THE TREATMENT OF FEMININE CHARACTER IN THE
PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS, WITH SPEC-
IAL REFERENCE TO LYLY, PEELE, MARLOWE, AND GREENE.

By

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Approved: G. G. Dunlap

Preface.

My interest in early English plays was first appreciably aroused by a course in the English Drama, given at the University of Kansas, by Dr. W. S. Johnson, in the fall of 1916. When it was suggested to me that I make a study of the treatment of feminine character in the plays of Shakespeare's Predecessors, I accepted the suggestion with avidity.

In this paper I have tried especially to present a comprehensive treatment of the women of Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, and Greene, considering them both as women, and as factors in the development of plot. Though nothing in this paper may indicate it, the study has been fascinating as well as very profitable to me.

It is a pleasure to express my appreciation for the obligations I am under to the Department of English at the University of Kansas: to Dr. C. G. Dunlap, Head of the Department; to Dr. Josephine Burnham; to Miss Esther Swenson. To Dr. W. S. Johnson, who suggested the subject and whose assistance has been inestimable, I feel sincere gratitude.

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Chapter I
Introduction

This study has for its purpose a presentation of the treatment of women in the English drama from its early days to the time of Shakespeare with special attention to the plays of Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, and Greene. Something more is sought than an isolated interpretation of the characters of the various women in the dramas. The aim, then, is to point out the development in dramatic writing of appreciation of women as factors in plays and the technical handling of them, as well as to indicate their personal characteristics.

In order to understand and to appreciate the contributions made by Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and others of their day, it is essential that one show the position of women in the early dramas of England. In view of the fact that the Miracle Play has been called the training-school of drama, it eminently behooves one to examine

the English Miracles Plays to see what place women have in them. The Bible has women—many women—in its stories. So, when the Miracle Plays came to be built out of the Biblical narratives, of necessity women had to be given a place—a place, to be sure, but a very insignificant, dimly-lighted corner position. That there should be a lack of warmth in the characters who emerge for a moment or two from the corner's cool shadow is not surprising. For instance, Mary the Virgin in the Coventry Nativity Play does not betray even a hint of surprise at the annunciation, although she states that she is "amazed". Amazement seems always to imply a flesh and blood reaction, but we are aware of no real emotion in Mary. Perhaps there is a suggestion of weary patience in her reiteration of her innocence to the wrathful accusations of Joseph, but for the most part she is most humbly conventional and most conventionally humble and meek.

Mary appears appreciably more human in the few simple, natural words she utters when she goes to the home of Elizabeth for a visit—

"Elizabeth, myn awne cosyne,
Me thoght I coveyte alway most
To speke with the of all my kynne,
Therefore I comme thus in this hast." 3


3 The York Play, The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth, pp. 100-101
So graciously and tenderly is she welcomed by Elizabeth, that one feels instantly that their intimacy has been an intimacy of many years.

One of the most delightful domestic touches in all of the plays is in the York Play Flight into Egypt. From sheer weariness and fear for the safety of her child, Mary bursts out weeping. Joseph in husbandly solicitude, despite his previous grumbling at setting out on the journey, begs her not to weep, admonishes her to wrap the baby up warm and softly, and says—

"And yf thou wilt ought ese thyne arme, Gyf me hym, late me bere hym awhile." 

Mary hands the child to Joseph, with the very motherly caution that he take good care of him.

It is a curious characteristic of the Miracle Plays that, when a situation is effectively depicted at the outset, it is ruined by superficial and needless elaboration. The Towneley Crucifixion Play illustrates this to a remarkable degree. The anguish of Mary in her lament in the early part of the play is very real and heart rending. Then comes page after page of dialogue between Mary and John,


which not only is wearisome, but, in all senses of the word, is ludicrous. Most effectively is one's pity for Mary destroyed by the senseless superfluity of words.

If one can speak at all of real characterization of women in the Miracle Plays, Mary Magdalene is as distinctly, if not more distinctly, drawn than the Virgin. In The Three Maries, there is a noteworthy clash of personalities—small though the incident is—in Mary Salome and Mary Magdalene. As soon as the Angel has announced "Christ is risen", Mary Salome remarks—

"Hence go we to the city,
And let us say in every place
As we have seen:
That Jesus is risen,
And from the tomb forth gone,
To heaven really."  

Mary Magdalene with prompt determination declares,—

"Never to the city shall I go,
If I find not my Lord,
Who was on the cross-tree", and go she does not till God has appeared before her and revealed his gaping wounds


7 Ibid., p. 132.
to her.

This might seem a too microscopic consideration of the three Maries, who are for the most part almost identical in character, if the spirited temperament of Mary Magdalene shown here were not more clearly evident in the Mary Magdalene and the Apostles Play. With great but dignified firmness and decisiveness, Mary asserts that she saw Christ and his wounds. Nor does she falter once in that assertion despite the scorn and disbelief in the words of the Apostles. When Thomas, weary of trying to convince her that she does not know what she is talking about, thus contemptuously addresses her—

"Silence thou, now, for shame;
With Jesus thou hast no secrets:

Thou art a sinner, without a mistake;
The greatest that was in the country
By everybody thou was called", Mary replies with admirable dignity—

"I have been a sinner;
I have sinned wondrous much;
On Jesus I cried
That he would forgive my trespass;
And he said to me

8 The Cornish Play, p.139 ff.
9 Ibid., p.144
Thy sin is forgiven thee.
Through my faith thou art saved."

Then weary of the altercation with Thomas, she says bluntly-
"Thomas, thou art very stupid." Though it may be merely an illusion, yet it seems to me that the lack of a whit of belief in Mary's words on the part of the Apostles represents the attitude of men of that day—of other days, too—toward what women asserted to be true. There is a sort of superior skepticism, an "only-men-tell-the-truth" attitude, especially on the part of Thomas.

And yet, when all has been said, one must admit that the women of the Virgin type are treated with a vast amount of respect in the Miracle Plays. A certain feeling of awe and reverence for the Virgin—such as one has for God—may have caused the somewhat timid and vague handling of her character by the playwrights. The air of delicacy and refinement imparted to her is a poignant reminder to us that the ideals of chivalry still permeated the minds of men.

That chivalry's high regard for women was breaking down in some respects is most clearly indicated in

II
Noah's wife and in Mak's wife. Noah's wife is the proto-

I0
The Cornish Play, Mary Magdalene and the Apostles, p. I44.

II
The Chester Play, The Deluge.

I2
The Wakefield Second Shepherds' Play.
type of the village scold so prevalent in English literature of the Middle Ages. What cares she to enter the "chest" (as she calls the ark), if she cannot take her beloved "gossips" with her? To her, life is not worth living without a frequent "pottel full of Malmsey good and strong" and a juicy piece of village scandal. Only when force is resorted to, is she made to enter the ark, and one feels sorry for the inmates who must suffer from her sharp and shrill tongue for forty days while the floods rage without.

Not only in Noah's stubborn wife, but also in Gill does one catch glimpses of contemporary English life of the middle class. Mak's wife is not only a shrew, but a woman deficient in the sense of moral values. She is clever in a canny, sharp way, and possessed of a kind of humor that even in the crisis of their plot causes her to vow—

"I pray to God so mild,
If ever I you beguiled,
That I eat this child.
That lies in this cradle."

In her there is little or nothing to admire. The whimsicality of Mak arouses in us an interest and sympathy. She lacks any such saving touch, and is, therefore, almost repulsive.

The Wakefield Second Shepherds' Play, p. 71.
It is in such characters as Noah's and Mak's wives that one sees hints not only of the middle class as it was, but of the attitude which the Middle Ages were to have toward women. The woman who tyrannizes over her husband, who rules her household with an iron hand and a shrill and coarse tongue, who drinks as hard as the men, and likes a crude jest as well as they, she is to be the comedy figure in the plays for many years.

To sum up, the Miracle Plays contain two types of women: those reverently treated; those almost vulgarly handled. On the one hand, the timidity of the playwright prevented him from approaching the divine type closely enough to instill in it the warmth of life; on the other hand, the lack of idealization in the treatment of women like Gill is palpable. From the point of view of technique, the place that both types of women have is their necessity in the story. Since in the Miracle Plays the story is the main thing, there is not much chance for dramatic development of the characters.

In view of the fact that Miss Bates has said of the Moralities "the very word is like a yawn", one would fully expect the characters in such plays to be wooden and

and consequently tiresome. Such is indeed the case. The Mor-
alphies show a lapse in dramatic value, but in their intro-
duction of types as Fellowship and Cousin they anticipate
Ben Jonson. Perhaps the first Morality Play in which there
is clear drawing of women's characters is The Nice Wanton.
Dalila, who gives the play its name, is an excellent example
of the results of sparing the rod and spoiling the child.
She is full of a superfluity of animal spirits and is su-
premely reckless—traits no doubt possessed by her from
childhood and allowed to develop to a horrifying extent by
a foolishly lenient mother. She has a natural wit, but uses
it only in vulgar and immoral jests and repartee. She is
frankly a wanton, and never appears to have any moments of
her regret for a sinful life till she is so old that she is
about to die. In spite of all these unadmirable traits, one
has to admit that Dalila is interesting. Her independence
and lively spirits easily keep one from yawning when read-
ing this play.

When the religious plays came to take on more
and more of the secular tendency, the women were left large-
ly in the background, except when they were wanted for crude
horse-play in comedy scenes. The men, such as Pilate and Her-
od, are quite vividly characterized and point the way to the
later dramas with clear character portrayal. That women did
not receive more attention was owing largely to a lack of
conception of the possibilities and necessity of women in
the drama. It was as if the playwrights ever felt—
"Man is the nobler growth our realms supply". And
when women do begin to appear prominently in plays, they are
represented in the Medieval spirit. Especially well is this
shown in the plays of John Heywood. He was the writer who
raised the Interlude to independent dramatic form. With him
the impersonal and collective element surviving from the
Miracles passed away. The interest came to center in individ­
uals. The Medieval attitude toward women comes out in unde­
niable clarity in The Four Pp. In that play the conversation
consists largely of gibes against women, and the Palmer is
declared the winner in the lying contest when he insists
that he has never seen a woman out of patience. The Weather,
another of Heywood's plays, while made up of a cast of ten
characters, shows no character development and a very stilt­
ed dialogue.

The question of faithfulness and unfaithfulness—
the theme incessantly harped upon in Medieval literature—
is the central point of the play Johann Johann. It is the
story of a rascally priest, an unfaithful wife, and a hen­
pecked husband. The husband is forced to invite the priest
to take supper with them. While the priest and the wife are
enjoying themselves, Johann has to melt wax and opposition

Anna Barbauld, The Invitation.
on his part is met with blows. That this is the kind of comedy situation that appealed especially to the middle class of England is all too clearly shown by the many Johans and their unfaithful wives in play after play. The women in these plays are never of the high comedy type. High comedy places women on a plane with men; it shows them as they are in actual life, with natural wit mixed with sound sense, and a note of tenderness. Heywood's plays are racy rather than intellectually witty. They depend for their raciness on gibes against women. In true low comedy style they accept the triumph of vice as a legitimate source of fun—the class of the duped is more despicable than that of the victimizers.

Ralph Roister Doister is usually called the first regular English comedy. In it there is a close intermingling of native English type of comedy and classical influence. The Morality idea had now been left behind; the classical influence was first brought to bear in England by the plays written by masters of classical schools for the Boy Companies of their schools.

From the point of view of plot and construction, Udall in Ralph Roister Doister made a great step forward. Heywood's incidents were too trivial for plot. However, Heywood had more of an understanding of human nature than Udall. In Ralph Roister Doister the comic exaggeration of the characters is carried to the point of lack of realism. Custance is one of the first feminine figures in the drama.
representing constancy. It has been said that it is she who brings "into English secular drama honourable womanhood". She is, first of all, a rather placid and efficient housewife who, nevertheless, desires to marry again that her idea of the essentials of a household may be realized. Flugel has compared her to the wife of Bath. "We imagine her", he says, "neither lean, nor pale, but rather like the Wife of Bath—like her resolute and substantial, but more faithful." To me, it is a distasteful comparison. The Wife of Bath is coarse; Custance is not. Both are efficient women, but Custance lacks the brazen independence that sends the Wife of Bath parading about all over the world. In my estimation, the points of difference between the two women are so numerous and the resemblances so few as to make an attempt at comparison almost nonsensical.

