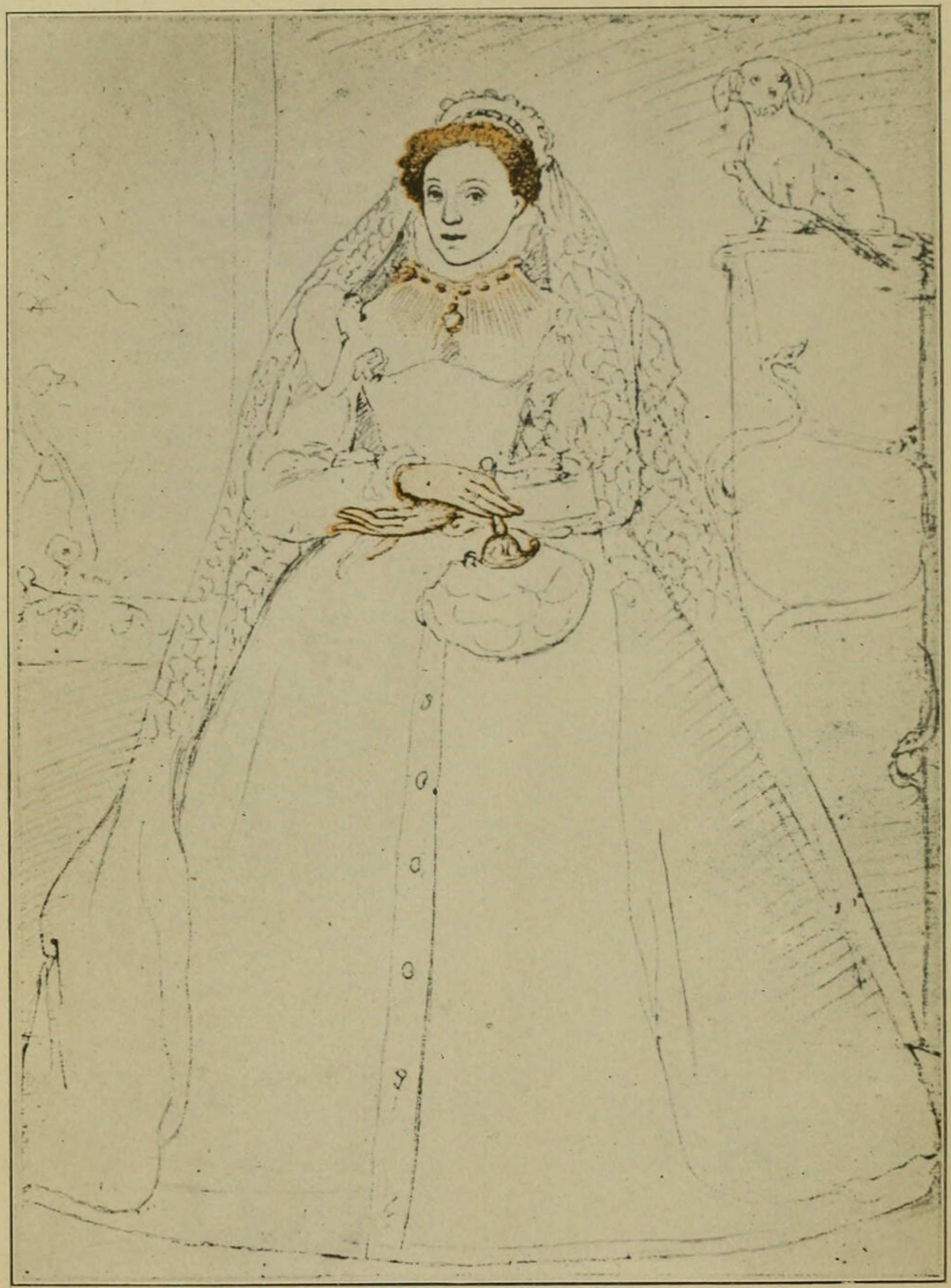
THE GREATEST OF LITERARY PROBLEMS



QUEEN ELIZABETH

From an original crayon drawing by F. Zuccero, made in London in 1575

THE GREATEST OF LITERARY PROBLEMS

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE SHAKESPEARE WORKS

AN EXPOSITION OF ALL POINTS AT ISSUE, FROM THEIR INCEPTION TO THE PRESENT MOMENT

BY

JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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No1

I DEDICATE

THIS BOOK TO MY WIFE

IN WHOSE

PRESENCE IT WAS WRITTEN, YET WHO

BEFORE IT CAME FROM THE PRESS

LEFT ME ALONE

The three important things Lord Palmerston was rejoiced to see, — "The reintegration of Italy, the unveiling of the mystery of China, and the explosion of the Shakespeare illusions."

The Glory of God is to conceal a thing — as if the Divine Majesty took delight to hide his works. BACON.

Silence were the best celebration of that which I mean to commend. My praise shall be dedicated to the mind itself, — *Mente Videbor*, by the mind I shall be seen. *Ibid.*

Read not to contradict and to confute
Nor to believe and take for granted;
Nor to find talk and discourse
But to weigh and consider.

Ibid.

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages. *Ibid.*

I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all.

TO THE READER

Although much has been written upon the authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works, it has been impossible hitherto for readers to obtain a comprehensive understanding of the subject without an excursion into fields of controversy of forbidding extent. It has seemed to me, therefore, a worthy task to present to them in a single volume a critical study of the entire subject, and, also, a review of the work of fellow students who have preceded me. To visualize my subject more vividly to them I have illustrated it pictorially, using much of my material as it was originally produced, though inartistic; some of the portraits, for instance, being from photographs of old and somewhat defaced canvases, which could not have been reëngraved without impairing their character, and many of the minor illustrations from ancient books printed when wood engraving was a rude art. In my treatment of opponents I hope that I have not held them in too light esteem, fully realizing that what we often believe to be principles and valorously battle for, not infrequently turn out to be but opinions, and that beyond them may be a wide field of debatable ground. What I have written, however, is the result of conviction founded upon judgment. If this is deficient it should be apparent to the reader.

James Phinney Baxter.

Portland, Maine, 1915.

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PROLOGUE

It was a custom of old to introduce a play with a prologue, in which was struck the keynote of the theme, to attune the sympathies of the auditors to the scheme of the drama about to be unfolded to view; so I venture to follow the ancient fashion, since

> All the world 's a stage
> And all the men and women merely players.

The action of our drama lies within the meager compass of a half-century, between the meridian splendor of the last Tudor reign and the waning of that of the first Stuart, a period crowded with events of more real import to the English race than any other in its annals. It was an era of feudal splendor — emblazoned banners — plumes — purple and cloth of gold — the glint and clangor of steel — ruthless emblems of autocratic rule. It was, too, one of cruelty and corruption; of an illiteracy hampered by a rude jargon of popular speech, the survival of a less civilized age. As the pageant in imagination sweeps on before our eyes amid the moil and murk of the streets, riding high on the tumultuous waves of applause from the mob, in whose shadowy minds it seemed a realization of the visions of old romance, of which they had glimpses in filthy inn-yards, and the low theaters in the purlieus of Shoreditch and Moor-fields, we wonder if this tinsel can be transmuted into gold, this rude speech transformed into the expression of a divine ideal.

Outside of these hopeless conditions, rumors of wars, of Jesuit plots, of Scotch intrigues, filled the public mind with apprehension of evil; for there was no time when the black shadow of Spain's mailed hand did not dim the glow of English firesides; no time in which the suspicion of French

dissimulation did not give edge to the fears of an *entente* with the ogre of the Escurial.

Yet this epoch had its heroes — Drake, who through fire and blood encompassed the world; Gilbert, who sang his swan song amid tempest and gloom, triumphant in the thought that heaven was as near him as in his beloved Devonshire; Frobisher, who drove his frail keel through the ice-locked portals of Boreal seas; and scores of others, who, on sea and land, proved the invincible courage of the English heart. Those in power, however, paid them scant heed, and they played their great rôles, and made their exits, leaving no deep impress upon the minds of their contemporaries, except, perhaps, Drake, who struck Spain such a staggering blow that it stirred the enthusiasm of his phlegmatic countrymen, though his stingy sovereign haggled over its cost.

However imperfect and inadequate this outline of a remarkable epoch, it seems beyond credence that it held a capability of reformation; yet it is true that during its existence a remarkable transformation took place in the thought and expression of the English mind. The language of Tudor England, defiled by the barbarisms of a rude age, began to purge itself of its crudities, and to enrich its vocabulary with new vehicles of thought, giving it flexibility, and enlarging its scope of expression. To realize what was accomplished within the brief period we have named, it will be suggestive to compare the King James version of one of the psalms, or Bacon's "New Atlantis," with this excerpt from the dedication of a poem to Lord Wilton in 1576, by George Gascoigne, one of the foremost literary men of his day:—

I haue loytered (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sunne did shine, and now striue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the May-moone of my yvthe, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse when the crowes feete is growen vnder mine eie.

Or this from a letter of Queen Elizabeth in 1594:—

What danger it bredes a king to glorifie to hie and to soudanly a boy of yeres and counduict, whos untimely age for discretion bredes rasche consent to undesent actions. Suche speke or the way, and attempt or the considar. The waight of a kingly state is of more poix than the shalownis of a rasche yonge mans hed can waigh, therfor I trust that the causeles zele that you have borne the hed of this presumption shal rather cary you to extirpe so ingratius a roote, in finding so sowre fruite to springe of your many favors ivel-acquited, rather than to suffer your goodnis to be abused with his many skusis for coulors of his good menings.[1]

We may well inquire how this change was inaugurated and carried to a successful issue. It could not have sprung up and come to fruition by dissociated individual effort. A presiding genius was required to foster and direct its growth. Across the Channel it was Ronsard, who, designing to regenerate the language of France, and perpetuate it in his own literary productions, associated with himself others whom he encouraged to like effort. Who in England could have undertaken this great work? What was its beginning? If we attune our ear to distinguish amid the prevailing dissonance its primal note, we shall unmistakably trace it to the oaten pipe of the gentle Colin, whose haunting melody holds our attention, and, following these strains with awakening sense, we shall hear them reëchoed until they culminate in that symphony of the greatest master of poetic numbers, the author of "Lucrece," of "Hamlet," and of the "Sonnets."

When, however, we seek the inspired mortals, whom we are told caught the sweet strains of the artless Shepherd, and came singing down the shining steeps of Olympus with a divine message to ennoble their fellowmen, we find them in dens of infamy, the tippling-shop, the gambling-hell, the brothel, and are moved to exclaim, — Such a paradox is monstrous;

[1] *Letters of Queen Elizabeth and King James VI*, p. 109. Bruce, London, 1849.

PROLOGUE

God does not ordain the vilest among men to be his messengers of peace and enlightenment to mankind:—and, certainly, the men to whom our pretentious guides have introduced us were among the vilest of their kind. No wonder the world is awakening to the necessity of a higher criticism than that with which it has hitherto been cloyed, and turning to one incomparable genius, who, voicing the primal strains of the Renaissance in Tudor England, bore them on with ever-swelling majesty to the close of the grand symphony which ended with his life. This great genius I hope to show was Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. Time was when I should have dismissed this thesis with impatience, but I am hoping that my readers will weigh the evidence I adduce before condemning me as a mere theorist.

It will be objected at the outset that Bacon could not have written that great body of philosophy, the "Shakespeare" Works, and others to which we have alluded, and have had any time left to perform his political duties, to say nothing of the common affairs of life. To answer this I cite his habit of utilizing his time, even its moments. Those intimately associated with him witness to this. Says Rawley: "He would ever interlace a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies, as walking or taking the air abroad in his coach, or some other befitting recreation."[1]

Böener and Bushell, both his amanuenses, give like testimony. His great philosophical works were written in an incomparably short space of time, while he was in great mental distress. Says Rawley: "The last five years of his life — he employed wholly in contemplation and study — in which time he composed the greatest part of his books and writings, both in English and Latin."[2]

His public duties, apparently uncongenial, occupied but a small portion of his time, so that the much longer time which this man of ceaseless activity had to devote to more congenial

[1] Rawley's *Life*, p. 48. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 43.

pursuits becomes an argument in favor of his occupation in other than philosophical fields of labor. Any one who will carefully study his various Lives will be convinced that he had ample time to produce all the works which have been ascribed to him, not excepting the poems and plays known as the "Shakespeare" Works. If it were necessary I could cite many examples of voluminous authorship. For a single instance, Thomas Heywood, a contemporary, claimed to be the author of two hundred plays besides much other literary work. There are thirty-six in the Folio.

That it was a common custom for authors to use the names or initials of others on their productions cannot be questioned. Books, too, were often falsely dated. The author of "The Arte of English Poesie," published in 1589, says: "I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably, and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it, as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman to seeme learned, and to shew himself amorous of any learned Art."

Henry Cuffe, a scholar of distinction, not wishing to use his own name on a manuscript, sent it to a correspondent to ask Greville to permit him to publish it with his initials, and told his correspondent in case of refusal to print it with the initials R. B., which, he said, "some no doubt will interpret to be Beale."

"The Historie of the Life and Death of Mary Stuart Queene of Scotland" was published in 1624, and the dedication bore the name of the supposed author, Wil Stranguage. In 1636, in a second edition, the same dedication bore the name W. Udall. Among the books which once masqueraded under assumed names, many still survive, and their ghostly authors grin at us behind their false masks so nicely adjusted to them by the editors of biographical dictionaries.

Early in life I began reading the "Shakespeare" Works, very likely as the reader did, for amusement, and in time came

to realize, as no doubt the reader did, that they were written for instruction, the amusement serving as a lure to lead the mind by pleasant paths to loftier regions of philosophic thought. This revelation of a loftier motive than amusement in these remarkable works inevitably awakens in all a desire to become acquainted with their author. The result is disappointment. How, it is asked, is it possible that a strolling player to an ignorant rabble in inn-yards, or the London theater as it is described, could have been inspired with the ambition to promote an advancement of learning? This has been the question of reflective minds the world over, and they have recorded their opinions.

Said the German critic, Schlegel, in 1808, "Generally speaking I consider all that has been said about him personally to be a mere fable, a blind extravagant error." And Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in 1811, "What! are we to have miracles in sport? Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

Benjamin Disraeli wrote, in 1837: "'And who is Shakespeare,' said Cadurcis. — Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it." And Ralph Waldo Emerson declared in 1838, that he could not "marry" him "to his verse," characterizing his life as "obscure and profane." [1] Said Joseph Hart, in 1848: "He was not the mate of the literary characters of his day, and none knew it better than himself. It is a fraud upon the world to thrust his surreptitious fame upon us. The inquiry will be, Who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him?" And William H. Furness,[2] in 1866: "I am one of the many who have never been able to bring the life of William Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare within a planetary space of each other; are there any two things in the world more incongruous? Had the plays

[1] *Representative Men*, p. 215. Boston, 1866.
[2] The father of the literary *ébéniste*.

come down to us anonymously, had the labor of discovering the author been imposed upon after generations, I think we could have found no one of that day but F. Bacon to whom to assign the crown. In this case it would have been resting now on his head by almost common consent?" Said Edwin P. Whipple, in 1869: "To this individuality we tack on a universal genius, which is about as reasonable as it would be to take the controlling power of gravity from the sun and attach it to one of the asteroids." And Cardinal Newman, in 1870: "What do we know of Shakespeare? Is he much more than a name, *vox et præterea nihil?*" The same year James Russell Lowell wrote: "Nobody believes any longer that immediate inspiration is possible in modern times; and yet everybody seems to take it for granted of this one man Shakespeare"; and so on; Gervinus, Hawthorne, Ruggles, Dickens, Holmes, Walt Whitman, Professor Winchell, Whittier, Parkman; it would require a large volume to record all the testimony of this nature, and I adduce the foregoing to show that more than a century ago, students of the "Shakespeare" Works, seeking an acquaintance with the Stratford actor, realized how impossible it was for him to have been their author.

This feeling extended until the question was pressed, in 1848, "Who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him?" It was evident to most critics that in spite of some differences of style they were the product of one mind. Who, then, was this great literary genius? A new interest was awakened in Elizabethan literature. Naturally the search began with dramatists and poets; Marlowe for a time was discussed and dropped; so were others. Deeper students, realizing that the poetic gems in the works which charmed so many were strung on a precious thread of philosophy, sought a poet among the philosophers, having taken a hint from Sydney who said: "The philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets. So Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their national

philosophy in verse. So did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels."

At this juncture Spedding's work on Bacon was published, in which it was seen that the great philosopher applied to himself the now famous phrase, "A concealed poet"; and from this time attention was focused upon him, and the sentiment of thousands outside the influence of the Stratford cult, that there was but one man in England to whom the authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works could be assigned, became conviction.

Spedding's work was published in 1857, and it was in this year that Delia Bacon in America, and William Henry Smith in England, simultaneously published the two pioneer works which opened the case of Bacon *vs.* Shakspere.[1] Doubtless many had long entertained the opinions then made public, but withheld them, unwilling to face the storm of ridicule and abuse which threatened their announcement. Smith says that he formed his opinions twenty years before publishing them, and no doubt Miss Bacon had matured her views long before giving them to the world. She was a woman of remarkable intellect, a profound scholar, and merits a high place among the literary women of America; yet she and Smith, as well as Holmes, Mrs. Pott, Reed, and other faithful and conscientious students who have followed them, have been viciously assailed by those interested in Shaksperian books as authors, owners of copyright, their friends, and would-be friends; in fact, they have suffered the usual martyrdom of advocates of new truth by our modern Ephesians.

Said Lee, "Why should Baconian theorists have any following outside lunatic asylums?" Dana, "The Mattoid flourishes in America because we have so large a proportion of half-

[1] The spelling of the actor's name is so variable that we give, in all quotations, the forms found in them. When referring to him we use the form adopted by Knight, "Shakspere," or the term "actor." When speaking of the "Works," we use the form "Shakespeare," as it appeared on the title-page of the First Folio.

educated minds." Churton Collins, "And so this epidemic spreads till it has now assumed the proportions, and many of the characteristics of the Middle Ages." A writer in the "Literary World" calls Mr. Reed's scholarly books, "A positive disgrace to literature." Brandes says, "A troop of less than half-educated people have put forth the doctrine that Shakespeare did not write the plays and poems attributed to him. Here it has fallen into the hands of raw Americans and fanatical women." Elze, "The so-called Bacon Theory is a disease of the same species as table-turning." Townsend, "Dirty work requires its peculiar instruments." The "Athenæum," "Mr. Smith denies the appropriation of Miss Delia Bacon's theory. The question may be of slight importance which of two individuals first conceived a crazy notion." Furnivall wrote to Reed, "Providence is merciful, and the U.S. folk are tolerant; you'd have been strung up on the nearest lamp-post else"; and Stapfer sneeringly alluded to it as "The famous paradox brought forward from time to time by some lunatic." Engel stigmatized Baconians as "Orthodox-minded lunatics, distinguished from such as tenant asylums in that they are still at large. People of this brain-sick habit, maniacs, are as hard to convince of their error as they who imagine themselves God Almighty, or the Emperor of China, or the Pope"; and said White, "When symptoms of the Bacon-Shakspere craze manifest themselves, the patient should be immediately carried off to an asylum, etc."; and Robertson, in this year of grace, is nearly as vitriolic, yet his book, "The Baconian Heresy," is but an apology for a defense of his thesis.

I could quote a number as vulgar as the following from a writer in the New York "Herald," who signs his name, B.J.A.: "The idea of robbing the world of Shakespeare for such a stiff, legal-headed old jackass as Bacon, is a modern invention of fools."

There is no hope for men who treat fellow students in any

field of literary labor in this manner. The charge they make against them is lunacy, and, especially, lack of scholarship; both words are favorites with them; yet Disraeli, Gervinus, Hawthorne, Judge Nathaniel Holmes, Lowell, Dickens, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Massey, Gladstone, Winchell, Whittier, Professor Cantor, Judge Wilde, and many others who have expressed opinions adverse to these monopolists of scholarship, occupy quite as high rank in the world of letters as they; indeed, when we examine the work of the Stratfordian revilers, we are astounded at its character and lack of accuracy. Probably in all literature there is no more faulty work to be found than in their treatment of the "Shakespeare" Works, from Rowe to Lee, as I expect to show. It is probable that having laid myself so fully open to query, I shall be asked whether I also am able to swallow what several of the gentlemen I have quoted denominate "The Cipher fraud." In reply, as my object is to present to the critical reader a view of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy in its varied aspects, I shall not fail to treat this branch of the subject in its proper place; but were I to omit doing so, I am hoping that the reader will find the evidence produced to be far more than needed to sustain the thesis I advocate. Should I be right or wrong in harboring this hope, I shall be especially grateful to receive the reader's opinion frankly expressed.

I was asked by a friend why I had devoted so much time and thought to this subject, and he frankly remarked that to him it seemed to be of questionable importance, since we had the "Shakespeare" Works, and need not care who wrote them. Lest others be of the same mind, I will say that I replied to him that we owe an immense debt to the author of these works which we cannot afford to ignore by shirking the question of their authorship; that it is a question of the greatest literary importance, and simple justice demands that it be settled righteously, if possible. Whether I have contributed toward accomplishing this the reader must judge. In the

elucidation of my subject I have carefully studied and compared the work of the various authors and critics who have written upon it, — the earliest editions of pre-Stuart and Stuart works bearing upon it; the letters and works of Bacon; the annals and correspondence, as well as the literature of the period, — and assure my readers that they do not have second-hand quotations in any case. I have supplied footnotes for their ready verification. All quotations from the "Shakespeare" Works are taken from the Folio of 1623, or the Quartos preceding it.

One of the studies to which I devoted much labor and research very early in my work, and prepared it for the press, I recently found had been treated by an excellent writer, and several phrases used by him are so near my own that it might appear that I had been inspired by his more recent work. I have not thought it necessary to change these expressions inasmuch as I have presented the subject much more exhaustively, and students, in our day, realize that men pursuing the same course of thought may fall quite naturally into similar forms of expression.

My endeavor has been to meet all worthy arguments which have been urged against Bacon's authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works, that the reader may have a clear view of the greatest of Literary Problems.

THE GREATEST OF LITERARY PROBLEMS

I

THE SETTING OF THE STAGE

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

THE reign of Elizabeth is one of the strikingly picturesque pages of history. The last of the Tudors, that family of royal despots who had ruled England with a heavy hand for eighty-three years, she came to the throne, we might well say by chance, if we regarded only the letter of history, and overlooked its Providential aspects, when the English people were yet striving to emerge from barbarity. This is instanced by the deplorable condition of society as disclosed by the annals of the time.

The reigns of Henry VIII and of his elder daughter, who by her harsh rule earned the title of "Bloody Mary," have been pictured grimly in English annals, while the reign of his younger daughter, Elizabeth, who had inherited the few better traits of her father, as well as most of his numerous bad ones, has been colored too brightly by writers who have been dazzled by its brilliancy. Her family had come to reign in England as conquerors, and their ideal of government was the mailed hand and the supple knee. All the conditions existing at their advent favored despotic rule. With an ignorant and turbulent populace, no other seemed possible, and it soon became more oppressive than autocratic rule in Russia has been within the past century. The nobility monopolized the wealth and power of the realm, though the more numerous

middle class, in spite of the obstacles of caste and custom which opposed it, was slowly attaining vantage-ground. The common people had no rights which they dared assert, and for the most part quietly submitted to their superiors, while those in official life held their positions by tenures too weak to permit them much repose, for they were ever conscious that they might at any time be cast out in disgrace by a caprice of their royal master, or through the machinations of those who had gained his ear.

To question the absolute power of the monarch was treason. Sir Thomas More, statesman, jurist, and Lord Chancellor, went to the block because his conscience would not permit him to acknowledge the King's supremacy where it involved illegal divorce from his Queen, and an arbitrary change in the succession, as well as the Chancellor's own renunciation of one of his deepest rooted religious tenets. Said James I, "The absolute prerogative of the Crown is no subject for the tongue of a lawyer. It is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a King can do, or say that a King cannot do this or that." [1]

All men are the creatures of heredity and environment, and the fruit of their endeavors, if it escapes final blight, is colored and flavored by them; hence, it was but natural that Elizabeth, sired as she was, and reared to maturity in an atmosphere of tyranny, should have had an invincible faith in the dogma of the divine right of monarchs to rule as they willed, and should have regarded official life as wholly dependent upon servile subservience to political necessity, that illusive but convenient phrase which has been thought to excuse the violation of human rights.

In the Tudor family she was simply a dependent young woman without future prospects beyond those of other noble families, and she could have cherished no reasonable expectation of ever reaching the throne. Her brother Edward suc-

[1] *His Majestie's Speach in the Starre Chamber.* Robert Barker, London.

ceeded her father, and after a reign of six years gave place to her sister Mary, who, married to the Spanish Philip, seemed certain to have heirs, even if she did not outlive her, for with a sister jealous of her every movement, and ready to suspect her of treason upon the slightest pretext, Elizabeth's chance of life was none too promising. She had given her family ample cause for distrusting her by a scandalous affair with Lord Seymour when in her sixteenth year. Says Lingard: "Seymour's attentions to the princess were remarked, and their familiarity was so undisguised that it awakened the jealousy of his wife by whom he was one day surprised with Elizabeth in his arms." Shortly after the wife conveniently died, her death being "attributed to poison," and we are told that he "redoubled his court to the princess; her governess was bribed, her own affections were won."

From the testimony of Elizabeth's governess, "the reluctant Mrs. Ashley," as Lingard calls her, "it appears that the courtship was not conducted in the most delicate manner. The moment he was up, he would hasten to Elizabeth's chamber, 'in his night gown and barelegged': if she were still in bed, 'he would put open the curteyns and make as though he wold come at her, and she would go farther in the bed, so that he could not come at her.'"[1]

The wife of the Spanish minister, Feria, an English lady, was one of Queen Mary's household, and on Elizabeth's accession went to Spain, where she resided until her death in 1612. In her "Life" is the following relating to the Princess Elizabeth:—

> A great lady who knew her very well, being a girl of twelve or thirteen, told me that she was proud and disdainful. . . . In King Edward's time what passed between the Lord Admiral, Sir Thomas Seymour, and her, Dr. Latimer preached in a sermon, and was chief cause that the Parliament condemned the Admiral. There was a bruit of a child born and miserably

[1] John Lingard, *The History of England*, vol. v, pp. 273, 274. Boston, 1883.

destroyed, but could not be discovered whose it was, only the report of the midwife who was brought from her house blindfold thither, and so returned, saw nothing in the house while she was there but a candle light, only she said it was the child of a very fair young lady.[1]

It seems that a clandestine marriage was planned, "her governess was bribed, her own affections were won," when it was realized that Elizabeth by such a marriage would forfeit her right to the succession. Parliament was therefore applied to. Elizabeth in a letter to the protector informed him of Seymour's proposal of marriage, and to a report that she was pregnant declared it to be "a shameful schandler." There is much more on this unsavory subject, but we have already quoted too much.

In the summer of 1554, for supposed sympathy with the claims of Lady Jane Grey to the throne, she was thrown into the Tower, that gateway to the block, with Robert Dudley, whom she had known from childhood, and to whom she had shown marked favor at her brother's court. He was noted for his fascinating personality, and she would have been only too glad to marry him had he not been encumbered with a wife whom history affirms he subsequently disposed of in the hope of such a consummation; indeed, immediately following his wife's death, Elizabeth announced her intention of so doing, which prompted the Queen of Scots to declare that — "The Queen of England was about to marry her horse-keeper [he was master of horse], who had killed his wife to make a place for her." [2]

After a life so disheartening as Elizabeth's had been, to be suddenly and unexpectedly elevated to almost unlimited power was an event which must have seemed to her miraculous, as it did to her friends.

The kingdom at the time was menaced by dangers from all

[1] *The Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria*, p. 83. London, 1887.

[2] James Anthony Froude, M.A., *History of England*, vol. VII, p. 303. New York, 1867.

sides: at home by civil strife embittered by religious differences; on the Scotch border by plots and political disturbances; in Ireland by persistent rebellion; abroad by Rome, sullen and anxious for her humiliation; by France racially hostile and ever ready to do her an ill turn; by Spain, proud of her power, and confident in her destiny to extend it ultimately over the world;—these were the perils which Elizabeth faced when, dazzled by the pomp and glitter of her coronation, and intoxicated by the plaudits of the people, she ascended the throne. The effect may be imagined. Young, impulsive, with passions none too firmly held in check, she was gracious and imperious by turns, smiling on a handsome suitor, or dismissing an offending courtier with, perhaps, a blow. Yet she permitted herself to be moulded to some extent by those about her who had chafed under the oppression of her predecessors; men whose minds, perhaps, had felt the vivifying influence of the Renaissance of France and Italy, which England had been backward in receiving.

There is no wonder that the knightly blood of England warmed to this attractive woman, who possessed a sparkling wit and an education above the average of her time, which enabled her to use it to the best advantage; nor that the adventurous and romantic spirits of the realm rallied about her, ready to dedicate their lives to her service. No man could have secured such whole-hearted devotion, as well she knew, and fickle and wise by turns, she was clever enough to keep the helm, and, with a skilful navigator like Burghley ever at her elbow to give her the proper instruction, she managed to guide the Ship of State safely through storm and calm, and win the title of "Good Queen Bess." Yet "good" is far from the proper title for a woman, selfish, vain, extravagant, cruel, and despotic, all of which she was. As in the heart of Henry VIII, so in that of his daughter, who delighted in her inheritance of kindred traits, the power of love always succumbed in the end to the love of power. Quite naturally she

sympathized with the enthusiasts who gathered about her; even at times encouraged their progressive views, and looked kindly upon the Protestant cause which was affected by the mania, as it was regarded by those in power, of free thought; but she had inherited the tyrannical disposition of her father, and readily turned a friendly ear to the ultra-conservative opinions of Burghley, and those to whom innovation of any kind bordered closely upon *lèse majesté*.

Yet she gave some encouragement to a progressive spirit, which exhibited itself in commercial and maritime enterprise, and made possible the hope of a humanistic awakening. But Tudor despotism was so deeply embedded in the laws, and its spirit so colored the opinions and shaped the customs of the people, that free thought could not find open expression safely; hence the dreamers of reform were unable to promulgate openly the views which they believed would emancipate the people finally from the stupefying influence of prejudice and custom which distorted their intellectual vision, for it seems beyond question that at no time during the reign of Elizabeth, an open advocacy of reform which pointed to larger liberty of the subject in thought and action would not have been construed as touching the question of supremacy, which meant treason with its terrible penalties; indeed, the suspicion of treason, a word so elastic as to be stretched to almost any desired length, was ever in the air, and he whom it reached, though innocent, often had the bitter experience of rack, dungeon, and *peine forte et dure*, things which in process of time had become so familiar as not to disturb the social conscience.

Even to express one's opinion upon questions of governmental policy, or to publish a history of a preceding reign which could be distorted into a reflection upon her government, was dangerous. For publishing a pamphlet opposing the French marriage, John Stubbs and Robert Page had their right hands severed at the wrist with a butcher knife and

mallet.[1] Sydney was banished for the same offense, and Hayward, author of the "Annals," for publishing the first part of the history of Henry IV, was sent to the Tower, and would have gone to the block had not Bacon saved him from Elizabeth's fury by his wit. "But," says Bruce, "although thus kindly sheltered from personal outrage, he suffered a long imprisonment." [2]

Men were subjected to severe punishment on the slightest occasion. For so small a matter as kissing the Pope's toe, Sir John Danvers, returning from a journey from Italy, was subjected by Elizabeth to imprisonment. While torture was not recognized by law in the reign of Elizabeth, she seems to have regarded it as one of her prerogatives. Its worst result was the extortion of false evidence against the innocent by increasing the suffering of the poor victim until his testimony was satisfactory. About 1580 it was cruelly used against the Catholics to convict them of saying mass and exercising other religious rites. The cruelty of Elizabeth was especially exhibited in obtaining evidence against Norfolk. This was her order to Sir Thomas Smith, one of her councilors, respecting two witnesses, — "We warrant you to cause them both to be brought to the rack and first to move them with fear thereof to deal plainly in their answers; and if that shall not move them, then you shall cause them to be put to the rack, and to find the taste thereof until they shall deal more plainly, or until you shall think meet." [3]

Of Elizabeth's personality but little of a favorable character can be said. No woman could be more vacillating or more unreasonably stubborn than she, traits which often imperiled the realm, and put the patience of her ministers to the severest strain. Vain of her fancied beauty, — for, if her most flattering portrait is true, she was but ordinarily fair, — she at all

[1] William Camden, *History of Elizabeth*, p. 270. London, 1688.

[2] Sir John Hayward, Kt., D.C.L., *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, p. xiv. London, 1840.

[3] *The Trial of Norfolk*, p. 27.

times, even when old and ugly, demanded the most fulsome adulation from those about her, seeming to enjoy the amorous sighs and suggestive sufferings ostentatiously displayed by her favorites, whom she petted and punished as the whim prompted; in fact, it is doubtful if reflections upon her beauty would not have caused them to "hop round without their heads," to quote one of her cruel expressions. She seems to have inherited all the violence and vindictiveness of her father. Her cruelty to Mary, Queen of Scots; to Arundel, a former suitor, and his wife; as well as to the Roman Catholics who comprised more than half of her subjects, indicates this. That she was an expert in the tortuous diplomacy of the time appears by the manner in which she avoided trouble with Spain by dangling her heart before Philip, while Burghley, at suitable intervals, sprung upon him the French jack-in-the-box. Her private life was a continual scandal. Though we have so little respecting this phase of her character, it is almost strange that we have so much, since the corrupt background of her court failed to give it distinction, and to have criticized it would have been perilous, indeed.

The Spanish ambassador, Le Feria, wrote his sovereign, April 18, 1559:—

> They tell me that she is enamoured of Lord Robert Dudley and never leaves his side. He is in such favor that people say she visits him in his chamber day and night.[1]
>
> It was rumored — seemingly on Lord Robert's own authority — that some private but formal betrothal had passed between the Queen and himself.[2]

And Throgmorton wrote to Cecil from Paris:—

> The bruits be so brim, touching the marriage of the Lord Robert and the death of his wife, that I know not where to turn me, nor what countenance to bear.[3]

[1] *MSS. Simancas;* Froude, vol. VII, p. 87.
[2] Froude, vol. VII, p. 297.
[3] *Hardwicke Papers*, vol. I, p. 121.

And Sir Henry Sydney told the Bishop of Aquila that

The Queen and Lord Robert were lovers: but they intended honest marriage.[1]

On January 22, 1561, the Bishop wrote:—

Some say she is a mother already but this I do not believe.[2]

Was she really married to Dudley? When certain letters of the Bishop of Aquila fell into the hands of Cecil, and he was charged with having written Philip, "That the Queen had previously married Lord Robert in the Earl of Pembroke's house," he replied:—

I wrote what I said to the Queen herself, that it was reported all over London that the marriage had then taken place. She betrayed neither surprise nor displeasure at my words. Had I so pleased I might have written all this to his Majesty; nor do I think I should have done wrong had I told him the World's belief that she was married already.[3]

If this were true it would account for her persistent fencing with matrimonial adventurers, and her deep attachment to Dudley which dominated her during her life, and drove Burghley to the verge of distraction.

In spite of her sordid parsimony, which on several occasions imperiled the safety of the nation, she was as lavish to him as she was in gratifying her personal extravagance which was carried to extremes. It is stated that she left at her death "more than 2000 gowns with all things answerable."[4]

Nothing could excel the costliness of her wardrobe, many of her dresses being adorned with pearls and other gems. To her most loyal subjects, — and we may mention as conspicuous examples Burghley and Drake, — she showed little generosity, and many of them, by their costly gifts to her, which

[1] Froude, vol. VII, p. 316.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 320.

[3] *MSS. Simancas;* Froude, vol. VII, p. 414.

[4] Sir John Harrington, Kt., *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. I, p. 119. London, 1804.

to hold her favor they felt obliged to bestow, and by their expenditures in her service which she never troubled herself to reimburse, were brought to poverty.

Her parsimony, perhaps, may be accounted for partly by the fact that when she assumed rule the nation was in dire poverty, and only by the supreme efforts of Burghley was it saved from bankruptcy. Doubtless he deeply impressed upon the young Queen, who had lived a straitened life, the necessity of economy, a virtue which she had hitherto been obliged to practice herself, and now found it easy to practice upon others, while, prompted by inordinate selfishness, she indulged to the limit her passion for luxury and display. On Dudley, however, in spite of acts which bitterly angered her, she heaped favors until his death in 1588 when on his way from camp after the defeat of the Armada.

Says Lingard, "Only the week before his death he prevailed on her to promise him a much larger share of the royal authority than had ever, in such circumstances, been conferred on a subject," and "If tears are a proof of affection, those shed by the Queen on this occasion showed that hers was seated deeply in the heart."[1]

To recur to the belief in their sexual relations: In 1560, Anna Dowe, of Brentford, was the first of a long line of offenders to be sent to prison for asserting that Elizabeth was with child by Dudley; in 1563, Robert Brooke, of Devizes, was punished for a like offense; and in 1570, Marsham, a Norfolk gentleman, lost his ears for saying that "My Lord of Leicester had two children by the Queen."

As only occasional cases got recorded, it is apparent that they continued for a period of at least ten years. In 1571, twelve years after her accession, Parliament was invoked to make it a penal offense to speak of any other successor to the Crown of England than the natural issue of the Queen. The popular feeling with regard to Elizabeth's connection with

[1] Lingard, vol. VI, p. 516 *et seq.*

Leicester on that occasion is well expressed by Camden. He says, "I myself . . . have heard some oftentimes say, that the word was inserted into the Act of purpose by *Leicester*, that it might one day obtrude upon the English some Bastard son of his for the Queen's natural issue." [1]

It was contended that the term "natural" distinctly meant a birth out of wedlock, and that "lawful" was the only proper term to have been used.

There is much more upon this subject which shows beyond doubt the relations of Elizabeth and Dudley; indeed, they were quite fully set forth in a book by John Barclay, published in Latin in 1621, entitled the "Argenis," to which attention will be given hereafter, when our object in treating particularly of these relations will appear.

Though the Queen was known to be a lover of letters, especially of poetry and the drama, a large portion of her subjects were incapable of sympathizing with her in this regard. Opposition to the theater was especially active, and players were held in disrepute. This feeling became so strong that in 1575 they were banished from London proper and obliged to set up their stage in the suburbs. A fierce controversy respecting the dangerous influence of dramatic exhibitions upon public morals followed, and when Philip Stubbes's denunciation of "Stage Plays and their Evils" was published, it broke out afresh, and engaging the attention of Sergeant-at-Law Fleetwood, who was then active in ferreting out Popish plots, for which service he earned the honor he coveted of being made Sergeant to the Queen, he turned his attention to the players, and was soon able to write to Burghley as follows:—

> By searche I do perceive that there is no one thing of late more lyke to have renewed this contagion of treason then the practice of an idle sorte of people which have been infamous in all good common-weales, I mean those *histriones*, common players,

[1] William Camden, *Elizabeth*, p. 167.

who now daylie but speciallye on holydayes, set up boothes whereunto the youthe resorteth excessively, and there taketh infection.[1]

In 1583, it was thought best still further to tighten the screws. Archbishop Grindal, who was supposed to have too tender a heart, and had been sequestered from his archiepiscopal functions, died, and his successor, who had already displayed his harsh spirit, was at once empowered by the Queen to send inquisitors throughout the country in imitation of her Spanish neighbors, "To visit and reform all errors, heresies, schisms, in a word, to regulate all opinion," and to use all "Means and ways which they could devise; that is, by the rack, by torture, by inquisition, by imprisonment." To achieve their purpose, they could go to any person and "Administer to him an oath called '*ex officio*,' by which he was bound to answer all questions, and might thereby be obliged to accuse himself or his most intimate friend."[2] Verily it was an age in which social vice and theological piety were bedfellows. This oath was intended to strike terror into the hearts of all whose opinions were not strictly in accordance with those of their rulers. Players, Roman Catholics, and supposed practicers of magic art, felt the first force of the storm. The following letter from the Bishop of London to Secretary Cecil shows the measures taken against the theaters:—

Upon Sondaie, my Lord sent two aldermen to the court for the suppressing and pulling downe of the theartre and curten, for all the Lords agreed thereunto save my Lord Chamberlayn and Mr. Vice-Chamberlayn; but we obtayned a letter to suppress them all.[3]

To carry out the measures adopted against Papists and those suspected of witchcraft, officers, denominated "witch-

[1] Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., *Queen Elizabeth and Her Times*, vol. I, p. 166 *et seq.* London, 1838.

[2] David Hume, *The History of England*, vol. VI, pp. 152–54. London, 1803.

[3] Thomas Wright, *ibid.*, vol. II, p. 228.

finders," were employed to go about the country to find suspects. Witnesses, either to ingratiate themselves with the officers or to pay off grudges against neighbors or for pecuniary profit, were ever at hand to aid these villains, many of whom were of the vilest character, and hundreds of innocent people were cruelly tortured and executed upon the flimsiest pretext; many for only having moles and other blemishes upon their persons. The portrait of Matthew Hopkins, "Witchfinder General," is still preserved at Magdalen College. So prevalent was the belief in witchcraft that in a sermon before the Queen Bishop Jewel used these words:—

> It may please Your Grace to understand that witches, sorcerers, within these last few years are marvelously increased within Your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto death. Their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft. I pray God they never practise further than upon the Subject.[1]

Nothing better could have been devised to inflame the public mind, and the fever continued throughout the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, the "English Solomon," who wrote a book in support of the belief in witchcraft.

