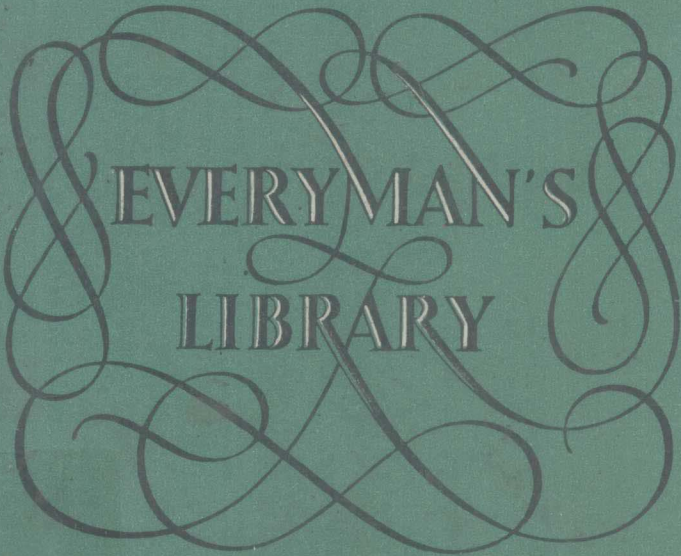


# SHORTER NOVELS: ELIZABETHAN

THOMAS DELONEY'S 'JACK OF NEWBERIE'  
AND 'THOMAS OF READING'

ROBERT GREENE'S 'CARDE OF FANCIE'

THOMAS NASHE'S  
'THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER'

A large, intricate decorative flourish made of dark, swirling lines that frames the text 'EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY'.

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LIBRARY

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# Shorter Novels: Elizabethan

INTRODUCTION BY  
GEORGE SAINTSBURY

NOTES  
ON THE AUTHORS BY  
PHILIP HENDERSON



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*First included in Everyman's Library 1929*  
*Last reprinted 1966*

*EVERYMAN, I will go with thee,  
and be thy guide,  
In thy most need to go by thy side*

### THOMAS DELONEY

Born probably at Norwich c. 1543. His son, Richard, was christened at St Giles, Cripplegate, October 1586. Died in 1600.

### ROBERT GREENE

Born at Norwich in 1558. Matriculated to St John's College, Cambridge, 1575, B.A. 1579, travelled in Italy, Spain, Denmark, and Poland. Cambridge M.A. 1583. He married, but deserted his wife soon after the birth of her first child. Died in 1592.

### THOMAS NASHE

Born at Lowestoft in 1567. Matriculated to St John's College, Cambridge, 1582, B.A. 1586, travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, and settled in London c. 1588. Died c. 1601.

which has been referred to, is perhaps partly due to what has recently been called its realistic as opposed to sentimental character. The former adjective has rather usurped its name, for killing is not in the least more real than kissing, nor are descriptions of outrage and torture more so than descriptions of dances and Watteau-like picnics. On the other hand Nashe, ~~far~~ beyond all question a master of the art of collecting what is likely to various classes to be interesting matter, seems to me not quite such a master of that art of *telling* which almost necessitates the possession of an art yet higher in itself—the art of creating personality. When in Greene's *Card of Fancy* 'the disdained Gwydonius' writes to 'the desired Castania' (they are in fact extremely fond of *each other*) and she answers him that the very remembrance of his person makes her fall into most hateful passions and comparatively reminds her of the well-known scientific facts that no serpent can abide the smell of hartshorn; that the panther escheweth the smell of the ounce; that the vulture is a mortal enemy to the eel, and that it is impossible to hatch up a swan (or one would suppose any other bird) in an eagle's nest, one is rather sorely tempted first to laugh and then to be bored. Yet somehow or other Greene communicates personality, which one supposes implies reality if not realism, to Castania and Gwydonius in a way which Nashe does not (at any rate in some estimates) to anybody in *The Unfortunate Traveller*. Of course it may be said that Greene was a better dramatist than Nashe, and that drama and novel are only allotropic or allomorphic forms of the same thing. Yet it is curious that as these two forms have gone, it has become, till quite recently at any rate, less and less common for a really good dramatist to be a really good novelist and vice versa. Goldsmith is the chief exception, and Goldsmith was an exception in most things.