Custance at the very first is so indifferent to the advances of Ralph Roister Doister that one is at once assured of her faithfulness to her absent lover. Judging her by the standards of her contemporaries, one would expect her

I6 Wynne, The Growth of the English Drama, p. 89.

I7 Ewald Flugel, Editor of Ralph Roister Doister in Gayley's Representative English Comedies, Volume I, p. 103.
attitude to be "off with the old love, on with the new". But when she finds her very servants conniving in Ralph's schemes, she reprimands them sharply. She is vexed to the point of disgust at the persistent wooing of Ralph. Then comes the pathetic moment when her faithfulness is doubted by her lover. The monologue, in which in an almost helpless fashion she shows her realization of the difficulties confronting her and the bearing they have on her good name, places Custance on a height unattained by other women in comedy at that time. The note of pathos that monologue contains is one of the finest touches in the whole play, especially when one seeks in vain for pathetic notes in other comedies of the period.

Interesting as Custance is from the point of view of character study, she is also worthy of consideration as a factor in the plot. In reality she holds her own fate largely in her own hands. All depends on the course of her action toward Ralph, and by her consistent refusal of his proffers of affection, she helps materially in extricating herself from the suspicion of infidelity to her lover. Had she allowed herself to yield in the slightest degree to Ralph's requests, she would have found her task of proving that she had not committed grave indiscretions an unsurmountable one. One is liable at first glance to think of her as a pass-
ive character, but close study reveals that her direction of the action of the play is by no means insignificant.

Gammer Gurton's Needle (printed in 1575) is the first English comedy to unite contemporary English rustic life with comedy form. For originality of plot and the elimination of stock figures, it occupies a higher place than Ralph Roister Doister, but it is inferior in refinement, dignity of theme, and in all the features that distinguish high comedy from low comedy. Dame Chat and Gammer Gurton are village scolds of the most vividly real kind. What Noah's wife and Gill suggested, these two women multiply ten-fold. In their love of gossip and loudly voiced suspicions of each other, they have their counterparts among women of a semi-ignorant type today. Of course, the staggering vulgarity of their language is seldom equalled by women of today. In every respect, however, they easily convince one that they are faithful representatives of the women of their time.

In Porter's Two Angry Women of Abington, written between 1596 and 1598, are two women (Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Goursey) whose fondness for each other is comparable to that of Gammer Gurton for Dame Chat. Mrs. Barnes is a woman who is never content unless she is wrangling over something. Jealousy of a supposed attention of her husband to Mrs. Goursey
furnishes the chief incentive to Mrs. Barnes for breaking into a tirade at the opening of the play. To get a word in edge-wise is impossible. Her tongue is ever flying and her vocabulary is fully as rich in unspeakably vulgar appellations as Dame Chat's or Gammer Gurton's dare be. She has not a whit of reason of self control. Always her tongue runs on, the less of weight it bears, the greater the ease. Mrs. Goursey naturally resents being called an indecent woman and has a few pointed things to reply to Mrs. Barnes. Of the two, she is, on the whole, the more plausible, and the more subtle. She does not say everything that comes into her head. She is less coarse, and not so lacking in self control as her jealous neighbor. To be sure, one feels that she often is just as infuriated as is Mrs. Barnes, but, that she holds much of her fury within her, is shown in her attitude toward the irritating admonishments of her husband that she remain calm and peaceful. This struggle to keep within bounds what she is constantly tempted to shout out as loudly and unrestrainedly as Mrs. Barnes marks a step forward in the characterization of women in English comedy. Just as among primitive peoples, the emotions are uncontrolled, so in the early periods of the drama, the dramatist often seized upon the unrestrained side—the most apparent side of human character—for dramatic depiction.
In direct line with the "like mother like daughter" idea is Mall, Mrs. Barnes' daughter. It is hard to conceive of a girl so blase, so unblushingly coarse as is seventeen year old Mall. Her complacent frankness in her vulgar expression of a desire to marry any one for the sake of marriage itself is exceedingly repulsive to the modern reader. She has not a modicum of refinement to redeem her. The Two Angry Women of Abington is one of those plays which depend for their interest almost wholly on the spirit and details of the action and talk of the characters. The plot of the play is loose. Several chances for a consistent working out of the plot lines are given, but none are made use of. The play from the point of view of its plot is analogous to the person who frequently remarks facetiously, "I don't know where I'm going. I am simply on my way to somewhere."

With the exception of Custance, the comedy of this period gives us only low comedy women—crude, vulgar, vigorous, witty, and without a saving touch of idealization. Such a state of affairs can mean only this, as yet the dramatists have not awakened to the realization that woman can have a position in comedy and still retain the dignity and essential underlying gentleness of a good, moral woman.
In the field of tragedy, Gorboduc is probably the first true tragedy in English. The Miracle Plays had had some tragical elements: the Abraham and Isaac story aroused pity; the idea of the Last Judgment awakened a feeling of terror. The Moralities contributed dramatic isolation and emphasis to certain themes, as moral strife. The Moralities worked through symbolism, however, not in character itself. Combined with the influences of the Miracles and the Moralities is the overpowering influence of the Senecan type of tragedy. Upon this last influence must fall the blame, I think, for the ineffectiveness of the women in Gorboduc. There are so many long harangues and complaints that one is not convinced that Videna has any real incentive to kill her surviving son because he has been the cause of the other son's murder. In a long rhetorical speech she tries to persuade herself and the audience that she will be justified in killing Porrex. She apparently convinces herself, but not us. Consequently our reaction is unmitigated horror. Marcella's unvarnished account of the murder intensifies the monstrosity of the crime. In her story she reveals with great vividness the psychological effect on the beholder of a murder. She keeps seeing it enacted over and over. When rebuked for her reiterated
lament she retorts,

"What wight is that which saw that I did see, And could refrain to waile with plaint and teares?"

And we, though only dimly realizing what she has just experienced since we have not actually witnessed a murder, grant that the only possible answer to her query is "none".

It is worthy of notice that, although the women in Gorboduc are of little significance either as individual characters or as central factors in the plot, they are essentially refined and cultured. In that respect they are diametrically opposed to the women in the comedies.

In Cambyses, a tragedy written by Thomas Preston about 1561, the characters are so thickly encrusted with a didactic and moral purpose that it is difficult to get at the real persons. When one has penetrated the crust, one is disappointed at the interior. Meretrix can be summed up in these words—she is an immoral woman. The few minutes in which the wife of Praxaspeus appears in the play are minutes of acute lament over the unprovoked murder of their son by Cambyses. The Lady is the play's heroine, but she is little more than a puppet of fate. She serves much the same purpose as the other characters in the play, that of revealing and falling victim to the cruel whims of the King Cambyses.

Appius and Virginia, which appeared in 1563 is a Gorboduc, lines 262-263.
crude English version of the Roman story of Virginia and
Virginius. The coarse, scolding wife type so popular in the
comedies is here represented by Mansipula. Virginia is the
conventional, stiffly chaste girl. The playwright so empha-
sizes her daughterly affection for her father and mother
that he oversteps the border of the real into the ideal.

At the outset of The Misfortunes of Arthur (1587)
the speeches and soliloquies of Guenevera, when she is told
that Arthur is on his way home, furnish an unusually subtle
piece of psychological study. The realization that she can
not live with Arthur brings up the question as to what she
is to do. Out of the maze of half-hysterical thoughts comes
first the desperate idea of killing Arthur. Then she con-
siders killing herself instead. But her final decision is
to enter a convent. After this vivid picture of Guenevera,
we see her no more—much to our poignant regret. Uncon-
sciously, on first reading the play one reads with the con-
stant hope of meeting with her again, and because she does
not appear after the first few pages the play falls flat.
It is apparent that the playwright had no notion of the
dramatic possibilities in Guenevera.

In Tancred and Gismunda (1591), Lucrece, the aunt
and companion of Gismunda, is a fine example of a straight-
forward, sensible woman. Her pleading in behalf of Gismunda to the king is wonderfully impressive in its dignity, its utter sincerity, and repressed emotion, though one is sure that she realized from the first the hopelessness of her mission. We are in the same atmosphere of dignity and refinement when Gismunda is with us, but there is more passion, more of the alertness and impatience of youth in her than in her aunt. These two women are self-controlled in the truest sense of the word. In fact, the deadly restraint with which Gismunda receives the heart of her lover sent to her by her father makes one shudder, for intuitively one anticipates that she desires to live no longer.

Even in surveying the field of early English tragedy as rapidly as I have surveyed it, several significant points come almost unsought to me. Whereas in the secular comedies (and to a limited extent in the Miracle Plays and the Moralities) the women are deemed worthy only of ridicule and scurrilous attacks, in the tragedies, almost without exception, the women are refined, dignified and verge toward the ideal. In the women of the early comedies, the lack of any idealization keeps them within the bounds of low comedy; in the early tragedies, the idea of refinement and culture is carried to such an extreme as to make the women ethereally passive or, at best, only rhetorically active.
Chapter II
John Lyly

"In comedy", says Bond, "Lyly is Shakespeare's only model.... and Lyly's influence is of a far more permanent nature than any exercised on the great poet by other writers! As is necessary in the case of every unqualified statement, one must take this one with a grain of salt. However, in all probability, one would be absolutely safe in saying that John Lyly's is the first great name in Elizabethan drama.

Alexander and Campaspe, his first play, was written in 1579 or 1580. In it are but three women: a courtezan, Timothea, and Campaspe. Timothea is a captive (with Campaspe) of Alexander, but she is undaunted. "Alexander hath overcome, not conquered", she coolly informs her guards. We like her for her spirit and wonder to what lengths it may lead her, but we never know. Lyly gives us this brief glimpse of her, then forsakes her for Campaspe. Apelles makes a very signifi-


2 Alexander and Campaspe, act I, scene I, line 43.
icant remark to Campaspe—"Mistress, you neither differ from your self nor your sex; for knowing your own perfection, you seem to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that mean into an admiration, where feeding themselves they fall into an extasie; your modestie being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections." Thus, in the guise of Apelles we get a hint not only as to Lyly's opinion of Campaspe, but also as to his belief about women in general. In the famous studio scene with Apelles, Campaspe shows her power of repartee. So sparkling in its brilliancy is the dialogue that there is a suggestion of artificiality. Nevertheless, the depth of the love of each is ever present—in between the lines, so to speak, of cold but brilliant repartee. Campaspe's effervescent mischief combined with womanly grace and attraction imprints itself upon the consciousness of the reader. Then too, Campaspe possesses a certain innate reserve. When Alexander abruptly tells her that Apelles loves her, she replies non-committally—"It pleaseth your majesty to say so." On the whole her attitude toward the king is meek indifference. She is not a char-

3 Alexander and Campaspe, III, I, lines 8-12.

4 Ibid., V, 4, line 104.
acter of great dynamic force. That she is to marry Apelles whom she loves is the result of no special efforts on her part. When the king desires at any time to get at the state of her feelings, she very cautiously answers in an enigmat­ic or non-committal fashion. This would seem to indicate a certain spinelessness about her. Yet when all has been said, one must concede that she is a pleasing if not strong woman.

Sapho and Phao presents the unusual situation of having as its chief characters two women, a goddess and a mortal, of whom it is almost impossible to tell which is the heroine. Venus is dissatisfied in her life "with Vulc an in a smithes forge, where bellows blow instead of sighes". This state of mind has much to do with her sudden determination to show her power, and to alleviate her restless spirit by conquering Sapho. When, by endowing Phao with marvellous beauty, she realizes that she has entrapped herself, she resolves with characteristic cunning to keep her love for Phao a secret from Juno. Her persuasive powers, and incidentally her beauty and charm, are effectively revealed in her cajoling of Vulcan. He shrewdly surmises the reason

Sapho and Phao, I, I, lines 20-22.
for her honeyed words and remarks with a shade of irony,

"You weep rose water, when you ask, and
Spite vinegar, when you have obtained."

He gives her what she wants simply because he knows from experience that he will have no peace until he does consent to her plans. Just what Venus thinks of Vulcan is best stated in her own arrogant words to him—"I will love thee agayne, when I have eyether businesse, or nothing els to doe."