The Roman Catholics fared as hardly. Camden, writing of the distrust of their loyalty in 1584, gives us a description of the methods employed to ferret them out. He says:—

> Counterfeit letters were privily sent in the name of the Queen of Scots and the Fugitives, and left in Papists' Houses; spies were sent abroad up and down the Countrey to take notice of People's Discourse and lay hold of their words. Reporters of vain and idle stories were admitted and credited. Hereupon many were brought into Suspicion.[2]

We may well believe that these were among the common methods for the suppression of independent thought employed during this reign.

[1] John Strype, M.A., *Annals of the Reformation*, vol. I, p. 11. Oxford, 1824.
[2] William Camden, *Elizabeth*, p. 294. London, 1688.

But the current of human progress, though often obstructed and turned aside, eventually washes away its barriers and pursues its predestined course. A religious faith could not be extirpated, nor could the drama be suppressed, for it was too deeply rooted in the affections of the people. It was, however, into the London already described that William Shakspere came after a disreputable life in Stratford and began his struggle for existence.

At this time the popular interest in dramatic exhibitions was on the increase, and the writers of the time were attracted by the promise which the future offered them in the field of histrionic art. The plays then on the stage are fairly well described by Sydney:—

> All their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained.[1]

Such plays as "King Darius," "Promos and Cassandra," "Ferrex and Porrex," and, especially, "A pleasant comedie called Common Conditions," delighted the play-goers of the early reign of Elizabeth.

English literature since Chaucer's time had produced no great name. Those who could read English or Italian depended principally upon the foreign romance for their literary delectation. Of course the Arthurian romances and many old legendary tales had come down from remote times, and were read by the few who were proficient in the gentle art; but the masses were debarred from such recreation, being unable to read. London, with a population of hardly two hundred thousand, reeked with filth and disease, as faulty in sanitary conditions as the worst Oriental city of to-day. Carrion kites served to clean the streets; floors were covered with rushes to

[1] *The Library of Old English Prose Writers*, vol. II, p. 75. Cambridge, 1812.

hide the dirt, but not the smell, so the people carried "casting bottles" containing perfumes to make the air endurable. Its inhabitants were so vicious and degraded that they flocked to witness the brutal executions which were of daily occurrence, railing and jeering at the victims, and finding delight in sports too cruel for description. The Queen, says Goadby, "dispite her culture, used terrible oaths, round and full; she stamped her feet, she thrust about her with a sword, she spat upon her attendants, and behaved as the French said, like 'a lioness.'" [1]

The theaters were sinks of corruption to which gravitated, if we may credit the Mayor of London's report in 1597, "thieves, horse stealers, whoremongers, cozeners, coney catchers, contrivers of treason, and other idle and dangerous persons." [2] The actors were not much above the moral level of their patrons, "base and common fellows," according to the students of Gray's Inn; and to escape the penalty of the law against unlicensed players, which, for the first offense, condemned them to be "grievously whipped and burnte through the gristle of the right eare with an hot yron of the compasse of an ynch aboute," and for a third offense to suffer death, they were obliged to become servants to some one in power, under whose name and protection they plied their trade. Of course, no respectable woman could enter these "filthie haunts," as they were designated by Harvey, in which the customs of those frequenting them were unspeakably vulgar and obscene; hence they were the resort of the vilest women of the town, which added to their degradation.

The reign of Elizabeth had passed its meridian when two events happened which marked a new epoch in literature. The "Euphues," forerunner of the English novel, appeared, and a few months later, in 1579, "The Shepherd's Calendar," harbinger of an illustrious era of English poetry, dropped

[1] Edwin Goadby, *The England of Shakespeare*, p. 126. London, 1881.

[2] J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, vol. I, p. 214. London, 1882.

anonymously into being, as it were from the clouds. These two events ushered in the glorious day of England's Renaissance.

From this date, despite social strife, war and rumors of war, the new day advanced in splendor; the gentle Colin retuned his oaten pipe, and sang the joy of home-coming; "The Faerie Queene," "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece" thrilled English hearts in hall and palace; above all, dramatic art felt the quickening impulse, and works of a new order, many anonymous, and many under the names of hitherto unknown men, — Marlowe, dead at twenty-nine in a brawl; Greene, at thirty-two from a debauch; Peele, before forty, from an unspeakable disease; and when these had finished their course, similar works, bearing the name "Shakespeare," imparted new life to the theater. We say similar works, because these men to-day lead the van in the history of the great literary revival of the sixteenth century, and the works accredited to them, some certainly without warrant, are marked by the same expressions, display a knowledge of the same literary sources, and publish to the world the same lofty sentiments; in fact, this has been so fully recognized that critics, almost without exception, have declared that they collaborated or duplicated the work of one another. That they should have done so unconsciously exceeds the limits of reason.

We are confining our view to these men because they appear so early in the movement. There were others who fell into line during the forty or more years of its especial activity, and got their names on the Roll of Remembrance — Drayton, Nash, Lodge, Dekker, Heywood, Sidney, Massinger, Fletcher, Kyd, Webster, Ben Jonson, and others; some with slight reason.

This, however, is not a history of English literature; that has been written more or less acceptably by Hallam, Symonds, Saintsbury, Lee; and we mention these writers only

in recognition of their place in the literary movement of which we have spoken.

All must agree that it would be interesting to know who was really the moving spirit in this great movement. Across the Channel it was Ronsard who initiated and directed the French Renaissance. In England it has been accredited to Spenser, who was a poor exile in Ireland; it is quite evident that the men we have named were incapable of doing it. Who was the English Ronsard? Does he reveal himself in the "Shepherd's Calendar" or the "Shakespeare" Works? These are questions which demand consideration, and they find suggestions to their solution in the criticisms, blind as many of them are, with which we have been surfeited.

In studying the "Shakespeare" Works we cannot fail to be impressed with the persistent purpose which they reveal of enlarging the scope of human thought, and leading the mind to loftier heights of knowledge. Their author reasoned wisely in selecting the drama for this purpose, for by it he could appeal through ear and eye to the common understanding, and open the readiest path to the popular mind, leaving upon it impressions less easily effaced than those of the novel. The dramas and poems which comprise these works were unlike anything which had been known heretofore to the English people, being saturated with the loftiest sentiments and the acutest philosophy, as well as the profoundest learning. We may well ask, Were these works, which were so far above the intellectual capacity of the patrons of the theater, written for mere gain? Halliwell-Phillipps, attributing their authorship to the Stratford actor, and having an intimate knowledge of his character, asserts that his "sole aim was to please an audience, most of whom were not only illiterate but unable either to read or write"; and Pope crystallizes the same opinion in a verse which everybody has read, that he

> For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own dispite.

But such an opinion of the author of the "Shakespeare" Works involves a paradox. We can conceive of him only as one who, conscious of being entrusted with an important message to man, makes its delivery his chief object. It is especially with these works that we have to do.

II

THE THEME

THE GREATEST BIRTH OF TIME

THE "Shakespeare" Works have been the admiration of lovers of literature for nearly three centuries. No other works have attracted to themselves so much conflicting criticism, and so much senseless exaggeration. So widely have commentators differed with regard to them that, if their countervailing opinions were eliminated, the residuum would be inconsiderable, and were the ravings of delirious devotees gathered into a single volume, it would be a curious addition to the library of the alienist. We are told that the works were "the Greatest Birth of Time";[1] that their author was "the only Exemplar of his Species"; that "there is but one Christ, there has been but one Shakespeare"; that "Shakespeare service, if not worship, is now acknowledged over the World"; and a quarto of bulky proportions has been recently published echoing the praises of devotees during the first century of the world's knowledge of him, which, if continued to our time, would form a library by itself of forbidding magnitude.[2]

Moreover, an immense body of literature has grown up treating of every phase of the works in question, which, with numerous be-emendated editions, was estimated in 1885 to comprise at least ten thousand volumes. Since that time the

[1] The title originated with Bacon, who, as early as 1586, "put together," as he says, "A youthful essay — which, with vast confidence, I called by the high-sounding title, The Greatest Birth of Time." Dean Church remarks upon this, — "In very truth the child was born, and, . . . for forty years grew and developed." R. W. Church, *Bacon*, p. 170. New York, 1884.

[2] C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*. London, 1879. Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., *Some Three Hundred Fresh Allusions to Shakespeare*. London, 1886. C. M. Ingleby *et al.*, *The Shakespeare Allusion Book*. New York and London, 1909.

number has largely increased. Some of these works possess elements of real value, but all are more or less misleading. Let us briefly quote from several. Their author's knowledge is said to have been incomparable, and a volume of nearly five hundred pages has been given to the world crowded with biblical excerpts which profess to find a parallel in his works. Referring to the Stratford actor this author asserts that

> Whatever else the poet had or lacked, he must have brought to his work a mind richly stored with the thoughts and words of the English Bible. The spontaneous flow of scriptural ideas and phrases which are to be found everywhere in the plays, reveals the fact most clearly that the mind of Shakespeare must have, indeed, been "saturated" with the word of God.

And, if this knowledge of Scripture was acquired in manhood —

> The presumption would be in favor of Shakespeare's personal piety ; if in youth, it would be a strong testimony in favor of the religious influences of his home and the training given by his parents and schoolmasters.[1]

Some writers carry adulation to much greater extremes. Says Downing: —

> I see no sign that the most enlightened religious views of the present were any secret to Shakespeare. The position of supreme enlightenment, amid the wars, murders, massacres, mutual persecutions, barbarous controversies and jargonings, that then devastated the world, in the name of a generally misunderstood religion, must have been very moving to the heart of Shakespeare, since it was hopeless for him to attempt to breathe one syllable of the wisdom that would have redeemed the world from its madness and unhappiness. To develope and reconstruct Christianity in the light of the Reformation and Renaissance, this about the year 1598, I infer from all the evidence, became the great purpose and life work of Shakespeare; to be achieved, first, by living the developed life himself for our example; secondly, by certain symbolical works, namely: — "The Sonnets," already largely

[1] Thomas Carter, Dr. Theol., *Shakespeare and Holy Scripture*, pp. 3, 4. London, 1905.

composed and ready to his shaping hand, and those which subsequently took form as "The Tempest," "Winter's Tale," and "Cymbeline." These were to veil, till the fulness of time, his pregnant ideas of the Development and Reconstruction, together with himself as the necessary central figure and Messianic Personality of the Scene.[1]

And again:—

I will show that the profane Actor was a Holy Prophet. "Nay, I say unto thee more than a Prophet," the Messiah. Heine, a Hebrew, first spoke of Stratford as the northern Bethlehem; I will show that Heine spoke no more than he knew.[2]

Before leaving this branch of our subject,—his religious nature,—it may be well to remark that the author of "Shakespeare and Holy Scripture," in which hundreds of passages from the "Shakespeare" Works are paralleled by passages from the Bible, finds a rival in the author of "Shakespeare's Relation to Montaigne,"[3] who parallels many of the same passages by others in the celebrated Frenchman's Essays. We had selected a number of examples of these parallels between Shakspere and Holy Scripture with corresponding ones from Montaigne, in order to show to what extremes such efforts may be carried; but, to avoid prolixity, omit them.

The author of the "Shakespeare" Works, we are told, was a great lawyer. Says Lord Campbell:—

Having concluded my examination of Shakespeare's juridical phrases and forensic allusions, on the retrospect, I am amazed not only by their number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. There is nothing so

[1] Charles Downing, *The Messiahship of Shakespeare*, pp. 11, 104, 113. London, 1900. Cf. Rev. Dr. Scadding, *Shakespeare the Seer — The Interpreter, etc.*, p. 53 *et seq.* Toronto, 1864.

[2] Clelia, *God in Shakespeare*, p. 15. London, 1890.

[3] Charles H. Grandgent, *The Relation of Shakespeare to Montaigne*. Baltimore, 1902. Cf. *The Long Disiderated Knowledge, etc., of Shakespeare, ibid.* London, n. d.

dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry.[1]

And Judge Wilde, one of the first of English jurists:—

The writer of the Shakespeare plays possessed a perfect familiarity with not only the principles, axioms, and maxims, but the technicalities of English law, a knowledge so perfect and intimate that he was never incorrect and never at fault.[2]

And Richard Grant White declares:—

No dramatist of the time, not even Beaumont, who was the younger son of a judge of the Common Pleas, and who, after studying in the Inns of Court, abandoned law for the drama, used legal phrases with Shakespeare's readiness and exactness — legal phrases flow from his pen as part of his vocabulary, and parcel of his thought.[3]

So impressed was Malone with this, and with the impossibility of reconciling such knowledge with the known literary equipment of the actor, that he ventured upon the absurdity of guessing that before leaving Stratford he had studied law in company with Francis Collins who subsequently made his will.[4]

The knowledge of legal terms, and the apt way in which they are applied in the Works are, indeed, remarkable. The following are but few of the instances:—

Double Vouchers, Fee, Entail, Ædificium, Credit sole, Reversion, Enfeoffed, Fine and Recovery, In capite, Deed of Gift, Conveyance, Mortgage and Lease, Succession, Uses and Trusts, Covenants, Tripartite Indentures, Recognizances, Forfeiture, Statutes, Bonds, Absque hoc, Acquittance, Jointure, Indictment, Arraignment, Accessory, Bail, To Enlarge, The Form of Oath,

[1] John Lord Campbell, *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, etc.*, p. 127. London, 1859.

[2] Rt. Hon. Sir James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance, *A Judicial Summing Up*, p. 83. London, 1902.

[3] Richard Grant White, *The Works of William Shakespeare*, pp. xlv, xlvii. Boston, 1865.

[4] Edmund Malone, Esq., *The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, vol. II, p. 108. London, 1821.

Appeal, Nonsuit, Defender, Libel, Precedent, Repeal, Impanelled Quest, Tenants, etc., etc.

Reversion: —

As were our England *in reversion* his.

Richard II, I, 4.

Enfeoffed: —

Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie.

Henry IV, III, 2.

In capite: —

Men shall hold of me *in capite*.

Henry V, IV, 7.

Extent: —

Make an *extent* upon his house and land.

As You Like It, III, 1.

Lease and Determination: —

So should that beauty which you hold in *lease*
Find no *determination*.

Sonnet XIII.

In Use, Trust: —

The other half *in use* to render it
Upon his death unto this gentleman.

Merchant of Venice, IV, 1.

Succession — Intestate: —

Airy *succeeders* to *intestate* joys.

Richard III, IV, 4.

Indentures tripartite: —

Indentures tripartite — *sealed* interchangeably.

Henry IV, III, 1.

Specialties and Covenants: —

Let *specialties* be therefore drawn between us
That *covenants* may be kept on either hand.

Taming of the Shrew, II, 1.

Serving Precepts: —

Those *precepts* cannot be *served*.

Henry IV, V, 1.

Campbell quotes the following from "King Lear" to show in what a technical manner legal phraseology is employed in the plays:—

> And of my land
> Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
> To make thee *capable*.

He also calls attention to an ancient custom, mentioned in "The Winter's Tale," which he thinks was known only to members of the legal profession, of prisoners paying fees upon being discharged from custody.[1] The quotation is as follows:—

> Force me to keep you as a prisoner so you shall pay your fees
> When you depart, etc.

And to the technical expression of commitment to prison:—

> I'll lay ye all
> By the heels suddenly.
>
> *Henry VIII*, v, 4.

These are but a few examples of the knowledge of legal procedure, and the technical phraseology employed by men learned in the practice of law, which are to be found in the plays.

We are also told that the author of the plays, by whom is meant the actor, devoted himself to the study of medicines, that "his maladies are many, and the symptoms very well defined. Diseases of the nervous system seem to have been a favorite study, especially insanity";[2] and "We confess, almost with shame, that although near two centuries and a half have passed since Shakespeare thus wrote, we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane";[3] moreover, he "paid more attention to the practice of medicine than to

[1] Lord John Campbell, *Legal Acquirements, etc.*, p. 127.

[2] B. Rush Field, M.D., *Medical Thoughts of Shakespeare*, pp. 10, 13, 49, 59, 86. Easton, Pa., 1885.

[3] A. O. Kellogg, M.D., *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide*, p. 3. New York, 1856. Cf. D'Arcy Power, F.S.A., *William Harvey, etc.* New York, 1897. John Redman Coxe, M.D., *An Inquiry into the Claims of*, etc. Philadelphia, 1834.

surgery"; and the reason given for this is that in his time "surgery had not reached its present perfection," but that "a more probable reason may have been that his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, from whom it is said he probably received his medical education, may not have been a surgeon."

Perhaps it is well to note that Dr. Hall did not become the actor's son-in-law until 1607, after the plays noted were written, especially "Hamlet," in which this knowledge is conspicuously displayed, and that, as he was but thirty-one at this time, he could have been but eleven years old at most when his future father-in-law left Stratford for London, where his biographers claimed he lived until after his daughter's marriage.

It is true that the author of the "Shakespeare" Works was versed surprisingly well in the science of disease; indeed, he exhibits at times a knowledge of diseases and their treatment possessed only by the best medical students of his day. Nor is this knowledge comprised within narrow limits, but embraces the nervous, circulatory, respiratory, digestive, and secretory systems; of fevers, of the action of medicine, of surgery, fecundation, pregnancy, and even of the circulation of the blood.

He puts these words into the mouth of one of his characters: —

> Tis knowne I ever have studied Physicke; [1]
> Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,
> I have togeather with my practice, made famyliar,
> To me and to my ayde, the best infusions that dwels
> In Vegetives, in Mettals, Stones; and can speak of
> Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
> Which doth give me more content in course of true delight
> Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
> Tie my pleasure up in silken Bagges
> To please the Foole and death.
>
> *Pericles*, III, 2.

[1] This is suggestive of the same remark by Bacon, "I have been puddering with physic all my life."

An Opiate: —

There is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving.

Cymbeline, *I*, 6.

Value of Sleep: —

Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Lear, IV, 4.

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie
This is his second Fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargie must have his quyet course.

Othello, IV, 1.

Sciatica: —

Thou cold Sciatica
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners.

Timon of Athens, IV, 1.

Tremor Cordis: —

I have *Tremor Cordis* on me; my heart daunces.

The Winter's Tale, I, 2.

Pleurisy: —

For goodnes, growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too-much.

Hamlet, IV, 7.

Leprosy: —

Gold! Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
This yellow Slave,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd.

Timon of Athens, IV, 3.

Ague: —

Home without Bootes
And in foule Weather too, How scapes he Agues?

Henry IV, III, 1.

Rheumatism:—

> Rheumatick diseases doe abound
> And through this distemperature, we see
> The seasons alter.
>
> *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, 1.

Insanity:—

> And he repulsed. A Short Tale to make
> Fell into a Sadnesse: then into a Fast
> Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
> Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
> Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves.
>
> *Hamlet*, II, 2.

Apoplexy:—

> Peace is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mulled, deafe, sleepe, insensible.
>
> *Coriolanus*, IV, 5.

Consumption:—

> Consumptions sowe
> In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
> And marre mens spurring.
>
> *Timon of Athens*, IV, 3.

Drugs:—

> I have bought
> The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aqua-vitae.
>
> *Comedy of Errors*, IV, 1.

It is a significant fact that several of the plays reflect Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, which was not given to the world until 1628, twelve years after the death of the actor. The following excerpts support the theory that the author of the plays had a preëxistent knowledge of Harvey's theory:—

> My heart
> The Fountaine from which my currant runnes
> Or else dries up.
>
> *Othello*, IV, 2.

Your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire.

Henry IV, Part II, II, 4.

I send it through the Rivers of your Blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th' seate o' th' Braine,
And through the Crankes (windings) and Offices of man
The strongest Nerves, and small inferiour Veines
From me receive that naturall competencie
Whereby they live.

Coriolanus, I, I.

It is proper to remark that Bacon was a friend of Harvey, and often must have discussed with him his then novel theory. On one occasion the doctor paid the philosopher the witty compliment that he "wrote philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." The amusing old gossip, Aubrey, imagined that the remark was intended to be derisive, missing the better meaning that a Lord Chancellor stood for the highest authority.

The scientific knowledge possessed by the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, especially of natural history, has been commented upon, and a large volume has been published with a reprint of portions of works on natural history of his time. We are informed in the preface that "The plan of the book is to give some illustration of each word mentioned by Shakspere, when there is nothing remarkable to be noted about it. The term 'natural history' has been taken in its widest sense, as including not only fauna but flora, as well as some precious stones."[1] The perusal of this book shows us how intimate a knowledge of the natural history of his age was possessed by the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, but no more so than the works themselves, and adds too little to our knowledge to require extended comment.

His knowledge of gardens and plants was wide, and a book of nearly four hundred pages embellished with a frontispiece of an ideal "New Place," and sumptuous garden, which in the actor's day would have set Stratford wild, has already passed through three editions.

The author of this work, introduces his subject to us in his

[1] H. W. Seager, M.B., *Natural History in Shakespeare's Time*, p. 5. London, 1886.

preface, as "A soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, an astronomer, a physician, a divine, a printer, an actor, a courtier, a sportsman, an angler," and he adds, "I know not what else besides"; and he tells us, too, that "He gathers flowers" for us from the "turfy mountains" and the "flat meads"; from the "bosky acres" and the "unshrubbed down"; from "rose banks" and "hedges even pleached." But he is equally at home in the gardens of the country gentlemen with their "pleached bowers and leafy orchards." Nor is he a stranger to gardens of much higher pretension, "for he will pick us famous Strawberries from the garden of my Lord of Elgin in Holborn; he will pick us White and Red roses from the garden of the Temple; and he will pick us Apricoks from the Royal garden of Richard the Second's sad queen." [1]

That he was a musical genius and "allied himself to the Divine Art," a musical critic declares. "Few of the readers of Shakespeare," he says, "are aware of how much of his musical material can be traced home; many are unable to follow some of the poet's most subtle metaphors because they are unfamiliar with the musical works to which he refers, or with the song or melody which enriches the scene." [2]

These examples of the marvelous genius of the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, perhaps ought to be sufficient, but our patience is daily abused by writers perniciously active in making discoveries of new ones which they thrust upon us in tedious books. As, for instance, we are gravely informed by one author that he had a penchant for astronomy; [3] by another that he was accomplished in the art piscatorical; [4] and yet another presents him to us as an equestrian, "riding along the

[1] Henry N. Ellacombe, M.A., *The Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*, pp. xi, xiv, xv. Cf. Leonard Holmesworthe, *William Shakespeare's Botanical Knowledge*. Leamington Spa, 1906. S. Beisley, *Shakespeare's Garden*. London, 1864.

[2] Louis C. Elson, *Shakespeare in Music*, p. 354. Boston, 1901.

[3] Thomas Lane, *Shakespeare under the Stars, or his Genius and Works in the Light of Astronomy*. London, 1887.

[4] Henry Nicholson Ellacombe, *Shakspere as an Angler*. London, 1883.

narrow lanes," and having "from his mother (a gentlewoman be it remembered by birth and breeding) derived the instincts and feelings of a true gentleman, with a taste for art and literature which tempered the bold and manly spirit inherited from his father."[1] Really, we can but wonder that Zincke or Holder or some other of the numerous fakers of his "original" portraits did not exhibit him to us on horseback.

There is no doubt that the author of the "Shakespeare" Works was a great poet and a great philosopher; that he possessed a mind stored with all the lore of his age, lingual, biblical, legal, scientific, historical, medical, and musical; indeed, that he was in power of expression the greatest literary genius that has yet adorned the world of letters; nor is it an idle claim that there was living in London at the time the works were written, one man, and one man only, who in a large degree exemplified these requirements; a philosopher,[2] a "concealed poet," to use his own words;[3] a learned linguist,[4] Biblical student,[5] lawyer,[6] scientist,[7] historian,[8] author of treatises on medicine,[9] natural history,[10] gardens,[11] music.[12] This man was Francis Bacon, who took all knowledge for his province. Most of the sentiments, however, which we have quoted — and we have spared the reader by selecting as few as possible to illustrate our subject — would be the grossest exaggeration if applied to the greatest genius of any age. There is no knowing to what extremes devotees of the

[1] C. E., *Shakespeare on Horseback*, pp. 3–4. 1887.
[2] *Novum Organum*. Spedding, vol. I, pp. 129–93.
[3] *Poesy-part of Learning*. Spedding, vol. VI, pp. 202–06; vol. VIII, pp. 440–44.
[4] *De Augmentis*. Spedding, vol. IX, pp. 112–14; vol. XII, p. 137.
[5] *Bacon's Creed and Essay on Unity*. Spedding, vol. XIV, pp. 41–57; vol. XII, pp. 86–92.
[6] *Professional Works*. Spedding, vol. XV.
[7] *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. Spedding, vol. II, p. 111.
[8] *History of Henry VII*. Spedding, vol. XI.
[9] *Advancement of Learning*. Spedding, vol. VI, pp. 236–54; vol. IX, pp. 23–47.
[10] *Natural History*. Spedding, vol. VIII, pp. 409–18; vol. X, pp. 405–18.
[11] *Gardens*. Spedding, vol. IV, pp. 354–460.
[12] *Experiments in consort touching music*. Spedding, vol. IV, pp. 225–98.

Stratfordian cult might have carried their efforts, had not a halt been called by Bacon's introduction to them as a claimant to the authorship of "The Greatest Birth of Time." Not only have their unwise panegyrics ceased, but since the light has been turned upon the object of their devotion, they have bent their efforts to the Sisyphean task of proving that he was deficient in the knowledge which they had hitherto ascribed to him; in fact, that it was not the result of study and intellectual training, but being the common possession of the time in which he lived he simply helped himself therefrom. It would seem that rightly to avail one's self of such a varied store would require not only a mind "saturated" with knowledge, according to Furnivall, but intellectual training of a high degree. Especially do they now disparage the classical and legal erudition displayed in the works which they formerly extolled. Doubtless, unprejudiced minds will prefer the opinions of Upton, Collins, Baynes, Lord Campbell, Justice Wilde, Judge Holmes, and other eminent scholars and jurists, to those of partisans who have shown themselves to be so untrustworthy. Of these we have less hope than of those who deck the object of their devotion with meretricious garlands, though we agree with Tolstoy that their "effort to discover in him non-existent merits, thereby destroying æsthetic and ethical understandings, is a great evil, as is every untruth."[1]

[1] Leo Tolstoy, *Shakespeare*, p. 6. New York and London, 1906.

III

THE GHOST OF HAMLET

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE OF STRATFORD

"THIS is a parlous world," says an old thinker, "because of its errors," and, unhappily, its errors outnumber its truths. Were it not for this, the above title would never have been penned, and the world would have been saved from much distracting controversy; yet an eminent philosopher tells us that there is "A law of compensation universal in its action"; and so even in controversy may we not expect it to serve a beneficent end, since many a precious truth has been picked out of the sludge of dissent?

Whatever the manner in which some have expressed their sentiments with regard to the subject we are now to consider, we can hardly exaggerate the influence which the works bearing the name "Shakespeare" have exerted on the English-speaking world. Had not the author of these works been born, Elizabethan literature would have been a failure; indeed, what the immensity of the loss to the literary world of to-day would have been is beyond conjecture; certainly a greater loss than if Pisistratus had failed to give the Homeric poems to Hellas, important as that act was in quickening the national spirit and uniting the Hellenic peoples. No thoughtful mind can fail to appreciate the inestimable importance of the "Shakespeare" Works to mankind; no heart, which is attuned to the love of genius but desires to become acquainted with the immortal genius who was their author. Yet, strange as it may seem, the paternity of this "Greatest Birth of Time" is in question, and the world is about equally divided upon it; many holding to the earlier faith that it belongs to the Strat-

ford actor, and others to the later, that it should be ascribed to Francis Bacon. This is a question which demands careful scrutiny, a mind open to conviction, and, to reach a satisfactory conclusion, an intimate acquaintance with the two men, and with their works. We must compare their characters, satisfy ourselves whether both are competent to be the author of this prodigy, and whether it reflects the lineaments of both or either. To do this we must apply ourselves to the history of their lives, and, first, to that of the actor; in his case a narrow field which has been ably if unprofitably cultivated. Rowe, Steevens, Malone, Knight, Symmons, Halliwell-Phillipps, White, Lee, and many others whom we shall quote in the progress of our study, have labored persistently in it, and have produced results in certain respects worthy of admiration. For present purposes we will consider the biography by Knight, which forms an entire volume of his voluminous edition of the "Shakespeare" Works, who, to lend importance to his subject, which he realizes we know little about, devotes ample space at the outset to prove that he was of heroic extraction. To do this it seems necessary to connect him with some important historic event, and so he selects the "22nd of August, 1485," when "There was a battle fought for the crown of England. The battlefield was Bosworth." He then asks this question:—

> Was there in that victorious army of the Earl of Richmond, which Richard denounced as a "company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates," an Englishman bearing the name of Chacksper, or Shakespeyre, or Schakespere, or Schakespeire, or Schakspere, or Shakespere, or Shaksper, a martial name, however spelt?

There certainly ought to have been, but old chronicles, ever so diligently searched, fail, alas! to show the name. But it ought to have been recorded, and though it was not, the name alone should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical of John Shakspere's heroic descent. Of course such a man must

have a coat of arms, and, referring to the statements made to obtain them, Knight exclaims: —

> Let it not be said that these statements were the rodomontades of heraldry — honours bestowed for mere mercenary considerations upon any pretenders to gentle blood. There was strict inquiry if they were unworthily bestowed. Two centuries and a half ago such honours were of grave importance, and there is a solemnity of tone in these very documents.

Having satisfied himself that a coat of arms was really bestowed, he again exclaims: —

> And so forever after he was no more goodman Shakspere, or John Shakspere, yeoman, but Master Shakspere.[1]

But we will spare the reader more of these rodomontades. Sufficient has been quoted to show with what facility a biographer may dispose of important questions of genealogy, and readers confused by a plethora of verbiage.

The fact is, the first application for arms by John Shakspere in 1568–69 was fruitless. In 1596, aided by the actor, another application was made, coupled with a request for permission to impale the arms of Mary Arden, his wife. In this case a false statement of her ancestry was made, and so it was held up by the heralds for three years. In 1599, the actor having purchased New Place, another application was made requesting the recognition of the coat of arms of 1596, and the right of the grantee to impale, and the other members of his family to quarter thereon, the coat of arms of the Ardens of Wilmecote. At this the heralds again balked, realizing that this influential family would protest against it; and, finally, an Arden family residing in Cheshire was found bearing no relation to the Wilmecote Ardens. The remoteness of this family rendered interference improbable, but it might prove troublesome, and so the question of an Arden impalement was dropped. The request, however, for recognition was granted.

[1] Charles Knight, *William Shakspere. A Biography*, pp. 3–8, New York, 1860.

This irregular procedure aroused criticism, and objections were raised against it on the ground of legalizing an infringement, but nothing was done, and it was subsequently used by the family. This is why it has been claimed that a coat of arms to John Shakspere was never legally granted. The proceedings connected with these transactions are discreditable to all concerned.[1]

It is fair to say that nearly every page of Knight's biography of the actor is pleasing fiction; indeed, Knight himself is obliged to admit this, for he says: —

> The two mottoes in the title-page express the principle upon which this Biography has been written. That from Steevens shows, with a self-evident exaggeration of its author, how scanty are the materials for a life of Shakspere properly so called. Indeed, every Life of him must, to a certain extent, be conjectural and all the Lives that have been written are in great part conjectural. My Biography is only so far more conjectural than any other as regards the form which it assumes; by which it has been endeavored to associate Shakspere with the circumstances around him, in a manner which may fix them in the mind of the reader by exciting his interest.[2]

The motto from Steevens is as follows: —

> All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspere is, — that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married, and had children there, — went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, — returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.

This, indeed, is more than is really known of him, yet biographies like Knight's have been composed according to this formula: given a personality, when born and married, occupation, if possible, — death can be left out, as it happens to all, — fit this personality into the history of a period, and the result is, if the composer has artistic skill, a biography quite

[1] *Herald and Genealogist*, vol. 1, p. 510; *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, vol. 1, p. 109, 1886.

[2] Charles Knight, *William Shakspere. A Biography*. Preface.

satisfactory to the general reader, much more so than an attempt recently made to deduce from the works the veiled life story of their author.

Judge Holmes must have had such writers as Knight in mind when he exclaimed:—

> Does not any man feel an unutterable indignation when he discovers (after long years of thought and study, perhaps) that he has been all the while misled by false instruction, and that, consequently, the primest sources of truth have been left lumbering his shelves in neglect while he has been put off and befooled by paltry child's fables.[1]

Let us, irrespective of the authors we have named, attempt a full exposition of everything of an authentic and even traditional nature in the life of the Stratford actor, though everything relating to him has been so often raked over that we would be glad to leave this old straw undisturbed were it not necessary to the substance of this history.

At the time of his baptism, April 26, 1564, which following the usual custom would be three days after his birth, the little town of Stratford had a population of about fourteen hundred. The houses, two or three hundred in number, were small, rudely built of mud or wood, and roofed with thatch; even the few with a pretense to comfort and distinction would be poor enough in our time. These were scattered about with little regularity, as such towns were then built, and here and there were sluggish ditches and turbid pools, unsuspected allies of those mysterious diseases which too often afflicted the simple people. Little regard was paid to the condition of the streets if we may believe the unvarying annals of English towns of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,[2] for John, the father of the actor, was indicted in 1552 for maintaining a manure heap in the public street.

[1] Nathaniel Holmes, *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. x. New York, 1866.

[2] Stuart A. Moore, *Letters of John Shillingford*, London, 1871. Cf. Mrs. J. R. Green, *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*, New York, 1894. Goadby, *The England of Shakespeare*.

There were in the town a court-leet, a guild and chapel of the Holy Cross, with a free school. The most important building was the church, and this must have added a note of distinction to the place; besides, to give it a homely aspect, there were simple gardens about the better houses, and on the common land sheep browsed peacefully, and swine scurried about the ban-croft, while not far away were outlying fields and bosky river banks. It was the home of poor but industrious folk plying many useful trades, unlettered, of course, as but very few were able to read or write. Such was the actor's father who plied the petty trade of butcher and skinner, or glover, if selling skins made him one. The best thing he did was making a good marriage in 1557 with Mary Arden, who brought him a jointure of one hundred and ten pounds, thirteen shillings, fourpence, which the poor butcher much needed. True, she was illiterate, unable even to write her name, but neither could her husband. Much has been written of her "gentle birth." Halliwell-Phillipps frankly refutes this view and gives a graphic description of the rude surroundings of her home deduced from the inventory of her father's estate.[1] This marriage was of the greatest importance to John Shakspere's future, and gave him distinction among his simple neighbors; so that from a juror in the little court-leet,[2] he was made the year following an ale-taster; in 1558, a burgess; in 1559, a constable; in 1560, an affeeror; [3] in 1561, a chamberlain; [4] in 1565, an alderman; and in 1568, a bailiff; [5] but, alas! when his son William was thirteen years of age, John Shakspere was in financial straits. For some time he was absent from nearly all the meetings of the aldermen, and finally became so careless of his public duties that he was deposed from

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 28. London, 1882.

[2] A recorder's court, held annually before the steward of the leet or district.

[3] An affeeror determined fines arbitrarily imposed.

[4] A chamberlain was the town treasurer.

[5] A bailiff in this case was the highest of the town officials.

office, as appears by the following entry on the Town Records: —

> 1586, September 6. At thys halle Willm Smythe and Richard Cowrte are chosen to be Aldermen in the place of John Wheeler and John Shaxspere for that Mr. Wheeler dothe desyre to be put owt of the companye and Mr. Shaxspere dothe not come to the Halles when they be warne^d^ nor hath not done of longe tyme.[1]

He had been distracted by suits for debt, and, according to a writ returned on the 19th of January of the previous year, "He had no goods upon which distraint could be made," and the issuance of a writ of *habeas corpus*, March 29, 1584, reveals the fact that he was then in prison.

Knight and others try to show that the reason for his son's withdrawal from school at so early an age was not due to his father's poverty, but it seems unnecessary to argue this point. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that what little education in the humble school of Stratford John Shakspere's son could have obtained, ended in or before 1578. That he attended school and assisted his father in slaughtering calves is supported by reasonable traditions which we cannot ignore, for a great deal of history rests upon no securer foundation. These traditions, mere hearsay babble if you please of garrulous greybeards, probably are true in considerable measure.

Says John Aubrey, who is supposed to have visited Stratford in search of literary material about forty-six years after Shakspere's death: —

> Mr. William Shakespear was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he kill'd a calfe he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but dyed young. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guesse, about 18;

[1] Joseph William Gray, *Shakespeare's Marriage*, etc. London, 1905.

and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. He was wont to goe to his native countrey once a yeare. I thinke I have been told that he left 2 or 300 *l.* per annum there and thereabout to a sister.

Aubrey has been sharply criticized for looseness of statement, not always impartially. While he may have been careless in his method of gathering traditions of the Stratford actor, he seems to have faithfully recorded them. A good deal that he relates was given him by William Castle, the eighty-year-old clerk, who showed him the bust of the actor and the curious inscription upon his tomb. He had shown them scores of times before with all the grave complacency of the local antiquary, and much that he told his fellow gossip possesses a striking verisimilitude. The story that he and another butcher boy when they killed a calf would imitate the players who delighted the rustic boydom of Stratford with their mock heroics, and mouthed some familiar line, as boys ever have done under suggestive circumstances, has a touch of nature. How natural, as the knife was raised over the victim, for the stage-struck boys to repeat the line that had often thrilled them: "Die, wretch, down, down to hell and face thy doom!"

Aubrey says he was told that the actor was "a handsome and well shap't man, very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth wit," which he illustrates by quoting some doggerel said to have been perpetrated at a village tavern. He also declares that he had "little Latin and lesse Greek," to which others testify, and that he had been in his "younger yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey." [1] The statement that he had been a schoolmaster, as well as the amount of property said to have been left his sister, has been properly enough discredited.

The Reverend John Ward, who was Vicar of Stratford-on-

[1] Andrew Clark, M.A., LL.D., *Brief Lives, etc., Set down by John Aubrey, 1669–1696*, pp. 174, 180, 225–27. Oxford, 1898.

Avon, in notes in a commonplace book written in 1661–62, says:—

> I have heard y^t^ Mr. Shakespear was a natural wit, without any art at all; hee frequented ye plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford. Shakespear, Drayton and Ben Johnson had a merrie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted.[1]

The following, written by the Reverend Richard Davies at the beginning of the eighteenth century, presents to us the future actor as

> Much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and Rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy who had him oft whip't and sometimes imprisoned and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancem^t^, but his reveng was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate and calls him a great man, and y^t^ in allusion to his name bore three lowses rampant for his arms . . . He dyed a papist.[2]

John Dowdall wrote in a letter to Mr. Edward Southwell, dated April 10, 1693 :—

> The first remarkable place in this country that I visitted, was Stratford-super-Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian, Mr. Shakspeare: The clarke that shewd me this church is above 80 y^rs^ old; he says that this Shakespear was formerly in this Towne bound apprentice to a butcher; but that he Run from his master to London & there was Rec^d^ into the play house as a serviture & by this meanes had an opportunity to be w^t^ he afterwards prov'd. He was the best of his family but the male Line is extinguish'd. Not one for feare of the Curse aboves^d^ Dare Touch his Grave Stone tho his wife and Daughters Did earnestly Desire to be Layd in the same Grave wth him.[3]

Dowdall's visit to Stratford was very near the time of Aubrey's visit, and the clerk who told him about the dead actor was William Castle.

[1] Charles Severn, M.D., *Diary of Rev. John Ward, A.M.* London, 1839.

[2] In notes to the *Journal of Rev. Wm. Fulmer*, now in Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

[3] *Traditionary Annecdotes of Shakespeare:* Collected in 1693, pp. 11, 12. London, 1838.

Nicholas Rowe prefaces an edition of the "Shakespeare" Works with a life of the Stratford actor; a portion is here given:—

He was the Son of Mr. John Shakespear, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April, 1564. His father who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all,[1] that tho' he was the eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 't is true, for some time at a free-school, where 't is probable he acquir'd that little Latin he was master of: But the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language.

Let us consider the character of this school. Fortunately, so many have raked the field to discover relics, however minute, of the Stratford actor's life, that we have a pretty accurate knowledge of what it must have been. The few books which it possessed, according to Phillipps, were, "Lilly's Grammar and a few classical books," chained to the desks, and, like other English schools outside of college towns, it could give only the poorest sort of an education. Roger Ascham, who described such schools in 1571, says that the teaching in them was "mere babblement and motions." Phillipps says, however, that Shakspere "somehow or other was taught to read and write, the necessary preliminaries to admission into the free school"; but he continues: "There were few persons at that time at Stratford-on-Avon, capable of initiating him even into these preparatory accomplishments; as likely as not, the poet received the first rudiments of an education from older boys, who were someway advanced in their school career." [2] Churton Collins attempts by giving us a glimpse of important schools, of which there were a few, a very few, in England in the sixteenth century, to make it appear that the Stratford school was like these. This is wholly misleading as all the best authorities prove.

[1] There were but eight.