It must have struck not a few people of those who have reflected at all upon the history of English literature, that its course in respect of prose fiction, and indeed of fiction generally, has been curiously broken and irregular, not exhibiting anything like perfection till very late. The comparison with French is most remarkable, all the more so because no small portion of French romance before Chaucer's time was pretty certainly written by Englishmen. Further, when our country began to furnish itself in the various departments of literature from its own resources of language, the amazing

## INTRODUCTION

THAT Everyman should be provided with a collection of Short or Shorter Novels (one might rather like to have a pedantic little battle over the respective appropriateness of the Positive and Comparative) is obviously proper: for Everyman should have everything proper provided for him.

The present writer is unhappily at some variance with two distinguished dead critics, friends of his own, as well as with others, as to the merits of Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*. Both Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Walter Raleigh *Secundus* thought very highly of it and, partly from their estimate, partly from that of others, it has sometimes received the always dangerous place of 'first' novel with—even more widely—the primacy in time, if not rank, not only of fiction but of journalism. Now that there was a great deal of the journalist in Nashe no critic could possibly deny. He was, two centuries and a half beforehand, and with alterations to time, one of the not quite best class of 'newspaper men'—Thackeray's Bohemians. He had a great deal of satirical power, and a little dramatic. But he does not seem to me quite to have known how to tell a story, though his apparent 'realism' has bribed people of the present and the later last generation. He pops in clever anecdotes, true or false, of historical persons; he bustles his hero about from this place to that. He does to some extent discard that amazing euphuistic jargon which has made his brother tale-tellers and pamphleteers impossible to read to so many people. But he does not seem to me to present life and carry on story as they should be presented and carried on. It is, of course, the fault of the whole class. It is not till Bunyan that the people are thoroughly alive; that their actions are what they would do if they were alive; and that their speech, slightly altered in mere diction, is what they would say. But Nashe does not seem to me much, if at all, in advance of his fellows in some respects, though it requires considerable audacity to say so and some strong argument to make it good. Greene—slender and romantic merely as is his substance, and fantastic as is its style—seems superior as a tale-teller to his not ungenerous defender after his death.

The comparative appreciation of *The Unfortunate Traveller*,

developments in poetry and drama, accompanied by fewer but still great things in serious prose, did not succeed in providing anything at all masterly in prose fiction: and for nearly three centuries seemed to be conducting a series of blind or half-blind experiments. True, in our worst century of all, the fifteenth, there *had* been a masterpiece—the ‘childish,’ as I think I once saw it called, achievement of Sir Thomas Malory: but this had no companions. Even later than the Restoration, things in themselves first-rate, the performances of Bunyan, Defoe, and Swift were, in the first and last cases especially, ‘side-shows’—as it were in fiction—allegories—a great word, which one might almost translate ‘side-show’ in one of its senses. People translated, as by many hands from Anthony Munday downwards, the long romances of French and Spanish, and imitated the short ones, as, for instance, in that *Incognita* of Congreve’s, which has been so differently estimated and which perhaps we shall give.

‘strong contagion’ of world-exploring which showed itself mainly in Defoe, had minor symptoms such as that curious *Isle of Pines* of Neville’s which the Continent, if not England, also took for history. Head’s and other people’s reputable *English Rogue*, putting its disreputableness aside, an attempt at a novel, and though a long one is made of sort things put together: and when we come to the greatartet of the mid-eighteenth century we seem to have tumbled into competence never quite to stumble out of it again, though to go through many ups and downs of individual accomplishment or failure.

It has been thought, Deloney’s prose stories are the work of the few years of his life, and if he was a ballad-monger during the greater part of it, one may certainly say that the last part of this man’s life was better than the first. *Jack of Newbury* and the rest are not masterpieces. They are quite evidently written for a class of people of whom it used to be rather rashly presumed that they would not be likely to read anything. Though by no means obscene, they are certainly rather coarse: and there is not the slightest attempt at developing either plot, character, description, or polished dialogue in them. But there is a certain hearty joviality and occasionally a healthy sympathy in them, and they can rarely be called merely dull.

Now the versified portions of history, hagiology, or actual romance which seem to have undergone the process of



versification at Master Deloney's hands merit no part of this praise and would be justly awarded some of the severest terms of abuse allowed in a respectable critic's vocabulary. One could hardly, before the experience, believe in the possibility of such stuff: and the only satisfaction that the acutest and hardest working student can get out of it is the discovery, if he has not previously discovered it, of the fact that metre—that is to say regularised rhythm—has a power of causing the reverse of delight which is beyond the reach of rhythm left free, that is to say prose, in its worst state.

