensioners, 70
Pepys, Samuel, 147
Perez, Antonio, 177
Perkes, Clement, 40
Perkins, 179
Perondinus, Petrus, 122-4
Petowe, Henry, 120, 267-8
Pforzheimer, Carl H., 322-4
Pharsalia, 262, 288
Philip II of Spain, 178, 262
Philocassander and Elanira, 268
Phoenix Society, 179
Physicians, College of, 177
Piccolomini, Aeneas Sylvius, 62, 111, 122-4
Pierce Pennilesse, 201
Pierpont Morgan Library, 321-4
Pistol, Ancient, 118
Pius, Pope, *see* Piccolomini, Aeneas Sylvius
Plague, 221 2, 230-1
Plantina, 122
Playfair, 44
Pliny, 102
'Plottes', 309
Poel, William, 194
Poetics, 281
Poisoning, 140
Polev, Robert, 82-3, 86, 164, 206, 213, 218, 225 ff.
'Pollicie', 182
Pompey, 288
Pope, Alexander, 148
Porter, Henry, 162
Portia, 169
Postgate, J. P., 143
Prague, 194
Prices, book, 315-8, 324-7, 329
Prideaux, W. F., 323, 330 1
Prince of Parthia, 302
Prior Analytics, 75
Privy Council, 70, 78-80, 83, 86, 195, 212-3, 219, 224-5, 229, 264
—— Seal, 166
Proctors, 74
Proctour, John, 166
Propaganda, 254
Properties, 145, 248, 304, 307-10
Prostitutes, 51, 100
Protestants, 77, 80, 254, 255
Prynne, William, 146
Public Record Office, 242
Publishers, 51-2, 89, 104, 141 2, 186, 198, 263, 288 9
Puckering, Sir John, 166 7, 199
Puritans, 77, 79-80, 83, 93, 95, 147, 231, 303, 309
Pyramid, 138
Pyrrhus, 259

QUADRENNIUM, 73, 207
Quaestio, 75
Quartos, 313, 316-7, 320
Queen's College, Cambridge, 66
—— Players, 66
Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 211

RABELAIS, 232
Radford, tailor, 250
Ralegh, Carew, 202, 204-5
—— Sir Walter, 67-8, 89, 101, 181, 195-206, 213, 218, 220, 229, 253, 258, 261, 263-4, 271, 284

Kami Grammatica, 62
Ramus in Artes Liberales, 62
Ramus, Petrus, 58, 62, 248 9, 253, 255
Randolph, Thomas, 311
Reed, Isaac, 324 5
Regent Theatre, London, 194
Renaissance, 84, 152
Repetitions, 257, 271 2
Responsions, 74
Returne from Parnassus, 57, 236
Reve, Katherine, 33
Rheims, 80, 83
Rich, Robert, Lord, his players, 66
Richard II, 88, 188, 298, 300 1
Richard III, 188, 300 1
Robinson, Henry Crabb, 150
Rolles, Anne, 223 4
Romans, 34, 96
Rome, 82
Romeo and Juliet, 155, 301
Rosalind, Lodge's, 294
Rosalind, 296
Rosenbach, A S W , 271
Rostand, Edmond 152
Rowe, Nicholas, 302 3
Rowland copy, 323
Rowland, Jumphrey, 161
Rowley, Samuel, 142, 144 5
Roxburghe, John, Duke of, 326
Royden, Matthew, 85, 199
Royston, 85
Rudierd Edmund, 235
'Run on' lines, *see* Enjambement
Rylands Library, 323