[2] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 38.

The influence of a school established for a generation or two would naturally be reflected by the community about it, and judged by this rule, the Stratford school was such as Ascham described, for it has been estimated that not over fifty persons in the town in Shakspere's time could read or write, and when it became necessary for the aldermen and most influential burgesses to complete an important public document, but six out of nineteen could sign their names to it; the other thirteen affixed to it their rude marks. This ceases to be remarkable when we learn from Phillipps, whose authority in everything relating to Shaksperiana is acknowledged, that he places the number of books in the town, "exclusive of Bibles, church services, psalters, and educational manuals, at no more than two or three dozen, *if so many*," [1] and Richard Grant White thinks this estimate excessive. Collins's attempt to break the force of the testimony of his abler predecessors is a conspicuous failure.

The actor himself did not own a single book when he died, if we may accept the evidence of his will in which everything of value seems to have been mentioned. As books were rare, and especially valuable, they were among the proudest possessions of a testator, and the absence of reference to them in an itemized will sufficiently indicates that he did not own any.

To continue Rowe's account: —

> Upon leaving school he seems to have given intirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continu'd for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forc'd him both out of this country and that way of living which he had taken up: — He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a park that belong'd to Sir Thomas Lucy of

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 55.

Charlecot near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this probably the first essay of his poetry be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London. It is at that time and upon this accident that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was receiv'd into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguish'd him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet.[1]

This testimony to Shakspere's inferiority in histrionic ability is further illustrated by Oldys, who, curious as others have been to learn something of the ability of Shakspere as an actor, interviewed his aged brother to learn in what parts he had seen him perform. Though he had often attended the theater to which his prosperous relative belonged, the only part the old man remembered to have seen his brother impersonate was that of "a decrepit old man," who, he says, "wore a long beard and appeared so weak and drooping that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table at which he was seated among some company and one of them sung a song." Malone says of this story that it "came originally from Mr. Thomas Jones, of Tarbeck, Worcestershire, who related it, not from one of Shakspere's brothers, but of a relative." [2]

[1] "Nicholas Rowe's *Life*," in *Eighteenth Century Essays*, etc., by D. Nichol Smith, M.A., pp. 1–23. Glasgow, 1903. Cf. *Some Account of the Life of William Shakespeare*, written by Mr. Rowe (Johnson and Steevens), vol. 1, pp. 57–132. London, 1803.

[2] Edmund Malone, *The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, vol. 11, p. 286. London, 1821. Cf. *Diary of Rev. John Ward*.

These statements of Rowe and Oldys would seem to indicate the range of Shakspere's histrionic talents, and probably account for such remarks as that of the Vicar of Stratford, that his townsman was possessed of "a natural wit without any art at all."

Apologists have endeavored to prove that the deer-stealing episode was a tradition unworthy of credence, or, if true, was but an exuberance of youthful spirits; yet the actor was a married man with a family, and cannot be excused, as Phillipps and others have done, by citing similar escapades by college students. If the story is true, the labored arguments to prove that to steal or kill deer on a private estate could not be legally punished are too weak for consideration.

As so much has been said about the discovery and printing by Capell and Oldys of the scurrilous verse of the "Ballad," called by Rowe "very bitter," it may be proper to give it a passing glance, though it may not be genuine, for similar verses subsequently found in good Dame Tyler's chest of drawers are without doubt apocryphal. This wretched doggerel, if he composed it, reflects no credit upon the actor, and it seems questionable judgment for his admirers to quote it as an example of wit and ability to versify. It is claimed that the "Venus and Adonis" was written about the same time.

> A parliamente member, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scare crow, at London an asse;
> If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
> Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befalle it;
> He thinkes himself greate, yet an asse is his state,
> If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
> Sing lowsie is Lucy, whatever befalle it.[1]

So much has been said about the actor's wit that we may well quote Thomas Fuller, in whose "Worthies," published forty-six years after the actor's death, is this:—

> Many were the *wit-combates* betwixt him and *Ben Jonson*, which two I behold like a *Spanish* great *Gallion*, and an English

[1] Severn, *Diary of Rev. John Ward*. London, 1839.

man-of-War, Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in Learning; Solid but slow of performances.[1]

Fuller long held a high seat in the Stratford biographical arena, but what he wrote was pure imagination, an elaboration of Castle's familiar prattle, which is the source of all the traditionary lore relating to the actor that we have quoted, and which, with much repetition, can hardly have suffered loss of pristine color. Fuller never saw the actor, having been born after he left London, and was but eight years old when he died. Writers have enlarged, however, upon this scene, as they have upon the tavern scene in which the actor is said to have helped his friends, Jonson and Combe, construct their epitaphs, thereby exalting traditional anecdotes of a coarse and commonplace nature into illustrations of that wit which irradiates the immortal dramas; such attempts can but indicate a faulty literary perspective.

Before leaving these local traditions behind, it seems necessary to mention Shakspere's crab tree, which was formerly pointed out to Stratford pilgrims, who were told that in the actor's time there was a rivalry between his native town and the adjoining one of Bidford, in both of which were a number of loose livers, some of whom, known as the Bidford topers, challenged those of Stratford to a drinking-match to determine which excelled in bibacious ability. Bidford won, and Shakspere, who was one of the Stratford topers, being unable to get farther on his way home than the famous crab tree, spent the night under its sheltering branches to sleep off the effect of his debauch.

Victor Hugo, in an essay on the actor, thus comments upon this episode, "Shakespeare, the drunken savage! savage, yes, but the inhabitant of the virgin forest, drunken, indeed, but

[1] Thomas Fuller, D.D., *The History of the Worthies of England*, p. 126. London, 1662. Editors of the *Worthies* have taken unwarranted liberties with the text. The above is from the original edition. It has been made to appear that Fuller said that he had beheld these wit-combats.

with the ideal." Even to-day a school of critics are asserting with Hugo, against the experience of mankind, that debauchery and genius are not incompatible yoke-fellows.

A few words about Shakspere's marriage. Under date of November 27, 1582, appears a license of marriage between "William Shaxpere and Anne Wateley, of Temple Grafton," and on the next day, November 28, a similar license to "William Shagspere and Anne Hathway, of Stratford-on-Avon." [1] It has been contended that the butcher's apprentice had taken out a license to marry Anne Whateley, and the fact being found out by the friends of Anne Hathaway, they forced him to take out another license to marry her. There are difficulties surrounding this mysterious affair which have never been, and probably never can be, cleared up. It has been contended that there were two William Shaksperes, for there were several in Warwickshire, and two marriages, but this theory is not borne out by the registers. The most plausible theory is, perhaps, that in the first instance an error was made in the name of "Wateley" and that "Hathway" was intended; yet the fact that here we are faced by the place of residence of "Wateley," namely, "Temple Grafton," ought to dispose of this theory. But to exonerate the actor it is unnecessary to impose upon our credulity the impossible coincidence that there were two persons of the same name, at practically the same time, seeking marriage under the authority of the same bishop, for the bond entered into by the friends of Anne Hathaway specifies that it is given to indemnify the bishop for liability "by reason of any precontract," evidently referring to the Whateley episode. Even were this an error, which it is difficult to believe, however expert apologists may be in fashioning explanations, the marriage was a most irregular affair, and exhibits the future actor in a light far from agreeable. To conform to law he should have had the consent of his parents, especially as he was a minor, but such consent is

[1] Joseph William Gray, *Shakespeare's Marriage*. London, 1905.

wanting. Archbishop Whitgift, then Bishop of Worcester, in whose register the marriage license of Shakspere and Anne Hathaway appears, was a stickler for regularity in marriages, and two years before had favored the following clause in the Lower House of Convocation:—

> That there be no dispensation granted for marriage without bans, but under sufficient and large bonds. . . . And, thirdly, that they proceed not to the solemnization of the marriage without the consent of parents and governors.

This clause did not then obtain the approval of Elizabeth, but, on the Archbishop's translation to Canterbury in 1583, he procured the Queen's sanction to it, which removed all question respecting its importance. The marriage bond bore the name of John Richardson and Fulk Sandells, friends of the bride. It seems strange that the name of neither John Shakspere, nor any of the friends of his son were placed upon the bond. Either he had no responsible friends, or, if he had, they declined the risk of backing him; for any young man with a modicum of self-respect would have taken pride in securing responsible bondsmen among his relatives or friends. It has been argued that his father did not sign his bond because he had secreted property and feared inquiry, and also that he did not want to take the risk of a suit for damages which might have been brought against him for his son's breach of the law of apprenticeship, and even that he might have given verbal consent to the marriage; but these are mere conjectures. It was usual, though there were sometimes careless omissions, to put in the license the occupation of the groom, but this does not appear in this case; in fact, everything shows haste and an inexcusable disregard of proprieties. We can afford to ignore the "troth plight" fiction, since even Lee has curtly dismissed it.

This marriage could hardly be a happy one. Left by her husband for many years after her marriage, Anne Hathaway must have passed a none too happy life. Writers have bit-

terly criticized him for his treatment of her, and quoted from the plays in support of their contention, while others have unreasonably blamed her for the necessity of the marriage, on the ground that being older she was more experienced. Her tombstone indicates that she died "The 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares." This would make her the elder by nearly eight years.

That he ignored her in his will, and repudiated a small debt of forty shillings which she had borrowed of a poor "Sheepherd" of her father, indicates his feelings with regard to her. Says Lee:—

> There is a likelihood that the poet's wife fared in the poet's absence no better than his father. The only contemporary mention of her between her marriage in 1582, and her husband's death in 1616, is as the borrower, at an unascertained date (evidently before 1595), of forty shillings from Thomas Whittington, who had formerly been her father's shepherd. The money was unpaid when Whittington died in 1601, and he directed his executor to recover the sum from the poet and distribute it among the poor of Stratford.[1]

What a refinement of irony was the bequest by the humble benefactor of this "poet's" neglected wife to the paupers of his native town, and what a quick response it must have aroused in that little community.

Phillipps explains the episode of the second-best bed by declaring that she was entitled to dower in his estate, but Lee explodes this explanation as follows:—

> The name of Shakespeare's wife was omitted from the original draft of the will, but, by an interlineation in the final draft, she received his second-best bed with its furniture. No other bequest was made her. Several wills of the period have been discovered in which a bedstead or other article of furniture formed part of a wife's inheritance, but none, except Shakespeare's, is forthcoming in which a bed forms the sole bequest. At the same time, the precision with which Shakespeare's will accounts for

[1] Sidney Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 187.

and assigns to other legatees every known item of his property, refutes the conjecture that he had set aside any portion of it under a previous settlement of jointure with a view of making independent provision for his wife.[1]

In his preface to the "Diary of Rev. John Ward," the editor, Severn, gives a fictitious account of the death of the actor which doubtless has misled many readers. He says that being ill and apprehending his end, he was visited in January by Jonson and Drayton; and cheered by their presence he left his bed and joined his convivial friends, "his pale face flushed, his eyes flashed with the rays of genius, the terrors of death are past away, the festive banquet is spread, he is the life of the party, etc., etc." He drinks too much and the result is stated, — "Wine aided the ravages of this cruel fever — low typhoid." Though it is the immediate cause of death, "it brings no opprobrium on his venerated memory." He thus explains the bequest of the second-best bed to his wife: "The first was reserved for the use of Jonson, Southampton, and the aristocratic Drayton." [2] Says Lee, "Local tradition subsequently credited her with a wish to be buried in his grave; and her epitaph proves that she inspired her daughters with genuine affection." [3]

White is quite as emphatic. In alluding to the disagreeable facts in the actor's life, he naïvely informs us why his biographers have acknowledged them, and graphically states the case in this wise: "The biographer of Shakespeare must record these facts, because the literary antiquaries have unearthed, produced and pitilessly printed them as new particulars in the life of Shakespeare. We hunger, and we receive these husks; we open our mouths for food, and we break our teeth against these stones." [4]

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 272.
[2] Severn, *Diary*, etc., pp. 57, 59–69.
[3] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 275. London, 1898.
[4] Richard Grant White, *The Works of William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. cxxxviii. Boston, 1865.

IN LONDON

We would like to know the exact date of the future actor's flight from Stratford. Phillipps assumes it to have been in 1586–87, soon after the birth of the twins, and we will adopt it as an approximate date, and follow him to London, noting that Phillipps depicts him as "trudging thither on foot by way of Oxford and High Wycombe." His life thus far had been discreditable. Penniless and uneducated, the outlook would have been discouraging to one, the horizon of whose life had not been bounded by the most sordid experience; but, knowing what we do of him at this time, we need not doubt that he turned his face toward the great city careless of future possibilities. There is a tradition that he found employment at the stables of the elder Burbage. Phillipps connects this employment with the later horse-holding episode thus related by Cibber:—

> When he came to London, he was without money and friends, and, being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the play-house, Shakspear, driven to the last necessity, went to the play-house door, and pick'd up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the door.

And Malone, referring to him at a later period in his experiences:—

> There is a stage tradition that his first office in the theatre was that of Callboy, or prompter's attendant; whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage.

It was not until five years after reaching London that we hear of him. On the 3d of March, 1592, according to Phillipps, the first part of the drama of "Henry VI" was brought out by Lord Strange's servants, then acting either at Newington or Southwark under an arrangement with Henslowe, a

wealthy stage manager, to whom no doubt the play was sold by its author. The actor's name was not associated with this play, nor was it printed until it appeared in the Folio of 1623. His biographers, however, assume the year 1592 as the beginning of his recognition as an author, and conveniently adopt the theory that previous to this date he had been acquiring a literary education. Among these, White, who, fully realizing that there is no royal road to knowledge, and the necessity of providing time for education, adopts the assumption, and declares that during this period, "When he was eating the bread of poverty, he must have found time to obtain some knowledge of books (of which except Bibles and the school-house grammar, there were not a dozen in all Stratford, and of which he could have learned nothing from his mother, for she, like his father, could not write her own name), and then to show effectively his powers as a writer."

It really seems too much to ask us to believe that a man past his majority, bred to the rudest of trades, and absolutely ignorant of books, who was according to tradition a frequenter of taverns, and a participator in drinking-bouts, — far too much, indeed, to ask us to conceive that such a man, thrown upon his own resources in a city like sixteenth-century London, where he had to struggle for bread or die of starvation, would apply himself to the study of literature, law, medicine, science, philosophy, languages, even if he had the inclination and the time to do so, which this man could not have possessed, for it cannot be refuted that during these five years he was not only winning a living, but a foothold in the playhouse, and cultivating that hard business sense which stood him in good stead through life.

Anders, the noted German critic, introduces his work on the erudition of the author of the "Shakespeare" Works in these words: —

The immense literature which centers around the name of Shakespeare renders a work of the present nature rather trying.

It means tough fighting to grapple with this sea of books which threatens to drown all independence of thought, for it has been my constant aim not to accept a statement without convincing myself of its truth.[1]

Among the early playhouses the Blackfriars possessed an enviable popularity, having on its roll of actors some of the best in England, as James and Richard Burbage, John Lane-ham, Thomas Green, George Peele, Anthony Wadeson, and other public favorites; several of these were writers and play-wrights. Shakspere appears as twelfth on this roll, which is indicative of his histrionic status in the company. To ac-count for this, age has been assumed to determine rank on the stage, but this is easily disproved by a comparison of the ages of his associates.

Phillipps, Lee, and others speak continually of "Shake-speare's Company," or "The Poet's Company," by which they intend to convey the idea that he was its manager. This is quite unwarranted. The Burbages owned the Globe and Blackfriars' theaters, and the only allusion to the Stratford actor's theatrical interest is found in a petition of the Bur-bages to the Earl of Pembroke in the Public Records Office, dated August 1, 1635. In this petition they state that their father was "the first builder of playhowses"; that "he built upon leased ground by which meanes the landlord and he had a great suite in law; — and by his death the like troubles fell on us — his sonnes; wee then bethought us of altering from this, and at like expence built the Globe; and to ourselves we joyned those deserveing men, Shakspere, Hemings, Condall, Philips and others. Now for the Blackfriars — our father purchased it for extreame rates, and made it into a play-house — which after was leased to one Evans, that first set up boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell." They growing up, "It was considered that

[1] H. R. D. Anders, *A Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading and the Immediate Sources of his Works*. Berlin, 1904.

house would bee as fitt for ourselves, and so purchased the lease remaining from Evans — and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c." [1] This was in 1609, long after the actor returned to Stratford. Even Lee says that the actor's "interest in the Blackfriars was unimportant," and that the Globe "was not occupied by Shakespeare's company until December, 1609, or January, 1610, when his acting days were nearing their end." Why not say "Burbage's Company," which it was? It was never "Shakespeare's Company" any more than Heminge's or Kemp's or Condell's, or of any one of a dozen others, who shared in the net receipts of the house for a limited period, a convenient and safe way of remunerating them. Yet from materials too flimsy to bear the breath of criticism, Lee constructs a plethoric balance sheet to show the income of his protégé from the theater and other sources, and ends by informing us that "it is probable" that he disposed of his share in 1611, the year after "his company" occupied the theater. What a waste of effort to bolster up a baseless theory! It might have been as well to have consulted Ratsey, who dubbed the actor "Sir Simon Two Shares and a Halfe," which seems suggestive.[2] Perhaps it should be added that the records, showing the financial profits of the Blackfriars' and Globe theaters, yield no evidence of the Stratford actor's authorship of the plays. The nature of the actor's transactions has always been a subject of surprise to students, and none of his biographers, however much disposed to cover up his deficiencies, has been insensible to it. Mr. Appleton Morgan expresses this feeling mildly when he says, "At any

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 317. Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 38, 264.

[2] In a list, long ago dismissed by his biographers as spurious, his name appears as a holder of four shares in the Globe. Some of his devotees are now trying to show that it is genuine, as though this were a matter of consequence. Heretofore it was the Blackfriars in which he had a pecuniary interest; but even Lee has abandoned this, and says (*A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 196.), "It was not until 1599, when the Globe Theater was built, that he acquired any share in the profits of a playhouse."

rate we do know that the great William lived apart from his wife, and that such visits as he paid to Stratford may almost always be found indicated by an investment, a law suit, or an arbitration, whereby the thrifty poet did largely increase the body of wealth he left his children." [1]

A brilliant American author, whose genius could never brook the sober pace of a Rosinante, gives rein to his wit in this wise: —

> Then, 1610–11, he returned to Stratford and settled down for good and all, and busied himself in lending money, trading in tithes, trading in land and houses; shirking a debt of forty-one shillings, borrowed by his wife during his long desertion of his family; suing debtors for shillings and coppers; being sued himself for shillings and coppers; and acting as confederate to a neighbor who tried to rob the town of its rights in a certain common, and did not succeed. He lived five or six years till 1616 in the joy of these elevated pursuits. Then he made a will. It names in minute detail every item of property he owned in the world, — houses, lands, sword, silver gilt bowl, and so on, — all the way down to his second-best bed and its furniture. It was eminently and conspicuously a business man's will, not a poet's.[2]

Richard Grant White thus alludes to this subject: —

> The pursuit of an impoverished man for the sake of imprisoning him and depriving him both of the power of paying his debts and supporting himself and his family, is an incident in Shakespeare's life which it requires the utmost allowance and consideration for the practice of the time and country to enable us to contemplate with equanimity — satisfaction is impossible.[3]

Of several episodes in his London life it was not intended to speak, but since his recent biographer, Sidney Lee, has done so, it seems necessary to quote him *verbatim*. The first is this: —

[1] Appleton Morgan, A.M., LL.B., *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, p. 277. New York, 1888.

[2] Mark Twain, *Is Shakespeare Dead?* New York and London, 1909.

[3] Richard Grant White, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. lxxxviii.

Burbage, when playing Richard III, made an assignation with a lady in the audience to visit her after the performances; Shakespeare, overhearing the conversation, anticipated Burbage, and met him on his arrival with the quip that "William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third."[1] . . .

Another story in the same key, credits Shakespeare with the paternity of Sir William D'Avenant.[2] He was baptized at Oxford on March 3, 1605, as the son of John Davenant, the landlord of the Crown Inn, where Shakespeare lodged on his journies to and from Stratford. The story of Shakespeare's paternal relation to the boy was long current in Oxford, and was at times complacently accepted by the reputed son. It is safer to accept the less compromising version which makes Shakespeare the godfather of the boy William, instead of his father. But the antiquity and persistence of the scandal belie the assumption that Shakespeare was known to his contemporaries as a man of scrupulous virtue.[3]

Yet another story, by Lee, represents him as transferring one of his mistresses to Southampton. We will, however, only quote Lee's reflection on the transaction: "Southampton's sportive and lascivious temperament might easily impel him to divert to himself the attentions of an attractive woman by whom he saw that his poet was fascinated, and he was unlikely to tolerate any outspoken protest on the part of his protégé": an admission which shows an intimate knowledge of the relations existing in Tudor times between dissolute aristocrats and plebeians.[4]

Somewhat recently two discoveries relating to the actor have been claimed by Stratfordians, and adopted by his disciples. The first, based upon a statement by Sir John Harrington, is to the effect that up to 1599 he carried on an extensive gambling business. The other story relates to one of the maids of honor of Elizabeth, who, banished from court on account of her shameful life, became the mistress of the actor and

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 265.

[2] Young Davenant became an actor; was knighted by Charles II, and changed the form of his name.

[3] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 266.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 154.

dominated his life. We are obliged to refer to these unsavory matters because they are the subjects of orthodox writers, and cannot properly be ignored in a work of this kind. We shall have further occasion to consider them.

Phillipps calls our attention to the fact that "in the early part of the year 1598" the actor was in London; but he says, "It is certain, however, that his thoughts were not at this time absorbed by literature or the stage. So far from this being the case there are good reasons for concluding that they were largely occupied with matters relating to pecuniary affairs, and to the progress of his influence at Stratford-on-Avon." [1]

This is a startling admission by the best of Shaksperian students. Only a few months before, the first and second parts of "Henry IV" had been produced, and that very year appeared "Love's Labours Lost," the first play bearing the name, "W. Shakespere. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas." This was immediately followed by "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is said to have been written in the brief space of a fortnight. If he were not "absorbed by literature or the stage," at this time, when these plays were in the first flush of success, when could he have been? Phillipps is right, however; he was no more absorbed in literature, or even the stage, as he only took insignificant parts, than he was during the remainder of his life at Stratford, where he was engaged in petty trade until his death, making occasional visits to London in the way of business or pleasure.

HIS FAVORITE RÔLE

When he turned his back upon London he seemed to forget the literary works which were ascribed to him; in fact, never after displayed any personal interest in them, but gave his attention to trading and loaning money. Some of his transac-

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, p. 161.

tions have left traces in the records of the day, and, though prolix, are here produced as an exhibit. These do not include legitimate real estate transactions, and, as but a small part of a man's business affairs except these get into public records, it would seem that his were extensive.

Extract from a letter of Abraham Sturley to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, 24, January 1597–98

This is one speciall remembrance from ur father's motion. Itt semeth bi him that our countriman, Mr. Shaksper, is willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shotterie or neare about us, he thinketh itt a veri fitt patterne to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes Bi the instruccions u can geve him theareof, and by the frendes he can make therefor we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att and not impossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him indeede and would do us muche good.[1] . . .

The noate of corne and malte taken the iiij,th of Febrwarij, 1597. Wm. Shackespere X quarters.

A Letter from Adrian Quiney, 1598

To my lovynge sonne Rycharde Qwyney at the Belle in Carter Leyne deliver these in London.

Iff you bargen with Wm. Sha . . . or receve therfor brynge youre money homme that you maye and see howe knite stockynges be sold ther is gret byinge of them at Aysshome.

1600. William Shakspere *vs.* John Clayton, London, in an action to recover £7. Judgment rendered for plaintiff.

1604. William Shakspere *vs.* Phillip Rogers, Stratford. Action to recover an account for malt, including a loan of money, the whole amounting to £1, 15*s.* 10*d.* [The same man had been sued by him four years before for two shillings.]

1605. July 24, Mr. William Shakspere bought for 440 pounds, the moytie or one-half of — the tythes of corne, grayne, blade and heye — in the towns of Olde Stratforde, Welcombe and Bishopton.

1608. William Shakspere *vs.* John Addenbrooke of Stratford and John Horneby surety, action for debt amounting to £6. [The precepts in these cases were made by his cousin,

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. II, p. 57.

Thomas Green, who seems to have been living with him at New Place.]

Says Phillipps: —

In the autumn of 1614, there was great excitement at Stratford-on-Avon respecting an attempted enclosure of a large portion of the neighboring common fields. The design was resisted by the Corporation.

But Combe, he says, —

spared no exertions to accomplish the object, and, in many instances, tormented the poor and coaxed the rich into an acquiescence with his views. It appears most probable that Shakespeare was one of the latter, and that amongst perhaps other inducements he was allured to the unpopular side by Combe's agent, one Replingham, guaranteeing him from prospective loss. However that may be, it is certain that the poet was in favor of the enclosures, for on December the 23rd, the Corporation addressed a letter of remonstrance to him on the subject, and another on the same day to Mr. Mainwaring. The latter who had been practically bribed by some land arrangements at Welcombe undertook to protect the interests of Shakespeare, so there can be no doubt that the three parties were acting in unison.[1]

The only letter known to have been written to William Shakspere

Loveinge contreyman I am bolde of yow as of a frende craveinge yowr helpe with xxx.ll,vppon Mr. Bushells and my securytee, or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate and I have especiall cawse. Yow shall ffrende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debettes I owe in London. I thancke God and muche quiet my mynde, which wolde nott be indebeted. I am nowe towardes the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. Yow shall nether loase creddytt now monney by me the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare butt, with all hartie thanckefullenes I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffrende and yf we bargaine farther, yow shal be the paie-master yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hastene to an ende,

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 246.

and soe I committ thys yowr case and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with vs all, Amen! ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 October, 1598.

To my loveinge good ffrend and contreyman,
Yowrs in all kyndenes
Ryc Quyney.

Mr. Wm. Shackespere deliver thees.[1]

A letter from Abraham Sturley to Richard Quiney, 4, November, 1598, relating to a court affair

Our countriman Mr. Wm. Shakspare would procure us monei which I will like of as I shall heare when and wheare and howe, and I prai let not go that occasion if it mai sorte to ani indifferent condicions.

To his most lovinge brother Mr. Richard Quinei att the Bell in Carterlane att London,
geve these. Paid 2d.

The above are sufficient to show something of the variety and extent of the actor's business operations. While carrying on these affairs, he appears to have been living in Stratford when Quyney, who was in London, addressed him. Sturley's letter, ten days later, indicates that he had seen the actor in the mean time and received encouragement of financial aid for Quyney, who was anxiously awaiting a response to his appeal, before returning home. He had purchased New Place in his native town for a permanent residence in 1597, and appearances indicate that he soon after took up his residence there. Writers have assumed the dates of 1604 and 1610 simply because of transactions which located him in London or Stratford at certain dates.

"There is evidence," says Phillipps, "in the list of corn and malt owners, dated a few months after Shakespeare's purchase of New Place, that he was then the occupier of that

[1] This letter found among Quiney's papers, Phillipps thinks "was never forwarded the poet," and cites proof in Sturley's letter of November. *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 165.

residence," but he tells us that "his retirement to Stratford did not exclude an occasional visit to the metropolis." [1]

This view seems correct, and accounts for the tradition, carelessly related, that he was a frequent visitor to his native town instead of London, after the purchase of New Place. Phillipps also says of this period, "In the year now under consideration, 1598, he appears not only as an advancer of money, but also — one who negotiated loans through other capitalists." [2] His analysis of the actor's transactions should be noted by students interested in the subject.

During the period that he resided in Stratford, if he had friends of any importance in London, or elsewhere, we might reasonably suppose that he would correspond with them, but not a letter or scrap of writing, or anything connecting him with the authorship of the works ascribed to him, is in existence. If the florid fancies of some of his biographers were true, that he was on intimate fraternal relations with Lord Southampton, something ought to be found among the latter's records, if not elsewhere, to show it; but the pleasant myth of this ardent friendship, fostered by a dishonest picture faker, and Ireland, whose forged correspondence between Southampton and him afforded a promising field of profit, has come, alas! to a disastrous end. Not so, however, the suggestion left on the subconscious minds of disciples who still enjoy the afterglow of this imaginary relation between an aristocratic lord and an humble commoner. No, the actor did not bother himself with correspondence or with books, but kept on in his pursuit of the phantom wealth heedless of all else.

There is enough preserved concerning him to give us a fairly correct mental picture of the man setting out for the city on foot, rude and unpolished, speaking the uncouth dialect of the Warwickshire peasantry: — Phillipps says, "patois"; close-fisted, shrewd, unscrupulous, and avaricious; yet,

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. II. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 164.

among boon companions, replete with coarse wit and boisterous good-fellowship. Such is the man as we see him delineated in record and tradition.

A disciple of his gives us this picture of the social conditions which moulded him, which we add to those already given: —

> The common people of England in the sixteenth century were fierce, jovial, rude, hearty and pugnacious. They lived out of doors and had but few books. There favorite amusements were bear baitings, cock fights, dog fights, foot-ball, and rough and tumble fighting.[1]

After his advent in the metropolis his contact with men gradually wore off the acuter angles of demeanor, leaving him still an unpolished figure in the world of business; such a man as one not infrequently meets, good-natured, friendly, and crude, who, having been bred amid sordid conditions, has made himself, figuratively, and naturally cherishes a grateful remembrance of his maker.

It was about the time of the appearance of "Venus and Adonis," the close of that mythical period during which, according to his biographers, he had completed his marvelous education, that Robert Greene penned this, our only verbal portraiture of him: —

> A face like Thersites; his eyes broad and tawney; his hair harsh and curled like a horse's mane — his lips were of the largest size in folio — the only good part that he had to grace his visage was his nose, and that was conqueror-like, as beaked as an eagle.

It is true that at the time Greene wrote he was unfriendly to the actor, but he was describing him to those familiar with his appearance, and had he pictured him so that he was unrecognizable, he would have missed his mark totally. Delightful pictures have been painted of his "gentleness," "love of children," and, especially, of his literary friendships, but there is an entire absence of evidence to this effect. Jonson

[1] Goadby, *The England of Shakespeare*.

has been especially singled out as one of his very close friends, but of this friendship, Brandes, who, in spite of his Daltonism, gets a dash of true color into his portraiture, makes this bold but encouraging stroke, so expressive of the truth that it merits attention: —

> He might have been willing enough to drink in the company of Ben Jonson, but he had no more depth of affection for him than for any other of the dramatic and lyric poets among whom his lot had been cast.[1]

This might be regarded by "Bunglers in Criticism," as Brandes designates those who question the actor's authorship, as a very frank acknowledgment that he was not of them, and had no sympathy with their work, dramatic or poetic. Evidently, however, he is trying to break the force of the fact that the actor was unknown to contemporary authors. Their silence with regard to this "Midas of Poetry," this "Virgil in Poetic Art," has but a single interpretation; they knew that he was not of them, but sported the *persona* for some of their profession. Ingleby, who wrote the "Centurie of Prayse," remarks that "No man in 1590 ever saw Shakespeare as 'the man whom Nature's self had made to mock herself and truth to imitate.'" This remark aptly applies to him through life. Works bearing his name were, of course, known, and deservedly popular. Even his biographers have failed to identify the illiterate peasant of Stratford, reared to the rudest of occupations, with the high-bred gentleman and scholar revealed in the author of the "Shakespeare" Works. Tolstoy recognized in him the aristocrat with whom he had no fellowship, while Bernard Shaw is outspoken in his criticism of his aristocratic attitude toward the common people, and a well-known writer recently wrote these pregnant words: —

> "Shakespeare was not of us," cries Browning — while lamenting the defection of Wordsworth from the ranks of progress and

[1] George Brandes, *William Shakespeare*, vol. II, p. 410.

liberalism — "Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley were with us — they watch from their graves — But Shakespeare? Shakespeare? Where is there a line in Shakespeare to entitle him to a place in the brotherhood? Bottom, the weaver with the ass's head, remains his type of the artisan, and the "mutable rank-scented many his type of the masses."[1]

Dowden's self-revealment of the author of the "Shakespeare" Works reveals "a courtier, a lawyer, a man of learning, an aristocrat."

Says Bismarck:—

I could not understand how it were possible that a man, however gifted with the intuition of genius, could have written what was attributed to Shakespeare, unless he had been in touch with the great affairs of state, behind the scenes of political life, and also intimate with all the social courtesies, and refinements of thought, which in Shakespeare's time were only to be met with in the highest circles;

And he declares it to be

incredible that a man who had written the greatest dramas in the world's literature, could of his own free will, whilst still in the prime of life, have retired to such a place as Stratford-on-Avon, and lived for years cut off from intellectual society and out of touch with the world.[2]

We leave it to the reader to consider whether there is anything in the actor's birth, training, occupation, character, and conduct consistent with his portraiture as revealed in the works ascribed to him.

Stratfordians are to be commiserated in their unsuccessful attempts to prop their falling cause. Even this is quoted approvingly as historic verity:—

The actor at this time was acting, writing and managing — he lived among the fine London folks, honoured with the special notice of the Queen, and associating every day with the noblest

[1] Cf. Ernest Crosby, *Shakespeare's Attitude toward the Working Classes.* Leo Tolstoy, *Shakespeare.* New York and London, 1906.

[2] Sidney Whitman, *Latter Days of Bismarck.* London, 1903.

and wealthiest Englishmen of that brilliant time, yet never snapping the link which bound him to the sweet banks of the Avon.[1]

We thought we would try to find where the subject of this insufferable adulation really was at this time. Thanks to Professor Wallace we are enabled to do so. He was lodging in a mean part of London, among people of his own class, petty shopmen, hucksters, and men of the lowest sort, and yet he was, says Collier, "Acting, writing and managing." There is not a genuine playbill in existence to show any part in which he ever acted; there is nothing in existence except four abbreviated signatures, characterized by pitiable illiteracy, to show that he was above a mark-man; absolutely nothing to show that he was ever a manager; no, "the top of his performance," as Rowe his first biographer says, was the ghost in Hamlet. His literary attainments and successes were chiefly valued as serving the prosaic end of providing permanently for himself and daughters. "His highest ambition was to restore among his fellow townsmen the family repute."

The writer has endeavored faithfully to delineate Shakspere of Stratford, to "nought extenuate; nought set down in malice"; drawing his materials wholly from friendly sources, save in a single instance. This, however, is how his biographers, strive as they may to render the ugly fact less repulsive, finally end his life story: "On his birthday, April 23, 1616, at the age of 52, he 'Itt seems drank too hard at a merrie meeting and dyed of a feavour there contracted.'"

[1] Collier's *History of English Literature.*

IV

THE GREATEST OF LITERARY PROBLEMS

In order to place our subject in right perspective, we have considered the conditions existing in England during the period in which the "Shakespeare" Works were produced; their character, as regarded by the literary world, and the personality of their titular author. As much of a fragmentary nature has been written respecting the validity of this title, we should consider this branch of the subject. No biographer of the Stratford actor has escaped the painful dilemma in which he found himself, when he considered the wonderful erudition and poetic genius displayed in the works in question, and attempted to form an acquaintance with their putative author. This feeling is not peculiar to the student of the twentieth century; it has often found expression in the past. Let us place ourselves in London at the time of the future actor's arrival in 1587, and keep him and his surroundings in view amid the conditions we have described, during his life there.

At first, it is conceded, he found temporary employment in the Burbage stables, and, later, held the horses of the patrons of "The Theater," which stood in the pleasant fields of the Liberty at Shoreditch, then a rural suburb of the metropolis. His diligence and readiness to make himself useful led to his employment as call boy, and here he was in a position to become acquainted with the business of the theater, to form friendly relations with the actors, and, through them, with some of the writers who supplied his employers with plays. Just how long it took him to reach this position we cannot determine, probably not long, nor, indeed, very long to be able to take minor parts in plays, for he had been from youth

familiar with the acting of strolling players, some of whom he must have known when they visited Stratford and were entertained by his father. This rough but good-natured and resourceful rustic of twenty-three, speaking the rude but amusing dialect of Warwickshire, was in a position to make himself useful to the Burbages, and to become in time, as Greene designates him, an "absolute Factotum" and man of affairs. Before his arrival in London, "Euphues," herald of the English novel, and the "Shepherd's Calendar," harbinger of a new era in poetry, had aroused a fresh interest in literature, and from this time works of a higher order of genius began to appear. Plays of a new type found their way to the stage, and supplanted those of the past. Though anonymous, they seem to have passed as the work of men who were known as petty actors and playwrights.

If we allow a couple of years for this raw rustic to arrive at the position accorded him, — namely, 1589, — we easily recognize the men who composed the literary Bohemia of London, with several of whom he probably had some acquaintance. Robert Greene, who had received a degree from Cambridge, was about twenty-eight, a man of the vilest habits, who picked up a subsistence by acting minor parts on the stage, and by writing; Thomas Lodge, thirty-two, who was then of some repute as a writer; John Lyly, graduate of Oxford, thirty-four, regarded as a promising author; Christopher Marlowe, a Cambridge graduate, twenty-four, a reprobate doomed by his violent nature to an untimely end; Thomas Middleton, Gray's Inn, twenty, soon to be a popular playwright; Thomas Nash, also a Cambridge man, twenty-one, and sometimes a co-worker with Greene; John Webster, co-worker with the two former; George Peele, an Oxford graduate and reckless sot; Anthony Munday, thirty-six, Poet Laureate of London; and Michael Drayton, twenty-five, since honored with a monument in Westminster Abbey; Ben Jonson, then unheard of, was in school, being but fourteen or

fifteen years old. These men, too many of them of dissolute habits, were professional workers who obtained a precarious living wholly or partly by their pens, several of them eking out their incomes by taking minor parts on the stage. Besides these were young men connected with the Inns of Court who wrote anonymously or under pseudonyms; indeed, it was a common practice for authors to use the names of others on their title-pages, and for publishers to issue their wares under well-known names or suggestive initials. No book, however, could be published without a registered license. Then, as now, the market was overstocked with literary material which never received sufficient encouragement to be honored with registration. Plays accepted for the stage were sent to a scrivenry, where copies in sufficient number for the use of the actors were made, and these became one of the "properties" of the theater. It was not necessary for the author's name to appear on the Stationers' Register, that of the owner of the manuscript who had purchased it for profit being sufficient.

Leaving the future actor amid the conditions we have described, we will endeavor to get a glimpse of him as he appeared to his contemporaries while pursuing his life in the London of his time.

AS SEEN BY CONTEMPORARIES

We are not to regard it as strange that so little personal notice was taken of him, especially when we consider how the players' profession, of which he was an inferior member, was regarded during his life. It is stranger that what was said did not identify him with works which bear his name. Every attempt has been made, not always intentionally, to befog this issue. We know how writers have pressed into their service Lord Southampton, who, when the actor went to London, was a lad of fourteen, having been born in 1573. At a later age he was an intimate friend and imitator of the

unfortunate Essex, and when in 1592 the "Venus and Adonis" was dedicated to him by its author, was a hopelessly dissolute young blade of nineteen at court. Like other titled court favorites who were regarded as superior beings by the humble actors, whose greatest joy it was to sport their garb, and imitate their manners for a brief hour upon the stage, the gay young nobleman patronized the playhouses, and, being a somewhat conspicuous person, naturally attracted the attention of the actors; hence it was but natural for writers to dedicate their effusions to this influential youth, and to couch their dedicatory epistles in the most respectful and amiable terms. Several did so, notably Barnes, who addressed Southampton's eyes as "The heavenly lamps that gave the Muses light," and even the graver Florio, in his dedication to him of a dictionary, effervesces in this fashion: "As to me and many more the glorious and generous sunshine of your honour, hath infused light and life."

Dedications to wealthy noblemen by needy authors were plentiful, and do not indicate personal relations or even a speaking acquaintance between them. The volumes that have been written, based solely upon assumption, some of them offensively sentimental, to prove intimate personal relations between the actor and Southampton are pure fiction. Even poor young Ireland, who seems to have possessed a sense of research unusually keen, being unable to find satisfactory evidence of such a personal friendship, thought it would be well to fabricate it, and, to one who is willing to waste time on such a subject, it is curious to observe how Ireland's fictions have been reflected in much that has been written upon it since.

Perhaps the gossip respecting the gift of a thousand pounds by Southampton to the actor, which seems to be now fast growing into an historical fact, should be alluded to in passing. Rowe first gave it currency a century and a half after the actor's death:—

There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to.[1]

Evidently Rowe was unacquainted with the character of Davenant, who he had been "assured" by some one was the source of the story, nor would he have suggested that he was "very well acquainted with his affairs" had he been aware that Davenant was but ten years old when the actor died, and unborn when he acquired New Place, which some commentators have inferred was the purchase alluded to, and which cost but sixty pounds. Phillipps, who thinks the supposed gift was for the Asbies lawsuit, computes the relative value of money, when he wrote in 1886, at twelve times its value then; that is, twelve thousand pounds or sixty thousand dollars. Other writers have made equally unwarranted estimates. Lee authoritatively assures us that the purchasing power of money was then "eight times what it is now";[2] and White, that it was six times;[3] while Malone informs us that it was three and a half times greater.[4] The difference in the comparative purchasing value of money at the time these authors wrote does not at all account for their widely varying estimates. The fact is, that to make an estimate of the relative purchasing power of money at widely separated periods would require precise knowledge of the value of all commodities at both periods, something in this case not obtainable, and writers on the very fruitful theme of the authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works have as usual regaled us with guesses.