One point which seems to me of some interest: and that is the relation of tale or novel, and drama which is so noteworthy in these Elizabethan stories. It may be said to be mere accident, but that I think is a superficial judgment. Everyone who has made any real study of literature generally must have come to the conclusion that the relations of the two kinds are rather complicated and also rather curious. They seldom flourish together: and though constant efforts have been made to make one a supply-tank for the other, these efforts have by no means been invariably successful. The two have much in common: but the points of community seem to require management and development in very different ways. Sometimes, as in this very Elizabethan case or vice versa in our own Victorian times—when we could write the best novels in the world and not a decent drama to save our lives—the current goes wholly on one side or the other: sometimes it mixes, but almost always there appears to be an odd difference between the kinds. At times when no special division of literature is at its healthiest condition and highest reach, but when the 'man of letters' is abundant, fairly trained and industrious, there may be a considerable joint production of both. France has been the chief scene of this joint mass-production of a rather mechanical product, and we seem to be trying at it ourselves now. But that is probably a mistake, or rather, as these things happen at the will of destiny, an evidence, perhaps not the only one, that England is not 'in pudding-time' as far as letters are concerned. On that, however, it is not necessary to say much. We have had pudding-times in plenty: fortunately they are capable of being gone back to when only bare bones or scraps appear in the contemporary menu, and we have not *quite* got to that yet.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

# NOTES

## THOMAS DELONEY

THE novels of Thomas Deloney represent the first consistent attempt in English literature at drawing material for fiction from the everyday life of ordinary people. They are the first step towards the novel as we know it to-day.

Unlike Greene and Nashe, Deloney belonged to no circle of 'university wits.' He was, for the greater part of his life, a silk-weaver at Norwich and a pedlar tramping the roads of East Anglia, famous for his ballads voicing the popular wrongs of the day after the manner of Elizabethan journalism, and when, at the end of his life, he turned his attention to more serious writing, he was concerned more with profitable story-telling than with the stylistic refinements of his contemporaries. For this reason his novels are more valuable to us to-day on account of the picture they give us of our ancestors living their normal lives and going about their daily work than are the moral and alliterative tales of Lyly's school, so popular with the cultured reading public of that time. But Deloney was not courting the favour of the 'Courteous and Courtly Ladyes of England,' and the 'Gentlemen Readers' like Lyly, Greene, and Sidney; his works are addressed to the 'Famous Clothworkers' and cobblers of England, a public whom the writers of Arcadian romances would have despised as 'base mechanicals.' Indeed, Nashe and Greene speak of him most disparagingly. In the former's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* we read of 'the balleting silke-weaver of Norwich,' and Greene refers to his 'trivial trinkets and threadbare trash.'

There is no evidence in Deloney's works that he was touched by the new learning of the Renaissance, and apart from a few incidents from Boccaccio, of whose origin he was probably unaware, his novels deal purely with the town and country life of old England, being written in a plain, unaffected style, yet at the same time reaching moments of a transparent lyrical beauty, and breathing always the natural atmosphere of everyday life. Unconsciously, he achieved a triumph of realism, his dramatic restraint and sureness of touch being

unsurpassed by any other contemporary novelist. Although realism was not altogether disdained in this poetic age, as we can see from such jest-books as *Long Meg of Westminster*, the pamphlets and satirical tracts of Greene, Nashe, Dekker and notably in Riche's *Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581), Deloney was the first writer to apply such methods to the novel. Yet he makes a few concessions to the popular taste of his time by introducing the romantic story of Duke Robert and the Fair Margaret into *Thomas of Reading*, and the story of Sir Hugh in *The Gentle Craft* is a knight-errantry romance of the usual kind. Like Nashe in *The Unfortunate Traveller*, he makes use of historical figures from Holinshed to lend a greater actuality to his story, utilising and inventing history as it suits his fancy, telling us in *Jack of Newbury*—which otherwise is made up entirely of local tradition and professional experience—how Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey, and their company with Will Summers, the jester, were entertained at the house of the famous weaver.

Beside Deloney's subtle sense of drama Nashe appears crude and melodramatic, and Shakespeare may well have been indebted to him for the scene of Old Cole's murder in *Thomas of Reading*—the most solidly constructed of Deloney's three novels—a scene that Swinburne in his *Age of Shakespeare* describes as 'worthy of Defoe at his very best.' But reading it we are still more forcibly reminded of *Macbeth*, where another host and hostess plot the murder of their guest and where strange premonitions of foul death haunt the night just as they do the mind of Old Cole before he lies down to sleep for the last time at the 'Crane Inn.' Local tradition at Colnbrook identifies this inn with that now known as 'The Ostrich,' and retells the story of the murder with almost the exact details of Deloney's narrative. Also the epitaph of John Winchcomb is to be seen at Newbury Church, where his memory is still cherished by the inhabitants.