Venus betrays still other sides of her character than love for Phao and arrogant contempt of Vulcan. Her threats to Sapho and Cupid are the result of furious anger—the anger of one whose desires are seldom thwarted.

Venus is anything but a passive character. She is largely the director of the play's action up to the point where Cupid deserts her. Though the play ends with Sapho and Cupid in power, one is sure that such a situation will be temporary only. Venus has dominated too many situations to allow her upstart son and a mere mortal to wrest for long her power from her.

Sapho and Phao, IV, 4, lines 23-25.

Ibid., IV, 4, lines 59-60.
Sapho, Venus's rival, is "fair by nature, by birth royal, learned by education, by government politicke, rich by peace, insomuch it is hard to judge whether she be more beautiful or wise, vertuous or fortunate". That she is also a proud woman is best shown in her efforts to keep her infatuation for Phao a secret from the keen-minded women of her court. This pride becomes sheer superciliousness at the close of the play when she and Cupid defy Venus. As a force in the drama, she is not especially noteworthy. She is in the power of Venus during most of the play, and though at the last she seemingly has the upper hand, yet in reality she is in the power of Cupid, since she is indebted to him for her temporary superiority over Venus.

The first of Lyly's plays that may be thought of as anticipatory of Shakespeare to any great extent is Gallathea, which appeared in 1584. The whole action centers about Gallathea and Phillida, each disguised as a boy by her father. Distinctions between the characters of the two girls are annoyingly vague. Gallathea calmly states that death will be preferable to donning man's clothing. Phillida objects to male attire because it will neither become her body nor her mind. She realizes the impossibility of composure in an attire so foreign to her. When Gallathea and Phillida first

Sapho and Phao, I, 2, lines 5-10.
meet, Gallathea remarks aside that she is glad she is not a boy, while Phillida considers that now will be a fine opportunity "to decipher the follies of their (men's) minds". Of the two, Phillida is a trifle the quicker witted. When Diana's nymphs become too piercing in their questions as to whether she is a lad and a shepherd, she ingeniously explains—"My mother saide I coulde be no ladde til I was twentie year old, nor keepe sheepe til I coulde tell them; and therefore, Ladie, neither lad nor sheephearde is heere".

The subtlety of the dialogue and the comic irony in passage after passage bear an interesting similarity to Shakespeare. Phillida in answer to a question of Gallathea's says, "My father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister!" In the same enigmatic manner Viola answers the Duke, "I am all the daughters of my father's house, and all the brothers too".

Though doubt arises in each as to the real sex of the other, nevertheless, they fall in love with each other.

9 Gallathea, II, I, lines 21-22.
10 Ibid., II, I, lines 52-55.
11 Ibid., III, 2, lines 39-40.
12 Twelfth Night, II, 4, lines 122-123.
Lyly has thus confronted himself and his two women with a problem impossible of satisfactory solution by mortals. He calls in the aid of Venus and thus by *dea ex machina*, one of the girls is to be transformed into a man at the church door. From the point of view of good technique, Lyly should not have constructed a plot whose resolution was impossible through mortal means. Aside from taking away dramatic plausibility and effectiveness, the *dea ex machina* method in Gallathea deprives the women of much of their dramatic possibilities. Their fathers force them to put on disguise which results in a deception the outcome of whose revelation is disappointment; and Venus gets them out of their difficulty. What they themselves do is negligible from the point of view of plot, though the subtlety of their conversation reveals to us two absorbing personalities.

Of Cynthia, the heroine of Endimion which appeared in 1585, Tellus says she is "the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune". She is ever a dignified Queen; she is shrewd and searching in her inquiries of Eumenides; she is royally conscious of her "mercy and goodness" in sending out for wise sages to wake Endimion. It is capriciousness that caus—
es her to send Tellus to the desert castle and to command Semele to say nothing for a year. Though she is gracious and delightfully womanly in waking Endimion with a kiss, her constant air of superb invincibility during the whole play is distasteful. On the whole she is conventionally ethereal and only occasionally has moments of human naturalness.

To my mind, Tellus is the most individualized of all Lyly's women. In the first place, she is the only passionate woman whom he depicts. But she is not only a woman of strong passion— she is an unforgettable example of the adage "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned". Her own fiery words, "as long as sworde, fire, or poison may be hyred, no traytor to my love shall live unrevenged", are not uttered in a pettish mood of the moment. Her strong passion is supported by an equally strong will. During the whole play she acts upon her resolution that Endimion "shall knowe the mallice of a woman to have neither meane, nor end; and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule, nor reason". But when she is ordered off to prison, she accepts the sentence with resignation and, one imagines, with a shrug of the shoulders. Her remark at that time, "there is no sweeter

I4 Endimion, I, 2, lines 5-7.

I5 Ibid., I, 2, lines 52-55.
musicke to the miserable than despayre", is a key note to her cynical philosophy. Imprisonment fails to daunt her. She finds contemptuous amusement in dissembling with Corsites and a glow of warm pleasure in making a picture of Endimion. When once again summoned before Cynthia, she has not lost an atom of her pride of courage. One surmises that the chief reason why she consents to marry Corsites is that she knows that he will always allow her absolute freedom of will. Then too, during her years of imprisonment, Corsites has almost become a fixture in her life—as a combined guard and companion. That there will be little change in their relations when she marries him, no doubt has much to do with her consent.

Semele, the only other woman in Endimion of distinct interest, has a tongue "as keen as is a razor's edge invisible". Nor is she without courage. Few dare to say such cutting things as she in the most liberal of circles, let alone in the presence of a Queen. Semele finally goes too far. In reply to a request for her opinion, she says shortly-

I6
Endimion, III, 3, lines 10-12.

I7
Love's Labours Lost, V, 2, lines 256.
"Madame, I dare say nothing, for feare I offende!" In an in­
stant Cynthia retorts, "Belike you cannot speake except you 
bee spightfull. But as good be silent as saucie. . . . Semele, 
if thou speake thyss twelve-month, thou shalt forfet thy ton­
gue!" Semele does not break the injunction till Eumenides 
is about to be thrust upon her willy-nilley as a husband. Her 
words then show that her tongue has by no means been chasten­
ed by its long silence. "A harde choyce, Madame", she says, "ei­
ther to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if 
I speake a word. Yet doe I rather choose to have my tongue 
cut out, then my heart distempered; I will not have him." 
She quickly changes her mind, however, when Eumenides offers 
his own tongue to ransom hers.

In some ways, Sophronia, the daughter of King Midas, 
in the play Midas (1589) would have been a better ruler than 
he. She realizes to the fullest extent the narrowness of the 
policies of each of his advisers. She has the courage to re­
proach Mellacrites for his advice to Midas to ask that every­
thing he touched be turned to gold. Her attitude in this in­

I8
Endimion IV, 3, lines 64.

I9
Ibid., IV, 3, lines 65-72.

20
Ibid., V, 3, lines 215-218.
stance shows not only her opinion of her father's counselors, but also suggests that she is aware of certain weaknesses in him, such as his being so readily influenced by incompetent officials. Sophronia is essentially serious minded, albeit she has about her the customary Lylyan shallow, but clever court women. With a solemn attitude of superiority, she advises her attendants not to be dependent upon beauty and love, but on wisdom and virtue. The only place in the play where Sophronia is shown attempting to comfort her father is a good example of her characteristic though somewhat heavy tact——

"Dread soveraigne and loving syre, there are nine dayes past, and therefore the wonder is past; there are manie yeares to come, and therefore a remedie to bee hoped for. Though your eares be long, yet there is roome left on your head for a diademe: though they resemble the eares of the dullest beast, yet should they not daunt the spirit of so great a king. The Gods dally with men, kings are no more: they disgrace kings, lest they shuld be thought Gods: sacrifice pleaseth them, so that if you know by the oracle what God wrought it, you shall by humble submission, by that God be released."

When one comes to analyze Sophronia as a factor
in the action of the play, one finds that her part is after all quite unimpressive. That she has had no part in the regeneration of her father is unmistakably shown by her remark of incredulous surprise at Midas's confession of greed and grasping ambition to his companions near the oracle at Delphi. To be sure, she suggests that now, since he has brought himself to such a humble admission to his friends, he make the same confession to Apollo and appeal for his clemency. But she has had little or nothing to do with influencing Midas to make such a confession. Midas has simply thought, and suffered until he has come to realize the point to which his overpowering ambition has brought him. I feel that he has fully determined to make a contrite admission of this realization to Apollo before Sophronia suggests it. There is absolutely no pause between her words of suggestion and his "I will," whereas, had she been giving him an absolutely new idea, he would have, in all probability, paused to consider it for a moment. As the situation is, Midas has brought about his own regeneration, almost wholly without the influence of his daughter. Thus, the latent possibilities in Sophronia are willingly permitted by Lyly to remain latent. It is likely that Lyly never even considered that Sophronia had any forces within her that could have been employed very effectively in the shaping of the play's plot.

In Mother Bombie, written 1590, are five women char-
acters, but not one is distinctly enough individualized to re-
main in one's memory for very long. Silena's intricately non-
sensical speeches make one dizzy; Livia is not only defiant
of her father's wishes, but is also flippantly disrespectful;
Serena possesses admirable self control and praiseworthy de-
termination to overcome her "own intemperate desires", but
only the outlines of her character are sketched for us.
Mother Bombie, who gives the play its name, is a fortune tell-
er to whom the various characters go for advice, and who fore-
tells in enigmatic doggerel verse the outcome of each diffi-
culty. She is the person who practically compels Vicina to
make her confession that Maestius and Serena are not her
children but are those of Memphio and Stellio, respectively.
All in all, the play is too largely a mass of perplexing in-
cidents involving too many persons, to permit any one of the
characters attaining a very distinctive position, either as
an individual or as a factor in the plot's development and
resolution.

Pandora, the only woman in The Woman in the Moone,
written between 1591 and 1593, is a veritable pawn of the gods
who preside over the seven planets. First, Saturn makes her
"sicke with passions of the hart, self-wild, and tongtide, but
full fraught with tears". Next, Jupiter fills her "with

The Woman in The Moone, I, I, lines I47-I49.
ambition and disdain"; Mars arranges that "after all her churl-
ishment and pride, she shall become a vixen martialist"; Sol
makes her gentle, kind, loving, chaste, and merciful; Venus makes
her witty, lively, wanton, and a devotee of revelry and amorous
music; under Mercury's influence, she becomes "false and
full of sleights, thievish, lying, suttle-eloquent"; and in the
hands of Luna she is "new-fangled, fyckle, slothful, foolish,
mad". It can readily be seen from the above array of qual-
ities possessed by Pandora at successive stages of the play,
the utter impossibility of making any generalizations about
her character. Presumably the only thing she has in each and
all of her moods is physical beauty.

In Love's Metamorphosis (written between 1584 and
1588) love is the core of the play—the love of Protea and
Petulius; the love of Ramis for Nisa; of Montanus for Celia;
and of Silvestris for Niobe. In place of making Protea in-
genious enough to escape by her own natural, human wits from
her dilemmas, Lyly evades the opportunity of making her a
woman of powerful dramatic force, and endows her with the

23 The Woman in the Moone, act II, sc. I, line 3.
24 Ibid., II, I, lines 179-180.
25 Ibid., IV, I, lines 9-10.
26 Ibid., V, I, line 5.
supernatural means of assuming any shape she desires. As is the case in regard to many of the women characters in Lyly's plays, the granting of supernatural powers to Protea robs of a certain effectiveness as a human character in a human drama. Almost as soon as one begins to be sure that she is going to be a convincing and entertainingly real woman, she suddenly escapes from the merchant, to whom her father has sold her, not by any clever natural strategy, but by supernatural means. Then too, in the case of the three nymphs, Nisa, Celia, and Niobe, they are eventually won by their lovers not through any special efforts on the part of the lovers, but by Cupid's transforming them, respectively, into a rock, a rose, and a bird. Cupid refuses to give them their natural forms again until they consent to accept the sentimental foresters. The nymphs are compelled to submit through the application of supernatural force. Their opposition counts for so little in the play that one is tempted to declare that in Lyly's estimation the correct thing to do in the case of a reluctant woman was to use force till the lesser of two evils was submission.