[1] Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare;* George Steevens, Esq., *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. ix. London, 1803.

[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 3.

[3] White, *The Writings of Shakespeare*, p. xli.

[4] Johnson and Steevens, *The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 73. London, 1803.

We may well dismiss Rowe as a disqualified witness in regard to the relations between Southampton and the actor. Rowe wrote the first life-sketch of the actor, constructing it of hearsay and gossip. To this flimsy structure theorists have added material of a similar character, until this "baseless fabric of a vision" fronts the world like an impregnable fortress.

BEN JONSON

Let us now examine Ben Jonson, whose testimony is always appealed to by the actor's biographers as the most important, as he and Marlowe are claimed to have been his two intimates. As a knowledge of the character of a witness is important, we will seek it from such friendly sources as Brandes and Malone. Says the former: —

> He was strong and massive in body, racy and coarse, full of self-esteem and combative instincts, — a true poet in so far as he was not only irregular in his life and quite incapable in saving any of the money he now and then earned, but was, moreover, subject to hallucinations. . . . In September — "1598" — he killed in a duel another of Henslowe's actors — Gabriel Spencer — and was therefore branded on the thumb with the letter T (Tyburn).[1]

While Ben lay in durance on account of his duel, he was converted to Catholicism by a priest who attended him. After his reconciliation with Protestantism, in token of his sincere return to the doctrine which gave laymen as well as priests access to the chalice, he drained at one draught the whole of the consecrated wine. "Not without humor," moreover, to use Jonson's own favorite words, is the story of the way in which Raleigh's son, to whom he acted as governor during a tour in France, took a malicious pleasure in making his mentor dead drunk, having him wheeled in a wheelbarrow through the streets of Paris, and showing him off to the mob at every street corner.

[1] George Brandes, *William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, pp. 385–88. New York, 1898.

Malone also refers to a similar incident:—

One day when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, young Raleigh got a great blanket, and a couple of men, who layd Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor.[1]

Gifford, his biographer, endeavored to discredit this, calling it "an absurd tale," but having his attention called to the evidence, acknowledged his error. Dyce corrects it in a note.[2]

In the summer of 1618, Jonson undertook a pedestrian journey to Edinburgh, where he became the guest of William Drummond, the poet. This is the record that Drummond made after his departure, which he evidently welcomed, though he admired Jonson's literary genius.

January 19, 1619. He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth): a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him; a bragger of some good he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done, he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he is well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many Poets.[3]

Barrett Wendell, his biographer, pronounces this, "incomparably the most vivid portrait in existence of an Elizabethan man of letters."

Jonson's style of invective is seen in this skit in behalf of Poesy aimed, it is believed, at the actor: "Nor is it any blemish to her fame, that such lean, ignorant and blasted wits,

[1] Johnson and Steevens, *The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare*, vol. II, p. 388.
[2] William Gifford, *The Works of Ben Jonson*, pp. 10, 43. Boston, 1853.
[3] Dyce, *Notes on Ben Jonson's Conversations*, p. 21.

such brainless gulls, should utter their Stolen wares with such appliances in our vulgar ears."

This is perhaps enough to give us an approximately fair picture of the witness, and now we will consider his testimony. In his lines accompanying the Droeshout portrait in the Folio, he says this:—

To the Reader

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writt in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

It may be asked, how Jonson's address can be reconciled with the theory that neither the "Picture" nor the "Booke" are the actor's, and preserve the commonly accepted meaning of the address?

A fair answer may be given to this by showing how insincere such expressions were at the time this was written. There is ample evidence of their worthlessness, and Malone gives us his opinion in this case. Referring to Droeshout's portraits, he says:—

> By comparing any of these prints with the original pictures from whence the engravings were made, a better judgment might be formed of the fidelity of our author's portrait, as exhibited by this engraver, than from Jonson's assertion, that in "this figure"
>
> "the Grauer had a strife
> With Nature, to out-doo the life";
>
> a compliment which in the books of that age was paid to so many engravers, that nothing decisive can be inferred from it.[1]

[1] Johnson and Steevens, *The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 88.

As to the worthlessness of prefatory eulogies, we take this evidence of Lee: —

> Adulatory sonnets to patrons are met with in the preliminary or concluding pages of numerous sixteenth and seventeenth century books. Sonnets addressed to men are not only found in the preliminary pages, but are occasionally interpolated in sonnet-sequences of fictitious love.[1]

Scores of instances could be cited to show that the most exaggerated praise of worthless portraits, and the loftiest expressions of friendship, purely fictitious, were, in Jonson's time, the fashion in prefatory addresses. In this case Jonson was following a well-beaten path, and it is extremely improbable that he had seen Droeshout's caricature of the actor before writing. Is it doing violence to ethical canons to suggest that Jonson's effusion was purely professional, paid for in current coin of the realm, and was not prompted by a "loving interest," as Phillipps fancied, in Jaggard's so-called speculation?

If we are to believe some of the older writers who have given examples of Jonson's expressions with regard to the subject of his eulogy, he could not have taken a "loving interest" in the publication of writings attributed to him; in fact, in 1598, he said: "He degrades the stage"; in 1601, "He barbarizes the English language, — He wags an ass's ears; He is an ape"; in 1614, "His tales are but drolleries"; in 1616, "He is a poet-ape and upstart; a hypocrit"; and in 1619, "He wanted art and sometime sense." This has been taken as implying that Jonson recognized him as an author; but what we have quoted above, namely, "He degrades the stage," is the keynote to his subsequent utterances, and is good evidence that Jonson in every case referred to the only art he laid claim to, namely, the histrionic art. Even the term "poet-ape" simply means one who aped or mimicked a poet.

This was all changed, however, in 1623, and unless there was

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 138.

some unusual reason for this change, would it not seem more reasonable to conclude that he took his fee and served his client, and so must not be taken any more seriously than the editors, Heminge and Condell?

The perfunctory character of the address is suggested by comparing it with other contemporary addresses containing similar sentiments. Under the portrait of Captain John Smith, 1616, is the following, for instance:—

> These are the Lines that shew thy Face; but these
> That shew thy Grace and Glory brighter bee.
> Thy Faire Discoveries and Fowle-Overthrowes
> Of Salvages, much Civiliz'd by thee
> Best shew thy spirit, and to it Glory Wyn:
> So thou art Brasse without, but Gold within.[1]

The lines under the portrait of Du Bartas, 1621, probably furnished Jonson with the closing sentiments of his eulogy:—

> Ces traits au front, marquez de *Scavoir & d'Esprit*
> Ne Sont que du *Bartas* un ombre *exterieur*
> Le Pinceau n'en peut plus; mais, de sa propre Plume
> Il s'est peint le Dedans, dans son divin Volume.[2]

But, it may be objected, that there is one expression in the eulogy by Jonson which cannot be reconciled with the theory of the actor's non-authorship of the plays in the Folio:—

> Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appeare.

Of course this seems to identify the actor with the author, for such an expression as occurs in the following:—

> Or when thy Sockes were on
> Leave thee alone for the comparison
> Of all, that insolent *Greece* or haughtie *Rome*
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,—

might be claimed to be a mere figure of speech which an eulogist could apply to any actor or even author; but "Sweet Swan of Avon" seems to be an identification. Before meeting

[1] *A Description of New England.* London, 1616.
[2] *Du Bartas, his Divine Weekes and Workes.* 1621.

this objection it may be proper to call attention to the singular fact that Jonson used the sentiments in the latter quotation in eulogizing Bacon, whom, he declares: —

Hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome, in short, within his view, and about his time were all the wits born that could honour a language.[1]

That Jonson was an extravagant eulogist appears from the following, addressed to Edward Alleyn, an actor, who accumulated property and left it to found the institution known as Dulwich College: —

If Rome so great and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage;
As skilful Roscious, and grave Æsop, men
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches then;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me?
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee;
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstript, than they did all that went before,
And present worth in all does so contract
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renoun — 't is just that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.[2]

Alleyn acquired wealth as Henslowe did by dealing in dramatic material, and does not seem to have made much fame as an actor; yet Jonson says that he as far outstripped Roscious, the greatest figure of his time in Roman comedy, and Æsop Clodius, regarded by Horace as his equal in tragedy, both intimate friends of Cicero, and the former his instructor, as they did all their predecessors. What reliance can be placed upon a man who deals in such fiction as this? Perhaps this effusion may pass as one of the "hallucinations" of which his biographer speaks. Attention should also be called to

[1] Ben Jonson, *Timber or Discoveries*, p. 47. London, 1898.
[2] William Gifford, *The Works of Ben Jonson*, p. 792. Boston, 1853.

what he says regarding the actor's art. In the eulogy he exclaims: "His Art doth give the fashion"; yet a short time before he told Drummond that "Shakspeer wanted arte." Ingleby's weak attempt to break the force of this remark by casting doubt on Drummond's accuracy is far from convincing; and now as to the term "Sweet Swan of Avon."

There is no doubt that it seems to reveal Jonson's intention to identify the author of the works with the actor. We are quite willing to admit that he knew whether he was or was not their author, but whether he has revealed to us this knowledge is another matter. What, however, has been quoted to show the character of "Honest Ben" and his disregard of the verities is sufficient to disqualify him as a reliable witness; but though his testimony is of little value, so many believe that he, if nobody else, knew who was the author of the works, that we venture to introduce the swan story of Ariosto related by Bacon,[1] which is to the effect, that to the thread of every man's life is attached a medal bearing his name. When this thread is severed by the fatal shears, it is seized by a swan which bears it away. The swans in their aimless flight drop many of the medals which fall into the river Lethe, and are lost; but some swans, having medals with worthy names, bear them to the Temple of Immortality. This story was familiar to Jonson, and it might be asked whether, if he knew that the actor was not the author, he might not have figured him in one of his "fits of fantasie" as the swan who bore the real author's name to the Temple? The question is perhaps of small moment, but it is certainly suggestive. There are allusions also in Jonson's eulogy which are quite as misleading as this; but aside from the sufficient fact of his unreliability, we must not forget that he was exercising his talents professionally, and could not well have avoided allusion to the titular author of the book which he was introducing to his readers.

[1] *De Augmentis*, Spedding, vol. 8, p. 428.

Of course, since the inscription by an unknown hand was placed upon the actor's tomb, many, with only a hearsay knowledge of him, and perhaps with no knowledge at all of the history of the "Shakespeare" Works, have recorded their belief that he was their author, but this only proves the validity of the belief in the same degree that the record of a belief in predestination or any other dogma proves it to be true.

But we must not lightly dismiss "Honest Ben," for he is to prove a most important witness, and is to reveal to us the "Sweet Swan of Avon" in a startling manner. In 1599, "Every Man out of his Humor" was placed upon the stage, which clearly discloses his knowledge of the secret he has concealed with so much bluster in the Eulogy, and why he later applied to the actor the term "poet-ape" and "hypocrit," meaning one who apes a poet, a hypocrite "on the Greek stage being" a mimic who accompanied the delivery of an actor by gestures. In this play, under the guise of Sogliardo, a clown, is presented in a ridiculous light, the man whom after his death, if he meant the actor, he professed to have loved "on this side idolatry." He also presents another friend, Puntavolo. The likenesses are so boldly drawn as to be unmistakable.

It will be remembered that shortly before the production of this play, the actor had secured the recognition by the Herald's College of a coat of arms, for which application had been made some years before by his father. The strenuous efforts, and the vulgar methods resorted to in obtaining this recognition, naturally furnished the wits with a fruitful subject for ridicule, and supplied matter for several plays. Jonson, always impecunious, seized upon it for capital, and used it with signal advantage. He even made his names picturesque: Sogliardo (sloven) who is said to have a brother, Sordido (miser) is a clown who has purchased a coat of arms, and Puntavolo (a swift point) in this case a skilled spearman, for he is called in the play a pheuterer (spear-bearer), a pheuter

being a rest attached to the saddle of a man at arms to support the spear. We are told in the "Faerie Queene":—

A speare he *feutred* and at him he bore.[1]

With these is Carlo Buffone (Buffoon) who enlivens the dialogue. More clearly to identify this spear-bearer he also bears Bacon's crest, a boar *statant*, while the clown's crest is the same boar *diffait et rampant*, or decapitated and upright. When the spear-man inquires what his purchased crest represents, he replies: "Your Bore without a head."

This is the scene:—

Enter Sogliardo, Puntavolo, Carlo.

Sog. (*in his Warwickshire dialect*). Nay, I will haue him, I am resolute for that, by this Parchment, Gentlemen, I haue ben so toil'd among the Harrots yonder, you will not beleeue; they doe speake i' the straungest language, and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

Car. But ha' you armes? ha' you armes?

Sog. Yfaith, I thanke God I can write myselfe Gentleman now, here's my Pattent, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, well charg'd and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest, Sir?

Punt. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry Sir, it is your Bore without a head, Rampant.

Punt. A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

Car. I, and Rampant too; troth I commend the Herald's wit, he has deciphered him well; A Swine without a head, without braine, wit, anything indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the rest signior? Can you not?

. . . . . .

Punt. Let the word be, "Not without mustard," your Crest is very rare, sir.

Car. A frying-pan to the crest, had had no fellow.

(Act III, Scene i.)

This blazon, or motto, which Puntavolo suggests as appropriate to the crest of Sogliardo, plainly identifies it with that

[1] *Faerie Queene*, IV, iv, 45.

of the actor, which was "Not without Right." Its attachment to Bacon's coat of arms is significant, and especially so is Sogliardo's reply to Puntavolo when asked what arms he had acquired: "*Your* Bore without a head." Jonson is said to have made the actor's acquaintance in 1598, not long before this scene was written. He had been in London eleven years, but the picture that Jonson draws of him under the title of Sogliardo, though possibly exaggerated, must preserve in some degree the impression which he made upon his caricaturist years after many of the best plays were published. We are certainly justified in dismissing "Honest Ben" as a witness for the defendant.

But how shall we dispose of Puntavolo, the feuterer, or spear-bearer, so analogous to the word Shake-spear, for it is to this word that it is related, and of his crest which as fully identifies him with Bacon as if Bacon's name had been used; or how dispose of the clown possessing Bacon's crest, but headless or brainless, which, with the motto, as plainly indicates the actor as if it, too, bore his name? We leave the question to the judgment of the reader, and whether Jonson knew that the ignorant actor was enjoying an honor not legitimately his.

Let us now place upon the stand another contemporary, Robert Greene. Greene was six years the senior of the actor, having taken a master's degree at Cambridge in 1583, and having since led a loose life like most of his associates. He was an erratic genius with a sensitive conscience, and an overpowering thirst for alcohol; hence, seasons of debauchery and want were followed by periods of passionate repentance. He died in 1592 at the early age of thirty-four, "after a debauch of pickled herrings and Rhenish."

In his "Farewell to Folly," 1587, reflecting, no doubt, the feelings of others as well as his own, he expresses his views respecting the authorship of the plays popularly imputed to the actor, attributing them to some who, "For their calling

and gravity, being loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their hands get some other to set his name to their verses"; and he significantly concludes that "He that cannot write true English without the help of clerks of parish churches will needs make himself the father of interludes"; and in his "Groatsworth of Wit," he says, "There is an upstart Crow beautified with our Feathers, that with his Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hyde, supposes he is as wel able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in the Country." [1]

The expression, "Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hyde" is from the play of "Henry VI." Henry Chettle, who published Greene's book, apologized for this attack, but mentioned no names. In the apology he used these words: —

> I am as sorry as if the originall fault had been my fault, because my selfe have seene his desmeanor no less civill than he is excelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooves his Art.[2]

This is all, and, if it refers to the actor, as so many of his admirers claim, though some deny, furnishes very little for favorable comment. All that Chettle had himself personally noticed was the civil demeanor of the person alluded to, with whom he seems to have had the slightest acquaintance; the rest he had heard reported. Surely this is faint praise, and notably perfunctory; but had it rung with pæans of admiration from Chettle it should still have passed unnoticed, for Chettle could hardly have been much respected. Dekker thus introduces him to the poets in Elysium: —

> In comes Chettle sweating and blowing by reason of his fatnes; to welcome whom, because he was of olde acquaintance, all rose

[1] *Groatsworth of Wit*, n.p. London, 1629.
[2] Henry Chettle, *Kind Heart's Dream*. London [1592], n.d.

up, and fell presentlie on their knees to drinck a health to all the lovers of Hellicon.

And Brandes, from whom this is quoted, remarks: —

Elze has conjectured, possibly with justice, that in this puffing and sweating old tun of flesh, who is so whimsically greeted with mock reverence by the whole gay company, we have the very model from whom Shakespeare drew his demigod, the immortal Sir John Falstaff.[1]

Nash is even more bitter, calling the actor an "idiot-art-master," who obtained all his learning in a grammar school, and sneers at the possibility of his "translating two penny pamphlets from the Italian without any knowledge even of its articles." This refers to the Italian plays which had not long before been written. Such authors, he says, "condemn arts as improbable, contenting themselves with a little country grammar knowledge, thanking God with that abscedarie priest in Lincolnshire, that he never knew what that Romish, popish Latin meant." [2]

In 1601, Jonson's "Poetaster" was produced, in which the principal character of Crispinus is ridiculed as Sogliardo is for his folly in attempting to acquire gentility by the display of a coat of arms. There can be no doubt that Jonson's satire in this production is aimed at the actor. It is too plainly drawn to be doubted. The father of Crispinus is described as "A man of worship," which John Shakspere's humble neighbors considered him. Crispinus is uneducated, and is advised to employ a tutor as he has "a canting coat of arms," which unmistakably identifies him with the actor, though Fleay refuses to recognize the caricature.

We now come to the Ratsey episode, as it is denominated by Phillipps, who has printed it from the original entered for publication at Stationers' Hall, May 31, 1605. It seems to have been written solely as a vehicle for a lampoon upon

[1] Brandes, *William Shakespeare*, vol. I, p. 211.
[2] Thomas Nash, *The Anatomy of Absurdity*. London, 1589.

the Stratford actor, and gives an interesting view of the status of strolling players of that time. It begins in this wise: —

> Gamaliell Ratsey and his company travailing up and downe the countrey — came by chance into a inne where that night there harbored a company of players.[1]

Having sent for several of the principal ones, he had them perform for him and dismissed them with a liberal *douceur*. The next morning, Ratsey, seemingly a dissolute gentleman of wealth, sets out well mounted, and, overtaking them, was met with obsequious greetings which he received contemptuously, bidding them "leave off their cringing and complements," and compelling them to return the money he had given them. Having done this he complimented "The chiefest of them" upon his presence upon the stage, and begins his satire upon the Stratford actor in these words: —

> Get thee to London, for if one man [Burbage] were dead they will have much neede of such a one as thou art. There would be none in my opinion fitter than thyselfe to play his parts. My conceipt is such of thee, that I durst adventure all the mony in my purse on thy head to play Hamlet with him for a wager. There thou shalt learne to be frugall, — for players were never so thriftie as they are now about London — and to feede upon all men, to let none feede upon thee; to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy hart slow to performe thy tongues promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place or lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy mony may there bring thee to dignitie and reputation; then thou needest care for no man, nor not for them that before made thee prowd with speaking their words upon the stage.
>
> Sir, I thanke you, quoth the player, for this good counsell; I promise you I will make use of it, for I have heard, indeede, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.
>
> And in this presage and propheticall humor of mine, says Ratsey, kneele downe — Rise up, Sir Simon Two Shares and a Halfe; thou art now one of my knights, and the first knight that ever was player in England.

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 325.

This appears to have been written not far from the close of the Stratford actor's theatrical activity, and, with the opinions of contemporaries already cited, shows us plainly how he was known to them at different periods, from a few years after his advent to near the close of his career in London. There is a verisimilitude about them which, though possibly exaggerated, stamps them as genuine, revealing to us the same figure that walked the streets of Stratford in early life, unlettered, rude, immoral, selfish, — all of which was mellowed by a coarse natural wit, — a figure far from agreeable, and which in the later years of his life among his Stratford contemporaries was unrelieved by the grace of generosity or solicitude for the welfare of others, but retained the same sordid features that pertained to the rude rustic who afore-time displayed his dramatic "wit" in the shambles.

In 1606, there was printed in London, "The Return from Pernassus," a trilogy which had been formerly acted by Cambridge students. In the first scene of Act V, Studioso, a student, bewails England's neglect of her scholars, and her exaggerated esteem of actors, and ends by declaring that, —

> With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
> They purchase lands, and now Esquiers are made.

To this, Philomusus, lover of the Muse, replies: —

> Whatere they seeme being even at the best,
> They are but sporting fortunes scornfull jest.

Here we have again the familiar skit at the Stratford actor's unfortunate purchase of a coat of arms with "words that better wits have framed." As so many of the words he mouthed were from the "Shakespeare" plays, we cannot wonder if the insinuation they carry, like a similar one in the Ratsey episode, seems to some minds worthy of consideration.

It may be replied that the trilogy is an unfortunate source from which to quote, and that it contains a commendation of

the actor of a nature to show that the Cambridge students believed him to be the author of the works. It might be rejoined that beliefs are not admissible evidence; but what really is this commendation? Throughout the trilogy sounds an unmistakable note of contempt for actors; "Adonis" and "Lucrece" are mentioned approvingly. On their title-pages was the name, "William Shakespeare," but this was a matter of common knowledge, and in no wise identified them with the Stratford actor. In the last part of the trilogy, however, some of the students masquerade as Burbage and Kempe, two popular actors, who, to enliven the scene, boastingly declare that "few of the university pens play well," and that "our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, aye, and Ben Jonson, too." Certainly such a remark in a satirical play by rollicking students is of no weight in determining a question of authorship. Is it in any wise equivalent to the condemnatory quotation which the actor's biographers ignore, while flaunting the commendatory one? Of this the reader is competent to judge. Possibly he may be interested to ascertain, if he has not already done so, what other contemporary and friendly authorities have said to identify him with the authorship of the works, and we will refer to "The Centurie of Prayse," from which we have already quoted.

The "Allusions" and supposed "Allusions," beginning with Greene, Chettle, and Nash, number, between 1592 and 1624, one hundred and nineteen. The most important we have already treated. While they refer to certain plays and poems which bear the name "Shake-speare" or "Shakespeare" on their title-pages, a name, as we shall see, employed by several unknown authors on similar works, some of which alluded to are still in dispute, not one identifies the actor with the author of the plays or poems. That this statement of non-identity is not overstrained is acknowledged by no less an authority than Fleay, the author of a life of the actor, who, speaking of these allusions, declares that

They consist almost entirely of slight references to his published works, and have no bearing of importance on his career. Nor, indeed, have we any extensive material of any kind to aid us in this investigation; one source of information which is abundant for most of his contemporaries, being in his case entirely absent.

This is a most important admission, made by a student eager to find facts relating to his subject. He continues:—

> Neither as addressed to him by others, nor by him to others, do any commendatory verses exist in connection with any of his or any other men's work published in his lifetime — a notable fact in whatever way it may be explained. *Nor can he be traced in any personal contact beyond a very limited circle, although the fanciful might-have-beens, so largely indulged in by his biographers might at first lead to an opposite conclusion.*[1]

This is a precise and true statement, supported by all the evidence in existence respecting the actor, and just what and all that we should expect of the man as we know him. But Lee, one of the most dogmatic and unreliable writers on the subject that has yet appeared to confuse and mislead the casual reader, one who never hesitates to restate as positive fact what his predecessors have hesitatingly suggested as possible, declares that

> The scantiness of contemporary records of Shakespeare's career has been much exaggerated. An investigation extending over centuries has brought together a mass of detail which far exceeds that accessible in the case of any other contemporary professional writer. Nevertheless, some important links are missing, and at some critical points appeal to conjecture is inevitable. But the fully ascertained facts are numerous enough to define sharply the general direction that Shakespeare's career followed.[2]

Perhaps it is sufficient to say that "the mass of detail" which Lee speaks of, based upon authentic records, or even

[1] Frederick Gard Fleay, *A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare*, pp. 73, 74. New York, 1886.

[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 361.

upon rational traditions, during the two centuries mentioned, shrink into insignificance when subjected to critical judgment. The reader is assured that this "mass of detail" is to be found fully set forth in this volume.

Of the "Allusions" four have especially been made the theme of commentators. They have marshaled them before us with a display of learning intended to silence all cavil, and so often and persistently as to awaken in us a doubt of their motive, which ostensibly is to enlighten, but the result of which has been to blind us to the defects of a shaky thesis. Even that true scholar, Edwin Reed, was betrayed into accepting one of them as referring to the author of the plays. So much stress has been laid upon these particular allusions, and they have been used so triumphantly to silence questioners, though they really have no true bearing upon the question of authorship, that we feel warranted in noticing them. This is one: —

> And there, though last not least, is Aetion;
> A gentler shepheard may no where be found,
> Whose muse, full high of thought's invention,
> Doth, like himselfe, heroically sound.

Says Lee: —

> It is hardly doubtful that Spenser described Shakespeare in "Colin Clout's come home againe (completed in 1594) under the name of 'Aetion,' a familiar Greek proper name derived from *Aeros*, an eagle."

It no more seems to have occurred to Lee than to his predecessors that the name of the Muse as well as that of the person eulogized should "heroically sound." [1] Is there any one of the Muses, or any one in Greek mythology, — for the author of "Colin" might select any mythical deity to serve figuratively as an inspirational source, — whose name sounded "heroically" like that of the actor? There is not a single one

[1] It is interesting to note that the Shaksperian scholar White derives the name from Jacques Pierre, basing his opinion upon the ancient phonetic form.

that can be so associated with him. Even the name of Pallas Athene — who is the nearest, since she bore the spear — does not sound heroically. Who, then, was intended? While Bacon was at the French Court it was mourning the loss of one of the most beloved of the Pléiade, Remy Belleau, a truly gentle shepherd, since he had written the "Bergeries," or Sheepfolds, a pastoral treating of the loves of the shepherds; moreover, he was not only a shining poet but a splendid warrior, and such men were spoken of as being inspired with valor by the goddess of war, Bellona, who might properly be called his Muse whose name

Doth like himselfe heroically sound; —

in fact, is pronounced precisely like it except that in her case the feminine terminal is necessarily added.

That this allusion, which wholly fails to describe the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, should have been pressed so eagerly into the service of partisans as a prop to their cause, is conspicuous evidence of its weakness. The next two which have done yeoman service for a century, Lee himself has been forced to abandon, though they are still quoted approvingly by others, and no doubt will continue to be echoed by careless writers for a generation. This is the most familiar: —

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe and Truth to imitate.
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.[1]

Says Lee: "There is no ground for assuming that Spenser referred figuratively to Shakespeare, when he made Thalia deplore the recent death of 'our pleasant Willy.' The name Willy was frequently used in contemporary literature as a term of familiarity without relation to the baptismal name of the person referred to. Sir Philip Sidney was addressed as 'Willy' by some of his elegists"; and he concludes that Richard Tarleton, "A comic actor 'dead of late' in a literal

[1] *Tears of the Muses.* 1591. Spenser Folio, 1611.

sense," was the subject of this "allusion." He says "in a literal sense" because his predecessors, in order to account for the allusion which was written twenty-five years before the actor's death, had assumed that "dead of late" was used figuratively, as at that time the actor had "probably retired from literary work." The reason for this abandonment of a cherished bit of fiction is found in the fact that an annotated copy of the "Spenser" Folio of 1611 disclosed that the term "Willy" was familiarly applied to Tarleton, who was a popular favorite, and to the additional fact that he was noted for a popular song entitled "Willy," the music of which is still preserved.

The other allusion is this:—

> But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flows —
> Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
> Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

This, too, which furnishes that familiar adjective "gentle" to the object of the Stratfordian adoration, is reluctantly abandoned. Says Lee again:—

> Similarly the "gentle spirit," who is described by Spenser in a later stanza as sitting "in idle cell" rather than turn his pen to base uses, cannot be reasonably identified with Shakespeare.[1]

Of the fourth Lee jubilantly exclaims:—

> At any rate Shakespeare acknowledged acquaintance with Spenser's work in a plain reference to his "Teares of the Muses" (1591) in "Midsummer Night's Dream" (VI, 52–53):—
>
> "The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceased in beggary."

This has even less to recommend it than the "pleasant Willy" allusion has. "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written as early as 1594, though it was not registered for pub-

[1] *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 80 *et seq.* Cf. *Dictionary of National Biography*, sub. Tarleton.

lication until October 8, 1600. Spenser died January 16, 1598; hence the only possible assumption is that it was interpolated fully four years after it was written. This is a wholly unwarranted assumption. But does it describe Spenser? He was always a poor man, it is true, but is it fair to say that he "died in beggary" when he refused, just before he died, if Drummond in his "Conversations with Ben Jonson" is to be credited, "twenty pieces" sent him by Essex?

But we offer this dilemma to our orthodox friends: suppose we adopt their assumption that the lines under discussion were interpolated late in the year 1600, when the last act was being printed, how are we to dispose of Richard Hooker, who died November 2 of that year? Who represented learning to a greater degree than he of whom it is said, "he stood apart"; that "later" ages have looked back to him as "eminent" even in "the period of Spenser, of Shake-speare and Bacon"? Hooker was a man of indefectible humility, wholly indifferent to money or position. When visited on one occasion by Cranmer, he was found "reading Horace and tending sheep." He had begged a church living to enable him to pursue his benevolent work, and presumably died penniless just after his house was robbed. Fortunately, however, it turned out that a sum of money had been saved, "which was not got by his care, much less by the good housewifery of his wife, but saved by his trusty servant, Thomas Lane." [1]

Hooker's death occurring while "Midsummer Night's Dream" was going through the press, would have been noted before that of any other contemporary; indeed, it is to "a public calamity much talked of" that the orthodox ascribe the date of composition of this very play. Certainly it is much more reasonable to give Hooker the credit of this allusion than Spenser, but we need do neither, for to our surprise we find that no less an orthodox authority than Ebsworth abandons this last Spenser fiction in the following

[1] Isaac Walton, *The Lives of Dr. John Donne et als.*, p. 239. Boston, 1860.

positive manner: "The 'Thrice three muses' cannot have been an allusion to Spenser's 'Tears of the Muses.'"

Upon such trivialities has a wholly fictitious personality been created for the Stratford actor. What will Clelia and Thorp and Lee, *et id genus omne*, do if they can no more apply to him the unctuous adjectives of "pleasant" and "gentle," and the pet name of "Willy"? They will have left only Greene's and Jonson's description of him, imperfect, if you please, but far truer than those they have imposed upon credulous readers.

Mr. G. F. Bates finds two instances which he thinks sufficient to remove all doubt of the actor's authorship, and he makes this comment: —

> The Baconians have such an ingenious way of interpreting evidence to meet their views, that it would be both curious and interesting to know how they would deal with these two cases.[1]

Let us gratify his curiosity.

Both are from Thomas Heywood. He quotes first these familiar lines: —

> Millifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting Quill
> Commanded Mirth and Passion, was but Will;

and then from the "Apology for Actors," published in 1612, in which Heywood refers to the "Passionate Pilgrim," first published in 1599 under the name "Shakespeare," by the "Incorrigible Jaggard," as Lee calls him. In this are two poems written by Heywood, and in the "Apology" he says: —

> I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them — under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him — the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.

[1] *London Notes and Queries*, vol. XI, p. 493. 1903.

With relation to these references Mr. Bates thinks they identify the Stratford actor as an author. In the first case we have no reason to suppose that Heywood knew anything at all about the actor's real connection with the works which bore his name. His carelessness is strongly emphasized by Phillipps in referring to this very book, the "Passionate Pilgrim," in which he says:—

> He does not appear to have examined the volume with any degree of care. Had he done so, he would hardly have refrained from enhancing his complaint against Jaggard by observing that, independently of the two epistles, the latter had also appropriated five other poems from the [Heywood's] Troia Britanica.[1]

He also expresses his opinion of the actor's part in the transaction in this wise:—

> Although Heywood thus ingeniously endeavours to make it appear that his chief objection to the piracy arose from a desire to shield himself against a charge of plagiarism, it is apparent that he was highly incensed at the liberty that had been taken; and a new title-page to the Passionate Pilgrim of 1612, from which Shakespeare's name was withdrawn was afterwards issued. There can be but little doubt that this step was taken mainly in consequence of the remonstrances of Heywood addressed to Shakespeare, who may certainly have been displeased at Jaggard's proceedings, but as clearly required pressure to induce him to act in the matter. If the publisher would now so readily listen to Shakespeare's wishes, it is difficult to believe that he would not have been equally compliant had he been expostulated with either at the first appearance of the work in 1599, or at any period during the following twelve years of its circulation.[2]

No, as we have already intimated, he was not displeased, for if people wanted to exploit him as an author, he had no reason to object; he was benefited by the notoriety such advertising gave him; nevertheless, like everything else known of him, this quiet acceptance for twelve years of the repute this literary piracy yielded, discloses his true character.

[1] *Outlines*, etc., vol. II, pp. 296–97. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. I, pp. 237–38.

"But," says Mr. W. E. Wilson on Jonson's lines in 1623, "To the memory of my beloved, the author, Master William Shakespeare, and what he has left us": "As Bacon died in 1626, how could the last six lines refer to a man who was still alive? Here is one of the strongest bits of evidence against the whole Baconian theory."

This is no stranger than what we have already quoted from Jonson, even if subject to the interpretation given to the lines by Wilson. Jonson wrote them in 1623 to be attached to what he knew to be but a part of the so-called "Shakespeare" plays; all, however, which their author, who had so tragically finished his public career, chose to leave, and had "left," to the world, to which he was figuratively regarded by himself and others as dead. But had this not been the case a sufficient answer would be that Jonson was only carrying out the futile task which had been set him of sustaining the pseudonymity of the plays, so important to Bacon, whose great philosophical works were then going through the press. If this view is acceptable, we are willing, in order to show how worthless such utterances are, to accept Mr. Wilson's own witness, Leonard Digges, who also wrote a eulogy for the Folio, too rankly false to pass even its complaisant censor. We have shown the character of Elizabethan eulogy perhaps enough already, but this one is worth noting, and should be sufficient to dispose of such effusions as evidence:—

> Next Nature onely helpt him, for looke thorow
> This whole booke, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
> One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,
> Nor once from vulgar languages translate,
> Nor plagiari-like from others gleane,
> Nor begges he from each witty friend a scene.

We will not charge Digges with wittingly falsifying to this extent, choosing rather to let him off on the score of being ignorant of the works in question. Mr. Wilson argues that inasmuch as the eulogy of Digges, which he admits was wholly

false, was excluded from the Folio, it is good evidence that Jonson's eulogy was true. Such logic is unworthy of attention.[1]

After the actor's death a monument was erected to him at Stratford by some one unknown, and on it was placed an inscription pointing to him as an author. This for a long time seemed sufficient evidence, and when the lines on the portrait, and eulogy by Jonson were published in 1623, it was but reasonable for those who did not know otherwise to suppose that the author was reliable authority, and so by many he is regarded still as the one witness whose testimony should pass unchallenged, both as to the fidelity of the portrait to life, and the authorship of the works. We believe that the reader, after weighing the evidence here adduced, will not accept him as a reliable witness for the defendant. Of course, the monument, and every mention of the plays, Stratfordians cite as evidence of authorship by the Stratford actor. Mr. Andrew Lang presents the typical argument advanced in this jaunty manner:—

> When contemporaries of Shakespeare wrote about Shakespeare's plays and poems, they had no reason to add, "We mean the plays and poems of Mr. William Shakespeare of My Lord of Leicester's servants or of the King's servants." There was no other William Shakespeare in the public eye. Everyone concerned with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak — any spelling you please — was. If to-day we wrote of our dramatic poets, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw, we would not waste time on saying what Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw we meant.[2]

This sounds well, and is a plausible argument in the case, but it presupposes conditions which never existed. Up to 1598, not a single play had been printed which bore the actor's name. Says Lee: "The playhouse authorities deprecated the publishing of plays in the belief that their dissemination in print was injurious to the receipts of the theatre." [3]

[1] *London Notes and Queries*, vol. XII, p. 35. 1903.
[2] *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1912.
[3] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 48.

The actor cannot be said to have been in the public eye, and "every one concerned with the stage and literature" could not have known him to be a dramatic author. The citation of Galsworthy and Shaw, who are very much in the public eye, and well known as authors, seems unfortunate.

Very few of his contemporaries seem to have known him. Of these, Jonson is far more important than all of them combined. The reader has witnessed the value of his evidence. It is certainly strange, as all his biographers lament, that the actor, if he were an author, did not in some way indicate his authorship. There was no reason why he should conceal it; on the contrary, every inducement why he should not. We cannot conceive of a needy young man coming to London eager for success, with poems and plays "in his pocket," as has been so ridiculously claimed, with no desire to be known, especially if his work found favor with theatrical managers and publishers. Other literary contemporaries, Heywood, Drayton, Nash, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others, who were in the public eye, were known and spoken of as authors of the works they wrote. No, William Shakspere, the actor, was but one of the "men players" and "deserving men," as Cuthbert Burbage called him in 1635 in his petition to the Earl of Pembroke and others. If he had known him as the author of the plays so important to the theater, and a poetic genius, it would seem that he would have thought to augment the weight of his petition by giving him a more imposing designation. It is curious, also, to note that this very Earl of Pembroke is the one whom the actor's biographers identify with the mysterious "Mr. W. H." of the "Sonnets," and an intimate friend of the actor. If this were true, can we imagine Burbage using such terms as one of the "men players" and "deserving men," if he had been the author of "Hamlet" and the "Sonnets" and my lord's familiar friend?

But the most important bit of contemporary evidence of the insignificance of the actor is afforded by the diary of John

Manningham. Manningham was a wealthy man of the Inns of Court, acquainted with the leading men of his time, and a conservator of the gossip afloat in the metropolis. Had the actor been patronized at court, or by the men about him, as his biographers would have the world believe, Manningham would have been the first to record it in his diary. In the scandalous story concerning the actor already quoted, Manningham speaks of Shakspere and Burbage, and, it will be remembered, closes his entry with the words, "Shakespeare's name, William."

This was all he knew of this obscure actor; his name was "William." Can we conceive of a diarist ending an anecdote about the immortal Washington when he was at the height of his fame with the information that his name was George? This shows that he knew nothing about the actor, and gathered from his informant that his name was William. This lack of knowledge of the "man player," William, is emphasized earlier in his diary when he writes: —

> Febr. 1601. At our feast wee had a play called "Twelve Night, or What you Will," much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechme in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni.[1]

He then describes it, but no mention is made of the actor, who we have been told by his biographers, "probably" took part in the performance. Had he made any impression upon Manningham, or had Manningham known that the actor was the author of the play, — and he was one of the best-informed men in London, — he would have been sure to have recorded it; it was just such an item as he wanted. But there were other enterprising diarists of that period, and not one has mentioned the actor, nor when he died was it noticed, nor was a single elegy written about him, although elegists were as plentiful and clamorous when occasion offered as rooks at even-song. The elegies came when Jaggard wanted them to

[1] *Diary of John Manningham*, p. 18. Westminster, 1868.

sell his "Folio" seven years later, and have done more to associate the actor's name with the works than anything else; yet it is about certain that those who wrote them knew little, if anything, about him.

But what shall we think of this from the first Scene of Act V of "As You Like It," first printed in the Folio of 1623, though performed several years earlier?

To Clowne and Audrie enter William.

Clo. It is meat, and drinke to me to see a clowne by my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.
Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.
Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.
Will. And good ev'n to you sir. (*removing his hat.*)
Clo. Good ev'n gentle friend. Cover thy head; cover thy head; Nay prethee bee cover'd. How olde are you, Friend?
Will. Five and twentie, Sir.
Clo. A ripe age; Is thy name William?
Will. *William*, Sir.
Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i' the Forrest here?[1]
Will. I Sir, I thanke God.
Clo. Thanke God; A good answer; Art rich?
Will. 'Faith Sir, so, so.
Clo. So, so, is very good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not, it is but so, so; Art thou wise?
Will. I Sir, I have a prettie wit.
Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise but the wise man knowes himselfe to be a Foole — You do love this maid?
Will. I do Sir.
Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?
Will. No Sir.

Does this refer to the actor? Mr. Lawrence calls attention to the ejaculation "Thank God," the same used by Sogliardo in Ben Jonson's play, which he thinks was a characteristic expression of the Stratford actor; also to the questions, "Art thou rich?" and the reply, "So so," as he was not rich in any true sense, and, "Art thou learned?" as well as the phrase,

[1] The Forest of Arden.

"Pretty wit," so often applied to the actor, and the term "gentle" addressed to him, as implying that he possessed the heraldic insignia of a gentleman. There might be a difficulty in identifying the actor with the character of William, did we reflect that he must have known that it referred to him if it were in the play, and he acted in it; but this difficulty vanishes when we remember his biographers' portrayal of him; besides, there is no evidence that he ever acted in it. Of course it might be replied that Somers, Henry the Eighth's fool, was called Will, but this would be too far-fetched to serve as a reasonable objection.