A whole literature sprang up in the tradition that Deloney created. His novels went through many editions before 1600, and their popularity lasted all through the seventeenth century and survived in chap-book form during the eighteenth. But since that time they have been strangely neglected, their author having been, till now, repeatedly denied a place in the history of the English novel.

Born probably at Norwich. Silk-weaver. Published *A Declaration Made by the Archbishop of Colen* (i.e. Cologne) *upon the Deede of his Mariage*, etc. (translation), 1583; topical ballads (succeeded William Elderton as chief ballad-writer in 1592). Married and living in London, 1586. Perhaps married again, 1594. Itinerant ballad-monger, 1596. Collected his ballads in *A Garland of Good Will* (three parts), 1593-6, and *Strange Histories, Of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Gentlemen*, 1602 (earlier?). Published *The Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb, in his Yonguer Yeares called Jack of Newbury* and *The Gentle Craft* (the first part), 1597; *The Gentle Craft* (the second part), 1598; and *Thomas of Reading*, 1600. Died, 1600. *Canaan's Calamitie*, 1618. *A Batchelars Banquet* (translation), 1598 or 1599 (1603), may be his.

*Jack of Newbury* reprinted 1859, 1904 (in Germany), 1912, 1920, 1929, 1953.

*Thomas of Reading* reprinted 1622 (4th ed.), 1632 (6th ed.), 1828, 1912, 1920, 1929, etc.

*Works*, ed. F. O. Mann, 1912.

## ROBERT GREENE

'*Greene's Carde of Fancie*, wherein the Folly of those carpet knights is deciphered, which guiding their course by the compass of Cupid, either dash their ship against most dangerous Rocks, or else attain the haven with pain and peril,' was Greene's third novel, entered in the 'Stationers' Register' 11 April 1584 and published in the same year. It is probable that Greene borrowed the plot from the Italian novelists, but an indication of the spirit of the work is set forth on the original title-page, where lounging cupids are to be seen playing on lutes, hautboys, and serpents among sections of heroic architecture and growths of palms, apples, and counterfeit fruit. For in his 'love-pamphlets,' Greene was above all things, musical and gracefully euphuistic, so much so that some critics have said his fame rests chiefly in the lyrics scattered through these romances. This, perhaps, is rather unjust, unless these critics are unwilling to allow the Elizabethan reader his share of literary taste—a strange deficiency in the greatest age of our literature—for at that time moralistic romances like Lyly's *Euphues* and Greene's *Card of Fancy* were absolutely the craze of the more cultured reading public who turned away from reality with a poetic scorn and lost themselves among improbable adventures in Egypt, Greece, or Bohemia. As Greene tells us in *A Groat's Worth of Wit*, the penning of love-pamphlets had brought him much fame—'who for that

trade,' he says, 'was so ordinarie about town as Robin Greene?' and in truth he soon earned the reputation of the 'Homer of Women.' In fact, the idealisation of women who, then, as now, were by far the greater reading public, was the secret of his success. Developing the theme of romantic love, his heroines recall those of Shakespeare's early period and there is no doubt that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was written under Greene's influence. In spite of their strange rhetorical gesticulations, on the whole we feel his characters more than we do those of Nashe, and Castania's lament in prison is genuinely moving, although 'Floods of tears . . . fell from her crystal eyes.' At times her wailing rises to a kind of humorous sublimity: 'Nay, what creature ever was clogged with the like calamitie? Have the spiteful destinies decreed my destruction, or ye perverse planets conspired my bitter bane?' But although the alliteration is as heavy as Lyly's, and the similes from natural history as abundant, there runs through Greene's work a much lighter spirit, and there is a lyricism not present in *Euphues*. Indeed, the truth is contrary to fashionable criticism, for Greene's prose is not at all unreadable to modern minds, but on the contrary, for those with an ear for sheer musical writing and a sense of humour, it is nearly always delightful. And to say that it is bad because modern authors do not write in this way, or that those great ones of the seventeenth century did not, is no more criticism than condemning the elaborate polyphony of Byrd or Gibbons because they have not Purcell's simple clarity. There was a luxurious exuberance in Greene's mind as there was in other Elizabethans, and he was an extremely rapid writer: 'in a night and a day would he have yarked up a pamphlet as well as in a seven year,' says Nashe, 'and glad was that printer that might be so blest to pay him dear for the very dregs of his wit.' In his later novels Greene exhibits a more natural restraint, as in the graceful tragedy of *Pandosto*. If he was sometimes a little trite in his moralising generalisations it was the fault of his age; when, in courtly circles, such sentiments were on everybody's lips. Greene exalts virtue in his novels to such heights because he knew from experience the misery of the reverse of virtue; and that clearness of conscience, that he denied himself in life he was able to enjoy to the full in his writings, usually beginning with a moral on the title-page.