In view of the fact that there is considerable doubt as to whether Lyly wrote The Maydes Metamorphosis, the study of Eurymine, the woman in the play, seems to me to be of special value. Viewing the matter wholly from the
consideration of Eurymine, I have come to the conclusion that Lyly did not write this play. One of his most marked tendencies is to have his men and women engage in clever, but quite lengthy repartee and play upon words. In direct opposition to this, Eurymine when approached in the forest by Silvio is amazingly curt. When Gemulo and Silvio succeed in inducing her to relate how she chances to be in the forest, she tells her story briefly, and absolutely without lavish decorative touches, such as Lyly not infrequently employs. It is true that she is independent, as are some of Lyly's women — the nymphs of Ceres or Diana, for instance — but hers is less of defiant, come-hither-if-you-dare kind of independence. The lack of sickening sentimentality in her acceptance of a cottage from one shepherd, and a flock from the other is noteworthy. To be sure, she makes clear both to the shepherds and to us her gratitude to the shepherds, but nevertheless, the whole scene smacks of a business transaction on the Exchange rather than of a gift in such a romantic setting as an English forest. Though her life has been spent at court, she is a direct opposite of the court women of Lyly's plays. She is practical and business-like; they are witty and clever in a light way, and are superficial. She is not at all imbued with the idea of attaching as many men as possible
to her train, which, judging by the conversation of the court women, is one of their chief objects in life. Eurymine is so eminently able, and, what is more, willing to take care of herself, that I cannot help thinking that she is not Lyly's creation.

Looking back over the plays of Lyly and the comedy before his time, perhaps the most significant thing to be seen is the high plane to which Lyly has lifted women, allowing them free play for their wit, but ever keeping in mind his ideal of women as dignified, clever, and never base. He may be said to develop the Beatrice type—Beatrice up to the time when she takes her cousin's affairs into her own hands and directs the plot from then on. Just as the early Beatrice is sparkling and occasionally a trifle daring in her repartee, light-hearted, and (above all) young, so are the women of Lyly. But when we have said that we have said practically all. To appreciate a profound philosophy of life is always beyond the power of the frivolous though charming maids of honor, and usually beyond their mistresses. A lack of contentment vaguely felt but not understood by them manifests itself in the satirical touches in their conversation and in their everlasting discussion of love. Though they can cope with Beatrice in wit, they could never have steered a friend's or relative's difficulties so successfully as Beatrice does for Hero. Beatrice comes to know what suffering
and heart ache is. In Lyly's world, there is scarcely a hint of the realization, much less the expression, of pain. Even Sophronia, perhaps the most serious of Lyly's women, appears not to sense the anguish of her father, and her attempts to comfort him are at best only perfunctory. With the exception of Tellus, Lyly gives us no depth of emotion, no overpowering display of passion.

Albeit that Lyly's women are undeniably one-sided—ever coy, witty, flirtatious, and full of petulant though fascinating foibles—we cannot be aware how much Lyly has contributed until we compare his women with those of his predecessors. He has no Gills and Noah's wives; no Dame Chats or Gammer Gurtons in his plays. He avoids the vulgar, coarse-mouthed women of the early comedies, women who are a positive offense to one's aesthetic tastes. It is true that occasionally some of Lyly's court women say or suggest risque things, but almost without exception his women are of the high comedy type. They have the refinement of Mary the Virgin, Lucrece, and Gismunda. Their wit is less offensively pungent than that of women of low comedy; theirs is etherealized but sparkling, effervescent wit. In fact, so far does Lyly get away from the solid, though often coarse, middle class type of woman, that his women hover on the borderland between reality and artificiality.
Bond believes that had Lyly essayed tragedy he might possibly have done greater things than he did in the field of comedy. I do not think so. In the first place, pain and the inner struggle of the human soul Lyly did not understand. He was a courtier; his women are court women, for the most part. Other than the most superficial kind of emotion, is beyond both him and them. Languidness, even when occasionally stirred to a fleeting moment of spirited action in his plays, the lack of strong passion in any character but Tellus, the constant tendency to skim carefully the surface of life, with a vague fear lest the depths be reached—all point to a lack of understanding or perhaps an unwillingness in Lyly to admit that there is a tragic side to human life. I think he personally shrank from any deep probing into life and its shadows and troubles. We know that his disappointment at not receiving the advancements at court for which he longed was time and again expressed in almost childlike plaintiveness. The way in which he took to heart his failure to secure the Mastership of the Revels shows a lack of force, and a supersensitiveness in Lyly. Like his court women, he wanted all the pleasures of life without the pain. He liked to pass away the time with light amusements and witty conversation with charming people. He was too fond of the bright side of life to have ever thought of writing tragedy, and
even if he had attempted it, he would have failed. The tragic was utterly foreign to his temperament.

So, though Lyly gives us only women's outward husks of raillery, wit, and flirtation—women on their social and superficial side, on this side he gives the women in English comedy a sprightly push toward a better position. No longer must they voice their wit in tavern coarseness; no longer must they batter their enemies or their rivals about as Gammer Gurton does Dame Chat. Lyly gives women a place of dignity, of culture, of refinement in English comedy. Great as is this contribution, from the point of view of technique Lyly does little for his women. They are seldom of great dynamic force; they are frankly puppets of some man or of circumstance. Campaspe owes her release from Alexander to Alexander, not to anything that she does; Sapho is controlled first by Venus, then by Cupid; the ex machina disentanglement of an unnatural situation deprives Gallathea and Phillida of any real activity in the plot; Sophronia's place as a factor in plot development is negligible; Pandora is the prey of the Gods. In each case we remember the woman as a woman, never as the pivot of the plot. Lyly contented himself in giving to us,

"Woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."
Chapter III
George Peele.

Peele, not having a fully developed sense for organization or characterization, has not a very commanding drama place in English. However, in the development of dramatic diction and in the singular sweetness and melody of his versification he did make considerable advance.

His first play, The Arraignment of Paris, was published in 1584. The story is that of Paris and Oenone, into which are woven other pastoral tales. The work is an exquisite one, dainty as a piece of fragile china, as soft and restful in coloring as a dale shaded from the brilliant sunshine and dead heat of summer. Among the myriads of people who thread their way gracefully through the play, Oenone is the only woman who remains at all distinctly in one's mind. She is happy in the love of Paris, when first we see her. When he requests that she sing to him, she naively asks—

"And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, dare say."

In those words, she reveals to us the completeness of the intimacy between her and Paris, and by her tacit acceptance

of his present devotion as likely to be permanent, we foresee disillusionment and sorrow for her in the days to come. When next we see her, Paris has broken his vows and forsaken her. The simplicity and naturalness of her plaintive lament at once arouse one's sympathy. So deeply does she feel Paris's deception that she looks upon all shepherds as capable of the same guile.

"Oh, shepherds, you bin full of wiles, and whet your wits on books, And wrap poor maids with pipes and songs and sweet alluring looks," she chides them sadly. Sorrow has by no means dulled her wit, for she engages in a pointed dialogue with Mercury much in the manner of one of Lyly's heroines, though not so spiritedly. When Mercury finally adjures her to forget Paris, and to show interest when new admirers appear, she replies somewhat apathetically-

"I will go sit and pine under the poplar-tree", and this is the last we see of her.

Oenone makes a pretty picture in her plaintive misery, but as far as the play is concerned, she is merely a

2 The Arraignment of Paris, act III, scene I.
3 Ibid., act III, scene I.
piece in the mosaic, a piece a little more highly colored and a trifle more prominently placed than the others.

Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, although not published until 1599, may have been written as early as 1577. There is considerable question as to whether Peele was the author of this play, but in its rambling tendeacy and conventioanalitiy it is sufficiently like his other plays to warrant calling it his. In case that it preceded Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra, which was printed in 1578, it would perhaps contain the earliest woman page situation in the vernacular drama. Numerous dramatic effects used later by Shakespeare occur in the play: the girl disguised as a page; her apology for donning man's clothing; her presenting a jewel as a love token. So loose and long-drawn out is the plot that, like the brook, it seems almost to "go on forever".

Differing from Gallathea and Phillida who are forced to don their disguises by their fathers, Neronis dons hers to affect her escape from her kidnappers. She is at first abashed at her "painful page's show", but instantly consoles herself with the thought—

"When they hear the truth wherefore I am disguised, they'll say it is an honest shift the which I have devised."

4 Yearsburg, Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama, pp. 62-63.
5 Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, scene 15.
That she is made of harder stuff than many women, is well shown when she braves the terrifying gruffness of Corin to ask employment as his shepherd "boy". She is a faithful worker, but not always a contented one. The shepherdesses, thinking her a man, pester her with their devotion. At times she longs passionately for the leisure life of her courtly home, or for some news of her lover. At length she summarily leaves Corin, and again starts off on her travels. She meets her lover "strangely disguised" and offers her services as a page to him. She presently learns his identity, but she remains incognito and is sent ahead as his messenger to Denmark. There she resumes her woman's attire and greets Clyomon on his arrival.

Though Neronis herself is in every way as interesting as Gallathea and Phillida, the plots of the two plays have little in common. To get at Neronis and her adventures, one has to read page after page of material—mere trash as far as organization is concerned. Peele rambles and rambles interminably. Lyly in Gallathea handles his plot with great deftness and the action is pleasing in its vigor and compactness. From the point of view of character, Neronis is more independent and manages her own career to better advantage than do Gallathea and Phillida, but she is more stiffly conventional and less winsome, graceful, and womanly
than the other two girls.

Peele's historical play, Edward I, published in 1593, is absolutely unsatisfactory in every respect. One's most vivid impression of it is that it is a libel against Queen Elinor. In our first glimpses of her, we are made to see that her taste in dress is needlessly extravagant and that she must needs "send for tailors into Spain". In succeeding scenes she is inordinately proud, jealous, petulant, alternately addressing her husband with sugar-toned words, and with sharp chidings because he has failed to gratify some little whim. Her capricious commands finally become demoniacally cruel, and then the long patient Longshanks admonishes her—

"Leave these ungentle thoughts, put on a milder mind; 
Sweet looks, not lofty, civil mood become a woman's kind."

She does not, however, heed his advice, for the minute that war with Scotland engages his attention, she kills the Mayoress of London, of whose fine array she is jealous, by compelling her to fondle an adder. When she brazenly lies about the crime to Joan, the "earth opens and swallows her up". She reappears later in the day— Peele apparently did

Edward I, scene X, lines 253-254.
not think her catalogue of vices yet long enough. When she finally comes to her death bed, she confesses to two supposed friars—in reality her husband and his brother Edmund—that she has been Edmund’s paramour, and also that Joan is her daughter by a friar. Now that Peele has loaded the Queen with every conceivable vice, he permits her to die. As painted in this play, she is wholly black with not a white spot anywhere. She is a type of monstrous vice, such as Fletcher often makes use of.

Two other women of the play deserve some attention. Joan, the Queen’s daughter, is an admirable girl, practical, kind, and frequently not a little puzzled and frightened at the freakish commands of her mother. Her horror at finding that she is illegitimate is wholly natural in such a fine, upright, and self-respecting girl. Peele makes her expire from the shock, at the bed of her despicable mother—a very spectacular demise, albeit not plausible in the case of a healthy girl like Joan. Lady Elinor is sketchily drawn, but she represents a type very dear to playwrights of all ages. On the death of her lover, she is inconsolable, and remains true to him in spite of the urging of marriage upon her by other suitors.

Very little can be said in praise of The Battle of Alcazar, published in 1594. It is wearisome and bombastic to the extreme. The number of characters in the play is be-
wilderingly large, and the oddity of their names adds to the confusion. So indistinctly are the characters drawn that it is impossible to say that there is a hero or heroine in the play. Calipolis, the chief woman character, is lamentably weak. When she, her husband (the Moor), and their son are weak from loss of food, she wails about their "distressed state", till her son becomes weary of hearing her and exclaims—

"Tush, mother, cherish your unhearty soul,
And feed with hope of happiness and ease." That she is not so hungry as she might be, is shown by her fastidious disdain of the tiger meat that the Moor succeeds in securing for her. After this incident, she appears no more in the play, nor do any other women. There are, in fact, only three women in the cast which numbers over thirty, and their position is totally negligible as far as either characterization or plot is concerned.