THE QUARTOS

To acquire a fair knowledge of the status of Shaksperian criticism, one should study the Quartos in connection with the Folios. Facsimiles of these have been reproduced by photo-lithography. They were originally printed for popular use. These Quartos[1] have been the cause of endless controversy. But thirteen plays in the Folio bearing the actor's name were published in quarto during his life. These were:—

1598
Love's Labours Lost

1600
Henry IV
Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado about Nothing
Merchant of Venice

1602
Richard III
Merry Wives of Windsor

1603–04
Hamlet

1608
Richard II
Lear

1609
Troilus and Cressida
Pericles
Romeo and Juliet (Undated. Most copies anonymous.)

These had been preceded by the following anonymous Quartos:—

[1] The Quartos were originally sold for a few pennies; a copy of the rarest of them was priced on a recent catalogue at five hundred pounds.

1591
The Troublesome Reign of King John

1594
Taming of a Shrew
The Contention, 1st part (2d part of Henry VI)

1595
True Tragedy (3d part Henry VI)
Romeo and Juliet

1597
Richard II
Richard III

1598
Henry IV (1st part)
Romeo and Juliet (2d Ed.)
Famous Victories
Henry V

1600
Titus Andronicus

Many of these plays, had they not been collected and published together at the right moment, would be masquerading to-day under the names of men who never knew them, for our modern oracles have taken high-handed liberties in according unclaimed literary property to whomsoever they would. How could they do otherwise? Working under limitations which restricted them to the narrowest fields of thought, they have done as well as we ought to expect. What different results would have been accomplished, could the one to whom they have devoted their energies been a man proficient in the learning of his day; wise in its use; noble in his life; a literary laborer; and, especially, known as such early enough to have been the author of "The Contention," the "old" "Henry VI," or the "old" "Hamlet," and other "old" plays which they have been forced, by the limitations which have constrained them, to assign to incapable men, who had a modicum of learning, and scribbled early enough to have them foisted upon them without raising the question of *alibi*.

Does any one doubt, who has read these little Quartos, that had Ben Jonson, for instance, been the son of John Shakspere, your Stratfordian devotee would contend with much flourish of scholarship that they were the immature works of a young author, pieces of his dead self on which he climbed to higher things, who, later, revised and improved;

in other words, made them what they are to-day? Probably not; nor would it be necessary for Robertson, Lee, and other partisans, who have seen the fatal weakness of their predecessors, to contend that the wide knowledge displayed in the plays has been misunderstood hitherto, and that it is no more than what an unlearned but fairly bright man might have acquired from the common stock of learning of his time, a theory disproved by history and experience.

THE FOLIOS

Among the mass of plays which were in existence when Heminge and Condell are supposed to have collected those published in the First Folio of 1623, it is a pregnant question, still mooted, which of them were or were not written by the author of the "Shakespeare" Works. The first appearance of the name, Shakespeare, appears in the dedication to Southampton of the "Venus and Adonis," "The first heir of my invention," in 1593, which White assumes the actor had about him when he left Stratford. He says, "With 'Venus and Adonis' written, if nothing else, — *but I think it not unlikely a play*, — Shakespeare went to London and sought a patron." [1] How such an assumption can be reconciled with the personality of the man whom he is forced to describe, as all his biographers have been, must be left to the reader to decide. But he goes farther, and buttresses this assumption with another; the "natural inclination to poetry (?) and acting which Aubrey tells us he possessed, had been stimulated by the frequent visits of companies of players to Stratford." It may seem to "literary antiquaries" difficult to identify the divine afflatus which inspired the "Venus and Adonis" with anything displayed before leaving Stratford, yet Collins and some others seem to find it easy. Is it possible that the play, which White and Collins assume he carried with "Venus and Adonis" to London, was "Hamlet," the greatest of the

[1] White, *The Works of William Shakespeare*, p. xlix.

plays, or "Titus Andronicus," or "Pericles," or several others which commentators have assumed were his earliest works, because of their display of immaturity? The refuge of the earlier biographers was in the assumption of the existence of two plays of the same name, the earlier one being by some unknown author; but our later critics, since this position has become untenable, think it wise to assume that the untrained genius of the actor enabled him to produce great poems and plays "saturated with learning," as Furnivall says, while leading the life which his biographers ascribe to him. In any case the admission of the actor's early authorship is fatal.

The next year after the appearance of "Venus and Adonis"; that is, in 1594, "Lucrece" was published with a dedication also signed, "William Shakespeare." Up to the time of these poems nothing had been published which connected the name "Shakespeare" with its authorship, and the first allusion to the name as that of an author occurs in this year.[1] A number of plays, however, had been acted upon the stage previous to this date, several being among those printed in the Folio of 1623, which since then has been the sole authority for their authorship. This authority has been accepted because the editors, Heminge and Condell, were Shakspere's fellow actors, and supposed to have possessed as well as anybody, except perhaps Henslowe, theatrical manager and buyer of plays, a knowledge of the authorship of the works they claimed to have collected "to procure his orphanes guardians," and "to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive."

The naïveté with which they declare their unselfish devotion to these ends is touching; at the same time they advise prospective purchasers of the book, "him that can but spell — to read and censure"; but to "buy it first." This is more businesslike, if less pathetic, and when we find that some of

[1] *Willobie His Avisa.* London, 1594; reprint, Charles Hughes, p. 15, London, 1904.

the most appealing gems of the preface upon which biographers have so sympathetically animadverted were in the style of Jonson, who, Steevens advises us, wrote the entire preface, as well as the lines to the actor's memory, repeating in it some of his familiar expressions, the fervor of our emotion subsides, and we are disposed to read it more carefully. The play editors by their mouthpiece first say that they have bestowed great "care and pains" in "collecting" the plays, and later they make this puzzling admission: "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers," which implies that the manuscripts were in his own handwriting, and that they had received them from him. If this is true the plays were all printed from the original manuscripts, and not from the Quartos published earlier, which the preface tells us were "maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters," while the new Folio exposed them to view "perfect in their limbes," and "absolute in their numbers as he conceived them."[1] Yet Pope says that "the Folio, as well as the Quartos, was printed — at least partly — from no better copies than the *Prompter's Book*, or *Piece-meal Parts*, written out for the use of the actors; for in some places their very names are thro' carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis*, as enter Claudio and Jack Wilson instead of Balthasar." [2]

These statements cannot be satisfactorily reconciled. The fact is that many of these plays were really printed from the "maimed and deformed" Quartos. The truth of the "blot" story, which, by the way, is but a repetition of the gossip of players which Jonson had already related, is effectually disposed of by a glance at the actor's signatures. What the players saw, if the story were true, must have been the scrivener's copies. Perhaps the best way to reconcile these statements

[1] Folio, 1623. Address of Heminge and Condell.
[2] Pope, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. xvii. London, 1725.

is to regard them either as the verbose elements of an advertisement, written after the style of the professional showman, careless of precise verities if they but serve to stimulate patronage, or more or less veiled statements of facts known to the writer of the preface.

But how were Heminge and Condell sure of the authorship of the plays they had collected, or that their collection was complete? It is wholly improbable that the actor, with his keen eye to property rights, would have given them manuscripts possessing a considerable money value to use as they pleased, and certainly his daughters, whom his biographers like to represent as having inherited their father's business shrewdness, would not have done so. There is nothing to show that they were sure of either, or solicitous about being so. Lee says that they "were nominally responsible for the venture, but it seems to have been suggested by a small syndicate of printers and publishers, who undertook all pecuniary responsibility. Chief of the syndicate was William Jaggard — the piratical publisher. In 1613, he had extended his business by purchasing the stock and rights of a rival pirate, James Roberts." [1] If we adopt this statement, and we do not, as it is purely imaginative, except the purchase by Jaggard of Roberts, which exhibits him as a growing and enterprising publisher, we get no clearer view of the conditions surrounding the production of the Folio, and still realize the perplexing character of the preface; but we should not hold Heminge and Condell responsible for this. Their part in the work was merely nominal. Had they initiated it and gathered the manuscripts for the benefit of the actor's orphans, and to keep his name alive, as Phillipps and others have believed, too great praise could not be accorded them; but this, it is evident, they did not do. Even the "Epistle Dedicatorie" is a translation from the preface to Pliny's "Natural Historie"; strong evidence of their irresponsibility for the work. Certainly some

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 303.

one was responsible for it, and for the large additions to some of the plays, as well as those hitherto unknown. The financial responsibility, too, was great. The very limited demand for such a work would have deterred any publisher from undertaking it without an adequate subscription list, or guarantee against loss; besides, it was evidently hurried through the press at almost reckless cost, which no prudent publisher would have done. This is shown by the signatures which were the work of different publishing houses, and we can but believe that some one was behind the undertaking pushing it forward with feverish haste, disregardful of the cost. Steevens states that the edition of the book was limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and Lee that the price of it was but one pound. It is now believed that five hundred copies were printed. We may well pause to inquire who was financially responsible for the Folio? We cannot reasonably believe that Jaggard and Company were. It is more reasonable to suppose that it was the man who reveals so evidently to us his interest in the works by the additions made to them, whose style is unquestionably that of their original author, and who added to the last Quartos printed from 1619 to 1622, as follows: to the "Merry Wives of Windsor" 1081 lines, and rewrote portions of the text; to "Henry V" (part 2), 1139 new lines, a new title, and emended 2000 lines; to part 3 of the same play, 906 new lines, and a new title; to "King John," 1100 new lines, and a new scene; to "Richard III," 193 new lines, and emended nearly 2000 more; to "Othello," 160 new lines, and alterations in the text. In any case, we cannot accept the terms applied to Heminge and Condell by the editor of the Cambridge edition of the "Shakespeare" Works, who accuses them not only of making false statements, but calls them "unscrupulous," "discredited," "knaves," and "imposters"; rather an unnecessary display of heat, even by the editor of the Canon, at loss of support for his unfortunate postulate.

Though Lee says that "as a specimen of typography the

First Folio is not to be commended — the misprints are numerous, and are especially conspicuous in the pagination," Mr. Smedley as plainly asserts that it "will be found to be one of the most perfect examples of the printer's art extant, because no work has been produced under such difficult conditions for the printer. — The mispaginations are all intentional and have cryptic meanings"; and he calls attention especially to the second book of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" as a conspicuous example of intentional mispagination: "30 is numbered 33, from 31 to 70 the numbering is correct, and then the leaves are numbered as follows: 70, 70, 72, 74, 73, 74, 75, 69, 77, 78, 79, 80, 77, 74, 74, 69, 69, 82, 87, 79, 89, 91"; and so on to the end. It is impossible to attribute this mispagination to the printer's carelessness." [1]

Up to the date of the Folio, but twenty of the plays it contained had been published. The plays contained in the Folio are as follows: —

"Romeo and Juliet"; "Love's Labours Lost"; "I and II King Henry IV"; "Much Ado about Nothing"; "Merchant of Venice"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; and "Troilus and Cressida." These had been printed in quarto form, and appear in the Folio with but few changes.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona"; "III King Henry VI"; "Comedy of Errors"; "All's Well that Ends Well"; "As You Like It"; "Twelfth Night"; "Measure for Measure"; "Antony and Cleopatra"; "Macbeth"; "Cymbeline"; "Winter's Tale"; "Julius Cæsar"; and "The Tempest." These had not been printed.

"King John"; "I and II King Henry VI"; "Taming of the Shrew"; "King Richard II" and "King Richard III"; "King Henry V"; "Titus Andronicus"; "Merry Wives of Windsor"; "Hamlet"; "King Lear"; "Othello." These were printed except the last during the actor's life, but appear in the Folio much changed. "Coriolanus," first mentioned

[1] William T. Smedley, *The Mystery of Francis Bacon*, p. 123. London, 1912.

in an elegy to Burbage in 1619, "Timon of Athens," and "King Henry VIII" appeared first in the Folio.

But there were other plays not in the Canon which bore the same evidence of having been written by the author of those which it included, and one at least was admitted to it; namely, "Titus Andronicus," which has been rejected by many of the critics. Anent this, Phillipps remarks that if we do not accept the authority of the editors of the Folio, "we shall be launched on a sea with a chart in which are unmarked perilous quicksands of intuitive opinions. Especially is the vessel itself in danger if it touches the insidious bank raised up from doubts on the authenticity of 'Titus Andronicus'";[1] and he makes an excellent plea in its favor; but others have made quite as good ones against it, and the matter is still unsettled. Later, Phillipps changed his mind and said, "I do not really believe that Shakespeare wrote a single line of it." [2]

Enough has been said to give a fairly clear idea of the Folio. The actor, as far as known, was never identified with any of the plays it contains except by hearsay, and by the appearance of the name "William Shake-speare," or "Shakespeare"; "W. Sh." or "W.S." on the title-pages of several Quartos, and subsequently of the name on that of the Folio. It is a striking fact that this name is not found in the Stationers' Register, but a more remarkable one that it is not found in a vitally interesting record, or diary, that still survives, in which, had he been an author or playwright, his name should certainly have appeared. This diary is so important that it demands our especial attention.

HENSLOWE'S DIARY

Philip Henslowe, to whom allusion has been made, was a theatrical proprietor and patron of playwrights. During the most active period of the Stratford actor's career, from

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 293.
[2] Phillipps, *Memoranda*, p. 76. Brighton, 1879.

1591 to 1609, he kept a record of his transactions with these playwrights. This "Diary," so-called, was found in 1790 by Malone at Dulwich College, founded by Alleyn, a partner of Henslowe, and has since been printed.[1] It is of a most interesting character, since in it appears the name of nearly every dramatic writer of any note, with the signatures and handwriting of many, and, most important of all, the titles of the plays which were written for, or purchased by him. Among these are many of the plays printed in the Folio, but in the "Diary" we look in vain for the Stratford actor's name, which causes Furness sadly to remark, "Where the names of nearly all the dramatic poets of the age are to be frequently found, we might certainly count on finding that of Shakespeare, but the shadow in which Shakespeare's early life was spent envelopes him here too, and his name is not met with in any part of the manuscript";[2] yet Phillipps remarks that for a considerable period the actor "had written all his dramas for Henslowe."[3] If so, why did not Henslowe mention the name of the author of these plays as he did in other cases? No wonder that the actor's biographers have been put to their wits' end to give some plausible reason, and have failed, though a reason is not far to seek. He enjoyed the notoriety which the association of his name with these works gave him. He neither denied nor affirmed that he was their author. Other writers palmed off their plays upon the public under his name, or one so like it in sound as to pass for it, but he made no complaint. They were played by the company of which he was a member, and he doubtless took minor parts in them. The more advertising in this way the better for his interest; certainly, this is a fair deduction from the biographies of him which we possess.

[1] Shakespeare Society, London, 1845. Cf. Peter Cunningham, *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court.* London, 1842.

[2] Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., LL.D., *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, vol. II, Appendix. Philadelphia, 1877.

[3] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, p. 109.

But there were plays in the Folio which the "Diary" informs us were written by others, and here, perhaps, it is best to note the fact that Henslowe sometimes employed several writers to construct or arrange a play for the stage, perhaps in order to hasten its production, as appears by this entry in his "Diary":—

> Lent unto the companye the 22 of May 1602, to geve unto Antoney Monday, Mikell Drayton, Webester, Mydelton and the rest, in earnest of a Booke called Sesers Falle the some of five pounds.

This raises a troublesome question, Was this the Folio play of "Julius Cæsar"? Collier, the editor of the "Diary," says this play, written in 1602, was produced on the stage in 1603; but the "Mirror of Martyrs," by John Weever, published in 1601, has these lines:—

> The many headed multitude were drawne
> By *Brutus* Speech, that *Cæsar* was ambitious
> When eloquent *Mark Antonie* had showne
> His vertues.[1]

This allusion was seized upon to account for a perplexing dilemma. There must have been, it was said, two plays of "Julius Cæsar," the play in the Folio, and the play written for Henslowe in 1602. The first, it was said, was based upon Plutarch's "Lives," which is devoid of a funeral oration by Mark Antony, therefore, the oration in that play was original with its author, and identified him with it; while Henslowe's play, no doubt based upon the same authority, and now supposed to have been conveniently lost, was presumably without the oration. Unfortunately for this theory, a rare work, printed, in 1578, afforded Weever a ready source for his allusion, and discredits the assumption that he referred to the play. In this work is the funeral oration by Mark Antony which furnished the crude elements subsequently transformed

[1] C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*, p. 42. London, 1879.

in the alembic of genius into a thing of beauty. In it Antony reads the will and moves the multitude by the statement that Cæsar had adopted Brutus, and made the people his heirs. As he read each clause, "Antony turned his face and his hand toward Cæsar's corpse illustrating his discourse by action." He spoke "in a kind of divine frenzy and then lowered his voice to a sorrowful tone and mourned and wept." [1]

Were there, then, two plays of "Julius Cæsar," the earlier being the Folio play written previous to 1601, and the later one written for Henslowe for the purpose of competing with it, as is claimed, but which mysteriously disappeared? If so, why was Henslowe's play the only one entered for license previous to the printing of the Folio twenty-one years later? The readiest explanation would seem to be that Henslowe's "Julius Cæsar" was that of the Folio, created by the art of an unparalleled genius, and to meet an emergency hastily arranged for the stage by expert playwrights, who may have introduced some minor lines in the least important parts of the dialogue. We can hardly go so far, however, as Sir Edward Clarke, who says:—

> Of the 350 lines of the 5 scenes of the last act of Julius Cæsar no fewer than 336 are the clumsy work of another hand, at a dead level of dulness, without a single gleam of elevation of thought, or distinction of phrase.

On the other hand, Justin McCarthy and Beerbohm Tree refute this.

PLAYS EXCLUDED FROM FIRST FOLIO

There is ample evidence that the actor became identified with plays of which he had the handling, and, as he had skill in placing them upon the stage, the public naturally came to speak of plays, the exhibition of which this able factotum supervised, as "Shakespeare" plays, and ran to see them in

[1] Horace White, M.A., LL.D., *The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria*, vol. II, pp. 198–200. London, 1899.

preference to others not so attractive. This accounts for the allusions to them by writers of the period, who knew nothing and cared nothing about their real authorship. Such a man would be a godsend to a writer who desired to preserve anonymity, and at the same time secure publicity for his productions, and what a ready solution he would offer for the fact over which the actor's biographers have wondered and lamented, that though inferior plays were published under his name by others he made no complaint. Why should he? He knew the authors; they were good fellows, or in a higher rank than he, influential and helpful to his accumulation of the wealth which he coveted in common with the world at large. This is quite in keeping with, and not derogatory to, the man as his biographers reveal him to us. Certainly no one will question the fact that writers used his name as the author of their works, not only with his knowledge, but without objection from him.

As before remarked, not a single play or book of any kind was ever entered for license on the Stationers' Register in the name of the actor; but the "copy," so-called, was in all the cases we have named entered by others. The especial object of the license was to enable the censors to perform the duty assigned them, thus preventing the publication of writings injurious to the Government. The license gave the owner the right to publish, and this right could be assigned at any time. Had Jaggard and Blount possessed the privilege of printing more plays bearing the actor's name, they might have printed a larger number; or, if written by an author who desired to remain unknown, he might have controlled their selection. It should be noted that when the Folio was published, sixteen of the plays were entered by Jaggard and Blount as "soe manie of the said Copies as are not formerly entered to other men." This is a significant fact worthy of the reader's attention. Of the plays omitted called "doubtful," [1] "Peri-

[1] William Hazlitt, *The Doubtful Plays of William Shakespeare*. London, n.d.

cles" has been admitted into the Canon, while "Titus Andronicus," vouched for by the editors of the Folio, is still strenuously disputed by most critics.

But what other plays existed during the actor's life, some if not all of which were performed by the company to which he belonged, and which, though not written by him, bore his name or initials, and were popularly known as "Shakespeare" plays? This inquiry will show that he permitted writers to use his name to promote his interest, and from what his biographers tell us, can we doubt that it was a pecuniary one?

SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH FOLIOS

The First Folio of 1623 having become scarce, a Second Folio was printed in 1632, and was a duplicate of the First with a few unimportant corrections of the text. But the question of other plays which were also known as "Shakespeare" plays had been discussed, and Heminge and Condell's seemingly arbitrary selection was considered too narrow. Why, it was asked, were not more of the "Shakespeare" plays included in the First Folio? In 1663, a Third Folio, a duplicate of the Second, was printed, and reissued the following year with seven of the ignored plays. On the title-page the questioning public is informed that

> Under this impression are added seven Plays never before printed in Folio, viz: —
>
> Pericles; London Prodigal; Thomas Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy, and Locrine.

A large portion of this edition was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and it is now a rare book. In 1685 the Fourth Folio was printed. It was a duplication of the Third except that the spelling was modernized. Thus it is seen that the later Folios have seven plays selected from a larger number which, during the actor's life, were known as "Shakespeare"

plays. Few modern readers of the works, however, are acquainted with them. There were other so-called "Shakespeare" plays, namely: "Arden of Feversham," published in 1584; "The Arraignment of Paris," 1584; "The Birth of Merlin," 1662; "The Two Noble Kinsmen," 1634; "Cardenio," acted as early as 1610, first printed in 1653; "The Double Falsehood," first published by Theobald in 1728, as "written originally by W. Shakespeare," and which, we are told, "according to tradition" was written by the actor for "a natural daughter of his — in the time of his retirement from the stage." [1] "Duke Humphrey," by "Will: Shakspeare," registered 1660; "Eurialus and Lucretia," registered as a work of "Shakespear," 1683; "Fair Em," published in 1631, found in a collection of plays belonging to Charles II, and lettered "Shakespear"; "George a Green," acted in 1593, published 1599; "Henry First and Second," by "Will Shakespear and Rob. Davenport," registered, 1653. "Iphis and Iantha," by "Will: Shakspeare," 1660: "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," mentioned in 1604, registered, 1607; "Mucedorus," printed, 1598; and "Oldrastes and the Second Maiden's Tragedy," registered, 1611; "The History of King Stephen," by "Will: Shakespeare," registered, 1660: "King Edward Second, Third and Fourth," 1595.

From this it will be seen that the editors of the First Folio, out of at least sixty-four plays popularly known as "Shakespeare" plays, published a little over half, or thirty-six. These plays were on the stage in the actor's lifetime, many bore his name on their title-pages, and their authorship was tacitly acknowledged by him. Certainly this presents a condition of affairs hardly consonant with modern methods, and throws a flood of light upon the actor's relations to a large number of the plays of his time which passed under his name, but in which his only interest was in getting them properly before the patrons of the theater. Phillipps, reflecting upon the

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., p. 194. Ed. 1882.

strange fact that he made no objection to the use of his name by others, makes these remarks when treating of the "Passionate Pilgrim," and "Sir John Oldcastle":—

> It is extremely improbable that Shakespeare, in that age of small London and few publishers, could have been ignorant of the use made of his name in the first edition of the Passionate Pilgrim. — There was, it is true, no legal remedy, but there is reason for believing that, in this case, at least, a personal remonstrance would have been effective.

And —

> Owing, perhaps, to the apathy exhibited by Shakespeare on this occasion, a far more remarkable operation in the same kind of knavery was perpetrated in the latter part of the following year by the publisher of the First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle.[1]

The real fact would seem to be that there was no knavery at all in the transaction. The actor's name was his capital, and his permission of its use was profitable to him. This is a much simpler explanation than is disclosed by tiresome pages of argument expended in idle wonder over a very simple transaction. By placing the man whom his biographers describe in his true position, the untangling of an otherwise impossible snarl is easily accomplished.

BLIND GUIDES

But perhaps the most significant problem is presented to us in the early authorship of several of the plays in the First Folio.

We have followed the actor to London, seen him a drudge in the stables and theater of the Burbages, where he became their factotum, or man of all work, by good humor and a ready hand; useful in arranging the staging of the plays, and taking minor parts in them. Later we have seen him through the eyes of contemporaries, coarse, dissolute, and grasping,

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, pp. 179–80.

one whose position made him a convenient intermediary between his employers and needy playwrights who were glad to let their productions pass under his name as the readiest means of reaching the public. Here we are brought face to face with the question of early authorship. It seems evident that some of the plays which were subsequently accredited to him were in existence when he arrived in London. Owing to indifference and uncritical judgment, the easy theory that he was the author of the plays with which his name had been associated, and later, those only which were gathered into the Folio of 1623, obtained a standing and final adoption as his by the uncritical Rowe, and the ambitious, active, and none too scrupulous Steevens and Malone, and when the breezy Garrick aroused the popular enthusiasm their crazy craft of theory was launched.

Fortunately for the world, among the things with which it was freighted was Heminge and Condell's Folio, and the Quartos. These when examined by the critics caused trouble. The pseudo-editors of the Folio, who had no more to do with the book than the actor had with the plays it contained, were roundly rated for their misleading statements which unnecessarily complicated a sufficiently troublesome matter.

The evident earliness of some of the plays, the remarkable literary character and wide learning which they displayed, were disturbing. The first, they realized, it would be fatal to acknowledge, and so they flatly denied that they were the same plays, but plagiarized versions of earlier plays of the same name, furbished and improved by the actor's assumed genius; an assumption of which they made excellent use in accounting for the other difficulties in their way—their literary character and display of learning. It was easy to assert that these old plays were lost. Two were triumphantly brought forth, the "Taming of *a* Shrew" and the "Hamlet" of 1603; but these proved to be boomerangs. They were impressions of such copies as Heminge and Condell denominated "maimed

and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters," but which they, "pious fellowes," published "perfect in their limbes, and absolute in their numbers," as their author "conceived them." No, among the hundreds of old plays which survived, not one of these particular old plays existed. They were never "conceived," much less born. If asked when the actor became a great linguist, scientist, historian, lawyer, theological expert, courtier, not to mention poet and philosopher, they unblushingly replied, "During the five years in which he was not publicly mentioned." Why should this poor hostler and theatrical man of all work have sufficiently attracted the attention of those in power to be mentioned? Men struggling for an honest living in his class were not likely to attract such public recognition in Tudor times. Having called attention to the dilemma in which Stratfordian critics found, and still find, themselves, we propose to bring their acknowledged experts before the High Court of Common Sense for examination, who — especially Lee with his jack-in-the-box, Kyd, and curiously autocratic voice, and the "monumental scholar," Furness, who for nearly forty years disturbed the black-lead market by his demand for pencils to write his multitudinous notes — will be sure to amuse the reader. Their testimony will well illustrate the remark made by a former Harvard president, that a fault in the premise always conspicuously reappears in the conclusion.

We will suppose the court convened, our readers empaneled as jurors, and the experts qualified as witnesses. We name as we proceed various plays, and in each case ask the witnesses to tell us what they know about it. We name first

TITUS ANDRONICUS, which has occasioned so much discussion, some vehemently attacking, and others, with equal vehemence, defending its claim to a place in the Canon. There is a record by Henslowe of a production of this play on January 23, 1594, and later it was entered anonymously on the Register for publication with a ballad, included subsequently

in Percy's "Reliques." Its authorship, however, was much earlier. Ben Jonson, no later than 1613, wrote that it had "stood still" on the stage for twenty-five or thirty years. Taking 1613 as the starting point, this would place its date between 1583–88. It was based, says Phillipps, by its author on the

> repulsive tale of . . . the Tamora and Andronici, and his earliest play . . . it was not regarded as out of the pale of the legitimate drama by the most cultivated, otherwise, so able a scholar and critic as Meres would hardly have inserted its title amongst those of the noteworthy tragedies of Shakespeare.[1]

Says Upton:—

> The whole play of "Titus Andronicus" should be flung out of the list of Shakespeare's Works.

Referring to Ben Jonson's statement, he continues:—

> Consequently, "Andronicus" must have been on the stage before Shakespeare left Warwickshire to come and reside in London, so that we have all the evidence, both internal and external, to vindicate our poet from this bastard issue.[2]

Had Upton foreseen the bearing of this admission he never would have ventured to make it.

Lee says:—

> "Titus Andronicus" was in his own lifetime claimed for Shakespeare.[3]

And, basing his opinion upon Ravenscroft's statement that it was delivered to the theater by an unknown author, repudiates it, and, though not original in this, suggests Kyd as its author. We shall see what a convenient scapegoat has been made of the mythical Kyd. Lee has especially laid upon him the sins of anonymous authorship; but this is not

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, p. 110.

[2] John Upton, *Critical Observations on Shakespeare*, pp. 288, 289. London, 1798.

[3] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 65. London, 1898.

enough; he must have an orthodox genealogy, and one has been furnished based upon identity of name, a method that Colonel Chester or Fitz Waters would regard with a smile, especially the latter whose amusing story of his troubles with the unusual name of Rose Raysing is one of the writer's unfading memories.

Says Collier:—

> We feel no hesitation in assigning "Titus Andronicus" to Shakespeare.

And he points out

> the remarkable indications of skill and power in an unpracticed dramatist; as a poetical production it has not hitherto had justice done it on account partly of the revolting nature of the plot. It was undoubtedly one of his earliest, if not his very earliest dramatic production.[1]

An eminent German critic remarks that

> Almost all English commentators are agreed that Shakespeare for æsthetic reasons cannot have been the author of this drama.

Referring to the early date of the play, in which he agrees with Hertzberg and Ulrici, he calls attention to the ballad before mentioned which, he says,—

> was undoubtedly written after Shakespeare's drama. The date of the origin of the play is supported not only by the most important internal characteristics, but also an allusion in the introduction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," which Englishmen, for no reason, refer to a non-Shakespearean drama.

And he presses his point in this wise:—

> It would be unreasonable forthwith to reject as absurd the supposition that "Titus Andronicus" was written before Shakespeare left Stratford.[2]

[1] J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. VI, pp. 205, 206. New York, 1853.

[2] Karl Elze, Ph.D., *Essays on Shakespeare*, pp. 60, 66, 348–49. London, 1894.

And again, —

Some commentators, with much less probability, assign the first beginning of the "Sonnets" to the period before the poet quitted home.[1]

The author of the University edition, however, admits its early authorship and accredits it to Shakespeare: he says, —

We may infer that in 1614, only one play currently known as "Andronicus" existed, and that this is dated from 1584–89. This favors the view that there never had substantially been more than one play on the story, whatever slight variations in detail it may have undergone.[2]

But, declares Furnivall, "to me as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, I am not Shakespeare." Nearly all the best critics from Theobald downwards are agreed that very little of the play was written by Shakespeare, and such is my own judgment now, though "in my salad days," I wrote and printed otherwise.[3]

Lloyd takes this view: —

The internal evidence that has weighed against the authenticity of the play founds on the defect of its versification — on the absence of dramatic spirit and poetic imagery — and lastly on the savage details of the story. The monotonous and lame versification is — allowing a date, quite consistent with an early — perhaps the earliest essay of Shakespeare, and we may disagree but have no quarrel with those who adopt this view in preference to casting the blame on any supposed original, that he altered and did not entirely overwrite; and think that we may trace in the play the gradations by which this embarrassed style grew into the true Shakespearian vigour.[4]

[1] Karl Elze, Ph.D., *Essays on Shakespeare*, pp. 60, 66, 348–49. London, 1894.

[2] C. H. Herford, Litt.D., Hon. Litt.D., *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. VII, p. 286. London, 1904.

[3] Fred'k J. Furnivall, M.A., *The Succession of Shakespeare Works*, p. xxii. London, 1874 (Leopold edition). Rev. Henry N. Hudson, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, vol. XIII, p. 4. Boston, 1899 (Hudson edition).

[4] William Watkiss Lloyd, *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, pp. 349, 350. London, 1909.

Perhaps before dismissing "Titus Andronicus" we would do well to quote Malone, who throws some suggestive lights upon the subject especially interesting to Baconians:—

> To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakespeare, would be an idle waste of time,—I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained.

He then presents a list of fourteen plays, "Selimus," "Locrine," "Arden of Feversham," "Edward I," "Spanish Tragedy," "Solyman and Perseda," "King Leir," "the *old* King John," and others; plays which for the most part are claimed by Baconians to be early productions of the author of "Hamlet," and declares "'Titus Andronicus,' was coined in the same mint"; and he continues thus:—

> The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theater; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression.

Malone, entirely oblivious of the future effect of his words upon the question of the authorship of the plays, discloses with surprising clearness the careless conditions surrounding the authorship of such works, which easily permitted the ascription of a play to one who had nothing to do with it. It was legitimate then for a partisan of the actor to tell the truth in such a case, but now, if he did so, he would be smitten hip and thigh by our modern Philistines and cast out of the camp, the old truth having become heresy.

Let us now consider the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, a dramatic version of a Spanish romance of George de Montemayor, first translated into English in 1598. Some critics have traced unimportant resemblances to other sources. In 1585 a play was enacted before the Queen at Greenwich, under the title of "Felix and Philomena," the names of the hero and heroine of this romance. The first mention of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was made in 1598, by Francis Meres, who, next to Henslowe, is our most important witness in dramatic matters of this period. As it is, according to the best authorities, a version of Montemayor's romance, would the authorship of the earlier play by the Stratford actor have been questioned, we may ask, had he been in London in 1885, and accredited with the authorship of dramatic works? It seems doubtful, though now it is assumed that there were two plays on the same subject. Says Collier of this play:—

> It is unquestionably the work of a young and unpracticed dramatist. It may have been written very soon after he joined a theatrical company. The notion of some critics that the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand is a strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment.[1]

The last sentence is strangely familiar. It is the jawbone with which the orthodox Shaksperians like Lee, Collins, Robertson, and others, smite all Philistine dissenters.

[1] J. Payne Collier, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 69.

Says White:—

Among the unaccountable and incomprehensible blunders of the critics of the last century with regard to Shakespeare and his works, was the denial by two of them, Hanmer and Upton, — and the doubt by more, that he wrote the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." . . . The comparatively timid style and unskillful structure . . . show that it was the work of Shakespeare. . . . May we not place the production of his first three or four plays, of which this is undoubtedly one, earlier than 1591? [1]

And Phillipps:—

The general opinion that the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is one of the author's very earliest complete dramatic efforts may be followed without much risk of error.[2]

Let us now consider HAMLET, concerning which there seems to be a consensus of opinion that it is the greatest of the "Shakespeare" Works.

This play founded upon the history of Denmark by Saxo Grammaticus, published in Paris in 1514, was on the stage about the time of the actor's arrival in London, in 1587, if not earlier. This date is fixed by Thomas Nash in 1589 as follows:—

It is a common practice, now a daies, amongst a sorte of shifting companions, — to leave the trade of *Nouerint*, whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the endeuors of art. Yet English *Seneca* read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences — and if you entreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole Hamletts, I should say handfulls of tragical speeches.[3]

The meaning of the word "Noverint" is significant. Nash attributes the authorship of "Hamlet" to a lawyer, "Noverint universi," being a preliminary to legal instruments, and equivalent to "Know all men," etc.

[1] White, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. II, pp. 102, 103. Boston, 1865.
[2] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. II, p. 284.
[3] Greene's *Menaphon*. London, 1589, n.p. Cf. Sir E. Bridges, Bart., M.P., *Archaica*, vol. I, p. xiii. London, 1815.

The next allusion to this play is made in 1591 by Thomas Nash, in a preface to a work of Sidney in which he says he cannot "sit taboring five years together nothing but 'to be, to be' on a paper drum," the words paper drum signifying dramatic poetry. In 1594 there is an entry in Henslowe's "Diary" as follows: "9 of June 1594, Rd at hamlet— VIII^{s}"; which shows that Henslowe received eight shillings as his share, or part of it, from a performance of the play. The smallness of this sum, supposing it to represent his whole share, has caused the writing of many pages of trifling conjecture, though a heavy storm, a neighboring conflagration, or what is more probable, the competition with Children's Plays, so-called, then very popular, might easily account for it. We next hear of it when Lodge refers to "The ghost which cried so miserably at the Theater like an oister wife, 'Hamlet revenge.'" [1] In 1598 Gabriel Harvey refers to it by name, and in 1602 Dekker in his "Satiromastix" uses these words, "No, fye'st my name's *Hamlet, revenge;*—Thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not?" In 1603 "Hamlet" was published for the first time in quarto, though it had been entered some months before under the title of the "Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," and on the title-page was the following:—

As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London; as also in the two Vniversities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where.

We thus have continuous notices of this play from a date as early as the actor's arrival in London until 1603. The Quarto of "Hamlet" of this date was a godsend to a few enthusiasts who at once shouted, "We have found one of the old plays that Shakspere rewrote." Well, what if it were so? It would only make him "a rank plagiarist," as Knight saw, and warned them against; but that they believed to be the

[1] Lodge, *Wit's Miserie*, p. 56. London, 1596.

lesser of two evils, and some still fatuously adhere to it. To add to the confusion the very next year, 1604, another Quarto was printed for one of the same publishers, Nicholas Ling, with substantially the same title-page upon which was the following:—

> Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.

This Quarto practically gives us "Hamlet" as we now have it. Phillipps explains this by avoiding the dilemma of recognizing the 1603 Quarto as an early play which had conveniently dropped out of existence, and supposes it to be a mutilated copy of the true "Hamlet" fraudulently foisted upon the public. He says that Ling and his associate, Trundell, —

> Employed an inferior and clumsy writer to work up, in his own fashion, what scraps of the play had been furtively obtained from shorthand notes or other memoranda, into the semblance of a perfect drama, which they had the audacity to publish as Shakespeare's own work.[1]

Furnivall takes practically the same view. But what proof is there that there ever was an older play of "Hamlet" by an unknown author? None whatever. It is a pure assumption of Malone based upon the entry in Henslowe's "Diary" already quoted. So small a sum as eight shillings he concludes is full confirmation that there was an older play of "Hamlet." He says:—

> It cannot be supposed that our poet's play should have been performed but once in the time of this account, and that Mr. Henslowe should have drawn from such a piece but the sum of eight shillings, when his share in several other plays came to three and sometimes four pounds.

And he suggests that it might have been written by Kyd. From this Skottowe ventures to assert that there *was* an old play, and when Lowndes compiled his "Bibliographer's

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, p. 208.

Manual," he adopted the assertion, and unwarrantably listed "Kyd's old play of Hamlet," which was wholly mythical, as though it were a well-known work. This is an excellent illustration of how mere speculations in history become crystallized into fact in the encyclopædia to mislead unwary students.

Says Staunton:—

> What really concerns us is to know whether, making large allowance for omissions and corruptions due to the negligence of those through whose hands the manuscript passed, the edition of 1603 exhibits the play as Shakespeare first wrote it, and as it was "divers times acted." We believe it does.[1]

Says Knight:—

> Not a tittle of distinct evidence exists to show that there was any other play of "Hamlet" but that of Shakspere; and all of the collateral evidence upon which it is inferred that an earlier play of "Hamlet" than Shakspere's did exist, may, on the other hand, be taken to prove that Shakspere's original sketch of Hamlet was in repute at an earlier period than is commonly assigned as its date.[2]

Lee, however, adopting Malone's suggestion, or Lowndes' careless note, positively asserts:—

> The story of the Prince of Denmark had been popular on the stage as early as 1589 in a lost dramatic version by another writer, doubtless Thomas Kyd. To that lost version of "Hamlet," Shakespeare's tragedy certainly owed much.

As there was no English translation of the story upon which the so-called later "Hamlet" was founded, he coolly informs us that "Shakespeare doubtless read it in French."[3]

Timmins gives us this saner and safer opinion:—

> I record my own conviction that both texts now republished are most valuable, the first a rough-hewn draft of a noble drama (written probably 1587–89) "divers times acted by His Highness'

[1] Howard Staunton, *The Plays of Shakespeare*, vol. III, p. 327. London, 1860.
[2] Knight, *Tragedies*, vol. I, p. 93.
[3] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 221. London, 1898.

servants" till 1602, when it was entered for publication and soon after "enlarged" and "shaped" as it appears in the Second quarto by the divine bard's maturer mind.[1]

Furness gives us this fanciful opinion:—

That there was an old play on the story of Hamlet, some portions of which are still preserved in Q 1: that about the year 1602, Shakespeare took this and began to remodel it for the stage, as he had done with other plays; that Q 1 represents the play after it had been retouched by him to a certain extent, but before his alterations were complete; and that in Q 2 we have for the first time the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare.[2]

This acute anxiety of Furness and others to get a single bit of evidence, however shadowy, to buttress their contention, discloses pitiable weakness; but like everything that has been promulgated to serve their purpose this has failed, for it is evident that the same brain that conceived the "Hamlet" of 1603, conceived that of 1604 which is virtually that of the Folio. It is quite likely that the former is a mutilated copy; that it has been liberally "cut," and passages "emended" by the players; but there is enough left to prove its authorship. It is somewhat curious that in the grave-digger scene, the jester is said to have been "i the earth a dozen years." If he died in 1579 this would make the date of the play 1591, which is near the supposed date of the "old play." A dozen years is a convenient term to designate an approximate time, but when revised and enlarged by its author in 1602–03,[3] is it not significative that the time of Yorick's death is changed to "23 yeeres" in order to make it conform to the true date? From Rowe to the present time this has passed unobserved, but had the critics noticed it and thought it favorable to their

[1] Samuel Timmins, *The Devonshire Hamlets*, p. viii, *et seq.*

[2] Furness, *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, vol. IV, p. 32. Philadelphia, 1877.

[3] The Quarto of 1603 was registered July 26, 1602, and the Quarto of 1604 about six months later; namely, February 7, 1602, old style; both to James Roberts.

contention, would it not have been heralded as a remarkable discovery? We shall allude to this later.