SAFFRON WALDEN, 210
St Angelo, Castle of, 137 8
St Bartholomew's, *see* Massacre
St Benet's Church, 70
St Botolph, 161
St Clement, 139
St George's Lane, 21
—— Street, 21, 36
St George the Martyr, Church of, 22 3
St Giles, Cripplegate, 155
St John's, Cambridge, 56, 66
St Martin, 154
St Mary, Gild of, 48
St Nicholas, Church of, 230, 240 1
St Paul, 138, 139
St Paul's Cathedral, 88 90, 231, 264, 315
St Peter, 138
St Stephen's, 236
St Thomas, pageant, 35
Sanitation, 23, 90
Scadbury, 212, 222
Scandinavia, 330
Schedel, 141
Schiller, Charlotte von, 150
Schiltberger, Johan, 125
Scholarships, 47 8, 50, 71 3, 76
School of Abuse, 44
'School of Night', 220
Schools, The, 74
Scotland, National Library of, 322 3
Scrooge, 183
Seager, a painter, 262
Sallust, 244
Seneca, 244
Sermo ad clerum, 73
Sermones Conviviales, 140
Sestos, 264, 269
Shakespeare, John, 17, 39
—— Mary, 17
—— William, 36, 43, 85, 88 9, 95, 98, 100, 102, 154, 187, 293
acquaintance with Marlowe, 163 4, apocryphal plays, 244, boyhood, 38, 40, 71, 74, denounced by Robert Greene, 208 9, editions, 314 5, influenced by Marlowe, 87, 113, 148, 156, 168 70, 175 6, 183, 191, 274, 295 332 plays (*see* individual titles), 102, 104, 120, poems, 263, 269, 278, 288, 315, 329, sources 309, versification, 106, 120, 273, 282
Shallow, Justice, 38
Sharpham, Edward, 308
Shepheard's Calender, 57, 210
Sheets printers, 289
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 44
Shelburne, Sir Edward, 295
Shirley, James, 311
Shoemaker's Holiday, 40
Shoreditch, 90, 95, 158, 163 4, 186 219 296
Shore's Wife, 136
Shylock, 179 80 300-1
Sidney, Sir Philip, 34, 89, 101, 216, 252, 274
Sigismund of Hungary, 114
Silva da Varia Leccon, 122
Simmern, 140
Simon Magus, 138 9, 152
Sizars, 70
Skelton, Nicholas, 214, 217 18, 225 ff
Snout, 40
Soliman and Perseda, 307
Solomon, 204
Soone, William, 49, 52
Sources, *see* individual plays
Southwark, 89, 98
Spanish Tragedie, 106, 142, 165, 307
Spectator, 148
Spencer, Gabriel, 162, 229, 241
Spencers, The (plays), 194
Spenser, Edmund, 137, 181, 198, 210, 284 5
Spielers, 188, 190, 192 3
Spies, 82 3, 85 6, 177, 195, 199, 201, 213 ff
Stage setting, 131, 145, 248, 314
Stannaries, 196
Stationers' Company, 291, 318
Stationers' Register, 143, 186, 246, 287, 288, 321
Steele, Sir Richard, 248
Steevens, George, 324 5
Stenography, 142
Stettin Pomerania, Duke of, 65
Stockholm, 321 2, 330
Stone, Friar, 38 9
Stow, John, 164
Strange, Ferdinando, Lord, 35, 99, 165, 212
Strappado for the Divell, 308
Stratford, 17, 39, 43, 87 8
—— Grammar School, 43
Street cries, 91
Strychnine, 140
Sturbridge, 60
Suidas, 63, 266
Sun's Darling, 308
Supplicat, 71
Surrey, Earl of, *see* Howard Henry
—— Side, 98
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 245, 302, 312
Swyft, Hugh, 154
Sydney, 44
Symcock, Thomas, 270

'TABLES', 226
Taine, Hippolyte, 240
Tamburlaine, 57, 104, 139, 143, 160 1, 257, 261, 272
Cambridge traces, 57, 128, Canterbury traces, 34, 42, 46, date, 105, death scene, 119 20 editions, 160 1, 313 315, 321, importance, 104 5, influence, 113, 180, 207, 299 300, 302 9, production, 96, 99, 112 13, 165, 179, sources, 63, 116, 121 6, 182, 184, 253, 293, success, 107 14
Tamerlane the Great, 313
Taming of A Shrew, 145, 309
Taming of The Shrew, 145
Tan bark, 19
Tanner, Thomas, 326
Tanners, 29 30
Tapestry, 303
Taverns, 82, 99, 225-6
Taylor, John, 113, 308
Techelles, 189
Tempter, The, 312
Tents, 110
Terminus et Non Terminus, 66
Texas, University of, 323
Textual criticism 141, 143 4
Thames, 89, 91, 224, 308
Theatre of God's Judgments, 232
Theatres, 87
Blackfriars, 95, Curtain, 96, 105, 155, 163, Fortune, 97, Globe, 97 8, 260, Newington Butts, 93, Red Bull, 113, 194, Rose 99, The Theatre, 96, 98, 107, 135, 154 5, 163
Theatrical handbooks, 238
Theatrical Intelligencer, 239
Theatrum Orbis Terrarum, 62
Theodore, Archbishop, 41
Theophilus of Syracuse, 139, 152
Theridamas, 108, 272
Thompson Paul, 262
Thornborough, John, 271
Thorpe, Thomas 288
'Thousand ships', 133, 144, 170, 257, 269, 298
Thrawbeam, 30