Reading his novels there would be an excuse for thinking

Greene as far out of touch with real life as any writer of fairy tales, but that this was not the case is shown by his coney-catching pamphlets and Repentances that command a powerful realism and a close observation of life. In fact, these writings were so faithful in their portrayal of the vices of low life that they very nearly occasioned their author's assassination at the hands of the thieves and pickpockets whose tricks they exposed.

But in drama Greene was not so successful. He set himself to rival Marlowe, pitting his *Alphonsus* and *Friar Bacon* against the latter's *Tamburlaine* and *Dr. Faustus*. But although he failed in this intended triumph his development of the current dramatic forms prepared the way for Shakespeare by contributing with Lyly, Peele, and Kyd a greater flexibility to the form of comedy than it had possessed while following the classic models of Plautus and Terence.

He had many followers and imitators and while his death was still the latest sensation of the literary world, many 'feigned repentances' appeared. His most significant followers, however, were the novelists Nicholas Breton and Emanuel Ford.

Born 1558 at Norwich. Matriculated as sizar at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 1573; at St John's, 1575. B.A. 1580. Travelled in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Poland, and Denmark. Returned to England and Cambridge. M.A. 1583. Published *Mamillia*, 1583; *Arbasto*, *Greenes Carde of Fancie*, *Morando*, and *The Mirrour of Modesty*, 1584; *Planetomachia*, 1585. Married in Norwich, but deserted his wife after she had borne him a son. Loose life in London. *Euphues his Censure to Philautus* and *Penelopes Web*, 1587; *Alcida*, *Pandosto*, and *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588. Incorporated M.A. at Oxford, 1588. *Ciceronis Amor*, *Menaphon*, and *The Spanish Masquerado*, 1589; *Greenes Never Too Late*, *Franciscos Fortunes*, or *The Second Part of Greenes Never Too Late*, and *Greenes Mourning Garment*, 1590; *Greenes Farewell to Folly*, *A Maydens Dream*, and *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage (The Art of Conny-Catching)*, 1591; *The Second Part of Conny-Catching*, *The Thirde and Last Part of Conny-Catching*, and *A Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-Catcher and a Shee Conny-Catcher*, *The Blacke Bookes Messenger*, *Philomela*, and *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592. Died 3 September 1592. Posthumously published: *Greenes Vision*, *Greenes Goats-worth of Witte*, *Bought with a Million of Repentance*, and *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, 1592; *Mamillia: The Second Part of the Triumph of Pallas*, 1593; *The Historie of Orlando Furioso*, *A Looking-Glass for London and England* (with Lodge), *The Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon*, and *Frier Bongay*, 1594; *The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth, Slain at Flodden*, 1598; *The Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon*, 1599 (five plays); *Greenes Orpharion*, 1599.

Works ascribed to Greene: *The First Part of the Tragicall Raigne of Selimus*, 1594; *A Pleasant Conceyted Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599; *John of Bordeaux, or The Second Part of Friar Bacon*, (MS, ? 1590).

*The Life and Complete Works in Prose and Verse*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 15 vols., 1881-6.

## THOMAS NASHE

*The Unfortunate Traveller or The Life of Jack Wilton* was published in 1594, when Nashe was twenty-seven years of age. It represents his single adventure into the novel form and has the double distinction of being his most ambitious piece of work and the first picaresque novel in the tradition of Lazarillo de Tormes to appear in the English language. Written with that good-humoured truculence which is Nashe's most attractive quality and so much the spirit of his age, it at once gained popularity, fulfilling the Elizabethan stay-at-home's appetite for foreign adventure, bloodshed, and perilous amours, and a second impression was published before the end of the year. Like the novels of Deloney, it is partly founded on actual experience and makes use of an historical background from Lanquet, Sleidan, and Holinshed, introducing the Earl of Surrey and well-known figures of Henry VIII's period. But unlike most other picaresque writers, Nashe understood that life was not all rollicking merriment, and he combines practical jokes and lurid horror with long passages of an ingenious lyrical beauty. At the beginning we are introduced to the Falstaffian figure of the cider-merchant, allowed a glimpse of 'Arabian spiceries of sweet passions' and towards the end caught up in the growing conflagration of tragedy and melodrama.