To Knight we are indebted for a more reasonable analysis of the subject, and will briefly quote:—

We can find nothing, he says, in Malone's argument to prove that it was not Shakspere's Hamlet which was acted by Shakspere's company on the 9th of June, 1594. . . . Their occupation of it — Henslowe's theater — might have been very temporary; and during that occupation, Shakspere's Hamlet might have been once performed. . . . And now we must express our decided opinion grounded upon an attentive comparison of the original sketch (1603) with the perfect play (1604) that the original sketch was an early production of our poet. That the play which the commentators imagine to be lost is to be found in the Quarto of 1603, and much improved in that of 1604, seems too evident to require discussion. The appearance in it of the King's ghost, which is not found in the history from which it was taken but was the creation of the author, and of Hamlet's soliloquy, are enough to identify it, and we must conclude that it was a youthful work improved by its author in maturer years.[1]

Says Gervinus:—

According to Thomas Nash — there was a drama upon Hamlet as early as 1589, and perhaps even 1587. Several English critics believe this old play itself to be the work of Shakespeare's youthful hand. And it was certain that the poet was occupied with this subject, as with Romeo and Juliet, at an earlier stage of his dramatic career.[2]

This view should dispose of the question of the actor's authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works. But there are other works in the Folio to puzzle commentators.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. This comedy has proved for critics a Pandora's box, for, as in the case of "Hamlet," they tell us there was a previous play entitled, "The Taming of a Shrew." We first hear of it in Greene's "Menaphon" in 1589.

[1] Knight, *Tragedies*, vol. 1, pp. 92, 93.
[2] Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*, p. 549. London, 1883.

With respect to the play as we have it in the Folio, Malone says:—

> I had supposed the piece to have been written in the year 1606. On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience of our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his very early productions.

And Collier:—

> *I am satisfied that more than one hand* (perhaps at distant dates) was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes in which Katherine and Petrucio are not engaged . . . the underplot much resembles the dramatic style of William Haughton.

While Steevens replies:—

> I know not to whom I could impute this comedy if Shakespeare was not its author.

With these quotations Knight introduces his own opinion of the subject:—

> "The Taming of *a* Shrew" first appeared in 1594,—"as it was sundry times acted by . . . The Earle of Pembroke, his servants." . . .
>
> The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we call Shakspere's. The scene of the old play is laid at Athens; that of Shakspere's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning. This undoubted resemblance involves some necessity for conjecture, with very little guide from evidence. The first and most obvious hypothesis is that the "Taming of *a* Shrew" was an older play than Shakspere's and that he borrowed from that comedy. The question then arises, who was its author?

He then proceeds to compare it with Greene's "Orlando Furioso" with very poor success. At a later period, having had his attention drawn by a correspondent to Marlowe he says:—

> We now propose a second theory altogether different from our previous notion, from that of our correspondent, and from that

of any other writer. Was there not an older play than the "*Taming of a Shrew*," which furnished the main plot, some of the characters, and a small part of the dialogue, both to the author of "The Taming of *a* Shrew," and the author of the "Taming of *the* Shrew." . . . But there is a third theory — that of Tieck — that the "Taming of *a* Shrew" was a youthful work of Shakspere himself?

This theory he finally accepts and calls attention to the entry in Henslowe's "Diary" of the 3d June, 1594, already alluded to with reference to "Hamlet," and continues:—

> This entry of "the taminge of a shrewe" immediately follows that of Hamlet: and we see nothing to shake our belief that both these were Shakspere's plays.[1]

Says Gervinus:—

> No other undisputed [*sic*] play of Shakspeare's furnishes so much evidence of his learning and study as the "Taming of the Shrew." In the address of the Syracusan Antipholus to Luciana, — "Comedy of Errors," — in which he calls her a mermaid, and asks her, "Are you a god?" there is a purely Homeric tone; the same passage bearing the same stamp is met with again in the "Taming of the Shrew" where Katherine, when she addresses Vincentio, uses a similar passage from Ovid, borrowed by him from Homer, the antique sound of which lingers even under the touch of a fourth hand. This prevailing mannerism of his youthful writings ought long ago to have determined the position of this play as belonging to the earliest period of the poet.[2]

In other words, when he was a hostler or call-boy for the Burbages, and while he was speaking the "patois" of Warwickshire.

Let us listen to Rolfe:—

> "The Taming of the Shrew" is evidently an adaptation of an earlier play published anonymously in 1594 — called "The Taming of *a* Shrew." Fleay believes that this old play was written by Marlowe and Shakespeare in conjunction in 1589, but

[1] Knight, *Comedies*, vol. 1, pp. 264–68.
[2] Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*, pp. 138, 139. London, 1883.

the critics generally agree that the latter had no hand in it. They also agree that somebody besides Shakespeare had a hand in the revision of the play.

Rolfe however agrees with Furnivall and Dowden —

That "The Taming of the Shrew" is Shakespeare's adaptation not of the original "Taming of a Shrew" but of an enlarged version of that play made by some unknown writer. As Furnivall puts it, "An adapter who used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakspere put into the recast the scenes in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio appear." [1]

Yet Yardley, realizing the fact that the classical learning displayed by the author of the "Shakespeare" Works is fatal to the actor's claims to authorship, boldly asserts that "there are no signs of classical learning in his great plays"; that "he had neither read nor was capable of reading Latin, and had never read Greek"; and labors to show that whatever classical learning there is in the works could have been acquired without a knowledge of Greek or Latin. It is curious, as showing the straits into which the devotees of the actor have been driven, that not far from the time that Yardley wrote, Churton Collins, in his "Had Shakespeare read the Greek Tragedies?" contended in the "Fortnightly Review" that the author of the works was an accomplished Latin scholar. For this Collins was blamed by the "Daily News" for "strengthening the hands of the Baconians." Yardley discloses his animus by the following unwise admission, "All these attempts to give erudition to Shakespeare seem to lead to his being converted to Bacon. Otherwise I should not trouble myself much about it." This is the usual attitude of the orthodox Stratfordian toward the "Baconian heretic." [2]

[1] William J. Rolfe, A.M., *Shakespeare's Comedy of the Taming of the Shrew*, p. 10. New York, 1881.

[2] *Notes and Queries*, vol. 12, p. 191.

We will not weary the reader further with the worthless and misleading speculations of other commentators on this play, but remark that the anonymous play printed in 1594, but which had been then known at least five years, was published by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, several years before Bacon's authorship was thought of, and a copy is now before the writer. It not only presents the same plot, but verbally agrees in more than two hundred instances, showing conclusively that its author was the same as the author of the Folio play.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS also perplexes the commentators, who shy at so many evidently early works of their author. It was first printed in the Folio of 1623. Says Knight:—

The "Comedy of Errors" was clearly one of Shakspere's very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production.

For evidence of its early date we must depend, he continues, —

Upon the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language as early as the time of Chaucer, by the name of "rime doggerel." This peculiarity is found only in three of our author's plays, — "Loves Labour's Lost," "The Taming of the Shrew," and in the "Comedy of Errors." But this measure was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. . . . There cannot, we think, be a stronger proof that the "Comedy of Errors" was an early play of our author, than its agreement, in this particular, with the models which Shakspere found in his almost immediate predecessors.

He then alludes to the difficulty experienced by commentators in according to the actor so wide a knowledge of classical authors as the play discloses. He says:—

The speech of Ægeon in the first scene

> A heavier task could not have been impos'd
> Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable

is, they admit, an imitation of the "Infandum, Regina, jubes

renovare dolorem" of Virgil. "Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine," is in Catullus, Ovid, and Horace. The "owls" that "suck the breath" are the "stringes" of Ovid. The apostrophe of Dromio to the virtues of beating — "when I am cold he heats me with beating," etc. The burning of the conjuror's beard is an incident copied from the twelfth book of Virgil's "Æneid." Lastly, in the original copy of the "Comedy of Errors," the Antipholus of Ephesus is called *Sereptus* — a corruption of the epithet by which one of the twin brothers in Plautus is distinguished. "If the poet had not dipped into the original Plautus," says Capell, "Surreptus had never stood in his copy, the translation having no such agnomen." Steevens says: "Shakspere might have taken the general plan of the Comedy from a translation of the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus by W. W. in 1595." Ritson thinks he was under no obligation to this translation, but that the "Comedy of Errors" "was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was *capable* of the 'Menæchmi' without the help of a translation." [1]

The first record of a performance of this play was at Gray's Inn in 1594, Francis Bacon being master of ceremonies; but an allusion in it to France "making war against her heir," which Theobald suggests refers to the war begun in 1589 against Henry of Navarre, heir to the throne, might indicate an earlier date. This suggestion, however, is clearly without force. Boas thinks that "1591 may be set down as the approximate date of the play," and that its author "may have worked upon some earlier stage version, perhaps 'The Historie of Error,' acted at Hampton Court in 1576." While he says, —

> The comparison of the "Comedy of Errors" with the "Menæchmi" illustrates admirably the advantages of Shakspere's over Plautus' method, the poverty of its dialogue, and the thinness of its portraiture prove the hand of the immature artist, [2] —

Says Gervinus: —

> In the "Comedy of Errors" that great feature of Shakespearian profoundness, that power of obtaining a deep inner signifi-

[1] Knight, *Comedies*, vol. 1, pp. 211–14.

[2] Frederick S. Boas, M.A., *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, pp. 168–172. New York, 1910.

spere about 1589. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion.[1]

Says Gervinus:—

The comedy of "Love's Labour's Lost" belongs indisputably to the earliest dramas of the poet, and will be almost of the same date as the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The peculiarities of Shakespeare's youthful pieces are perhaps most accumulated in this play. The reiterated mention of mythological and historic personages, the air of learning, the Italian and Latin expressions, which here, it must be admitted, serve a comic end; the older English versification, the numerous doggerel verses, and the rhymes more frequent than anywhere else, and extending over almost half of the play; all this places this work among the earlier efforts of the poet.[2]

Furnivall contends that "Love's Labours Lost" was his earliest play, and "The Tempest" his last, basing his opinion upon the relative number of rhymed and blank verse lines in each.[3] While we dissent from this method of proof as an imperfect one, to say the least, there is little doubt that it was written at a very early period of its author's career, may we not premise soon after returning from France in 1579? And may it not be one of the comedies mentioned by Immerito to Harvey?

The editors of the Folio Reprint say:—

Internally the play bears evidence of being written in the first, or rhyming period, and revised in maturer years. It is probably the earliest of the comedies, as is shown by its poetic rather than its dramatic qualities, its balancing of characters, and its sketchy characterization.[4]

And the poet Coleridge:—

The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position,

[1] Knight, *Comedies*, vol. 1, p. 75, *et seq.*
[2] Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*, p. 1641.
[3] Frank J. Furnivall, M.A., *The Succession of Shakspere's Works*, p. xxii. London, 1874.
[4] Folio Reprint, Introduction, vol. 3.

or out of such as a country town and school-boy's observation might supply — the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully illustrated aphorisms are all they ought to be in a poet's youth.[1]

Says Lee:—

To "Love's Labour's Lost" may reasonably be assigned priority in point of time of all Shakespeare's dramatic productions.[2]

Phillipps's opinion of this play is thus expressed:—

A complete appreciation of "Love's Labour's Lost" was reserved for the present century, several modern psychological critics of eminence having successfully vindicated its title to a position amongst the best productions of the great dramatist.[3]

Yet Collier says that in this play the

Poet plays the fool egregiously, for the whole play is a very silly one.[4]

And Herford:—

The original version of "Love's Labour's Lost" was among the earliest of Shakespeare's original plays, if not, as is generally supposed the first of all.[5]

From the time of Rowe, who published the first life of the actor, having persistently gathered every item relating to him, recorded and traditional, and who, living nearer to his time than more modern writers, had a clearer view of the man and his antecedents than they, but was unable to account for the vast learning displayed in the earlier works ascribed to him, many critics have held the untenable theory that he attained the pinnacle of literary excellence by virtue of inborn genius, without that education, training, and experience hitherto

[1] *The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, vol. IV, p. 79. New York, 1864.
[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 50.
[3] Phillipps, *Memoranda*, p. 17. London, 1879.
[4] Collier, *Short Views, etc., of the English Stage*, p. 125. London, 1699.
[5] Herford, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. I. New York, 1904.

deemed so necessary to mankind in the accomplishment of great works of art. Respecting the drama of PERICLES, Rowe was dubious. He says:—

> There is no good Reason to believe that the greatest part of that play was not written by him.[1]

This has been another bone of contention among devotees, some of whom have even had a fling at the painstaking Rowe for his too much meddling with things which better had been overlooked. The same differences of opinion, and the same indulgence in assumptions, are evident in their treatment of this play.

Malone declares that

> "Pericles" was the entire work of Shakespeare, and one of his earliest compositions.

And Rolfe:—

> It is now, however, generally agreed by critics that the first two acts of the play, together with the brothel scenes in the fourth act, were written by some other author than Shakespeare.

Steevens says:—

> I must acquit even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts.

Hallam guesses that

> "Pericles" was by some inferior hand, perhaps, by a personal friend of Shakespeare's, and that he, without remodelling the plot, undertook to correct and improve it, beginning with slight additions, and his mind warming as he proceeded, breaking out towards the close of the drama with its accustomed vigour and abundance.

And Collier:—

> We apprehend that Shakespeare founded a drama on the story in the possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time,

[1] N. Rowe, Esq., *The Works of William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. vii. London, 1709.

he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe Theatre.

In a note he continues his guesses in this futile manner:—

By a list of the theatrical apparel, formerly belonging to Alleyn, and preserved at Dulwich College, it appears that he had probably acted in a play called "Pericles." This might be the play which Shakespeare altered and improved.[1]

White, speaking of the origin of the drama, "The Romance of Appollonius Tyrias," possibly written in the sixth century, and a version by Gower in the eighth book of "Confessio Amantis," as well as a version by Lawrence Twine (1576), concludes that:—

By whom and when the play was written is not to be so easily discussed. The external evidence upon which it may be attributed to Shakespeare is not strong. In fact, it resolves itself merely into the presence of his name upon the title page of two editions published during his life, and the absence of any known denial of the authorship by him, or on his part.

Quoting Dryden's line —

> Shakespeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore —

and discarding it, he continues:—

There is really no other external evidence of Shakespeare's authorship of the play than the presence of his name on the old title-page; *and that is of no weight.* The same exists as to his having written "Sir John Oldcastle," "The London Prodigal," and "A Yorkshire Tragedy," plays in which no competent critic has been able to trace even his prentice hand. . . . Considering all the evidence, it therefore seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that "Pericles" is a play, which, planned and mostly or wholly written by another dramatist, Shakespeare enriched throughout for the benefit of the theatre which owned it. . . . When "Pericles" was originally written we do not know; but it was quite surely sometime before Shakespeare became a playwright.[2]

[1] J. Payne Collier, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. VIII, p. 203. New York, 1853. Cf. *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, p. 21. Shakespeare Society, London.

[2] Richard Grant White, *The Works of Shakespeare*, pp. 301–05.

The admission by White that the presence of a name on a title-page is of no weight is so true that it should be noted. Other so-called authorities have asserted this in their efforts to discredit the authorship of plays not in the Canon; but they now balk when this argument, eminently true, is made use of by Baconians. His admission of the early date of the play is noticeable.

Lee, with his usual annoying confidence, asserts: —

> Although Shakespeare's powers showed no signs of exhaustion, he reverted in the year following the colossal effort of "Lear" (1607) to his earlier habit of collaboration, and with another's aid composed two dramas — "Timon of Athens" and "Pericles." There seems some ground for the belief that Shakespeare's co-adjutor in "Timon" was George Wilkes — at any rate, Wilkes may safely be credited with portions of "Pericles." . . . The presence of a third hand, of inferior merit to Wilkes, has been suspected, and to this collaborator (perhaps William Rowley) are best assigned the three scenes of purposeless coarseness which take place in or before a brothel.[1]

The value of such criticism may be seen by this from Phillipps: —

> There can be but little doubt that Shakespeare, who was in early life, and perhaps to some extent afterwards, the Johannes Factotum of the theatre, contributed numerous fragments to the drama of others. There is not, however, the slightest contemporary hint that he ever entered into the joint authorship of a play with anyone else, and such a notion is directly opposed to the express testimony of Leonard Digges.[2]

In his "Memoir of Ben Jonson," Proctor accuses the critics of "Pericles" from Pope to Gifford of condemning it unread. He declares that

> From "Lear" down to "Pericles," there ought to be no mistake between Shakespeare and other writers.

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 242, 243.
[2] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. II, p. 409.

TIMON OF ATHENS, based on Plutarch's "Lives," and first printed in the Folio, which has already been alluded to, has also provoked speculation. The editors of the late reprint of the First Folio in their introduction to it remark that:—

> The play that has come down to us as Shakespeare's is itself of doubtful origin. That it is not all his is now the accepted belief, and traces of the lost earlier text may possibly be imbedded in the present one. The various theories of authorship contemplate the following: (1) That Shakespeare rewrote the older drama. (2) That Shakespeare's play, left unfinished, was completed by other hands. (3) That a combination of the two foregoing seems likely. (4) That Shakespeare and another author worked together. (5) That the Folio editors rewrought the play from the leading character's stage parts. . . . There is no record of its having been performed during Shakespeare's lifetime, and no early Quarto printing. Evidence must rest internally. Coleridge has characterized it as an "after-vibration of 'Hamlet.'"[1]

Knight declares that the author was indebted more to Lucian than to Plutarch, and that his work was a remodeling of an older play which belonged

> to the period when our poet began to write for the stage — a period when the public ear was not familiarized to the flowing harmony of his own verse, or the regular cadences of Marlowe's and Greene's.

Boas asserts that

> "Timon of Athens," as it stands, cannot represent a complete, genuine Shakespearian work. The contrast between the noble verse and imagery in the finer scenes, and the halting metre and insipid dialogue of other parts, is too striking to be entirely attributed to the dramatist in the maturity of his powers. Yet these inequalities have been exaggerated, and all attempts to rigidly separate the genuine from the spurious parts of the work, must be viewed with suspicion.[2]

[1] Charlotte Porter, H. A. Clark, *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, vol. x, Introduction. Tymon, London, n.d.

[2] Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, p. 495. New York, 1910.

KING JOHN. This play, under the title of "The Troublesome Reign of King John," published anonymously in quarto in 1691, and included by Meres in his list of "Shakespeare" plays in 1598, was republished in 1611, this time bearing on its title-page "written by W. Sh.," and again in 1622, "W. Shakespeare," leaves no room for us to question its identity with the play as we have it in the Folio, though comparison with the previous editions, even that of the year before, published six years after the actor's death, shows that it had been improved by revision, and considerably enlarged, unmistakably by its original author. We will see what the critics say of it.

Phillipps, although he assumes that Meres "had been favoured with access to the unpublished writings of Drayton and Shakespeare,"[1] ignores his evidence and says:—

It is noticed by Meres in 1598, and that it continued to be popular until 1611, may be inferred from the republication in that year of the foundation play, "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" as "written by W. Sh.," a clearly fraudulent attempt to palm off the latter in the place of the work of the great dramatist.[2]

Boas, calling attention to the editions of 1591 and 1611 of the "Troublesome Raigne," and calling this an older work, says:—

Shakespeare entirely followed this older work in the historical matter, and there is scarcely more than one passage to be pointed out with certainty in which it may be concluded that he consulted the Chronicles besides. Artistically considered, he took in the outward design of the piece, blended both parts into one, adhered to the leading features of the characters, and finished them with finer touches.[3]

Turning to Lee, we learn exactly how the case stands. He speaks in this *ex-cathedra* fashion:—

To 1594 must also be assigned "King John." . . . The fraudulent practice of crediting Shakespeare with valueless plays from

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, p. 172. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. II, p. 285.
[3] Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, p. 353.

the pens of comparatively dull-witted contemporaries was in vogue among enterprising traders in literature both early and late in the seventeenth century. The worthless old play of "King John" was attributed to Shakespeare in the reissues of 1611 and 1622.[1]

While referring, as also does Boas, to an old moral and allegorical play, called "King Johan," by Bishop Bale, which one says *probably*, and the other *positively*, the author of "King John" could not have known, Lee takes the ground that the "Troublesome Raigne was by certain unknown authors," but speaks highly of it, pointing out that

> the characters are well copied from real life or taken from history; and they appear upon the stage only in connection with the incidents upon which the interest of the play depends. It is in spirit and form absolutely dramatic, though not highly so, and is as purely an historical play as that which succeeded and eclipsed it.

Further he says:—

> Numerous instances of parallel passages in which the thought is similar, and the words sometimes the same, are cited in the Notes, and will show the reader that Shakespeare worked with the old play in his head if not in his hand — hence some English editors in the last century, and some German commentators in this, have thought that "The Troublesome Reign" was an early work of Shakespeare's.

Not accepting this view he concludes that:—

> It was probably produced two or three years before the date of the first edition known, as at that date it was a new play, and in 1587–88, the English hatred of Rome and Spain was stimulated by the approach of the Spanish Armada. It has been conjectured with great probability that Greene, Peele, and Marlowe were concerned in the composition of this old History, and it is barely possible that Shakespeare, who seems to have begun his career as their humble co-laborer contributed something to it, as like in style to what they wrote as he could make it.[2]

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 69, 181.
[2] Lee, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. v, pp. 10–15. London, 1906.

We have made this long quotation as illustrating the unbridled assumptions of Shakespeare editors. There is not a particle of evidence that the Stratford actor ever was an "humble co-laborer" with any one, nor any foundation for even a guess that Greene, Peele, or Marlowe had anything to do with the play of "King John." When Meres, of whom all speak as the highest of contemporary authorities, placed "The Troublesome Reign" in his list of "Shakespeare" plays, he did so from knowledge, and his authority is preferable to that of those who insult our intelligence by obtruding their guesses upon us when we want facts, or, at least, something having the color of evidence. Later we shall discuss the relation of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe to the plays. The constant reference to these three persons is significant.

HENRY V. This drama presents a problem respecting the date of its composition similar to those already mentioned.

Says Rolfe:—

> Shakespeare took the leading incidents of his "Henry IV," and "Henry V," from an anonymous play entitled "The Famous Victories of Henry Fift" which was written as early as 1588. He drew his historical materials from Holinshed's "Chronicles." [1]
>
> It was entered May 14, 1594.
>
> It is a circumstance deserving of remark that not one of the title-pages of the quarto editions of "Henry V" attributes the authorship of the play to Shakespeare. It was printed several times during the life of the poet, but in no instance with his name. The inference seems to be that "Henry V" was originally produced by Shakespeare in a comparatively incomplete state, and that large portions contained in the folio, and of which no trace can be pointed out in the quartos were added at a subsequent date.[2]

[1] William J. Rolfe, A.M., *Shakespeare's History of King Henry the Fifth*, pp. 10, 11. New York, n. d.

[2] George Long Duyckinck, *The Works of William Shakespeare*, vol. IV, p. 341. Philadelphia, n. d.

This is an interesting admission but militates against the authorship by the actor. Any one who studies these additions, made long after his death, must admit that they were the work of the original author of the play. As half the Quartos were printed anonymously it is not "deserving of remark" that this one was.

Nash in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592, has the following:—

What a glorious thing it is to have "Henry the Fift" represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie.

Says Lee in his usual dogmatic fashion:—

In 1597, Shakespeare turned once more to English history. From Holinshed's "Chronicle" and from a valueless but very popular piece, "The Famous Victories of Henry V," which was repeatedly acted between 1588 and 1595, he worked up with splendid energy two plays on the reign of Henry IV.[1]

Dr. Johnson's opinion is no doubt correct that the author of this play

Designed a regular connexion of the dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth.

Says Knight, quoting this remark:—

Shakspere, indeed, found the stage in possession of a rude drama "The famous Victories of Henry V," upon the foundation of which he constructed not only his two parts of "Henry IV" but his "Henry V." That old play was acted prior to 1588. It was entered on the Stationer's books in 1594, and was performed by Henslowe's company in 1595. Mr. Collier thinks it was written soon after 1580.

It was printed in 1598 and in 1600 appeared as "The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift." Both these plays were from the same press, the latter preserving much of the form and substance of the former largely rewritten. But Knight finally

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 167.

found how untenable was the position he had adopted and gives us his maturer opinion, that the old plays were the work of the author of the later ones. These are his words:—

> The "Richard II" and the "Henry IV" were not separated from the "Henry V" by any long interval in their performance — they required no *Prologue* for this reason to hold them all together. The "Henry V" was the *triumphal* completion of the story which these had begun. But if the *disastrous* continuation of the story had been the work of another man, we doubt whether Shakspere would have desired thus emphatically to carry forward the connexion. . . . Malone holds that, to a certain extent, they were connected in their authorship, and that this connexion is implied in the address to the favour of the audience "for the sake of these old and popular dramas which are so closely connected with it; and *in the composition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had so considerable a share*." This is the point we desire to examine. We hold that Shakspere associates these dramas with his own undoubted work, because he was their sole author.[1]

A second edition followed in 1602, and a third in 1608, all anonymous. It did not appear again in print until it was published in the Folio, again rewritten and enlarged to nearly double its former length. Says Knight:—

> Not only is the play thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared with the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvelous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are indistinguishable. Unless we were to reprint the original copy, page by page, with the present text, it would be impossible to convey a satisfactory notion of the exceeding care with which this play has been recast.[2]

[1] Knight, *Histories*, vol. II, p. 403.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 309.

That "The Famous Victories" does not bear the same relation to "The Chronicle History" as the latter does to "Henry V" of the Folio, is simply an opinion as fanciful and unreliable as the many we have quoted, and that in the flush of the author's maturer powers he rewrote his youthful works seems the more reasonable view.

HENRY VI is perhaps the best example of the futile manner in which Stratfordian critics test the patience of their readers. This drama in three parts, or really three separate dramas, was first printed in the Folio.

Let us first listen to Malone, the pioneer in this sort of criticism:—

> My hypothesis . . . is that "the first part of King Henry VI," as it now appears . . . was the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist; that "The Whole Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster," etc., written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, in 1600, was also the composition of some writer who preceded Shakspear; and that from this piece, which is in two parts — our poet formed the two plays entitled, "The Second and Third Parts of King Henry," as they appear in the first folio edition of his works.

The first notice of this play that we have is in Henslowe's "Diary" which records its production on the 3d of March, 1591–92.[1] In the same year Thomas Nash makes a quotation from the first part of the play which clearly identifies it. From the third part, Robert Greene makes a quotation in the same year, 1592, which shows that this part was then in existence. Of the second part we have no contemporary notice, but it is reasonable to assume that the composition of the different parts was synchronous. The editors of the Folio Reprint conclude that the first part belongs to the year 1589 or 1590.

The first part was unknown in prnt until it appeared in the

[1] *The Diary of Philip Henslowe*, p. 22. London, 1845.

Folio seven years after the actor's death. The second part was published anonymously in 1594, and twice in 1600, and the third part in 1595. In 1619, three years after the actor's death, the second and third parts were published as "written by William Shakespeare Gent." The publisher, Pavier, however, had published works by other writers under the same title, which renders this evidence of authorship valueless, and so we are left wholly to rely upon the fact that Heminge and Condell thought it proper to admit them into the Folio. Let us see how the commentators handle this problem, and, first, Malone:—

> "The First Part of King Henry VI" may be referred to the year 1589, or to an earlier period.

Yes, probably a considerably earlier period, sufficiently earlier to bar the actor's authorship of it, but not the authorship of the man who later enlarged and improved it.

He speaks thus of the second and third parts:—

> In a Dissertation annexed to these plays, I have endeavoured to prove that they were not written *originally* by Shakespeare, but formed by him on two preceding dramas. . . . My principal object in that Dissertation was, to show that these two old plays which were printed in 1600, were written by some writer or writers who preceded Shakespeare, and moulded by him, with many alterations and additions, into the shape in which they at present appear, — and if I have proved that point, I have obtained my end. . . . Towards the end of the Essay I have produced a passage from the old "King John" 1591, from which it appeared to me probable that the two elder dramas which comprehend the greater part of the reign of King Henry VI, were written by the author of "King John," whoever he was; and some circumstances which have lately struck me, confirm an opinion which I formerly hazarded, that Christopher Marlowe was the author of that play. A passage in his historical drama of "King Edward II," which Dr. Farmer has pointed out to me since the Dissertation was printed, also inclines me to believe with him, that Marlowe was the author of one, if not both, of the old dramas on which Shakespeare formed the two plays, which in the first

folio edition of his works are distinguished by the titles of "The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI." [1]

Malone then wrote his dissertation without knowing anything about the drama of "Edward II," yet to pose as an authority on the plays he was criticizing, he should have familiarized himself with this work.

Anent this we will listen to Phillipps:—

Although Shakespeare had exhibited a taste for poetic composition before his first departure from Stratford-on-Avon, (?) all traditions agree in the statement that he was a recognized actor before he joined the ranks of the dramatists.(?) This latter event appears to have occurred on the third of March, 1592,(?) when a new drama, entitled "Henry the Sixth," was brought out — under an arrangement with Henslowe — to whom no doubt the author had sold the play.(?) [2] In this year, — Shakespeare was first rising into prominent notice, so that the history then produced, now known as the "First Part of Henry the Sixth," was, in all probability, his earliest complete dramatic work. . . . The "Second Part of Henry the Sixth," must have appeared soon afterwards, but no record of its production on the stage has been preserved. . . . The "Third Part of Henry the Sixth" was written previously to September, 1592, and hence it may be concluded that all Shakespeare's plays on the subject of that reign, although perhaps subsequently revised in a few places by the author, were originally produced in that year.(?)

And he concludes that the theory

which best agrees with the positive evidences is that which concedes the authorship of the three plays to Shakespeare.[3]

While we take issue with Phillipps on several points, especially that he was a recognized actor before he joined the ranks of the dramatists, his conclusion that it sprung from the brain which conceived Hamlet will stand the final test.

[1] Johnson and Steevens, *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, vol. II, pp. 243–45. London, 1803.

[2] We have marked some statements with a query in above quotation simply to show how so conscientious a writer as Phillipps is forced to regale us with mere assumptions.

[3] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, pp. 97–99.

Knight, repudiating Malone's "verbal subtleties," informs us that

> Mr. Collier says "that they (that is all the early parts of 'Henry VI') *were all three in being before Shakspere begun to write for the stage*." Mr. Hallam, not quite so strongly observes: "It seems probable that the old plays — and the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' *which Shakspere remodelled* in the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry V' were in great part by Marlowe. . . . In default of a more probable claimant I have sometimes been inclined to assign the 'First Part of Henry VI' to Greene." Such opinions render it impossible that we should dissent from Malone's theory rashly and lightly. But still we must dissent wholly and uncompromisingly. The opinion which we have not incautiously adopted is, in brief, this, — that the three disputed plays are, in the strictest sense of the word, Shakspere's own plays; that in connexion with "Richard III" they form one complete whole, — the first great Shaksperian series of Chronicle Histories; — that although in connection with all the Histories, they might each have been in some degree formed upon such rude productions of the early stage as the "Famous Victories" and "The True Tragedy of Richard III," the theory of the remodelling of the Second and Third Parts upon two other plays of a higher character, of which we possess copies, is altogether fallacious, the "First Part of the Contention," and the "Richard Duke of York" (more commonly called the "Second Part of the Contention") being, in fact, Shakspere's own work, in an imperfect state; — and that their supposed inferiority to Shakspere's other works, are referable to other circumstances than that of being the productions of an author or authors who preceded him. "It is plausibly conjectured," says Mr. Collier, "that Shakespeare never touched the 'First Part of Henry VI' as it stands in his works, and it is merely the old play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written about 1589." Dr. Drake, in the fulness of his confidence in this plausible conjecture, proposes entirely to exclude the play from any future editions of Shakspere's works, as a production which "offers no trace of any finishing strokes from the masterbard."

Knight then enters into a lengthy and minute comparison of the different parts of his subject to prove his contention,

and with relation to the remodeling of the works of other authors, observes:—

> That the argument upon which Shakspere has been held, in England, during the last fifty years, to be one of the most unblushing plagiarists that ever put pen to paper, has been conducted throughout in a spirit of disingenuousness almost unequalled in literary history.[1]

But what would Knight have thought of this?—

> Criticism has proved beyond doubt that in these plays Shakespeare did no more than add, revise and correct other men's work. The theory that Greene and Peele produced the original draft of the three parts of "Henry VI." which Shakespeare recast, may help to account for Greene's indignant denunciation of Shakespeare. . . . Much can be said too in behalf of the suggestion that Shakespeare joined Marlowe, . . . in the first revision of which "The Contention," and the "True Tragedie" were the outcome. Most of the new passages in the second recension seem assignable to Shakespeare alone, but a few suggest a partnership resembling that of the first revision. It is probable that Marlowe began his final revision, but his task was interrupted by his death, and the lion's share of the work fell to his younger coadjutor. *Shakespeare shared with other men of genius that receptivity of mind which impels them to assimilate much of the intellectual effort of their contemporaries*, and to transmute it in the process from unvalued ore into pure gold.[2]

Courthope, one of our best later critics, unhesitatingly concedes the early authorship question in these words:—

> A long controversy has raged round the question of the authorship of these various early plays. By the older Germans, and some of the earlier English commentators, they were assigned without much investigation, to Shakespeare; by almost all the English and American critics since Malone (whose opinions have been adopted by many of the modern Germans) Shakespeare has been regarded either as a partner in the plays with other dramatists, or as the unblushing plagiarist of other men's work, — I need only here repeat — my conviction that the elder Ger-

[1] Knight, Supplement to vol. II, pp. 403, 404, 414. Collier, *Annals of the Stage*, vol. III, p. 145. Drake, *Shakspere and his Times*, vol. II, p. 297.

[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 59–61. London, 1898. Italics ours.

man critics were right, and the later English wrong, and that Shakespeare alone was the author not only of "The Contention" and "The True Tragedy" but of "Titus Andronicus." "The Taming of a Shrew," and "The Troublesome Raigne of King John." [1]

This opinion is bravely expressed and will inevitably be adopted in the future, though it prove fatal to Stratfordian interests represented by Lee who delights in telling us just how the case stands.

Readers who have not made a critical study of the futile opinions of Stratfordian commentators —

> That like a shifted wind upon a sail
> Startles and frights consideration —

no doubt will be surprised to find that authors, whom they have heretofore regarded with respectful attention, have been regaling them with merely glittering speculations, all because of a faulty premise; for no one should doubt that if the actor had been born four years earlier than he was, and had distinguished himself early by learning and genius, there would have existed no reason for the idle and conflicting theories with which they have struggled so long and so laboriously.

Perhaps here it may not be out of place to quote Phillipps again:—

> There have arisen in these days critics who, dispensing altogether with the older contemporary evidences, can enter so perfectly into all the vicissitudes of Shakespeare's intellectual temperament, that they can authoritatively identify at a glance every line that he did write, and with equal precision every sentence that he did not. . . . Lowlier votaries can only bow their heads in silence.

Perhaps these words apply as directly to the wild speculations of those who have wasted so much time on the mystery of Mr. W. H., and the hidden meaning of the SONNETS. Vol-

[1] Courthope, W. J., C.B., M.A., D.Litt., LL.D., *A History of English Poetry*, vol. IV, p. 55. London, 1903.

umes have been written to identify numerous individuals with these initials. Phillipps briefly dismisses these many futile conjectures in this manner, first explaining that Thorpe, the publisher, obtained a copy of the "Sonnets" surreptitiously of a friend of the author:—

> Thorpe — the *well-wishing adventurer* — was so elated with the opportunity of entering into the speculation that he dedicated the work to the factor in the acquisition, one Mr. W. H., in language of hyperbolical gratitude, designating him as the "only begetter," that is, to the one person who obtained the entire contents of the work for the use of the publisher, the verb, *beget*, having been occasionally used in the sense of get.

And he quotes from Dekker's "Satiromastix," 1602, and refers to "Hamlet," III, ii, to show this, continuing:—

> The notion that *begetter* stands for inspirer could only be received were one individual alone the subject of all the poems; and, moreover, unless we adopt the wholly gratuitous conjecture that the Sonnets of 1609 were not those which were in existence in 1598, had not the time somewhat gone by for a publisher's dedication to that object? [1]

The most interesting, if futile, article on the subject has been written by Oscar Wilde; but the wildest of all the speculations upon the "Sonnets" have been expended upon their hidden meaning, especially, by the advocates of the "dark lady" fiction, who show to what the efforts of the speculative commentators we have quoted lead. Excited by their example, some neurotic genius enters their alluring field, and startles us by his dexterity. Thus we have a well-written book devoted to the exploitation of the impossible theory that the play of "Henry V" is an autobiography *en détail* of the Stratford actor, written, we are told, after the writer had "shed tears of regret" over the "untimely fate" of Huth who wrote a life of Buckle.

This book is a striking example of what an ingenious specu-

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, p. 226; vol. II, p. 305.

lator can accomplish with the mass of biographical material which is at hand to parallel almost any life; nor does he travel far to find a suggestion for such work, for the pulpit often uses the story of the forty years' wandering in the wilderness to justly parallel the experiences of a human life.

Of course, the early roystering of the actor is used with effect; the young king, when a prince, was a roysterer like most others of his ilk, but the actor, "had got beyond roystering; he had sounded the depths of folly, and, having discovered its unprofitableness, had now become an earnest thinker and hard worker." But is this quite true? What about that last roystering from which he contracted a "feavour" which caused his death?[1] But this, perhaps, is enough, and we will refer to a still wilder flight.

Mary Fitton was a maid of honor to Elizabeth. She was a brunette, not especially handsome, but fascinating. Gay and vivacious, utterly devoid of moral sense, she scandalized the far from sanctified court of the Virgin Queen by having a child by William Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke, and, in 1601, was banished from court, and her lover imprisoned. How many times she was married is not clear, but several times, while in the genealogy of her family she is put down as having "had one bastard by Wm., E. of Pembroke, and two bastards by Sir Richard Leveson, Kt." This brings her before us with sufficient distinctness.

In 1597, "Love's Labours Lost" had been enacted at the Court Festivities, and from this fact alone volumes have been written to show that "probably" she then became acquainted with the actor, and that the dark lady frequently mentioned in the "Sonnets" was Mary Fitton. Brandes concludes from the words, "but being both from one," in Sonnet CXLIV, "That the Dark Lady did not live with Shakespeare"; and he confidently assures us that

[1] Robert Waters, *William Shakespeare Portrayed by Himself*, pp. 6–8. New York, 1888.

It may be gathered from Sonnet CLI with the expressions "triumphant prize," "proud of this pride," that she was greatly his superior in rank and station, so that her conquest for some time filled him with a sense of triumph.

But have not lovers from time immemorial in the same, and in every station of life, expressed themselves in "a sense of triumph"? From this shaky platform our new author, Harris, takes his daring flight, and asseverates as he rises: "We can tell in his works the very moment he saw her"; and he accredits to her influence the actor's triumph in dramatic art. Thus we have for the first time the secret of the actor's supremacy in art;— the illicit love of a depraved woman! It is rather startling, to say the least, but no more so than the chorus of approval from many throats, for his biographers have painted him in such a manner that whatever such writers as Rolfe, or Brandes, or Harris, and others may rake up of a disreputable nature does not seem in the least disturbing, but something quite accordant with his accepted character. Let us quote farther:—

> This woman dominated all Shakespeare's maturity from 1597 to 1608, and changed him from a light-hearted writer of comedies, histories, and songs, into the greatest man who has left record of himself in literature, the author of half a dozen masterpieces, whose names have become tragic symbols in the consciousness of humanity.

How about "Hamlet," called by critics the greatest of his works, and which some biographers claim was a youthful production carried on his flight to London in his pocket?

But she, though a common strumpet, was a

> fine lady, and he a poor peasant, and so they put upon him a servant's livery by way of making him respectable. Never since the Crown of Thorns was there such mindless mockery.

The reader's patience is requested a moment longer:—

> Two groups of qualities in Mary Fitton seem to have struck Shakespeare almost from the beginning: her cunning pretence of

restraint gilding utter wantonness, and her dominant personality armed with quick wit and quicker temper, — this magic of personality and high-spirited witty boldness were clearly the qualities Shakespeare most admired in his mistress, just as the cunning wiles and wantonness were the "foul faults" he raved against in both sonnets and plays.

And so he modeled all his heroines from her, — Beatrice, Cleopatra, Juliet, Portia, Rosalind, Viola, — idealistic but truthful in depicting her "infinite variety: the figures cast no shadow and are, therefore, in so far unreal." The actor's passion culminates in spite of the fact that she is a "fine lady" and he a "poor player"; and "he finally loses faith in his gypsy mistress, and, his love purged of trust and affection, hardens to lust and rages with jealousy in 'Hamlet' and 'Othello.'" And so the author raves through "Lear" and "Timon": —

> Written at a time when the author tasted the very bitterness of despair and death — after "Timon" there is no more to be said: we can follow his descent to the alternate suffering by the stains of his bleeding feet on the flints and thorns of the rough way. . . . A little later, when he wrote "Troilus and Cressida" and "Antony and Cleopatra," the sky had grown lighter again, and the sun shone through the clouds. It is the St. Martin's summer, so to speak, of his passion; the warmth and sunshine and ecstacy of joy are in it.[1]

But she left him for another of many paramours, and in 1608, — Mr. Harris gives us the precise time, — the poor actor left London forever, betaking himself to Stratford a sick and broken man. His biographers have all represented him heretofore as enjoying himself in trade, the loaning of money, litigation, tavern bouts, and accumulation of real estate; indeed, we are told that he passed the happy and dignified life of a rich country gentleman. Our author tells us that hence-forth his daughter Judith was his model for the heroines of

[1] Frank Harris, *The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life Story*. New York, 1909.

his last plays. We see her as Marina in "Pericles," as Perdita in "Winter's Tale," Miranda in "The Tempest," and finally, as Volumnia in a portrait of Mary Arden, his mother. There seems to be no end of this new type of paranoia. Should it invade history what havoc would it create! It is positively alarming.