INDEX

Three Partes of the Commentaries, 255
Throckmorton, Elizabeth, 197, 198
Thunderbolt of God's Wrath, 235
Tieck, Johann Ludwig, 312
Timur Khan, 309
Timur Lenk, 108, 125-6
Titus Andronicus, 300-1, 330
Tobacco, 203
Tocsain contre les Massacreurs, 255
'Tomhuclin', 208
Torture, 38-9, 177
Tottel's Miscellany, 264, 276
Tower of London, 92-3, 159, 164-88, 199-200, 223
Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Biron, 251
Trencharde, Sir George, 205
Trier, 138
Trinity College, Cambridge, 57, 66-7, 323
—— Hall, Cambridge, 210
Tripoli, siege of, 184, 185
Troilus and Cressida, 259, 298, 301
Troublesome Reign of King John, 244
Trove, 30
Troy, 133, 258
True History of George Scanderbage, 244
True Tragedy, 164, 183, 244, 296, 301
'Tumbling ending', 285
Turks, 108, 114-6, 170, 183-4
Twelfth Night, 89
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 298
Two Merry Milkmaids, 311
Tybalt, 156
Tyburn, 162, 176-7

UMBARFIELD, RICHARD, 31
University Wits, 103-4
Usumcasane, 189, 280
Utrecht, 86

VAUGHAN, WILLIAM, 85, 236, 241-2
Venetian diplomats, 183
Venus and Adonis, 87, 127, 329
Verges, 40
Verse-paragraphs, 283
Versification, 105-6, 109, 117, 135, 249, 256-7, 274-86
Vice-Chancellor, 51, 61, 69, 75, 79, 83-4
Victoria and Albert Museum, 320
Vienna, 148
—— Nationalbibliothek, 322
Villain-hero, 172, 301
Villegagnon, Nicholas de, 184
Virgil, 258, 275, 293
—— Polydor, 193
Virginia, 201
Virgin Mary, 139
Visor, William, 40
Vita Magni Tamerlanis, 122 ff.
Voltaire, 232

WALSINGHAM, FRANCIS, 82, 86, 177, 213, 216-7, 249, 251-2
—— Thomas, 82, 153, 212-3, 217, 221-2, 264, 286
'Walter the Jester', 36
Walton, Izaak, 270, 295
Warburton, John, 246
Warden, the Lord, 35, 94
Warner, Walter, 199, 202
Warning for Fair Women, 254
Wars of Cyrus, 306
Warton, Thomas, 326
Washington, T., 184
Watermen, 91
Watling Street, 34
Watson, Thomas, 89, 154-63, 194, 224-5, 230, 275, 287
Wayte, William, 154
Weavers, 303
Webster, John, 183, 303
Wedel, Lupold von, 91-2
Wellesley College Library, 321, 324
Welsh, James, 85
Westgate, 40
Westminster, 89
Whetcomb, Mistress, 204
White, W. A., 321-4
Whitehall, 92, 173
William and Mary, 239
Williams College, 322-3
Wills, 31
Winchester, Bishop of, 100
Winwood, Sir Ralph, 250-1
Witch of Edmonton, 311
Wit's Treasury, 237
Wittenberg, University of, 74, 127, 140
Wolf, John, 267
Women Pleased, 308
Wood, Anthony à, 202, 237-8
Worcester College, Oxford, 321-31
Works, Collected, 314
Wortels, *see* Ortelius
Wounds of Civil War, 306
Wren, Sir Christopher, 90
Wright, Richard, 325
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 274, 293
Wyld, Stephen, 158

YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, 321-4
Yardley, actor, 325
Ylderim Bajazeth, 108. *See* Bajazeth
York, Duke of, 147
Yorkshire Tragedy, 254
Young, Owen D., 322

ZABINA, 109
Zenocrate, 109, 111-3, 116-9, 122, 125, 189, 272, 305
Zurich Zentralbibliothek, 322, 329