The Old Wives' Tale, published in 1595, is, next to The Arraignment of Paris, the most delightful of Peele's plays. It is rather notable for its combination of romantic material with a realistic setting; its introduction of a new quality of humor; and for its implied criticism

7 The Battle of Alcazar, act II, scene 3, lines 41-43.
of a type of romantic drama to which it itself partly belongs. The dialogue differs from Lyly's in being natural, unrestrained, and free from Euphuism. There is no coarse horse-play as in Gammer Gurton's Needle. The humor is subtle and requires close reading for full appreciation of it.

Madge is the most realistically portrayed of any of the women in The Old Wives'Tale. She is a kindly, hospitable woman of the middle class, and invites the strangers who come to her door to "come in, sit down; here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making!" She is not, however, very skillful at telling a tale. In fact, she blunders so badly at it that the characters of the story come in and act out their own tale. Delia, one of the women in the story, is completely under the influence of the magician; and Venelia, the other woman character, is insane. Hence, what little real characterization there is, is in Madge. She leaves one the impression that she is a hard-working, not especially clever woman, hospitable, and simple in her tastes.

One has to be in the mood for heavy layer upon layer of sentiment to enjoy Peele's play, David and Bethsabe, published in 1599. It is a combination of Miracle Play

8 The Old Wives'Tale, lines 61-62.
substance and chronicle method. In Bethsabe, Peele ignored a rare opportunity of making her a really strong character. When David sends peremptorily for her to come to him, she is very mild in her protests to the messenger, and goes without much urging. Had she refused to go, and had sought means to escape going, hers would have a much more dynamic character. Once that she appears in David's house, she soon loses what little tendency toward opposition she possessed. Only once—when her baby is ill—does she act at all conscience-stricken. Before long, she fades away almost into nothingness, as far as our interest is concerned.

All in all, Peele has hardly improved upon the Biblical account, especially in the matter of characterization. David is much more vividly portrayed than Bethsabe. Even the unfortunate Thamar, during the few moments in which she appears before us, leaves a clearer picture in our minds than the Queen.

In general, Peele contributed nothing to the English drama in the way of organization or characterization. He has no very distinct men characters, let alone women. For instance, his The Battle of Alcazar was written in conscious imitation of Marlowe's Tamburlaine the Great, but where Marlowe has created a vivid and striking personality in Tamburlaine and thus gives the play a lasting and
absorbing interest, Peele in The Battle of Alcazar fails to give us a single character whose veneer of human naturalness is not transparently thin. The conventionality and superficiality of the inner substance constantly shines through. It is beyond the power of Peele to mold together the essential ingredients to make an interesting, and convincing personality. Then too, he apparently has no notion of the proper relationship between character and action. His stories ramble so indefinitely, like a medieval romance, that his characters become enveloped in a maze of trifling incidents, leading nowhere and contributing nothing toward making the characters develop into sensitive, flesh and blood people. Since he is so incapable of giving us any real characters, one cannot expect him to have any notion of making woman an active factor in the plot. Neronis is his only woman to approach reality, and even she is full of the little conventionalities that tend to smother what individual touches he gives her. Where Peele failed as a plot and character builder, he triumphed in sweetness of versification and exquisite felicity of phrasing.
Chapter IV
Christopher Marlowe

Marlowe stands with Kyd as the great shaper of Elizabethan tragedy. He infused into tragedy passion and the vigorous energy of Elizabethan life. He gave body and force to tragic drama. He wrote the first great chronicle play—Edward II, a work that is full of faults, but nevertheless reaches heights not gained by other Elizabethans except Shakespeare. His literary career began in 1587, just at the beginning of the period of the greatest Elizabethan drama. Sheer exultation in living and spirited ambition characterized the life of this period.

The first part of Tamburlaine, Marlowe's first play, was probably brought by him to London in 1587. At any rate, it was produced in that year, and its popularity was instantaneous. Youthfulness, ideality, and remarkable originality are marked features of the play. In spite of the plenteous rant and the great amount of bloodshed, the tragedy still maintains a high dignity in its whole conception and treatment. The spirit of Marlowe breathing through Tamburlaine keeps his inordinate personal ambition for earth-
ly power, his belief in the uncrushable power of his destiny, his fearlessness of supernatural forces from appearing ludicrous or uncompromisingly bombastic. Tamburlaine is as much a worshipper of beauty as of power. This gives us a keynote to Marlowe's treatment of Zenocrate in the play. His attitude is that of the lyrical poet toward the woman whose beauty inspires his songs. Tamburlaine's words in answer to the angry remonstrances of Zenocrate for being forcibly detained in his camp are exquisitely poetical,—

"Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is worth more to Tamburlaine
Than the possession of the Persian crown.

Thy garments shall be made of median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's;
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd."

Tamburlaine, Part I, act I, scene 2.
Just as it is her wondrous physical beauty that calls forth such lavish speech at their first meeting, so it is her beauty that later causes him to exclaim in a tribute of passionate splendour,

"Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine;
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,
And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter."

Zenocrate owes her sole right to a position in the play to the fact that she furnishes Marlowe (or Tamburlaine) a chance to exclaim over her beauty. When she begs Tamburlaine to spare Damascus, her native city, from destruction he answers her plea with—

"Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove stoop." He intends her to see that it is her place to receive graciously the plunder which he shall presently lay at her feet, not to interfere in his plans by such an unheard of proceeding as pleading for the enemy. Not long after this epi-

2 Tamburlaine, Part I, III, 3.
3 Ibid., Iv, 4.
Tamburlaine once again bursts out in enraptured praise of her exquisite beauty. He dares even to call her "divine Zenocrate". One thrills at the richness and music of his tribute, and perhaps wishes for a fleeting moment that one might, like Zenocrate, evoke such praise, but only for a moment. Worshipped she is, but nevertheless, hopelessly enthralled. Hers is a pedestal position which she is compelled to maintain, partly because she lacks the necessary initiative to make any vigorous move, partly because Tamburlaine's will is so all powerful as to make any opposition to it totally futile. When she is alone, she laments pitifully over the massacre of her townspeople and cries out in puzzled anguish,

"Ah, Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love."  

Tamburlaine magnanimously preserves her father's life, and the last we see of Zenocrate in Part I she is rejoicing over meeting her father once again.

Zabina, wife of Bajazeth the Emperor of the Turks, retains her haughtiness of manner when she is taken captive, and her disdainful words arouse Zenocrate into unus-

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Tamburlaine Part I, V, I.
ual fury. However, when Bajazeth is kept in a cage and has to depend for subsistence on what is left on the tables after all others have eaten, Zabina gradually loses all defiance and spirit. With fine courage, she strives to keep up Bajazeth's spirits, although she is inwardly in despair. At length when she finds that he has killed himself, she chooses the same way out of her troubles. Hers is a pathetic figure amid the opulent splendor of Zenocrate and Tamburlaine.

Part two of Tamburlaine is on the whole more subdued in tone than part one. Though Tamburlaine is now considerably older, he addresses Zenocrate in the same extravagant fashion as he did in his younger days—

"Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a crystal livery."

He is bent upon his sons growing up warriors, and talks so continuously of war to them that Zenocrate protests timidly that such speeches dismay the children's minds before they are old enough to "prove the wounding troubles angry war affords." Her protest, however, is overruled by her two war-like sons.

5 Tamburlaine, Part II, 1, 3.
When Zenocrate becomes so ill that death is certain, Tamburlaine hints to her that he cannot and will not live without her. In alarm, she exhorts him to live on,

"And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty."

She then assures him that if she thought her death would cause his, the comfort of her future happiness and the hope to meet him in the heavens would turn to despair. Now she calls for music and, as it sounds, she dies.

Olympia, the other woman character in this play, is a faithful, despondent woman mourning for her dead husband and son, while tormented by the attentions of Theridamos, her captor and suitor. In cunning desperation, she inveighs him into believing that she has found an ointment proof against pistol shots, sword, and lance. She places some of the supposedly efficacious oil upon her throat and persuades Theridamus to test its efficacy by striking her with his dagger. What she knew and desired would happen does happen. He kills her unwittingly. She thus affords the center of a vivid though horrible little episode, but has

Tamburlaine, Part II, II, 4.
nothing to do with the real plot or action of the play.

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus was probably written soon after Tamburlaine, though it was not entered on the Stationers' Register till 1600-1. It is a succession of pictures or scenes, rather than a regularly developed drama. The play is held together by the central figure, Doctor Faustus, and progresses toward a catastrophe. On the whole, Faustus, like Tamburlaine, is a figure of great dignity, but is more human in that he has the weakness of remorse. Tamburlaine remains unconquered. In this play more attention is given to inner conflict than in any previous play except, perhaps, The Spanish Tragedy. In so far as Marlowe made this great step, it would seem that he might create a woman in this play who would be more human than the idolized beauty-model, Zenocrate. But Marlowe is still interested in woman from the point of view of a love poet who seeks his inspiration in beautiful women. This time, we have the notoriously beautiful woman, Helen of Troy. Just as Zenocrate aroused Tamburlaine into poetical ecstasy, so Helen arouses Faustus' admiration till he cries,

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen make me immortal with a kiss."

...
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. 7

So he visualizes her and her radiant beauty for us, but she, like a figure in a dumb-show, silently crosses the stage and is gone. Marlowe's play is in sad need of a Marguerite.

The Jew of Malta was probably written about 1590, and so popular was it that between the years 1591 and 1596, it was performed over thirty times. The play begins remarkably well. It depicts the human soul of Barabas struggling with his environment. The tragedy degenerates, however, after the second act. The intricacy of the intrigue, complication of action, and the many soliloquies prevent a single real crisis. This lack of any crisis makes it very difficult to consider the position of Abigail as a factor in the play.

One has every reason to believe that Barabas has a sincere love for his daughter, Abigail, when the play begins. When she enters the room where he is, he asks affection-

ately,

"But whither wends my beauteous Abigail? What has made my lovely daughter sad? What, woman! moan not for a little loss; Thy father has enough in store for thee."

Her reply shows the sympathetic understanding she has of the real feeling he has over his loss. When he learns from her that their home in which lies his hidden treasure has also been seized, he is so grief-stricken that she instantaneously offers her assistance, and states with determination,

"Father, whate'er it be, to injure them That have so manifestly wronged us, What wilt not Abigail attempt?"

When he reveals to her his plans for regaining his treasure, her objections are not moral or ethical ones, but are those caused by a kind of frantic timidity, a fear of attempting the task alone. On Barabas's admonishment that she be cunning, in a sudden panic Abigail begs him to go with her. He coolly declares that that is not necessary. Abigail is surprisingly adept in dissembling when she induces the nuns, who now inhabit her home, to take her in as

a novice to make atonement for her laboring soul. She is too consummate an actress in this scene to make us quite comfortable about her moral sense. She has been called a "puppet" and she is surely a most willing puppet here. When she throws her father's treasure down to him from the window, she is extraordinarily matter of fact and non-flurried. She is so calm that Barabas's jubilation calls forth a warning from her — a rather curious incident, for it was she that had to be calmed down when Barabas had coolly imposed the task upon her.

When Barabas commands her to accept Lodowick as her lover, even though she is in love with Don Mathias, her opposition to the command is confined to one sentence,

"O father, Don Mathias is my love!" Her very passivity means consent, and not till she finds herself actually betrothed to both men, does she realize what she has allowed herself to be led into. Stunned and conscience-stricken by her position of duplicity, she shrinks back from Lodowick and her father with pallid face and bursts into tears. A little later, on noting that intense hatred is growing up between Lodowick and Mathias, she resolutely informs her father

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that she will make them friends again. To her stubborn declaration, "I will have Don Mathias; he is my love", her father answers by commanding Ithamore to "put her in".