*The Unfortunate Traveller*, its author tells us, is 'in a clean different vaine from other my former courses of writing,' and up till the time of its appearance Nashe was regarded as a kind of 'young Juvenal,' chastising the follies and vices of his age with a lash of scorpions and carrying in his pen, as Dekker says, 'the deadly stockado' and 'all the furies of Hercules.' But his literary style, as he justly claims, is entirely his own, being careful to defend himself against the influence of Lyly and Greene. 'Did I talk of counterfeited birds, or herbs or stones?' he asks in *Strange News*. 'This I will proudly boast . . . that the vaine which I have is of my own begetting

and calls no man father in England but myself.' And indeed his works have the freshness of the adolescent English in which they are written and all the gorgeousness of the Renaissance, his images often being as hyperbolically extravagant as the fardingales and monstrous ruffles of his age. In the piling up of synonymous words into a final burst of rhetoric he resembles Rabelais and Robert Burton, and Aretine with the Italianate endings of his verbs. Yet for all that, Nashe had a peculiar dislike of bombast. He ridicules it, in spite of his own early euphuistic *Anatomy of Absurdity*, in the preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, making Kyd, it is supposed, the butt of his satire and even censuring Marlowe for 'embowelling the clouds in a speach of comparison.' He excuses himself for the *Anatomy of Absurdity* by suggesting that it belongs to a time when he was 'a little ape at Cambridge,' and it is possible that the greater restraint exhibited in *The Unfortunate Traveller* is, to a large extent, due to his study of the Scriptures before the composition of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* which was published in the preceding year to his novel.

Nashe's power as a picaresque writer lies mainly in the living, actual quality of his prose that, for vigour, is often equal to Shakespeare's. But he was also capable of vivid characterisation and possessed a powerful sense of melodrama which enabled him to write such a scene as Cutwolfe's revenge and subsequent torture that ranks among the most moving passages in all Elizabethan prose. At the same time he was, for a novelist of character, unforgivably biased towards his creations, and, as a plain story-teller, he has the supreme defect of sometimes interrupting his narrative with long irrelevant moral discourses. Moreover, his novel is really only a collection of tales and events that owe their unity merely to the fact that they occur within the experience of one person. In spite of that, *The Unfortunate Traveller* has an appearance of continuity, due more, it is true, to the welding fire of the style than to the development of the subject matter. It is generally admitted to be the best specimen of the picaresque tale anterior to Defoe, its tradition being carried on in the work of Fielding and Smollett.

PHILIP HENDERSON.

Born at Lowestoft, 1567. Matriculated as sizar at St John's College, Cambridge, 1582; afterwards a scholar. Graduated B.A., 1586. Mainly in London from 1588. *Flytings* with Thomas Churchyard



and with Gabriel and Richard Harvey. Engaged in the Martin Mar-Prelate controversy. Published a Preface to Greene's *Mena-phon*, and *The Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589; *An Almond for a Parrat*, 1590; a Preface to Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591; *Pierce Peni-lesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592; *Strange News, of the Inter-cepting Certaine Letters*, and *Christs Teares over Jerusalem*, 1593; *The Terrors of the Night*, *The Unfortunate Traveller, or, The Life of Jacke Wilton*, and *The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage* (with Marlowe), 1594; *Have With you to Saffron-Waldon*, 1596. Part-author of *The Isle of Dogs* (satirical play, lost), 1597. Fled to Yarmouth to escape prosecution. *The Barbers Warming Pan*, 1598 (not published?). *Nashes Lenten Stuff, the Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. Books suppressed. *A Pleasant Comedie, Called Summers Last Will and Testament*, 1600. *The Choise of Valentines* (poem, MS). Died circa 1600.

*The Unfortunate Traveller* reprinted 1594, 1892, 1926, 1927, 1929, 1953, etc.

*Works*, ed. R. B. McKerrow, 5 vols., 1904-10.

For this edition a revision of the preliminary material has been made by R. G. Howarth, B.A., B.Litt., F.R.S.L., Professor of English Literature in the University of Cape Town.