But why are such books written? Perhaps this may be answered by a reply made some time since to a similar question put to the late Edward Weeks. We were in the Paris Salon looking at three large canvases sufficiently well painted to entitle them to the honor of a place on the line. One represented a large hog stretched on a platform with his throat cut, the blood oozing from the gaping gash, and the butcher with a disagreeable smirk of professional pride standing near with the bloody knife. To accentuate the ghastliness of the scene there was a wreath of crimson roses twined about the cadaver. The second canvas represented an old apple tree, on a gnarled limb of which sat a naked woman, shrinking from her thorny seat which was lacerating her tender flesh. The other picture was a Mary Fitton in flaming scarlet, every detail of which was fascinatingly repulsive. Why were these pictures painted? we asked; and Weeks replied: "The painters want to create a sensation, and draw public attention to their work, which, otherwise, might pass unnoticed, while all Paris now is talking about them." When it was objected that no one would buy them he replied: "They will sell readily enough to proprietors of evil resorts; there are enough to buy such monstrosities": in other words, people of good taste are in a minority, and it may be less profitable to cater to them than to those of bad taste. The writing of such books as this from which we have quoted is prompted by the same corrupt taste as that which prompted the production of the paintings described; they are not works of art but of delirium.

One of the most sensational exhibitions of futile speculation which has been indulged in by an erratic writer who seems

to be deficient of moral sense, is by W. G. Thorpe, a Stratfordian, who has made a remarkable discovery which is going, as he claims, to cause a rewriting of the actor's life. If this discovery is to be believed, the actor was much more disreputable than his greatest "detractors" have ever supposed. Some of his biographers have expressed surprise that so little is known of him during the five years between his advent in London and the date of the appearance of the "Venus and Adonis"; namely, between 1587 and 1592. Why there should be anything strange in the fact that a poor country lad in a city like London in this stirring period of Elizabeth's reign should not get mentioned in the annals of the age, we do not know; there were thousands who were not; but here are five years of mystery which must be cleared up and a new field for the right man to exploit.

Thorpe's discovery is a certain historical excerpt familiar to any student of the period, and to make his subject as startling as possible, he prints the following statements in red ink:—

(1) That Shakespeare, at all events up to 1597, kept a gold, silver, and "copper" hell, carrying on this last in the open streets with yokels, and putting on workman's dress in order to appear to be on their level and thus more easily gain their confidence.

(2) That by this means he supplied the wants of his "hungry famylee." (One of Mr. Halliwell's standing puzzles.)

(3) That he purchased New Place out of the money got by rooking an infant young gentleman: these circumstances being matter of notoriety among his townsmen and neighbors, gentle and simple.

Now take another tack:

(A) That deer stealing was felony punishable at the Star Chamber, for which Bacon (practically the Public Prosecutor until he became Chancellor) prosecuted two men separately as late as 1614.

(B) That hence, if an information was laid, it was in Bacon's power to have dealt similarly with Shakespeare any time between the date of the offence in 1587 and the 1614 aforesaid.

(C) That if Bacon did not so prosecute, but rather protected him, there must have been good (Baconian) reason for it. Now

Bacon blackmailed everybody, and hunted his patron Essex to the death for money.

(D) Thirteen years after his Hegira from Stratford, Shakespeare's offence was remembered and cast up against him. He had fled for very fear. Can this be the reason why he did not revisit his native town for ten years, and then only for his son's funeral, when pity might stay the hand of the avenger? Can this, too, be the cause why he "lay low" and kept out of sight in London, lived in a Bankside lodging, and did not ruffle it bravely as did Henslowe, Alleyne, and Burbage, actor managers like himself? Here are two more of the conundrums Mr. Halliwell despaired of solving.

(E) Shakespeare was completely in Bacon's power by the double ties of profitable employment flowing inwards, and the fear of the terror of the law which stood ready at Bacon's hand. We know that Bacon cadged for the smallest item of "copy" for the Twickenham Scrivenery, so that Shakespeare's theatre writing would not pass overlooked.

Now comes this in black ink:—

And yet, as often happens, the victim had (perhaps from some hold springing out of Bacon's private life) a back pull which enabled him to constrain his master to put off another pressing creditor (as we know he did) and pay him out of Catesby's fine, really the blood money for which he had sold Essex, the amount which paid for the Combe estate; yet one more point which puzzled Mr. Halliwell as he plaintively confesses.

And now this rare touch of modesty and philanthropy:—

It may be, gentle reader,—I trust, indeed, it is,—that this investigation which I have had the happy chance to open, may, if followed up by abler hands, throw more light still on this hitherto unworked inquiry. I do but ask you to be not shocked by the announcement, but courageously compare, side by side, the baseless theory of a glorified superhuman Shakespeare with the hard facts which I endeavour in this book to oppose to it.

I make Shakespeare neither better nor worse than any other man. I bow before and acknowledge his marvellous talents and gifts. I in no way impeach the authorship of his works — I but show the man as he was, hardly tried, with all possible means of

earning a living denied him, yet doing his best, and a desperate best, too, to keep the wolf from the door of those whom he loved, and whose daily bread he must, at all hazards, provide.[1]

And this astounding piece of impertinence, to intensify its dramatic flavor, is dated on "New Year's Eve." It is a New Year's present to the world, too precious to be announced save upon that day of universal good will and generosity.

The discovery upon which this is all based is the following from Harrington, which may well refer to the actor, but where Bacon comes in is a mystery beyond the art of Harris, Clelia, Mrs. Kintzel, or Lee, *et id genus omne*, to divine:—

> There is a great show of popularyte in playing small game — as we have heard of one that shall be nameless (because he was not blameless) that with shootynge seaven up groates among yeomen, and goinge in plain apparell, had stolen so many hartes (for I do not say he came trewly by them) that he was accused of more than fellony. . . . Pyrates by sea, robbers by land, have become honest substanciall men as we call them, and purchasers of more lawfull purchase. With the ruine of infant young gentlemen, the dycing box maintains a hungry famylee.[2]

That Stratfordians accept Thorpe is evinced by his own statements, and by the fact that the present writer possesses the presentation copy of his work to the late Samuel Timmins with the following:—

DEAR MR. TIMMINS:—

To you to whom this book owes so much, the first copy (saving that used for copyright)

With grateful thanks

W. G. T.

And on the title-page is Mr. Timmins's autograph,—

With the compliments of

SAM: TIMMINS.

Arley, Coventry.

[1] Thorpe, *The Hidden Lives of Shakespeare*, etc.

[2] *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. I, p. 219.

The quotations we have given from many of the best-known commentators and critics glaringly reveal the unreliability of their opinions, and the impossibility of reconciling the personality and life of the Stratford actor with the authorship of the works they so facilely concede to him; especially is this true when we consider those of them, all anonymous, which were in existence at or near the time when he reached London. These have proved to be a stumbling-block of annoying immobility to those interested in the case of their favorite client, and have caused a division among them.

On the one hand, the crass and ready method has been adopted of assuming that there were old works, some lost, which their client appropriated and altered, at a period, of course, as late as possible, to allow a certain margin of time for him to acquire a modicum of education. It is edifying to note how some of these critics endeavor to stretch this period as much as possible, and others to minimize the significance of the erudition displayed in the works they ascribe to him, so as to give some color of reasonableness to their assumptions. Had none of these anonymous works survived to vex them, this procedure would have possessed plausibility; but several of them are still extant, showing, as a rule, more or less immaturity, but possessing internal evidence which identifies them beyond question with the admittedly orthodox works. On the other hand, a bolder and more difficult position has been chosen by some who set out by admitting that the author of the works as they now exist was the author of the early anonymous ones, and, ignoring the necessity of education to account for the almost pedantic display of learning in them, — much of it so marked as to excite the admiration of the greatest scholars, — they go so far as to assert that they were the product of pure genius, free from those trammels imposed by the necessity of education upon mankind. The enthusiasts who adopt this method of explaining how the actor could have written poems and dramas while leading a life so disgraceful

that it subjected him to the degradation of being driven out of his native town, though a married man, and father of children, are not in the least fazed by the fact that the works they ascribe to him exhibit a knowledge of several languages; of the rarest books of the age—though Stratford was bare of books, and there was not a public or even private circulating library in London; of the rules of poetic composition; of etymology; of law; philosophy; medicine; botany; the natural history of his time, and much more; but jauntily assert that genius, as in the case of Burns, accounts for it all, though the simple and homely lyrics of Burns display nothing of the kind. Certainly the position of these visionaries is so pathetically untenable as to quite reconcile us with their more cautious brethren, the old play advocates, who make their client a plagiarist of the first water; a logical position, at least, considering the character they unblushingly accord him. To these old play-advocates Knight refers when he declares, referring to Malone, that if the actor had done all he represented him to have done, namely: "New versify, new model, transpose, amplify, improve, and polish, he would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist." Of course, this applies equally to Lee, Collins, Robertson, those German critics who have followed the English lead, and other Stratfordians who have adopted the opinions of earlier commentators, without any effort at originality. Such commentators will doubtless continue to thrash out the same musty straw to the edification of those who are contented with such results, for there is no literary work which brings to orthodox writers such a satisfying reputation for "scholarship" as a rehash of the speculations of the old Shaksperian commentators however stale they may be.

The most remarkable achievement of this kind has been performed by Furness, whose work[1] has been declared to be "a monument of Shakespearean scholarship," which will im-

[1] Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., LL.D., *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*. Philadelphia and London.

mortalize its author. This may be true, for folly as well as wisdom has immortalized men, and if any man has ever blindly devoted his life to futile work it is Furness. Take his "Hamlet" as an example. This play comprises an equivalent of *eighty-six pages* of one of the two sumptuous volumes, comprising *nine hundred pages* of notes and similar literary material. As this matter is in finer print than the play, it would make, if printed in type of the same size, over fourteen pages of notes to every page of text. Such a monumental example of annotation gone mad, exhibiting the most offensive pedantry, should indeed immortalize its author, whose chauvinism is so baldly exhibited at the outset in his absurdly meaningless dedication to the German Shakespeare Society, which he designates as being "representative of a people whose recent history has proved ONCE FOR ALL that GERMANY IS NOT HAMLET."

In his preface he informs us that the plan of the preceding volumes of his work has been

> *modified only by* the necessity of making the impossible attempt to condense within a certain number of pages a whole literature.

And so he declares, agreeing with another enthusiast, —

> We are glad to listen to every one who has travelled through the kingdom of Shakespeare. Something interesting there must be even in the humblest journal; and we turn with equal pleasure from the converse of those who have climbed over the magnificence of the highest mountains there, to the lowlier tales of less ambitious pilgrims, who have sat on the green and sunny knoll, beneath the whispering tree, and by the music of the gentle rivulet.

This reminds us of Clelia, Harris, Thorpe, and others, and gives us a foretaste of what we may expect. Let us take but two or three examples at random: —

> SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle. Francisco at his post.*
>
> *Enter to him Bernardo.*
>
> *Ber.* Who's there?
>
> *Fran.* Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Notes on above:—

Act I.] Actus Primus. Ff.

Scene I.] Scœna Prima. F1. Scæna Prima. F2. F4. Scena Prima F3.

Elsinore.] Cap.

A platform . . .] Mal. An open Place before the Palace. Rowe, Pope. A Platform before the Palace. Theob. + Platform of the Castle. Cap.

Francisco . . .] Dyce. Francisco upon . . . Cap. Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels. QqFf (Bernardo Q4) Rowe + Francisco on guard. Sta.

1–5. *Who's. . . . He*] Two lines, the first ending *unfold.* Cap. Steev. Var. Cald. Knt, Coll. White, El.

1. Who's] Whose Qq.

1. Who's there] Coleridge (p. 148): That Shakespeare meant to put an effect in the actor's power in these very first words is evident from the impatience expressed by the startled Francisco in the line that follows. A brave man is never so peremptory as when he fears that he is afraid. Tschischwitz finds a "psychological motive" in thus representing Bernardo as so forgetful of all military use and wont as to challenge Francisco who is on guard. Evidently Bernardo is afraid to meet the Ghost all alone, and it is because he feels so unmanned that his last words to Francisco are to bid Horatio and Marcellus make haste. (For other instances of irregularities in metre, which may be explained by the custom of placing ejaculations, appellations, &c., out of the regular verse, see Abbott, § 512. Ed.)

2. me] Jennens: This is the emphatic word. [Hanmer printed it in italics. Ed.] Francisco, as the sentinel on guard, has the right of insisting on the watch-word, which is given in Bernardo's answer.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Notes on above lines:—

235, 236. It . . . like.] One line, Cap. Steev. Var. Cald. Knt i, Coll. White.

236, 237. very . . . haste.] One line, Cap. Mal.

236. Very like, very like.] Very like Qq, Pope +, Jen. El.

236. like] Claredon: See II, ii, 336. This use of "like" instead of "likely" has become provincial. Congreve (Way of the World, IV, iv) puts it into the mouth of the rustic, Sir Wilfull.

There is more on these perfectly simple words, but this is perhaps sufficient.

Ham. (*aside*). A little more than kin, and less than kind.

These lines plainly indicating that the king was kin to him, having slain his father, incite Furness to oppress us with the equivalent of a page and a third of the text of the play, a fair example of the foggy and mischievous nature of the criticism in which Stratfordian critics love to indulge:—

65. kin. . . kind] Hanmer: Probably a proverbial expression for a relationship so confused and blended that it was hard to define it. Johnson supposes "kind" to be here the German word for child. That is, "I am more than cousin and less than son." This conjecture Steevens properly disposes of by requiring some proof that "kind" was ever used by any English writer for child. He adds: A jingle of the same sort is found in Mother Bombie, 1594, "— the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love, the greater the kindred is, the less the kindness must be." Again, in Gorboduc, 1561, "In kinde a father, but not kindelynesse." As "kind," however, signifies nature, Hamlet may mean that his relationship had become an unnatural one, as it was partly founded on incest.

> Be wary then; best safety lies in fear;
> Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Notes on the word "best" and "safety":—

43. best] The not uncommon omission of the article before superlatives is perhaps to be explained, according to Abbott, § 82, by the double meaning of the superlative, which means not only "the best of the class," but also "very good."

43. safety] Francke: See Macb. III, v, 32. Also Velleius Paterculus, ii, 218: frequentissimum initium esse calamitatis securitatem. Elze: See Tro. & Cress. II, ii, 14: "the wound of peace is surety, Surety secure."

This should be enough to weary the reader. The most insignificant words, "the," "and," "though," "near," are exploited in the same dreary manner; yet, when we think of poor Furness sitting long years engaged in his literary carpentry, patiently copying or directing an apprentice to copy such stuff as we have quoted from the mass of books surrounding him,— those of the "lowlier pilgrims" as well as of the more daring "Who have climbed over the magnificence of the highest mountains," — we can have for him nothing but pity, and are ready to forgive his harsh treatment of a young friend, who

excited his wrath and "tears" by venturing upon such an act of sacrilege as putting his hand into an old glove, which Furness had deluded himself into believing once belonged to the subject of his lifelong idolatry. At the present time seventeen volumes of his work have been printed comprising over eight thousand pages, a large part of which is of the precise character of what we have here quoted; and though Furness has ended his labors, his work is being carried on in the same manner by his worthy son, who has admirably learned his trade, and can dovetail with the same nicety as his honored forbear. The world, therefore, is to be endowed with many more volumes, probably no more flawed with erroneous opinions and positive errors than those already published, a trifling matter, as a volume of *corrigenda* would take care of these *if not annotated;* if they were, it would, of course, require several more volumes, and this might be thought desirable in order to maintain the "monumental" feature of the work.

It was estimated many years ago that ten thousand volumes, large and small, had been written on the "Shakespeare" Works. This number should have about doubled by this time, and it is but true to say that they constitute such a confusing mass of irreconcilable opinions as to be useless to students, except as a warning against juggling with glittering theories in literary criticism. This, however, can hardly compensate for the dissemination of so much fiction, and the imposition of useless toil to overworked librarians and callow students.

V

A STUDY OF OTHER "SHAKESPEARE" PLAYS

AMONG plays bearing the authorial name of William Shakespeare, or its initials, we cannot afford to shirk the responsibility imposed upon us by our title-page of examining, briefly at least, those admitted to the Third Folio, as well as several others having quite as good a claim to canonization, if we accept contemporary evidence, or the claims of the so-called "Cipher Story," to be treated later.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, bearing the full name, "William Shakespeare," on the title-page, was never disowned by the actor, nor disputed by critics until, in 1790, Malone, who then almost monopolized the field of speculative criticism, passed upon it an unfavorable opinion; indeed, he goes so far as to say that he cannot "perceive the least trace of our great poet in any part of the play." No less a critic, however, than Schlegel declares that this play, "Thomas Lord Cromwell," and "Locrine" "are not only unquestionably Shakspere's, but, in my opinion, they deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works." "Thomas Lord Cromwell" and "Sir John Oldcastle" he classes together as biographical dramas, and models of their kind, the first in the nature of its subject linked to "Henry VIII," and the second to "Henry V." Tieck also has no hesitation in assigning these plays to the author of "Hamlet." On the other hand, Phillipps, realizing the danger of questioning the infallibility of the Canon, rejects, in accord with the prevailing policy, the play of "Oldcastle," suggesting an old play of that name, while Ulrici ascribes it to an imitator "who tried to model himself upon Shakespeare's style."

The personalities of Oldcastle and Falstaff have been con-

fused unnecessarily by critics. There were real personages of both names, but there is nothing in the drama we are considering to lead one to suppose that the worthy Sir John was the prototype of the selfish and lascivious Falstaff.

In the "Famous Victories" there is a Sir John Oldcastle, a disreputable fellow associated with Prince Henry in his madcap adventures, whom the public later recognized in Falstaff, seemingly to the annoyance of the Cobhams who were allied to the Oldcastle family. The following quotations from the Prologue to "Sir John Oldcastle," and the Epilogue to the second part of "Henry IV," should settle the matter:—

> It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
> Nor aged Councellor to youthfull sinne,
> But one whose virtue shown above the rest,
> A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peer.

For anything I know Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle *dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man.*

The First Quarto was printed anonymously in 1600, and the Second followed, with "William Shakespeare" on the title-page. The play opens with a street quarrel between the followers of Lords Powis and Herbert, which is suppressed by the appearance of the judges upon the scene. In the Second, the Bishop of Rochester denounces Lord Cobham, or Oldcastle, as a heretic. This is followed by a gathering of rebels in London who proclaim Oldcastle their general, and then we have a scene between him and the king:—

> *K. Henry.* 'T is not enough, lord Cobham, to submit;
> You must forsake your gross opinion.
> The bishops find themselves much injured;
> And though, for some good service you have done,
> We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
> Yet they will not so soon be satisfied.
>
> *Cob.* My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
> Next unto my God, I do owe my life;
> And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
> Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.

But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling priests,
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
My conscience may not be encroached upon.

K. Henry. We would be loth to press our subjects' bodies,
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part
Of Him that is the ruler of us all:
Yet let me counsel you, that might command.
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meeting to be had
Within your house; but to the uttermost
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.

Cob. My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost rigour may be shown.

The enemies of Oldcastle finally succeed in poisoning the King's mind, and he charges him with treason. Oldcastle, who has possessed himself of the proofs of his enemies' traitorous designs, presents them to the King who, perceiving his error, exclaims:—

Oh never heard of, base ingratitude!
Even those I hugge within my bosome most
Are readiest evermore to sting my heart,
Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong;
Hereafter I will live to make amends.

But the Bishop seizes the opportunity when the King is absent to arrest him and commit him to the Tower, intending his execution; but he escapes with his wife in disguise, and in Act v. they appear in "A wood near St. Albans."

Oldcastle. Come, Madam, happily escapt; here let us sit,
This place is farre remote from any path,
And here awhile our weary limbs may rest,
To take refreshing, free from the pursuite
Of envious Rochester.

Lady. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?
There dwell untaméd thoughts that hardly stoupe,
To such abasement of disdainéd rags.
We were not wont to travell thus by night,
Especially on foote.

Oldcastle. No matter, love;
Extremities admit no better choice,
And were it not for thee, say froward time
Imposde a greater taske, I would esteeme it
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us;
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt,
Thou wast not wont to have the earth thy stoole,
Nor the moist dewy grasse thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horrizon.

Lady. How can it seeme a trouble, having you
A partner with me in the worst I feele?
No, gentle Lord, your presence would give ease
To death it selfe, should he now seaze upon me.
Behold what my foresight hath undertane,
(heres bread and cheese & a bottle)
For feare we faint; they are but homeely cates,
Yet saucde with hunger, they may seeme as sweete
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

Oldcastle. Praise be to Him whose plentie sends both this
And all things else our mortall bodies need;
Nor scorne we this poore feeding, nor the state
We now are in, for what is it on earth,
Nay, under heaven, continues at a stay?
Ebbes not the sea, when it hath overthrowne?
Followes not darknes when the day is gone?
And see we not sometime the eie of heaven
Dimmd with o'erflying clowdes: theres not that worke
Of carefull nature, or of cunning art,
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)
But falls in time to ruine. Here, gentle Madame,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe.

Sir Richard Lee, finding the body of his son who has been murdered near the place where Oldcastle has taken refuge, discovers the fugitives and arrests them as the murderers. The last scene is in "A Hall of Justice" where Oldcastle is charged by Lee with the murder. The evidence is against him, as blood is found on his clothes and a knife with which he cut his bread

in the former scene; but when all hope of proving his innocence is gone, the Constable appears with the murderer, and Oldcastle is declared innocent, and offered asylum in Wales where he will be safe from the malice of his enemies.

Concerning this play a curious question is disclosed by this entry in Henslowe's "Diary":—

> This 16th of October '99, received by me Thomas Downton of Phillipp Henchlow, to pay Mr. Munday, Mr. Drayton and Mr. Wilson, and Hathway for the first parts of the Lyfe of Sir John Ouldcasstell, and in earnest of the second parts, for the use of the companye ten pownd.

This is another case precisely like that of "Julius Cæsar," and, as in that case, the easiest explanation has been resorted to by some commentators; namely, that there were two plays of the same title. A better explanation is — that the author composed this play, and that it was arranged for the stage by professional playwrights who probably cut and changed it in many instances, which would account for some of the incongruities in other plays which have troubled critics.

THOMAS LORD CROMWELL. This play, political in its nature, appeared in 1602, shortly after the Essex Rebellion, and Cromwell, having been also Earl of Essex, seems to have attracted notice to that event. It was first published anonymously, and continued to be played by the company to which the Stratford actor was nominally attached, until 1613, when it was republished with his initials on the title-page. Farmer ascribes its authorship to Heywood, and others to Wentworth Smith, but there is nothing whatever, not even its style, to give color to such allotment. That it was regarded as a genuine work of the author of plays in the Canon is evidenced by its indorsement by Rowe, Pope, and Walker, who published it as "A Tragedy By Shakespear," as late as 1734, and its acceptance by the German critics, Ulrici, Tieck, and Schlegel.

Knight, while condemning it, remarks, "We are acquainted

with no dramatic writer of mark or likelihood, who was a contemporary of Shakspere, to whom it may be assigned," yet Fleay has expressed a positive belief that the initials signified William Sly, an actor unknown as an author. With equal reason he might have used any other name with the same initials. The play begins at Putney in old Cromwell's smithery, the din of which disturbs the studies of the hero, his son, who complains of it and is reproved by the old man. The proud youth indulges in this monologue:—

Crom. Why should my birth keepe downe my mounting spirit?
Are not all creatures subject unto time:
To time, who doth abuse the cheated world,
And filles it full of hodge-podge bastardie?
Theres legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their originall did spring from Kings:
And manie Monarkes now whose fathers were
The riffe-raffe of their age: for Time and Fortune
Weares out a noble traine to beggerie,
And from the dunghill minions doe advance
To state and marke in this admiring world.
This is but course, which in the name of Fate
Is seene as often as it whirles about:
The River Thames, that by our doore doth passe,
His first beginning is but small and shallow.
Yet keeping on his course, growes to a sea.
And likewise Wolsey, the wonder of our age,
His birth as meane as mine, a Butchers sonne,
Now who within this land a greater man?
Then, Cromwell, cheere thee up, and tell thy soule,
That thou maist live to florish and controule.

The ambitious youth leaves home and enters the employ of Antwerp merchants. After various experiences he finds himself in Bononia, and is fortunate enough to rescue the Earl of Bedford from captivity. After extensive wanderings he finally returns to England and becomes the friend of Wolsey; but after the death of the powerful Cardinal, Gardiner, whom he has offended, plots for his destruction.

This scene follows:—

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of Winchester
I know you beare me hard about the Abbie landes.

Gar. Have I not reason when religion is wronged?
You had no colour for what you have done.
Crom. Yes; the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of this Popish order from our Realme.
I am no enemy to religion,
But what is done, it is for Englands good.
What did they serve for but to feede a sort
Of lazie Abbotes and of full fed Fryers?
They neither plow, nor sowe, and yet they reape
The fat of all the Land, and sucke the poore:
Looke, what was theirs, is in King Henries handes;
His wealth before lay in the Abbie lands.
Gar. Indeede these things you have aledged, my Lord,
When God doth know the infant yet unborne
Will curse the time the Abbies were puld downe.
I pray, now where is hospitality?
Where now may poore distresséd people go,
For to releeve their neede, or rest their bones,
When weary travell doth oppresse their limmes?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept backe with a Mastive dogge.

Gardiner succeeds in his design, and Cromwell is thrown into the Tower for treason, where his son is brought to take his leave of him.

Lieu. Here is your sonne, come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave! Come hether, Harry Cromwell.
Marke, boye, the last words that I speake to thee.
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawne upon her;
Gape not for state, yet loose no sparke of honor;
Ambition, like the plague see thou eschew it;
I die for treason, boy, and never knew it.
Yet let thy faith as spotlesse be as mine,
And Cromwels vertues in thy face shall shine.
Come, goe along and see me leave my breath,
And Ile leave thee upon the floure of death.

These are the last words before his execution:—

Hang. I am your deaths man; pray, my Lord, forgive me.
Crom. Even with my soule. Why, man, thou art my Doctor,
And bringest me precious Phisicke for my soule. —
My Lord of Bedford, I desire of you,
Before my death, a corporall imbrace.
(*Bedford comes to him, Cromwell imbraces him.*)

Farewell, great Lord, my love I do commend,
My hart to you; my soule to heaven I send.

Some of these lines certainly have a Shaksperian ring, if not over-distinct.

LOCRINE. This story was a favorite with the poets. Milton introduces it in his "Comus" with these words:—

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine.

The Tragedy was entered for license in 1594, and printed in Quarto in 1595 under the initials "W. S." Steevens accredits the authorship to Marlowe, who died a year before it was entered on the Register. Knight says that the initials "W. S." "might, without any attempt to convey the notion that 'Locrine' was written by Shakspere, have fairly stood for William Smith, and in the same way the W. S. of 'Thomas Lord Cromwell' might have represented Wentworth Smith, a well-known dramatic author at the date of the publication of those plays." [1] If we refer to Fleay, however, we find that Wentworth Smith was "A hack writer, not one scrap of whose work was ever thought worth publishing." [2]

Schlegel we have seen says of "Oldcastle," "Cromwell," and "Locrine," that they "are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, but deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works"; and Tieck pronounces "Locrine" to be "The earliest of Shakspere's dramas."

The scene opens with Até entering in black, amid thunder and lightning, illuminating her way with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other. A lion pursuing a bear appears, then an archer who slays him:—

[1] Knight, *The Works of Shakspere*, supplemental volume, p. 196.
[2] Fleay, *A Chronicle History of the English Stage*, p. 299.

Até. So valiant Brute, the terror of the world,
Whose only lookes did scarre his enemies,
The Archer death brought to his latest end.
Oh what may long abide above this ground,
In state of blisse and healthfull happinesse.

Each act is introduced by Até in an equally startling manner. In the first scene Brutus enters borne in a chair, with his three sons, Locrine, Camber, and Albanact, his brothers and others. Brutus speaks of approaching death, and his brothers encourage him with praises of his renown. Brutus, however, proceeds to divide his kingdom among his sons, and then puts the crown upon the head of Locrine with these words:—

Locrine, stand up, and weare the regall Crowne,
And thinke upon the stage of Maiestie,
That thou with honor well maist weare the crown.
And if thou tendrest these my latest words,
As thou requirst my soule to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine owne securitie,
Cherish and love thy new betrothéd wife.
Locrine. No longer let me wel enjoy the crowne,
Then I do (honour) peerlesse Guendoline.
Brutus. Camber.
Cam. My lord.
Brutus. The glorie of mine age,
And darling of thy mother Imogen,
Take thou the South for thy dominion.
From thee there shall proseed a royall race,
That shall maintaine the honor of this land,
And sway the regall scepter with their hands.
(*turning to Albanact*)
And Albanact, thy fathers onely joy,
Youngst in yeares, but not the youngst in mind,
A perfect patterne of all chivalrie,
Take thou the North for thy dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rockes,
Replenishéd with fearce untaméd beasts,
As correspondent to thy martiall thoughts.
Live long, my sonnes, with endlesse happinesse,
And beare firme concordance amongst yourselves.
Obey the counsels of these fathers grave,
That you may better beare out violence.

Brutus dies amid the lamentations of his friends.

In the second act, Humber, King of Scythians, enters with his followers to dispossess Albanact of his kingdom.

Hum. At length the snaile doth clime the highest tops,
Ascending up the stately castle walls;
At length the water with continuall drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone;
At length we are arrived in *Albion*.

In the battle which follows Albanact is defeated and slays himself with his own sword.

Alarme.

Alba. Nay, let them flie that feare to die the death,
That tremble at the name of fatall mors.
Nev'r shall proud Humber boast or brag himselfe
That he hath put young Albanact to flight;
And least he should triumph at my decay,
This sword shall reave his maister of his life,
That oft hath sav'd his maisters doubtfull strife,
But, oh, my brethren, if you care for me,
Revenge my death upon his traiterous head.

Locrine, hearing of the death of his brother, resolves to avenge him, and proceeds to follow Humber to Albania.

Act III, Scene ii, opens on the banks of the river Humber:—

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious conquerors,
Unto the flowing currents silver streames,
Which, in memoriall of our victorie,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talkéd of by our posteritie:
For sure I hope before the golden sunne
Posteth his horses to faire Thetis plaines,
To see the water turnéd into blood,
And chaunge his blewish hue to rufull red.

A battle follows and Humber is defeated.

Hum. Where may I finde some desart wildernesse,
Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
And scare the earth with my condemning voice;

While he is bemoaning his fate the ghost of Albanact appears to him, crying *vindicta*.

Act IV, Scene i, is the Camp of Locrine. Soldiers enter leading Estrild, Humber's Queen, whose beauty bewitches Locrine.

Loc. If she have cause to weepe for Humber's death,
And shead sault teares for her overthrow,
Locrine may well bewaile his proper griefe,
Locrine may moue his owne peculiar woe.
He, being conquered, died a speedie death,
And felt not long his lamentable smart;
I, being conqueror, live a lingring life,
And feele the force of Cupid's suddaine stroke.
I gave him cause to die a speedie death,
He left me cause to wish a speedie death.
Oh that sweete face painted with natures dye,
Those roseall cheeks mixt with a snowy white,
That decent necke surpassing yvorie,
Those comely brests which Venus well might spite,
Are like to snares which wylie fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yeelding heart is prisoner cought.
The golden tresses of her daintie haire,
Which shine like rubies glittering with the sunne,
Have so entrapt poore Locrines lovesick heart,
That from the same no way it can be wonne.

Guendoline maddened with jealousy raises with her brother an army against her husband, Locrine, who in a battle is defeated. In the scene Locrine enters with Estrilda:—

Loc. faire Estrilda, we have lost the field;
Thrasimachus hath wonne the victorie.
. . . . . .
Farewell, faire Estrild, beauties paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorne miseries!
Nor shall mine eies behold thy sunshine eies,
But when we meet in the Elysian fields;
Thither I go before with hastened pace.
(*Slays himself.*)

Est. Break, hart, with sobs and greevous suspirs!
Streame forth, you teares, from forth my watery eies;
Helpe me to mourne for warlike Locrines death!
. . . . . .
Shall Estrild live, then, after Locrines death?
. . . . . .
Locrine, I come; Locrine, I follow thee.
(*Kills herself.*)

Guendoline, finding their bodies, closes the final scene with these words:—

> And as for Locrine, our deceased spouse,
> Because he was the sonne of mightie Brute,
> To whom we owe our country, lives and goods,
> He shall be buried in a stately tombe,
> Close by his aged father Brutus' bones,
> With such great pomp and great solemnitie,
> As well beseemes so brave a prince as he.
> Let Estrild lie without the shallow vaults,
> Without the honour due unto the dead,
> Because she was the author of this warre.
> Retire, brave followers, unto Troynovant,
> Where we will celebrate these exequies,
> And place young Locrine in his father's tombe.

We trust that the reader has been able from these extracts, necessarily brief, to get a somewhat intelligent idea of the character of this play. We shall show later that many parts of it are copied *verbatim*, or nearly so, from works accredited to Edmund Spenser. This, of course, raises several questions. Was Spenser the author of "Locrine"? or, Was the author of "Locrine" a shameless plagiarist? or, Did he avail himself of some of his old material to serve a new purpose, as authors sometimes do?

The Puritan Widow. No play among those admitted to the two later Folios has been discredited so generally as this. Winstanley ascribed it to Shakspere, and likewise Schlegel, who advances the theory that for some reason of his own he wished to adopt the style of Jonson. Knight dismisses it contemptuously; Fleay ascribes its authorship to Middleton. It was first published in 1607, and contains an allusion to "Richard III" and "Macbeth." It can hardly be thought worthy of the great dramatist, unless it is regarded as a very youthful work which it shows evidence of being.

The play opens with the widow, surrounded by her brother, son, and two daughters weeping over the death of her husband in which the unfeeling son refuses to join, and is reproved

by the mother. One of the daughters declares that she will never be married, and the mother takes a like vow. These vows play their part in the comedy as the widow and her daughter on one occasion are rescued from unworthy suitors and finally marry.

The chief character is Pyeboard, a dissolute charlatan posing as a scholar, whom Dyce, the editor of Peele's Works, recognizes as a caricature of Peele, the word, Peel, signifying a board with a handle employed by bakers; in other words, a pie-board. Pyeboard in describing himself draws a faithful portrait of Peele:—

> As touching my profession; the multiplicity of scholars, hatched and nourished in the idle calms of peace, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so played upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy, and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself, being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore, not to cog with peace, I 'll not be afraid to say, 't is a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.

The tricks and quips of Pyeboard furnish most of the amusement of the play.

A Yorkshire Tragedy. This play was founded upon a tragedy which occurred in 1604, and was published in 1608, with "W. Shake-speare," on the title-page. Knight pronounces it a "Play of sterling merit in its limited range," and is inclined to ascribe it to Heywood.[1] Fleay, however, admits that "The authorship of this play has not yet been ascertained."[2] Malone would give no decided opinion upon it, nor does Phillipps venture to guess at its author, though he

[1] Knight, *The Works of Shakspere*, supplemental volume, p. 254.
[2] Fleay, *A Chronicle History*, etc., p. 158.

condemns it, and accounts for the actor's remaining silent about the use of his name by assuming that he was probably attending to some of his many lawsuits. Hazlitt ascribes its authorship to Heywood, and Dr. Farmer asserts that "Most certainly it was not written by our poet at all."

The husband, a cruel brute, maddened by excesses and jealousy, heaps abuses upon his wife, a woman of angelic character. She thus states her desperate situation:—

Wife. What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree
That riot's child must needs be beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?

Carried away by passion he wounds his wife, kills his two children, and leaves their nurse wounded. Not contented with this, he takes a horse to seek his third child with murderous intent, but is overtaken and arrested. On his way to prison he reaches his home, Calverly Hall, where the final scene is enacted.

Hus. I am right against my house, — seat of my ancestors:
I hear my wife's alive, but much endanger'd.
(*His wife is brought in.*)

Wife. O my sweet husband, my dear distress'd husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting lawe,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding:—
Now my soul bleeds.

This breaks down his stubborn nature, and declaring that the evil spirit has at last left him, he exclaims:—

Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies;
To spread into a father, and in fury
Make him his children's executioner;
Murther his wife, his servants, and who not?
For that man 's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.

His wife's forgiveness and the sight of his dead children, cause him to cry out in agony of spirit:—

> Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack.
> O, were it lawful that your pretty souls,
> Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
> Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
> And both your murthers shoot upon my cheeks!
> But you are playing in the angels' laps,
> And will not look on me, who, void of grace,
> Kill'd you in beggary.

As he is borne away to prison, we hear his wife in her grief:—

> Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.
> Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint
> With much expense of blood, and I will kneel,
> Sue for his life, number up all my friends
> To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.

The London Prodigal. This play was first published in 1605, and the title-page bore the name "William Shakespeare." Tieck ascribes its authorship to Shakspere. Knight rejects it. Fleay says: "This play is certainly by the same hand as the 'Cromwell.'" [1]

The following is a brief outline of the play.

Flowerdale, a merchant, who has left his reckless son, Mathew, with his uncle in London, returning from Venice, seeks an account of his son's doings, and is told of his vile life. The son, returning during the interview, does not recognize his father who is disguised, and is informed that his father has died, and disinherited him; a piece of news which he receives nonchalantly enough. The father loans money to the penniless reprobate, and enters his service under the name of Kester. Young Flowerdale desiring to wed Luce, the daughter of Sir Lancelot Spurcock, her father compels her to marry the miserable spendthrift. To try the temper of the bride the father and uncle cause the arrest of the bridegroom after the ceremony. Mathew in vain begs his uncle to bail him, and

[1] Fleay, *A Chronicle History*, etc., p. 300.

her miserly father turning against her, he makes her a present of a hundred angels which her dastardly husband despoils her of and wastes at the gaming-table. The young bride takes service as a Dutch wench, and so disappears from public view. Mathew Flowerdale goes from bad to worse, and is finally arrested on a charge of robbery and the murder of his wife, who goes to him as he is about to be taken to prison, and throwing off her disguise appeals to him:—

Luce. O master Flowerdale, if too much grief
Have not stopp'd up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife;
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue?
Turn not away; I am no Æthiop,
No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen;
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What! turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull'st among hapless men.
M. Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chastity and virtue hath infus'd
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.

The father now declares himself to his repentant son, whose promises of reformation are so convincing that he is restored to the confidence of his friends. Even his hard father-in-law concludes the scene in these words:—

Sir Launc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour.

The foregoing, with "Pericles," comprise the seven plays admitted to the Third Folio. Knight, however, realizing the claims of their titular author to other plays, adds to these in the supplemental volume of his works, "Arden of Feversham"; "Edward Third"; "George a Greene"; "Fair Em"; "Mucedorus"; "The Birth of Merlin"; and "Merry Devil of Edmonton."

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM should especially gain our attention. It was published as early as 1592. How long before this date it was written, we have no means of knowing; but there can

be no doubt that it was the work of a young writer. Like the "Yorkshire Tragedy," it is founded upon a local homicide, and like that event greatly excited the public mind. Its first publication was in Holinshed's "Chronicle" of 1577. As it occurred, however, in 1551, it was then an old case with the legal fraternity, and served them for reference in similar cases. The author, however, had a clearer legal conception of the case than the chronicler, and discards certain speculative evidence to advantage. Tieck thought well enough of the drama to translate it into German, declaring it beyond question a Shakspere work. Knight, while hesitating to pronounce positive judgment, says:—

> We should be at a loss to assign it to any writer whose name is associated with that early period of the drama, except Shakspere.[1]

Brandes regards it as

> certainly one of the most admirable plays of that rich period whose merit impresses one even when one reads it for the first time in uncritical youth.[2]

Says Swinburne:—

> The tragic action can hardly seem to any competent reader the creature of any then engaged in creation but Shakespeare's. Assuredly there is none other known to whom it could be plausibly or even possibly assigned.[3]

The plot of the play involves the destruction of a husband by his wife, he "of a tall and comely presence," she "well favored of shape and countenance," and much of its interest centers in the providential escapes of the doomed man.

The scene is opened by Arden, who thus addresses his friend, Franklin:—

> Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;
> And but for thee, how odious were this life,

[1] Knight, *The Works of Shakspere*, supplemental volume, p. 263.
[2] Brandes, *William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 204.
[3] Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Shakespeare*, p. 15. London, 1909.

That shows me nothing, but torments my soul;
And those foul objects, that offend mine eyes,
Which make me wish that, for this veil of heaven,
The earth hung over my head and cover'd me!
Love-letters post 'twixt Mosbie and my wife,
And they have privy meetings in the town:
Franklin. Be patient, gentle friend, and learn of me
To ease thy grief and save her chastity:
Entreat her fair; sweet words are fittest engines
To raze the flint walls of a woman's breast.