Her fearful anticipation of a conflict between her two lovers has so prepared her for the worst, that she receives the news of their deaths very stolidly. That she had already planned her own course of action in the case of that tragedy is shown by her instant sending of Ithamore to the convent to summon a friar to her. By becoming a nun she hopes to expiate in prayer and fasting the tragedy that she has inadvertently brought about. In her conversation with the friar, she is less adept, less cautious than when she first sought admittance to the nunnery. She is brooding over the cruelty of her father and in her abstraction all but betrays both him and her. No resentment, no vindictiveness, no hint of a desire for any revenge manifests itself in her words, though she has declared that she loved Don Mathias. Even when dying, she adjures her confessor not to reveal what she has confessed to him. Almost her last words are a plea to convert her father. Had she been angry and bitter against Barabas when she learned how he had caused the death of her lovers; had Marlowe shown how the peace of the convent and the nuns' teachings worked a change toward for-
giveness of her father, then Abigail would have been a consistently and convincingly drawn character. Marlowe bestows little care on her. After presenting the first crude outline of her figure, he is careless when adding new lines, about making them harmonize with the lines already drawn. His interest very frankly lies in Barabas, and it is possible that he did not consider how great a factor in the play he could have made Abigail. He consciously subordinates her and all the other characters to Barabas, and so far is this subordination carried, that Abigail cuts a very sorry figure indeed beside Shakespeare's heroines. But at any rate, she is a decided advance over Zenocrate, and shows that Marlowe's ideas about women were clarifying to some extent and taking on a broader scope.

Edward II, entered on the Stationers' Register in 1593, is inferior to Marlowe's earlier plays in pure poetry and sublime imagination, but is his masterpiece in dramatic power, in positive impression, and dramatic effect. It is the best worked out and the best organized of the plays. Edward, though the central character, is not so all predominating as are Marlowe's other heroes. The other persons in the play are handled with both care and interest. The great enigma of the play is Queen Isabella. At first, she is as much in love with her husband as any woman could be. Even when she finds her-
self supplanted in Edward's affections by Gaveston, she continues to try to win back his regard for her. At the very moment when Young Mortimer meets her as she is going into the forest "to live in grief and baleful discontent", she refuses the suggestion of putting Gaveston out of power by armed force,

"... For, rather than my lord

Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,

I will endure a melancholy life,

And let him frolic with his minion."  Her thought is always for Edward first, herself last. She submits to an indifference on his part that amounts to an insult, but she is tart and half-hysterical in her denunciation of Gaveston. Patience, tears, remonstrances—all fail to move Edward. When the nobles compel Gaveston to flee, Edward banishes the Queen from the court till she has secured the restoration of Gaveston. In this predicament she turns to Young Mortimer for help. There is no indication that her relations with him are other than those of grateful friendship. To be sure, Gaveston taunts her with undue intimacy with Mortimer, but his words smack less of the truth than of low-bred and mal-

icious pleasure in slurring against a helpless woman. No longer in love with her, Edward too delights in flinging Mortimer's name into her face. After one such occasion, she responds earnestly and with pathetic sincerity, "Heaven can witness, I love none but you." And when he has left the room, she cries,

"O, that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That, when I had him, we might never part!"

Shortly after this fervent prayer, Marlowe startles us by having Isabella say that so well has Mortimer acted toward her that she could live with him forever. However, she resolves to make a final attempt to regain her husband's love, and if she is repulsed, she will go to France for succor. It is only when even aid in France is not forthcoming, that she goes over to Mortimer's side against Edward, and then, I believe, she is considering, not the elevation of Mortimer to power, but of her son's future. She is very precipitate about securing the title of Lord Warden of the

Realm for "our well-beloved son", but she is attempting to conduct matters in a statesmanlike fashion.

The underlying ease with which she accepts Mortimer's proposals shows a degeneration too rapid for plausibility. It fairly makes one gasp with surprised horror. We have not been prepared for such a sudden transference of affections from a husband to a paramour. With the extinction of her love for Edward, like an avalanche comes loss of honour, of self-respect, and of humanity. She calmly hands herself over to Mortimer, and ends her career in the play by being an indirect accomplice in the murder of the miserable King. After puzzling over such a situation as this, one comes to the conclusion that Marlowe is either unable to depict woman character, or that he purposely sacrifices Isabella's character to bring our sympathies over to Edward. I prefer the last suggested explanation. Marlowe's interest lies in Edward, and to that interest he degrades the character of Isabella. What more effective way of gaining our sympathy for Edward than by showing that his own wife has leagued herself with his enemies? If Marlowe were more interested in making Isabella a consistently portrayed character, rather than a dramatic means of arousing sympathy for his hero, it is entirely probable that he could make her as
wonderful a human study as Edward. As the situation is, in the first part of the play, she is a loving, patient woman and faithful wife; in the last part, a venomous adulterous fiend, and little short of a murderess.

The Massacre at Paris, acted 1592-3, is the poorest of Marlowe's plays. It deals with the Massacre of Bartholomew, but it has no definite dramatic idea. It resolves itself into a hurried succession of murders. There is practically no attempt at motivation of character. Even though there are six women in the cast, not one is deserving of consideration. Not one is distinctly individualized to permit of identification in a crowd.

The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage (written in collaboration with Thomas Nash) was published in 1594. It is treated in a romantic vein and is pleasing in a minor way, though no very great height of dramatic passion is reached. Even though the story is taken from Vergil, the power that Marlowe gives to some of the scenes is nothing short of thrilling. The best of these scenes is the parting between Dido and Æneas. Although she is inwardly frantic, lest he leave her, she is dignified, never abject in her pleading for him to remain with her. When she begins to fear that she cannot move him from his determination, she cries out
in despairing anguish,

"Thy mother was no goddess, perjur'd man,
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
Thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck."

Even when he leaves her presence, she cannot bring herself to confess that he is gone forever. In pathetic faith she murmurs,

"Ay, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too, too well to serve me so."

But after Anna tells her that Aeneas has sailed, she declares hysterically that she will follow him. Her sister recalls her to herself by reminding her who she is. "Must I rave thus for a runagate?" Dido presently asks herself, her pride becoming uppermost for the moment. In the next breath she plans suicide. With characteristic energy and thoroughness, she prepares the fire in which she burns the things that Aeneas left behind him, and then she herself leaps into the flames. In frenzied sorrow, Larbus, her unsuccessful lover, kills himself, and Anna out of love for him does likewise.

I3
The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage, p. 369.
I4
Ibid., pp. 369-370
I do not wholly agree with Mr. Symonds' statement "Dido owes such power as the sketch undoubtedly possesses to the poetry of the Fourth Aeneid". She is more than a mere transposition from the Aeneid into an English Play. Marlowe gives her much of the passion and fascinating power which characterize his best known men characters.

After studying the women in all of Marlowe's plays, one sees that he has never spent enough time and care on any one of them to make her vital and absorbingly human. Had he really been aware that heroines can exercise as much force in a plot as the hero, he might have given us a play containing a woman as masterfully delineated as is Edward II. As the situation is, his women and all other characters are subordinated to the central man figure of each play. Zenocrate is the beautiful idol of Tamburlaine's desires; Abigail is more forceful than Zenocrate, but is sketchily drawn; Isabella is sacrificed to gain the reader's sympathies for Edward; and Dido is not wholly Marlowe's creation, though he breathes some of his own fiery spirit into her. Just as Marlowe's power of characterizing his heroes grew enormously from his first play, Tamburlaine, to his master-

Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama, p. 607.
piece, Edward II, so in the matter of drawing women his ideas changed and developed. Between Zenocrate and Helen on the one hand, and Isabella and Abigail on the other there is a vast ocean of difference. Helen and Zenocrate are ethereal symbols of Marlowe's ideals. They are as stars in the firmament, radiant but remote. They represent the ideals of Marlowe, the lyric poet. In Abigail and Isabella Marlowe earnestly strives to present warm, real womanhood. They represent the ideals of Marlowe, the dramatist.
Just as Lyly gave comedy refinement of feeling and phrase, and Peele delicacy, lightness of touch and sweetness of versification, so Greene gave it buoyancy, health and freedom. He helped diminish the influence of the court on the popular stage and directed dramatists to the mass of the people for material. It is probable that he had a finer appreciation of the healthy beauty of the English countryside than any one else before Shakespeare. He raised character study to a position of equal promise with incident, and the maid and her lover into rational human beings.

The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Aragon, probably printed in 1599, was Greene's first play. It and Tamburlaine come so close together in regard to time of composition that there has been considerable discussion as to which was the first to appear. The best authorities are now fairly well agreed that Tamburlaine preceded the Alphonsus. The points of similarity between the two are very obvious: Alphonsus is a great warrior and never suffers defeat— neither does Tamburlaine; Alphonsus marries Iphigina at the height of his career— Tamburlaine, Zenocrate. Further-
more, Alphonsus talks and acts like Tamburlaine. But only in these outer respects do they resemble each other. Inwardly, Tamburlaine is Tamburlaine and Alphonsus is Alphonsus.

There are two interesting women characters in this first play of Greene's—Fausta and Iphigina. When Amurack learns in a dream that Alphonsus loves Iphigina, he is jubilant. Fausta, on the other hand, is furious at his jubilation. She threatens to gather together the Amazons and fight Amurack if he dare decree a marriage between Iphigina and Alphonsus.

Like an echo, Iphigina states her intention also to take up arms in her own defence. Instead of attempting to placate her and her mother, Amurack also loses his temper and orders Fausta to leave the court, and to take "this carping gyrle Iphigina" with her. Fausta's only regret is not that she has been exiled from her home, but that she has not had her martial force in readiness to prevent her summary banishment by Amurack. She catches herself saying "wofull" and remarks,

"Wofull, said I? Nay, happie I did meane,
If that be happie which set one free:
For by this meanes I do not doubt ere long
But Fausta shall with ease avenge her wrong."

I
Alphonsus, King of Arragon, III, 2, lines 992-995.
To Medea who finds her walking through a forest, Fausta tells of her banishment, and reiterates her threat of revenge—

"My sword with help of all Amazons
Shall make him sone repent his foolishnes."  

All idea of revenge, however, dissolves instantly when Medea tells of the widening power of Alphonsus, and the danger of his encroaching on Amurack's lands. In consternation, Fausta begs Medea for advice, and is urged to lead her Amazons to the aid of Amurack instead of against him. Fausta agrees to do this since "fates must be followed in their just decrees". Again Iphigina echoes her in her meek statement,

"Since Fausta wils, and fate do so command,
Iphigina will never it withstand."

Fausta and her Amazons arrive on the battle field just in time to see the flight of the Turkish army. When they receive the news that Amurack has been taken prisoner, Iphigina breaks forth into a conventional lament. Fausta turns toward her and peremptorily commands,

"Iphigina, leave off these wofull tunes:
It is not words can cure and ease this wound,
But warlike swords."

2 Alphonsus, King of Arragon, III, 3, lines 1047-1048.
3 Ibid., III, 3, lines III9-II20.
4 Ibid., V, I, lines I579-I572.
Iphigina meekly subsides. The next time we see her, we gasp in surprise. She challenges Alphonsus—she who has been so timid and so completely submissive to her mother's commands! What is still more surprising, Alphonsus flees from her and she is silly enough to think he fears her prowess at arms. He assures her that it is against his code to fight women and especially the woman whom he loves. She scorns his suit and forces him into conflict with her:—a ludicrous proceeding. Naturally, he puts her to flight with ease.

Iphigina is once more her submissive self when Medea warns her that, for the safety of herself and her parents, she must marry Alphonsus.

"The gods forbid that ere I should gainsay that which Medea bids me to obey," she says in all meekness. When her mother's suit for pardon is scorned by Alphonsus, Iphigina makes her plea for clemency. She is reminded by him that since she denied his suit, she must look for denial in return. At this opportune moment, Carinus, the father of Alphonsus, comes to the court, and taking matters into his own hands reconciles Iphigina and Alphonsus. They bid fair to live happily ever after.

One must admit that Greene is not eminently suc-
cessful in drawing the characters of Fausta and Iphigina. Fausta is a dominating mother, and a very determined woman. She is truly Amazonian in her love of war. She is undoubtedly more headstrong than wise. For the most part, Iphigina is very meek and submissive. Many years of residence with a strong willed mother have not been conducive to development of independence and initiative. As a result, she usually waits to see what action her mother intends to take before she says anything, and then when she speaks, her words echo her mother's. In view of that fact, her challenging Alphonsus to battle is utterly surprising as well as ridiculous. Greene evidently wants us to think of her as a singularly brave girl, but we are more inclined to think of her spurt of action as foolish and unduly rash.

It is generally believed that Greene's second play was *A Looking Glasse for London and Englane*. Gayley places it in 1587; Grosart late in 1588; Collins in 1590. Greene's apparent object in writing this play was a religious and moral one. Every imaginable vice existing in the London of his day appears in this play. Under those circumstances one would scarcely expect the play to make pleasant reading. The fact of the matter is that is—repellant. Rasni

J.C. Jordan, Robert Greene, p. 177.
in his overweening ambition for power, resembles Tamburlaine, but he is a despicable man in comparison with Marlowe's hero. Thus passionately he hails his sister, Remilia, as she enters the court room,

"Fairer than was the Virgin Danae
That waits on Venus with a golden show,
She that hath stolne the wealth of Rasni's lookes,
And tied his thoughts within her lovely locks."

Remilia greets Rasni in formal court fashion, and though they are brother and sister they give no sign of such a bond of relationship. So unbefitting her rank does the word "sister" sound to Rasni, that he proposes that she be his wife and share his throne. Instead of the horror with which we expect her to greet his suggestion, she joyously accepts his proposal. When next she appears, in a speech of superb vanity, she compares her pomp with Juno's, her beauty with Venus's, her locks with Apollo's, and then asks of Alvida,

"Have I not stolne the beautie of the heavens,
And plac'st it on the feature of my face?
Can any goddesse make compare with me,
Or match her with faire Remilia."


8 Ibid., II, I, lines 419-422.
A little later she is stricken by lightning, partly, I should judge, because of her boasting superiority over the goddesses; partly because of her incestuous relations with her brother. Rasni mourns her death for a brief space, then engages in an intrigue with Alvida, the wife of the King of Paphlagonia.

When the husband protests, Alvida pretends that she will return to him. She suggests that they have a cup of wine. Her husband is the first to drink and is poisoned. For her cleverness in ridding herself of her husband, Rasni promises,

"That for this deed Ile deck my Alvida
In sendall and in costly sussapine,
Bordered with Pearle and India Diamond.
Ile cause great Mol perfume all his windes
With richest Myrre and curious Amber Greece."

Needless to say, she receives this promise with delight. After a time she tires of the single devotion of Rasni and seeks another victim, the King of Cilicia. When Rasni nearly catches them at their love-making, she feigns a swoon and thus gives the King of Cilicia an opportunity to get away.

In the midst of a luxurious banquet, Jonas appears before Rasni, Alvida and their guests, calls on them to repent and foretells the destruction of Nineveh. Rasni over-

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come with shame at the remembrance of his sins tears off his royal robes and crown. Alvida too is stricken with shame and "with horror overborne". Rasni meets Jonas a little later and falling on his knees before him vows that he will now make Alvida his wife, and strive to bring about reforms in Nineveh.

Of the two chief women in the play, Remilia is wholly vain and wholly immoral; Alvida is cunning, a murderess and black as night, till the moment of Jonas' speech. Then she goes to the opposite extreme and dons sackcloth and allows her hair to fall in disarray as a sign of her repentance. For the sake of plausibility, we should have been prepared in some way for the repentance. It comes like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Greene thus destroys an opportunity to show a moral regeneration of character by a gradual inner change. This suddenness of the change in Alvida is due largely to the abstract method of treatment used in such a play as this, which is distinctly of the Morality type of play. There is no character development in the whole play.

Orlando Furioso, Greene's next play, was first printed in 1594. Angelica, the daughter of the African King Marsil-ius, is accused by Sacripant, whose suit she had once rejected, of being unfaithful to her husband. From brooding over the possibility of Angelica's infidelity, Orlando loses his mind. Angelica, banished from her home by her father, wanders this
way and that in misery—more unhappy, however, over the fate of her beloved Orlando than over her own sad lot. When she pauses in her wanderings to rest, a group of soldiers, friends of the Palatine whom they think she has wronged recognize her through her disguise and seize her. The mad Orlando comes along just then and beats off her captors. He is too insane to recognize Angelica who remarks sadly,

"Thankes, gentle Fortune, that sendes mee such good hap,
Rather to die by him I love so deare,
Than live and see my lord thus lunaticke."

Later when captured and brought before her father and the twelve peers, and condemned to be burned, she addresses them:—

"... Ere I die, let me have leave to say,
Angelica held ever in her thoughts
Most deare the love of Countie Palatine."

In the meantime, Orlando has recovered his sanity and killed Sacripant from whom he has learned of Angelica's innocence. He appears (his face shielded by a scarf) before Marsilius in time to hear Angelica called a base name. He defends her, and offers to fight any of the nobles. Angelica

I0
Orlando Furioso, III, 2, 11. 917-920.

II
Ibid., V, 2, 11. 1318-1320.
protests, but the combat takes place. He is victor and his identity is discovered. We feel joyful with Angelica over Orlando's return and recovery of his reason. Throughout the play, Angelica has borne her sufferings and insults with resignation and dignity and in never wavering love for Orlando. Though Greene presents her to us only in outline, she deserves a niche in Greene's gallery of faithful women.

Gayley places The Honourable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay between 1588 and 1590. This play contains one of Greene's most delightful women, Margaret of Fressingfield. She secures one's attention the moment she appears in the play. She has come to town with her friends for a holiday celebration and so desirous is she that no thought of work spoil her pleasure that she chides Thomas in a friendly fashion when he mentions the favorableness of the weather for the hay crop—

"Thomas, maides when they come to see the fair,
Count not to make a cope for a dirth of hay:
When we have turned our butter to the salty,
And set our cheese safely upon the rackes,
Then let our fathers price it as they please."

I2

I3
Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, I, 3, lines 350-355.
When Lacy disguised as a country fellow, breaks in at the close of her speech with a neat piece of flattery, she does not smirk but coyly and unabashed replies,

"This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To sooth me up with such smooth flatterie;
But learn of me, your scoffes to broad before."

Margaret accepts Lacy's courteous attentions with pleasure, and shrewdly senses that he is no farmer. She feels that she is becoming more attracted to him than to any other man whom she has ever met, and sharply cautions herself to betray in no way the state of her feelings. When he tells her that since he met her his "minde hath felte a heape of passions," she murmurs, it

"A trustie man, that courteth for your friend.
Woo you still for the courtier all in greene?
I marvell that he sues not for himself."

She does not need to be told for whom he is wooing now, but mischievous coquetry prompts the question. Then, though she has loved him from the time she met him, she demurely answers his words of love with—

"You are verie hastie; for to garden well,

I4
Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, I, 3, lines 367-369.

I5
Ibid., II, 3, lines 689-691.
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too too soone."

When he assures her that he is the Earl of Lincoln and desires her as his wife, she remarks frankly that she little thought that earls would stoop so low. There is no greedy seeking for title in Margaret's acceptance of Lacy's love. It is the man Lacy she has learned to love, and it is the man Lacy she wants to marry. His rank is purely incidental, although she wonders a little why he has chosen her, a mere maid of Fressingfield. Hers is a love that will not remain silent while Edward is upbraiding Lacy for taking his sweetheart from him. It was she, she declares, who used all the powers within her to win Lacy's love, even when he was faithfully plying the Prince's suit. Her vindication is beautiful in its simplicity and sincerity, although we know she overemphasizes her intentional use of her charms to win him. Edward, furious at the thwarting of his passion, threatens to put Lacy to death as a traitor.

"What hopes the Prince to gaine by Lacies death?" asks Margaret.

"To end the loves twixt him and Margaret," retorts Edward.

Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, II, 3, lines 698-701.
"Why, thinks King Henries sonne that Margrets love Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time? That death shall make a discord of our thoughts? No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun Shall vaunt him thrice over the loftie east, Margret will meet her Lacy in the heavens."

Seldom does any one have a friend who will work for one as Margaret does for Lacy's cause. That he escapes with his life is as much to her credit as to his own. That after such a proof of her devotion to him, he should think it necessary to test her further is outrageous. When his messenger informs her that he is forced by the King's will to choose a Spanish Lady as his wife, she says simply,

"The wealth combinde within the English shelves, Europe's commander, nor the English King, Should not have movde the love of Peggie from her lord!"

In the next instant she thrusts the gold sent to "buy her off" into the messenger's hands and bids him go and tell Lacy that she has decided to enter a convent. Once that she has made that resolution, Lacy himself has some difficulty in getting her to renounce the nunnery, but at length she accedes

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I7 Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, III, I, lines 1016-1021.
I8 Ibid., III, 3, lines 1507-1510.
to his desires with the naive remark that flesh is frail, and that when he comes to her with his enchanting face she cannot deny him his wish.

It is impossible to conceive a more exquisite picture of faithfulness than Greene gives us in Margaret. She is not a mere picture, however. She is the central figure of the love plot of the play. Both Lacy and Edward sue for her affections. All depends on her decision. Then, once she has chosen Lacy, her big task is to help him mollify the angry Edward—a task Lacy could not have accomplished alone. At the last, everything remains in the balance until she decide between Lacy and the nunnery. For the first time in the English Drama, we have found a woman character on whom depends the course of action at many points in the plot. Margaret is most emphatically a dramatic force in the development of the play's plot, and the director of its action time and again.

The Scottish Hystorie of James the Fourth was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1594. The play contains perhaps Greene's finest woman—Dorothea, newly crowned Queen of Scots. Her father's parting injunction to her—"Honor thy husband, love him as thy life"—before he returns to England strikes the pitch for her whole career in the play. From the moment that she is crowned Queen, she is filled with a sense of the responsibility of her position and gravely vows to do all she can for her husband's and his subjects' wel-
fare. In direct line with this, is her grave plea to the Bishop of Saint Andrewes when he reveals to her his intention of deserting her husband.

"Oh father, are you so estranged from love,
From due allegiance to your Prince and land,
To leave your King when most he needs your help?" she asks. Her championing of James, calls forth from Earl Douglas a veiled reference to the wrong James is doing Dorothea in his infatuation for Ida. In mingled faith, loyalty, and pride, Dorothea meets Douglas's accusation of James' infidelity with these words,

"Oh Douglas, thou misconstrast his intent!
He doth but tempt his wife, he tryes my love:
This injurie pertaines to me, not you.
The King is young; and if he step awrie,
He may amend and I will love him still."

So strong is her faith in James that she alone at the court believes him innocent of wrong. Even when Sir Bartram reveals to her the plot of James and Ateukin to make way with her, still she holds to her faith in her husband. When the document ordering her execution is thrust before her very eyes,
she expresses a reluctancy to read something he may not have written. Once that she has read its contents, she no longer is incredulous of the heinous plot against her. Stunned beyond power to think, she cries out to Rosse, "What shall I do? How is shall I worke?" His suggestion, that she dispatch letters to her father telling of her position that he may avenge her. But with the evidence of her husband's duplicity right in her hands, her thought is still first of his welfare. "As if they kill not me, who with him fight!" is her exclamation at Rosse's suggestion. She is warned then that the only other alternative is flight in male attire. With womanly timidity she accepts this suggestion. The awkwardness with which she receives the sword handed to her to complete her disguise, and her guileless question as to why she should wear it brings a smile to the reader's face. Accompanied by the faithful Nano, she leaves the court.

When next we see her, she is weary of everything—of her apparel, of the heavy sword, of love, of toil, of life itself. While she and Nano are resting, Iaques, the assassin hired by James to kill Borothea, comes upon them and addresses some insolent words to Dorothea. Though she has all along been fearful lest she become involved in some combat, she is not timid now. She scorns Iaques' insolence and fights with him. She falls wounded, and Iaques, confident that she is dead, flees to report her death to James. Sir Cuthbert Anderson chances to come
by the spot where Nano and Dorothea are and takes them to his home. Dorothea remains there for some time. In spite of all that has passed, her love for James is as great as ever. When she hears of the desertion of his friends, and the dangerous straits he is in, she swoons. As soon as she and Nano have a moment alone together, she reveals the distress of her soul and pathetically declares,

"Thou knowest the Princes losse must be my death,
His griefe, my griefe; his mischief must be mine."

Then she dispatches Nano to the court to reveal to Bartram and to Rosse that she is still alive, and to urge them that they guard and serve the King. She has no reason to suppose that James will ever care for her, but that does not prevent her from looking after his welfare. On Nano's return, the report that James has offered a reward for her return is almost too much of a surprise and shock for her tortured soul. Her joy is too deep for words. She receives James' shamed apology with a lightness of heart that would appear to belie the suffering she has undergone, but it is a fervent desire to forget her past anguish that causes her to belittle it in words of forced lightness.

Nothing in Lyly's brilliant court women, nothing in James IV, V, I, lines 1912-1913.
Peele's feminine characters, little in Marlowe's Zenocrate, Abigail, or Isabella can equal Dorothea. In her steadfast and convincing fidelity to James, in her womanly hesitation at garbing herself in man's garments, in her tactful understanding and handling of the situation when Lady Anderson is discomfitted at Dorothea's identity, in her gracious forgiveness of her husband—in every way she is a vivid, real, absorbing personality. It is about her that the play centers. By the sheer force of her personality she holds James' chafing and temperamental nobles in allegiance to him, while she is at his court. After her influence is withdrawn, things go to smash. At the critical moment when James stands almost alone against his enemies, she sends Nano to reawaken in Bartram and Rosse the fealty they had had for the King. It is she who brings about peace between England and Scotland through the reconciliation between her father and her husband. Take Dorothea away from the plot, and no plot remains. Just as Margaret in Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay directs the action of the play at point after point, so to an even greater extent, Dorothea is the pivot on which all revolves.

Though Ida bids fair to be overshadowed by her illustrious rival, yet she is another one of Greene's finely etched women. Our view of her is limited to a few scenes, but these are sufficient to furnish a clear picture of her. She
frankly prefers the seclusion of her country home to the gaiety and uselessness of life at court, "Venus's net", she calls it. She states that feeling outright to the King, and later gives her reasons for her preference to her mother as they sit sewing on the porch of their home, and thereby reveals an admirable philosophy of life. She is a little too placid a turn of mind to be very clever in fencing with words with Eustace, but her dainty conversation with him is infinitely more real than had she talked in the brilliant style of Lyly's "Men of Men." In dignified horror, she repulses the advances made by the king through Ateukin. One can imagine how besmirched she must have felt by his proposal. The love that grows up between her and Eustace is so unpretentious and sincere as to give a sadly needed element of peace and contentment to this rather tumultuous play.

Though there has been considerable doubt as to whether or not Greene wrote George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, I like to believe that he did, because I cannot help thinking that Bettris and Margaret are sister creations by the same person. Like Margaret, Bettris is a country girl, mischievous and capricious. To a wooer whom she does not favor, she says lightly,

"Heigho! my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps upon the Earl, if that he be.
See where he comes, or angrie, or in love,
For why his colour looketh discontent."

Ten minutes later she emphatically declares,

"I care not for Earle, not yet for Knight,
Nor Baron that is so bold;
For George a Greene, the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold."

Later in the play, she pines so incessantly for her absent lover, that she goes to him in disguise. Sudden capriciousness makes her refuse to marry him without her father's consent. This is secured by a ruse and Bettris is then joyously happy. She is, it seems to me, Margaret's younger sister, with the same fascination, sincere affection for her lover, but with a greater impetuosity.

Greene was a master hand at depicting patient, exquisite, faithful women. It is true that their love lacks passion and egotism, but its sincerity and permanency is full compensation. One does feel, however, that the humbleness of their devotion and sacrifice is almost too ideal. What Lyly did for the superbly clever, witty woman, Greene does for the faithful, more serious woman. Lyly developed the Beatrice type—Beatrice as she is in the first half of the play.

22 George a George, I, 4, lines 205-208.

23 Ibid., I, 4, lines 234-237.
Greene gives us women of the Imogen, Perdita and Miranda

type. Lyly's women are too gay, too habitually clever; Greene's
are too obviously vehicles of faithfulness. Dorothea, probably
Greene's finest woman, is all seriousness. She needs whimsical-
ity, moments of lightness to round out her character. She needs
the spirited fun and the bubbling sense of humor of Bettris.
All in all, Greene's women approach the nearest to Shakes-
peare's of any of his time. Where he failed was in making them
devoid of tragic faults. No great struggles, no great passions
stir their souls. They are "sweet, true, gentle, enduring all
things, believing all things; patient, meek, strong, innocent unto
the end".

J. A. Symonds, Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama,
p. 59.
Chapter VI
Conclusion.

It cannot but be, with all the tangled threads of discussion and the myriads of women passing in rapid panorama before the eye, that the idea of feminine character in the plays of Shakespeare's predecessors emerges somewhat blurred and indistinct.

The Miracle Plays had presented two chief types of women: the ethereal divine woman; the coarse-mouthed village scold. Later comedies accepted the latter type so exclusively that a delicate, respectable woman in comedy was a rarity. Lyly, his aesthetic tastes rasped by such coarseness, revived something of the refinement of the divine type of the Miracles, and added the culture of his own day in making the women of his plays. His are the women who play the social game continuously and intensively. Live, while you live, and seize the pleasures of the present day is the motto of their existence. They are charming, refined, clever, but one knows they would break like a piece of fragile china if suddenly one of life's shadows should strike them. Theirs at best is a butterfly existence, and, like the butterfly, they "show not I their mealy wings but to the summer" side of life.

Troilus and Cressida, III, 2, line 78.
Peele's women are buried so deeply under his mountains of incidents that it is seldom that they can emerge for a brief moment into the daylight, and then from their long isolation they are stiff and self-conscious. But what he lacks in sensitiveness to the vital essentials of human character, he makes up for in the music of his verse. Its lingering, exquisite harmony casts a gleam of sunlight over the crudities of character and organization.

In Helen and Zenocrate, Marlowe gives the symbols, the ideals of a lyric poet's heart. Luminous, never-changing beauty is theirs, to be worshipped and marveled at from afar. Abigail and Isabella show more of the touch of sensitive, warm human hands in their creation. Marlowe moulds them with greater care, but not with the painstaking eye for every detail that he bestows on his greatest men characters.

Of each of Greene's women, one might say, "Through perils both of wind and limb
Through thick and thin she follow'd him." The only thing in Lyly's women that seems to have appealed to Greene was their refinement and delicacy of touch. This he transfers to his charming village heroines Margaret and Bettris. But he goes farther than Lyly. He puts difficulties in the way of his heroines, particularly tests of fidelity, and sorrow

into their lives. So intent is Greene upon depicting them in their moments of suffering, and of perils, and of sacrifice, that he forgets that women are never wholly serious, never wholly gay. He fails to give his women touches of lightness, of whimsicality, except, perhaps, Bettris. Nevertheless, for sympathetic, warm, constant women, Shakespeare must have turned to Greene for suggestions when forming his own women characters.

Great as were the contributions made by Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, and Greene in the portrayal of women characters, they all seem, at first, appallingly insignificant when we turn to Shakespeare. But when we remember that they were pioneers in their work, and that Shakespeare could draw on one or all of them for suggestions, then those contributions loom up much larger. He alone has drawn the feminine character with that mixture of the ideal and the real which properly belongs to it. But to do this, he has taken a measure of wit, refinement, and delicacy from Lyly; a measure of human sympathy, faithfulness, and tenderness from Greene; a measure of poetic grace and power from Marlowe and Peele, and mixed all these ingredients with his own masterful insight and experience.

Not only in personal ways are Marlowe's and Greene's Women an advance over Lyly's and Peele's, but also in respect to their dramatic and technical importance their position is more significant. Lyly's women have little to do with the plot's
action. Their difficulties are imposed upon them by some man or by supernatural means, and they are extricated from their dilemmas by the same means. When an opportunity presents itself for the use of a woman as a disentangling factor in the plot—as in the case of Sophronia in Midas—no use is made of it.

The same thing is even more true of Peele's women. In fact, with the exception of Neronis, his women are almost completely submerged with the maze of incidents of the play. For instance, in The Battle of Alcazar, the speeches of all the women characters of the play could easily be placed on two pages, perhaps even on one. Peele very plainly thinks of women as insignificant from the dramatic or technical viewpoint.

If we had to depend on Helen or Zenocrate as Marlowe's sole idea of women in the drama, then we would of necessity be compelled to say that technically his women were no better than Lyly's or Peele's. Fortunately, Marlowe's views had changed somewhat when he wrote of Abigail and Isabella. Abigail is, to be sure, largely a puppet in her father's hands, but her moments of opposition point forward to a time when women in the drama do by their opposition, and interest in their welfare and others direct the plot's action at many points. Isabella is infinitely more interesting as a personal study than as a technical one. She has little to do with the plot's movement. In the first part of the play, she is controlled by
by her husband; in the last part by Mortimer. Her chief significance lies in the effect her change of allegiance has upon the reader's sympathies for Edward.

It is in Greene that we first find women actively and inextricably engaged in directing the movement of plot. Margaret, in Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, is the central character of the love plot. Whether the Prince is to be the fortunate wooer; whether Lacy is to be put to death as a traitor; whether Lacy or the nunnery is to have her—all depends upon Margaret. To an even greater extent, Dorothea in James IV controls the plot's action. It is her influence at the court of James that holds his dissatisfied nobles, and when she is forced to flee for her life, the result is desertion of James by those very nobles. It is her influence that brings them back to the cause of James; it is she that affects peace and reconciliation between England and Scotland.

And so, just as Shakespeare turned to Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, and Greene for the individual characteristics of his women—their wit, culture, delicacy, human sympathy, tenderness, grace, faithfulness, and power—he must also have taken from each, and especially from Greene, those dramatic and technical ideas of woman's place in the drama which they suggested to him. But it was his inimitable genius that enabled him to mould together and to enhance those suggestions till the result was women of tremendous dramatic power and attractiveness.
Appendix I.
(The following is a list of plays which have been read in the preparation of this thesis.)

Anonymous Plays.

— Appius and Virginia. Dodsley iv.
— Coventry Nativity Play, The.
— Crucifixion, The.
— Deluge, The.
— Everyman.
— Flight into Egypt, The.
— Gammer Gurton's Needle. Manly ii.
— Mary Magdalene and the Apostles.
— Nice Wanton, The. Manly i.
— Second Shepherds' Play, The.
— Tancred and Gismunda.
— Visit of Mary to Elizabeth.

— Alphonsus of Arragon.
— Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.
— George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.
— James IV.
— Orlando Furioso.
Heywood, John.
— Four PP, The.
— Johann Johann.
— Weather, The.

— Alexander and Campaspe.
— Endimion.
— Gallathea.
— Love's Metamorphosis.
— Maydes Metamorphosis, The
— Midas.
— Mother Bombie.
— Sapho and Phao.
— Woman in the Moone, The.

Marlowe, Christopher.
— Bido, Queen of Carthage.
— Doctor Faustus.
— Edward the Second.
— Jew of Malta, The.
— Massacre, of Paris, The.
— Tamburlaine (two parts).

— Battle of Alcazar, The.
— Edward I.
— Love of David and Bethsabe, The.
— Old Wives' Tale, The.
— Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.
Preston, T.
— Cambyses.

Redford, John.
— Wyt and Science.

Sackville, Thomas and Norton, Thomas.
— Gorboduc: or Ferrex and Porrex.

Udall, Nicholas.
— Ralph Roister Doister.
Appendix II.

(A list of the critical and historical works which have been used in the preparation of this paper.)


___ Article on Greene in Dictionary of National Biography.


Coleridge, Samuel T.: Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and Other English Poets. George Bell and Sons, London, 1890.


Mermaid Series.
--- Editor
Manly, John Matthews: Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama. Ginn and Company, Boston, 1900.


Siefkin, Dr. Oetgjes: Der Konstanze-Griseldistypus in der englischen Literatur bis auf Shakspere. Rathenow, 1903.


—— The English Miracle Play.
Appendix III.
(List of Women Characters Discussed or Mentioned in This Paper).

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Deluge, The, 6.

Flight into Egypt, The, 3.

Four PP, The, I0.

Gammer Gurton's Needle, I4.

Gorboduc, I7, I8.

Greene, Robert: his Alphonsus of Arragon, 71-75; his A Looking Glass: for London and Englande, 75-78; his Orlando Furioso, 78-80; his Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, 80-84; his James IV 84-89; his George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, 89-90.

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Johann Johann, IO.


Marlowe, Christopher: I Tamburlaine, 52-56; II Tamburlaine, 56-58; Doctor Faustus, 58-59; The Jew of Malta, 59-63; Edward II, 63-67; Massacre at Paris, 67; Dido, Queen of Carthage, 67-69.
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