Alice, the wife, enters and Arden reproves her gently, and tells her that in her sleep she uttered the name of Mosbie, her suspected lover, but she succeeds in quieting his jealousy for the moment. Arden, having departed, Mosbie, "a tailor by occupation, a black swart man," meets the deluded woman:—

Mosbie. Where is your husband?
Alice. 'T is now high water, and he is at the quay.
Mosbie. There let him: henceforward, know me not.
Alice. Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths?
. . . . . .
Arden to me was dearer than my soul, —
And shall be still. Base peasant, get thee gone.

This is but a lover's quarrel and soon ends. Mosbie, finding an artist reputed as skilful in poison, who can paint a picture which will cause the death of one looking upon it, introduces him to Alice Arden. The Charlatan demands for his work the hand of Mosbie's sister, her waiting maid, and thus elegantly extols his art:—

For, as sharp-witted poets, whose sweet verse
Make heavenly gods break off their nectar-draughts,
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth,
Use humble promise to their sacred muse;
So we, that are the poets' favourites,
Must have a love. Ay, love is the painter's muse,
That makes him frame a speaking countenance,
A weeping eye that witnesseth heart's grief.

During this interview Arden returns, and, after an unpleasant clash, the gentle Arden accepts Mosbie's protestations of

innocence, and the domestic sky is again blue; but not for long. Plot after plot is laid for his life by the infatuated wife, all of which Arden escapes. Here is a description of a London ruffian and thief who had sold stolen plate:—

Brad. A lean-faced writhen knave,
Hawk-nos'd and very hollow-eyed;
With mighty furrows in stormy brows;
Long hair down to his shoulders curl'd;
His chin was bare, but on his upper lip
A mutchado, which he wound about his ear.
Will. What apparel had he?
Brad. A watchet satin doublet all to-torn,
The inner side did bear the greater show;
A pair of threadbare velvet hose seam-rent;
A worsted stocking rent above the shoe;
A livery cloak, but all the lace was off;
'Twas bad, but yet it serv'd to hide the plate.

Black Will and Shakebag are engaged to murder Arden, but the former while watching for his victim, has his head broken by a window which a careless apprentice lets fall while closing his master's shop. Providence having again intervened, the two ruffians, balked of their prey, discourse in this highly poetic strain:—

Black Will. I tell thee, Greene, the forlorn traveller,
Whose lips are glued with summer-scorching heat,
Ne'er long'd so much to see a running brook
As I to finish Arden's tragedy.
Shakebag. I cannot paint my valour out with words:
But give me place and opportunity,
Such mercy as the starven lioness,
When she is dry suck'd of her eager young,
Shows to the prey that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pity would I take.

Michael, Arden's serving man, is tampered with by Greene the tool of Mosbie, to leave the doors of Arden's room in the parsonage where he lodged in London unfastened, so that Black Will can reach him. This, however, fails through Michael's terror of the crime. This soliloquy, says Knight,

"in a young poet would not only be promise of future greatness, but it would be the greatness itself. The conception is wholly original."

Michael. Conflicting thoughts, encampéd in my breast,
Awake me with the echo of their strokes;
And I, a judge who censure either side,
Can give to neither wishéd victory.
My master's kindness pleads to me for life,
With just demand, and I must grant it him.
My mistress she hath forc'd me with an oath,
For Susan's sake, the which I may not break,
For that is nearer than a master's love:
That grim-fac'd fellow, pitiless Black Will,
And Shakebag stern, in bloody stratagem —
(Two rougher ruffians never liv'd in Kent)
Have sworn my death if I infringe my vow —
A dreadful thing to be consider'd of.
Methinks I see them with their bolster'd hair,
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
And, in their ruthless hands their daggers drawn,
Insulting o'er thee with a pack of oaths,
Whilst thou, submissive, pleading for relief
Art mangled by their ireful instruments!
Methinks I hear them ask where Michael is,
And pitiless Black Will cries, "Stab the slave,
The peasant will detect the tragedy."
The wrinkles of his foul death-threatening face
Gape open wide like graves to swallow men:
My death to him is but a merriment;
And he will murder me to make him sport, —
He comes! he comes! Master Franklin, help;
Call up the neighbours, or we are but dead.

Mosbie, who is at Feversham, is also tormented with the poignancy of his guilt.

Mosbie. Disturbéd thoughts drive me from company,
And dry my marrow with their watchfulness:
Continual trouble of my moody brain
Feebles my body by excess of drink,
And nips me as the bitter north-east wind
Doth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man, howe'er his cates do taste,
That tables not with foul suspicion;

And he but pines among his delicates
Whose troubled mind is stuff'd with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold;
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure;
My daily toil begat me night's repose,
My night's repose made daylight fresh to me:
But since I climb'd the top-bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stirring gale doth shake my bed,
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.

While thus moralizing, Alice enters, and this scene Knight says, is "unmatched by any other writer than Shakspere," and that, too, "in a play published as early as 1592, perhaps written several years earlier."

Mosbie. Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou know'st it well, and 't is thy policy
To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Where lies a heart that dies when thou art sad;
It is not love that loves to anger love.
Alice. It is not love that loves to murder love.
Mosbie. How mean you that?
Alice. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.
Mosbie. And then —
Alice. And then conceal the rest, for 't is too bad,
Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
And publish'd in the world to both our shames!
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds:
Forget, I pray thee, what has pass'd betwixt us,
For now I blush, and tremble at the thoughts.

Arden, accompanied by Franklin and his unworthy servant, now journeys to Rochester where on Rainhamdown, Black Will and his accomplices are lying in wait for him. Michael, who suspects that he will also be slain with his master, pricks his horse so that he halts and is left behind. On the way Franklin entertains his friend with a tale. In the nick of time Arden is joined by friends, and again the conspirators are balked of their prey, but finally, reaching home where Mosbie had concealed the assassin, he is slain. Franklin thus

announces to Alice the death of her husband in presence of the Mayor and watch who are in pursuit of Black Will:—

Frank. Arden, thy husband, and my friend, is slain
. . . . . .
I fear he was murder'd in this house,
And carried to the fields; for from that place,
Backwards and forwards, may you see
The print of many feet within the snow.

The play concludes thus:—

Gentlemen, we hope you'll pardon this naked tragedy,
Wherein no filéd points are foisted in
To make it gracious to the ear or eye;
For simple truth is gracious enough,
And needs no other points of glozing stuff.

In other words, the author relates "a plain unvarnished tale" without attempt at rhetorical display.

The Two Noble Kinsmen is among the plays not printed in the First Folio, and one which has received the highest commendation from readers of critical taste. It was first published in quarto in 1634, and bears on the title-page, —

Written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher, Gent., and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent.

Phillipps refutes this on the ground that the actor never collaborated with any writer, and quotes Pope's assertion "that there was a tradition to the effect that the whole of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' was written by Shakespeare." [1]

Says Brandes:—

"Timon of Athens" and "Pericles," which are plainly only partially his work, and "Henry VIII" and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," of which we may confidently assert that Shakespeare had nothing to do with them beyond the insertion of single important speeches and the addition of a few valuable touches.[2]

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. II, p. 410.
[2] Brandes, *William Shakespeare*, vol. II, p. 275.

And again:—

> Did Shakespeare leave the play unfinished, and was it completed by Fletcher after his death? or did he help Fletcher by writing or rewriting certain scenes of his play? The first supposition is an utter impossibility, as far as I am concerned.[1]

Brandes then falls back upon Heminge and Condell, extolling their authority; but, curiously enough, traverses himself and discredits them by discarding "Henry VIII."

Coleridge gives us this opinion of it:—

> I can scarcely retain a doubt as to the first act's having been written by Shakespeare.[2]

Says Lamb:—

> That Fletcher should have copied Shakespeare's manner in so many entire scenes is not very probable; that he could have done it with such facility is to me not certain.

Fleay attempts to prove that the play was written after the actor's death, but fails to show why Fletcher never claimed an interest in it; instead he leaves us in this quagmire:—

> There is nothing in it above the reach of Massinger and Fletcher, but that some things in it are unworthy either, and more likely to be by some inferior hand, W. Rowley, for instance.[3]

A score of other contradictory opinions could be given, but they would be unprofitable. It may be worth while, however, to give a brief synopsis of the play.

The story of Palamon and Arcite furnishes the material out of which is wrought "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and opens with the entry of Hymen with flaming torch, conducting to the temple Theseus, Hippolyta, her sister Emilia and nymphs, singing a nuptial song as they strew the way with flowers.

[1] Brandes, *William Shakespeare*, vol. II, p. 316.

[2] "Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare," *Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge*, vol. I, p. 321. London, 1849.

[3] Fleay, *A Chronicle History*, etc., p. 254.

The bridal procession is suddenly arrested by three Queens in mourning, who call upon Theseus, the bridegroom, to avenge the murder of their lords by Creon, King of Thebes: —

1 Queen. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!

The second Queen appeals to the bride: —

Honour'd Hippolyta,
. . . . . that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection; soldieress,
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!

To this Hippolyta responds: —

Poor lady say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress; let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

The third Queen appeals to Hippolyta's sister, and so persistent and eloquent are the distressed suitors that all are deeply moved by them. Theseus, however, orders the procession to move on: —

1 Queen. Oh, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war!

The others, too, raise their voices in grief at the prospective delay, which moves Theseus to exclaim:—

I will give you comfort
To give your dead lords graves.

He then orders to

forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

Impatient of any delay the suitors turn away, the first Queen exclaiming:—

Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

To this Theseus replies:—

Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone
Or futurely can cope.
1 Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected.

This attitude so affects Hippolyta that she yields.

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit,
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me; therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

Emilia also appeals to Theseus who yields to the wishes of his bride and sister:—

The. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration.

Theseus, taking leave of his bride and sister, orders the procession to move on without him, and that the ceremonies shall be observed as though he were present. As he turns away he utters these noble words to his followers:—

As we are men
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies!

In the next scene Palamon and Arcite, the noble kinsmen, are introduced to us:—

Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.

Though they regard Creon, their uncle, as "A most unbounded tyrant," when they are informed that war is declared against him by Theseus, they decide "That to be neutral to him were dishonor," and so they join him in the battle which is to decide his fate. In this battle Theseus is victor, and is met by the three queens.

3 Queen. All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry "amen" to 't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heav'ns

View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony!

The Queens having departed to find the bodies of their husbands, Theseus, seeing the bodies of Palamon and Arcite, inquires of a herald who they are: —

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told us
They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, smear'd with prey.
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What prisoner was't that told me
When I inquir'd their names?
Herald. With leave, they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth.

While Theseus is sweating on the battlefield, Hippolyta and Emilia reminiscently discourse of the love between Theseus and his friend, Perithous, which Emilia illustrates by mention of her love for her playfellow, Flavina, declaring

That the true love, 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

In Act II we have the kinsmen in prison. Their nobility is shown in these words: —

Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here, — a brave patience
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

From a window they see Emilia enter the adjacent garden with her servant.

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasure in 't. What flower is this?
Serv. 'T is call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray, forward.
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness though!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Serv. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of them; and of these;
This is a pretty colour; will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

The kinsmen, infatuated with love of Emilia, become jealous of each other, and, while disputing, the jailer appears and summons Arcite to proceed with him to Theseus. Later he returns without Arcite, and Palamon asks in surprise:—

Pal. Where's Arcite?
Gaoler. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

The jailer informs Palamon that he is to be conveyed to a dungeon, and despite pleading and resistance forces him away. As he leaves the window from which he has beheld Emilia, he exclaims:—

Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me.

Arcite, before being banished, is permitted to take part in the athletic games in honor of Emilia's birthday, and winning, is brought wearing the garland of victory before Theseus.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I am proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Thes. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire then. What prove you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have halloa'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. I believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman!
His face, methinks, goes that way.
Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.

Received into favor by Theseus, Emilia giving him the choice of her horses for the continuance of the fête, Theseus pleasantly remarks:—

Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise.

In Act III, while the merrymaking is proceeding in "Diana's Wood," Arcite, as his charger enters a thicket, encounters Palamon in shackles, having escaped from prison.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?

Arcite in vain endeavors to appease him, and urges him to remain in hiding till he returns. Palamon consents, and when night falls Arcite brings him food, wine, and files to remove his fetters. Palamon, mad with jealousy, persists in insulting him, and Arcite finally promises to return and meet him in combat.

In Act III, Scene vi, Palamon enters "from the Bush," then Arcite "with armours and swords":—

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.

Palamon asks Arcite where he got so fine a suit of armor for him, and Arcite replies that he had to steal it from the duke. They buckle each other's armor.

Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.

Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
I never saw such valour; when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.

While fighting they are surprised by Theseus, Hippolyta, and Emilia, with train. Theseus, furious at this infraction of his laws, condemns both to death, but yields to the pleading of Hippolyta and Emilia to spare them, and offers Emilia her choice of them.

Thes. Say, Emilia
If one of them were dead, as one must be, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon them,
And if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent! are you content, too, princes?

Emilia refuses to make choice which will condemn one to death, and Theseus orders them to go to their own country, and return within a month, during which time he will plant a pyramid, and if either

Can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,

he shall wed Emilia, and the other shall be slain.

In Act IV, Scene ii, Emilia appears with the pictures of the two kinsmen:—

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else; I 'll choose,
And end their strife; two such young handsome men

Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heav'n,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove afire, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he 'd lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him;
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost to me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly,
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!

A messenger announces the return of Palamon and Arcite. In the battle that ensues Arcite wins. In Scene vi, the execution of Palamon is about to take place when Perithous arrests it with the tidings that Arcite has been thrown from the

black horse formerly given him by Emilia, and desires to see Palamon. Arcite is brought in:—

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty! Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia; 'T is done:
Take her, I die. (*Dies.*)
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I 'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.

Phillipps speaks of "Edward II," "Edward III," and "Edward IV," as having been called "Shakespeare" plays. He might have added "Edward I." With two exceptions we then have a complete series of dramatic histories, "Henry I," 1100–35, to "Henry VIII," 1509–47. Does this indicate a design to produce a dramatic history of this period? One of the exceptions named is the omission of the successor of King John, namely, Henry III. If any play of this reign was written it has disappeared. In Fleay's transcript of the Stationers' Registers we find an entry, under date of 1653,[1] which would indicate that "Henry II" was thought to be a work of collaboration and "Henry I" of Shakespeare, but this cannot be considered valid evidence. The manuscripts of "Henry I" and "Henry II" were in a large collection of manuscript plays owned by John Warburton, Somerset herald of arms, most of which were unfortunately destroyed by his cook in 1730. The other exception is "Henry VII," which was never dramatized. We have in its place, not a dramatic but a prose history of this reign, written by Francis Bacon. Concerning "Henry

[1] Fleay, *A Chronicle History*, etc., p. 359.

VIII," the last of the series, is this singular fact, that Bacon was supposed to be writing a history of this reign, which would have completed the series, yet but a fragment of this history ever came to light.[1] A dramatic version, however, of "Henry VIII" appeared, and was printed in the "Shakespeare" Folio. All the dramatic histories in this long series of kings, covering nearly four hundred and fifty years, were once thought to be the work of the author of the Folio plays. It is a notable fact that Bacon begins his history of Henry VII at the close of the battle of Bosworth Field, taking it up at the point where the drama of "Richard III" leaves it. Henry was then twenty-eight years old, and had completed more than half his life. One would suppose that Bacon would begin his history with an account of his birth and continue to the great battle which gave him the throne, and we may well ask, why did he make his history a continuation, as it were, of "Richard III"? Is there not here a clear evidence of design? At the present time we find the four "Edwards" arbitrarily assigned to others; the first to Peele, the second and third to Marlowe, and the fourth to Heywood. As the second and third have been so far accepted as to be now found among "Shakespeare" plays as "doubtful," which means that orthodox critics differ respecting them, as they still do respecting several in the Canon, we will briefly consider them.

EDWARD II begins with the entrance upon the scene of Gaveston, the favorite of the King, who has been exiled to France by the King's father. He is reading a letter from the King recalling him to England, beginning:—

> My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
> And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.

The character of Gaveston for whom the Prince, now Edward II, had conceived one of those strange passions of

[1] This is in additional MSS. 5503 f, 120 b, Brit. Mus.

which there are several historic examples, is shown by his expressions upon reading the letter. The infatuation of the King for Gaveston proves his ruin.

Gav. Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favorite of a king!
. . . . . .
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king,
As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Raked up in embers of their poverty: —
Tanti; I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.

Gaveston arrives in England and hears, without being observed, an altercation of the nobles, comprising the two Mortimers, Lancaster, Kent and Warwick, with the King on account of his recall.

Edw. Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.
Y. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.
Gav. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death! (*Aside.*
Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.
Gav. Mort dieu! (*Aside.*
Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
Thy sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 't is to stand against your king.

The King's unnatural love for Gaveston causes him to throw his Bishop into the Tower and bestow his wealth upon his favorite. He even neglects his Queen.

Enter Queen Isabella.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
Queen. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

The nobles force the King to banish his favorite.

Edw. (*mourning*). He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.

Young Mortimer, influenced by the Queen who desires to regain the King's love, persuades his fellow nobles to consent to have Gaveston recalled, intending finally to work his ruin.

Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!
Lan. Diablo! what passions call you these?
Queen. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news,
Edw. That you have parled with your Mortimer?
Queen. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repealed.
Edw. Repealed! the news is too sweet to be true!
Queen. But will you love me, if you find it so?
Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?
Queen. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston.
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Queen. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury —
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

Edw. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.
Queen. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

In his joy the weak King heaps favors upon his nobles, and the skies are again blue. The senior Mortimer pleads with Young Mortimer to keep peace with Edward.

Y. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here.
Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for his Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.
Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 't is this makes me impatient.

Scene ii in Act II opens with the King impatient for the return of Gaveston:—

Edw. How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?
Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.
Edw. A trifle! we'll expell him when we please
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.
Edw. Pray thee let me know it.
Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is;
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all;
The motto, *Æque tandem.*
Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?
Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air;
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this; *Undique mors est.*
Kent. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?
Queen. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.
Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses that will pull you down;
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
'T is not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Gaveston appears:—

Edw. My Gaveston! welcome to Tynemouth! welcome to thy friend!
Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

The King orders his nobles to welcome his favorite who resents their somewhat exaggerated salutes.

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.
Queen. Ah me! poor soul, when these begin to jar. (*Aside.*
Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

A quarrel follows; bad news arrives from Scotland and France. Incensed at the King's neglect of the realm and his infatuation for Gaveston the nobles revolt.

Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind,
Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretchéd, break.
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted drive away rich spoils.
Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
Y. Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;

I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banners spread?
But once; and then thy soldiers marched like players,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

The King drives his nobles and even his brother Kent, who has hitherto stood by him, from his presence, and they revolt and storm the castle.

Enter the Barons. Alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scaped!

Y. Mor. Who 's this, the queen?

Queen. Aye, Mortimer, the miserable queen
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted;
These hands are tired with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where 's the king?

Queen. What would you with the king? is 't him you seek?

Lan. No, madam, but that curséd Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston;
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Gaveston is finally captured and executed. Edward, enraged against his barons, is encouraged by young Spencer, one of his adherents, to revenge himself upon them. While he is discoursing with him his father arrives upon the scene.

O. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward —
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.

O. Spen. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty.
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done, in him, unto us all.
Edw. Thy father, Spencer?
Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.
Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, spare them not, (but) lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

The barons, having rid themselves of the pernicious Gaveston who has pandered to the King's folly to the great injury of the realm, now come with their herald to offer the King their allegiance and support.

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!
Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither,
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices,
A ranker rout of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.
Her. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrefying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,

To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.

Y. Spen. Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce
(*Embraces Spencer.*
Spencer from me. — Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murthering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.

Edward captures the barons, Lancaster, young Mortimer, and Warwick, and sends them to execution. Mortimer escapes to Flanders, and raising a force returns to England to drive out Edward's new favorites, the Spencers. They are welcomed by the Queen: —

Queen. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds;
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron shouldst thou be,
But thou —

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lords, sith we are by sufferance of heaven,
Arrived, and armèd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;

That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours; and withal
We may remove those flatterers from the king.

In the battle that ensues the Queen's friends are victorious. Mortimer, aspiring to be Lord Protector, plots the death of Edward.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
. . . . . .
The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass:
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Feared am I more than loved — let me be feared;
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum;*
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that provinciam as they term it;
And to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command, who dare control?
Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen. (*Trumpets within.*
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

The Prince is proclaimed King, while his father is in the Tower dying of poison.

Enter the Young King, Archbishop, Champion, Nobles, Queen.

Archbishop. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God.
King of England, and Lord of Ireland!
Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk or Jew,
Dare but affirm, that Edward 's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.
Y. Mor. None comes, sound trumpets.
King. Champion, here 's to thee. (*Gives a purse.*
Queen. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Mortimer infatuated with power orders Kent, the uncle of the young king, beheaded, though he pleads for his life. Having more spirit than his father, he calls his lords together to punish Mortimer. The Queen in fear seeks Mortimer.

Queen. Ah, Mortimer, the king, my son, hath news
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.
Y. Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.
Queen. Aye, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the King, with the Lords.

First Lord. Fear not, my lord, know that you are king.
King. Villain!
Y. Mor. How now, my lord?
King. Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murdered through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accurséd head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interred.
Queen. Weep not, sweet son.
King. Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And, had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.
Lords. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?
Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accused.
Who is the man dare say I murdered him?

King. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 't was thou that murder'dst him.
Y. Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?
King. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself. (*Aside.*

The young king convinced of the participation of his mother in his father's death sends her to the Tower.

King. Away with her, her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speaks again.

This closes the drama:—

Reënter a Lord, with the Head of Mortimer.

Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.
King. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accurséd head,
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatched this monstrous treachery.
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency. (*Exeunt.*

Mr. Robert M. Theobald has given us a most interesting study of "Edward II." He says: —

The internal evidence which I have to produce consists of such identity of expression or idea as is distinctively demonstrative of identical authorship, if it can be shown to be so extended, so subtle, so spontaneous, as to exclude the alternative explanation of accidental coincidence, or conscious plagiarism, or appropriation.[1]

He gives us a hundred and thirteen parallels of thought and expression in "Edward II," the "Shakespeare" Works, and Bacon. Space permits a quotation of but two:—

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.
Ed. II, II, ii.

[1] Robert M. Theobald, M.A., *Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light*, p. 430. London, 1901.

Thus yields the Cedar to the axe's edge
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.

Henry VI, v, ii.

The wild O'Neil with swarms of Irish kernes,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale.

Ed. II, ii, ii.

The wild O'Neil, my lords, is up in arms,
With troops of Irish kernes, that uncontroll'd
Doth plant themselves within the English pale.

Contention, etc., iii, i.

later altered in "Henry VI" to

The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.

Henry VI, ii, ii.

Mr. Theobald also calls attention to a large number of words, now quite common, to show the closeness of verbal expression between "Edward II" and the author of the "Shakespeare" Works.

Edward III was printed in quarto in 1596 anonymously, as the early "Shakespeare" quartos were, and was regarded as being the work of the same author by Collier. Capell in 1760 republished it as "A Play thought to be writ by Shakespeare," and that when it appeared "there was no known writer equal to such a play."[1] Ulrici accounts for its neglect, and its omission from the Folio, by the fact that it contains reflections upon the Scots, which made it popular in Elizabeth's time but would have given offense to James, and therefore its paternity was not recognized by its author in his reign. He concludes that it is "a complete and beautiful composition, which is throughout worthy of the great poet," having already given his opinion "that the piece probably belongs to Shakespeare's earlier labours." Collier declares it to be undoubtedly Shakespeare's.[2] Says Phillipps:—

Produced in or before 1595 there are occasional passages which, by most judgments, will be accepted as having been written

[1] Edward Capell, *Prolusions or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry*. London, 1760.
[2] J. Payne Collier, *History of English Dramatic Poetry*. vol. iii, p. 311.

either by Shakespeare, or by an exceedingly dexterous and successful imitator of one of his then favorite styles of composition. For who but one or the other could have endowed a kind and gentle lady with the ability of replying to the impertinent addresses of a foolish sovereign in words such as these.

And he quotes the remarkable passage which we shall later reproduce, beginning with the line, "As easy may my intellectual soul," etc. Referring to Capell's "Exact and Perfect Catalogue of all Playes that are Printed," he calls attention to the fact that "not only Edward the Third but also Edward the Second and Edward the Fourth, are ascribed to the great dramatist."[1] Furnivall calls those who ascribe the play to the author of the Folio collection, "A few wild untrustworthy folk," abusing those who differ with him as usual.

In the first scene of the drama we have the Count of Artois presenting to Edward his claim to the French crown. Following upon this the Duke of Lorraine comes upon the scene with the insulting summons that Edward shall render homage to the King of France for the dukedom of Guyenne. To this Edward responds: —

Edw. See, how occasion laughs me in the face!
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But, straight, I am invited; nay, with threats,
Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come:
'T were but a foolish part, to say him nay, —
Lorrain, return this answer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requests;
But how? not servilely dispos'd to bend;
But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light;
And truth hath pull'd the visard from his face;
That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;
And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel;
'T is not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm;

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, p. 125; vol. II, p. 345.

Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lorraine departs after an angry encounter with Artois and Edward turns to his friends:—

Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail:
Our gage is thrown; and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.—

Troubles follow on the heels of one another, and, at this juncture, enter Sir William Mountague:—

Edw. But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How stands the league between the Scot and us?
Moun. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renownéd lord,
The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of our army back,
But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns.

The next scene opens on the walls of Roxburgh Castle which has fallen into the hands of the Scots.

The Countess of Salisbury appears looking for succor from the English king.

Count. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succour that my sovereign should send!

As David, the Scotch King, with his followers, enters, she withdraws with the words:—

I must withdraw; the everlasting foe
Comes to the wall: I'll closely step aside.

While the Scottish King is on the walls, a messenger enters hastily with news of the coming of Edward:—

Mess. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men:
The sun, reflecting on the armour, show'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd.
Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the King of England.

Another messenger enters crying, "We are all surpris'd." The Scots fly, and Edward enters with his attendants, and is welcomed by the Countess: —

Count. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness:
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

Edward is infatuated with the beauty of the Countess of Salisbury: —

Edw. She is grown more fairer far since I came hither:
Her voice more silver every word than other.
Her wit more fluent: what a strange discourse
Unfolded she, of David, and his Scots?
"Even thus," quoth she, — "he spake," — and then spoke broad,
With epithets and accents of the Scots;
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:
"And thus," quoth she, — and answer'd then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself
Breathes from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face;
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks;
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodowick?
Lod. Ready, my liege.
Edw. Then, in the summer arbour sit by me,
Make it our council-house, or cabinet;
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them
Now, Lodowick, invocate some golden muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen.

While Lodowick is writing for the King a love letter to the Countess, she enters: —

Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice-gracious lord;
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

The King dismisses Lodowick, and declares to the Countess that since coming to the castle he has been wronged, and is unhappy. The gentle Countess promises to do all in her power to render his visit a happy one. Taking advantage of this he more plainly declares his passion:—

Edw. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote on thee.
Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst:
For virtue's store by giving doth augment;
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou canst take away, inherit it.
Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.
Count. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself, to give it thee.
But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life;
Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.
Edw. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport withal.
Count. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her, and yet retain my soul,
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted:
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.
Edw. Didst thou not swear, to give me what I would?
Count. I did, my liege; so, what you would, I could.
Edw. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give;
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love; and, for that love of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.
Count. But that your lips were sacred, O my lord,
You would profane the holy name of love:
That love, you offer me, you cannot give;
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen:
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give;
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp,

Shall die, my lord; and will your sacred self
Commit high treason against the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath?
In violating marriage' sacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourself:
To be a King, is of a younger house,
Than to be married; your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a married man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty, to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness' hand:
How much more, to infringe the holy act
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand?
I know, my sovereign — in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars —
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no;
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

The King, knowing the moral weakness of Warwick, her father, appeals to him to use his influence with his daughter, and he consents. The Countess, anxious to escape the attention of her sovereign, and at the same time exercise her hospitality towards him, seeks her father, who is condemning himself for his weakness.

War. O doting king! O detestable office!
Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow made by the name of God.

Enter Countess.

See, where she comes: was never father, had,
Against his child, an embassage so bad.
Count. My lord and father, I have sought for you;
My mother and the peers importune you,
To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.
War. How shall I enter on this graceless errand?
I must not call her child: for where 's the father
That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?

Now occurs a most remarkable scene. The King looking upon his son, who resembles his mother, as he enters, has a sudden pang of contrition, and thus muses inwardly: —

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye:
Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that,
Which cannot cloke itself on poverty. —
Now boy, what news?

Prince. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs to France; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,
Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush;
For faults against themselves give evidence:
Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, show
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair Britany
By me be overthrown? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armour of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings; and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be. — Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colours beat the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer
Desires access unto your majesty.

Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,
The Dauphin, and the peers, at liberty, —
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends. (*Exit prince.*
Thy mother is but black; and thou, like her,
Dost put into my mind how foul she is, —
Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand,
And let her chase away those winter clouds;
For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth.

(*Exit Lodowick.*

The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
The register of all varieties
Since leathern Adam 'till this youngest hour.

Reënter Lodowick with the Countess.

Go, Lodowick, put thy hand into my purse,
Play, spend, give, riot, waste; do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me here.

(*Exit Lodowick.*

Now, my soul's playfellow! and art thou come,
To speak the more than heavenly word, of yea,
To my subjection in thy beauteous love?

Count. My father on his blessing hath commanded —

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Count. Ay, dear my liege, your due.

Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right, and tender love for love.

Count. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate. —
But, — sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards, —
I bind my discontent to my content,
And, what I would not, I'll compel I will;
Provided, that yourself remove those lets,
That stand between your highness' love and mine.

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by Heaven, I will.

Count. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.

Edw. Whose lives, my lady?

Count. My thrice-loving liege,
Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband:
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Count. And so is your desire; if the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other;
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swum an easy current for his love;
But I will through a helly spout of blood,
To arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

Count. Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which, my husband, and your wife, are twain.

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they shall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.
Count. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted judge;
When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.
Edw. What says my fair love? is she resolute?
Count. Resolv'd to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this, —
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine,
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

(*Turning suddenly upon him, and showing two daggers.*

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives;
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with this other I'll dispatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart;
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me;
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike; therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to:
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me;
Or else, by Heaven (*kneeling*) this sharp-pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldst stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.

Utterly overcome by the impeccable virtue of the Countess, Edward's nobler nature reawakens, and he exclaims: —

Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashaméd of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit,
Arise, true English lady: whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavour of so many pens;
Arise: and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after-ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awakéd from this idle dream: —

Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley,
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter Prince and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north: —
You, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight to sea;
Scour to Newhaven; some, there stay for me: —
Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through Flanders,
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid:
This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover;
For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
We'll wake him with our martial harmony. (*Exeunt.*

The rest of the play is taken up with the campaign in France. Before the battle of Crécy the King arms his son: —

And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitchéd field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms.

We will quote, in closing, from the last act which ends with the battle of Poitiers: —

Edw. Welcome, Lord Salisbury; what news from Bretagne?
Sal. This, mighty king: the country we have won;
And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.
Edw. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl;
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.
Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.
Edw. What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers
Or is my son beset with too much odds?
Sal. He was, my lord; and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe-conduct of the Dauphin's seal
Did travel that way, finding him distress'd,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;
Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads:
And surely we had died, but that the duke,

More full of honour than his angry sire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, "Salute your king," quoth he,
"Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life;
And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
To quittance those displeasures he hath done":
This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply;
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill;
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much increase our heaviness:
For there, my lord, O, there we did descry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cast their trenches like a ring;
And every barricado's open front
Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordinance:
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrantwise;
Here cross-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding darts:
And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon, —
As't were a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines, —
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins:
Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,
Did shake the very mountain where we stood;
Then sound the trumpets' clangours in the air,
The battles join: and, when we could no more
Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our wat'ry eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me! is this my welcome into France?
Is this the comfort, that I look'd to have,
When I should meet with my beloved son?
Sweet Ned, I would, thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief!

Edw. Content thee, Philippa: 'tis not tears will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence:

Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire revenge. —
He bids me to provide his funeral;
And so I will: but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and sere:
The pillars of his hearse shall be their bones:
The mould that covers him, their cities' ashes;
His knell, the groaning cries of dying men;
And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

But grief is soon turned to joy. Although so outnumbered by his foes, the valiant Prince is victorious, and the play thus ends: —

Flourish of trumpets within. Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord; ascend the imperial throne!
The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer;
And, lowly at his stirrup, comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.

Edw. Away with mourning, Philippa, wipe thine eyes; —
Sound, trumpets, welcome in Plantagenet!

A loud flourish. Enter Prince, Audley, Artois, with King John, and Philip.

As things, long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom, even now, my soul was much perplex'd!

(*Running to the Prince, and embracing him.*

Queen. Be this a token to express my joy. (*Kissing him.*
For inward passions will not let me speak.

Prince. My gracious father, here receive the gift.

(*Presenting him with King John's crown.*

This wreath of conquest, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day;
Install your highness in your proper right:
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

Edw. So, John of France, I see, you keep your word,
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 't is so indeed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones?
How many people's lives might you have sav'd,
That are untimely sunk into their graves?
John. Edward, recount not things irrevocable;
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?
Edw. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known;
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.
John. Accurséd man! of this I was foretold,
But did misconster what the prophet told.
Prince. Now, father, this petition Edward makes, —
To Thee, (*kneels*) whose grace hath been his strongest shield
That, as Thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show Thy power,
So Thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories! —
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease
I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold;
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflamed with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might, at their presence, tremble and retire!
Edw. Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,
And interceasing of our painful arms:
Sheathe up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for England, we'll be shipped;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.
(*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

To get an adequate conception of the greatness of this drama, one should read it uninfluenced by those critics who realize, as Phillipps did, how fatal to their cause it is to cut loose from the so-called Canon of Heminge and Condell. Had it been included in that collection, we should have had another volume or more added to Furness's "Monument of Scholarship," and Phillipps would have been far less chary in praising it. As it was, he was obliged to treat it indifferently in order to sustain the futile theory which his predecessors had imposed upon him. To question the infallibility of Heminge and Condell, he believed that we "should be launched on a sea with a chart in which are unmarked perilous quicksands of intuitive opinions. Especially is the vessel itself in danger if it touches the insidious bank raised up from doubts."

As in the case of "Edward II," so with that of "Edward III." Parallels of thought and expression with the "Shakespeare" Works and those of Francis Bacon are numerous, which link it with them in a manner which to an unbiased mind is convincing of a common authorship. Both "Edward II" and "Edward III" exhibit defects similar to those in the plays comprised in the Canon; defects for which the playwrights who had a hand in adapting them to the stage, and the actors who altered words and lines, or omitted them in acting, were responsible. It was this that justified the nominal but well-informed editors of the First Folio in their use of the words "mutilated" and "deformed" when speaking of "surreptitious copies," which they professed were not made use of in the work, but which, in a number of instances at least, certainly were, owing most likely to haste and oversight while it was going through the press.

We would examine several other dramas once known as "Shakespeare" plays, but have thought it better to confine ourselves to the seven included in the Third Folio, the two in the Leopold Shakespeare, and "Edward II" and "Edward III," which reveal the hand of the master. In treating this

branch of our subject we have had in mind the single object of presenting to the reader an accurate view of the condition to-day of Shaksperian criticism. To do this we have felt it necessary to place the critics on the witness stand, that the reader might understand the conflicting and unreliable character of their testimony, and to devote more time than we wished to the "doubtful" plays, that they might better understand the scope of this greatest of literary problems.

VI

MYTHICAL RELICS

THE PORTRAITS

LET us devote ourselves to a critical study of the portraits of the Stratford actor, that the reader may be able to form an independent judgment respecting them.

THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT

The first is the most important, as it is the earliest, being found in the Folio of 1623, seven years after the death of the actor. It is known as the Droeshout portrait, and has been considered by his biographers as authentic. Portraits, however, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were as unreliable as royal favors. When the bewigged and bespectacled publisher wanted a portrait to embellish a book to make it more salable, he applied to the poor engraver who was usually plying his trade in an attic, and procured one. If a portrait of the subject had been painted, and a copy of it was obtainable, well and good; but painted portraits were comparatively few, even of the great, so the engraver improvised one as well as circumstances permitted.

The writer, while spending a year in the British Archives collecting historical material, spent some of his spare moments gathering portraits of prominent men of the Tudor and Stuart reigns, and, on one occasion, was referred by a Museum official to an expert on the portraiture of these reigns. He was an aged man, and had a large collection of rare portraits. In discussing portraits difficult of acquisition he proved interesting. A portrait of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the father of American colonization, was particularly wanted. All his ancient haunts had been visited, correspondence opened with

remote relatives, and the unknown portraits at Hampton Court, some of them said to have belonged to the Gorges family, carefully studied without result. Telling the old gentleman of this tedious search, he remarked, "Sir Ferdinando's portrait was never painted, but I can furnish you with one for a guinea."

But a few years ago the writer studied the portraits of Jacques Cartier, and made up his mind that in any case only one had an element of authenticity. At the time he was collecting sixteenth-century French portraits, and called on a large collector to look over his treasures. While so engaged the question was asked if he had a Cartier. "A very fine one," he replied, and passed it out. A glance only was needed, and it was handed back. "Don't you like it?" he asked. "Yes," was replied, "only it is n't Cartier." He looked somewhat surprised, and asked, "Why?" Fortunately its origin being known, he was told. "Am I right?" was asked, and the reply grudgingly made, "Yes."

The writer has sometimes wondered, when comparing portraits of past greatness, whether they at all resembled their presumptive subjects. Engravers were wont to use old plates, altering or substituting faces as they thought best. A well-known example is the equestrian portrait of Charles I. After Cromwell assumed rule a portrait of that King of the Democracy was required, and a fine equestrian engraving was produced. The portraits of the first Charles had been put out of sight, and it was some time before it was discovered that Cromwell's head had been substituted for that of his decapitated victim. No other change was made in the picture. With a subject of less importance a few alterations in lines would have served the purpose.

Of course it is hardly to be believed that the Stratford actor's portrait was ever painted during his life. But comparatively few of England's great men were wise enough to bequeath their faces to posterity, and though it might have

been possible for a strolling actor to have his portrait painted, or a rude sketch of his face made, the Stratford actor, as we know him, was too careless, and especially too thrifty, to impoverish himself in this manner. He preferred to invest his earnings in tithes, loans and real estate, which seemed much wiser. How then could Droeshout have managed to produce a portrait for the publishers of the Folio of 1623? He was then a young man not quite twenty-two, and but fifteen when the man whose portrait was required died. The portrait wanted was of a man at that time obscure, a play actor whose name had been associated with plays in minor rôles, and his face forgotten except by a few persons. What could the engraver do? Why, just as all honest engravers then did, go to some one who had known the man, and ask for a description of him; whether his face was long or short, full or thin; nose aquiline or bulbous; eyes large or small, near or far apart, and so on. With such particulars a face could be made to pass muster though it might not look at all like the man. This is what Droeshout would have done if he intended making the actor's portrait.

Martin Droeshout, says Strutt, was one of the indifferent engravers of the last century. His portraits have nothing but their scarcity to recommend them.[1]

Steevens, the biographer of the actor, says:—

The plate of Droeshout . . . has . . . established his claim to the title of a most abominable imitator of humanity.[2]

Boaden, an excellent early authority on Shaksperian portraiture, says of this portrait:—

It has been supposed that he engraved after a very coarse original, if indeed he did not work from personal recollection,

[1] Joseph Strutt, *A Biographical Dictionary of Engravers*, vol. 1, p. 264. London, 1785.

[2] Samuel Johnson and George Steevens, *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, p. 2.

assisted by such hints as might be given by those who desired this embellishment for their book.[1]

These are criticisms none too caustic for any fair judge of portraiture to endorse, and it became evident to the devotees of the actor that a portrait more in accord with public taste must be found. A Shakspere original would be valuable, and it was forthcoming. This was followed by others, and the market became overstocked with portraits resembling, in some degree, of course, the Droeshout caricature. These were usually painted over the portraits of forgotten worthies, or, if the form of a head permitted, it was made to serve its purpose by a few skilful changes in outline and expression.

One of the most active of these painters of spurious portraits of the actor was, says Boaden, "The grandson of an artist of indisputable excellence," to whom "misfortune suggested this sad remedy for indigence."[1] So numerous were these spurious portraits that Sidney Lee, whose orthodoxy cannot be questioned, informs us that

It would be futile to attempt to make the record of the pretended portraits complete. Upwards of sixty have been offered for sale to the National Portrait Gallery since its foundation in 1856, and not one of these has proved to possess the remotest claim to authenticity.[2]

This is certainly discouraging. But it has seemed necessary that the world should have a portrait of the Stratford actor, and several quite as unauthentic still hold the stage, and, as the whims or fancies of authors determine, are reproduced in the various publications relating to the "Shakespeare" Works which are appearing constantly. Among these the most popular, perhaps, are the Felton and Chandos portraits, so called, and we shall treat them somewhat fully.

[1] James Boaden, Esq., *An Inquiry into Various Pictures and Portraits of Shakespeare*, p. 144. London, 1824.

[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 29.

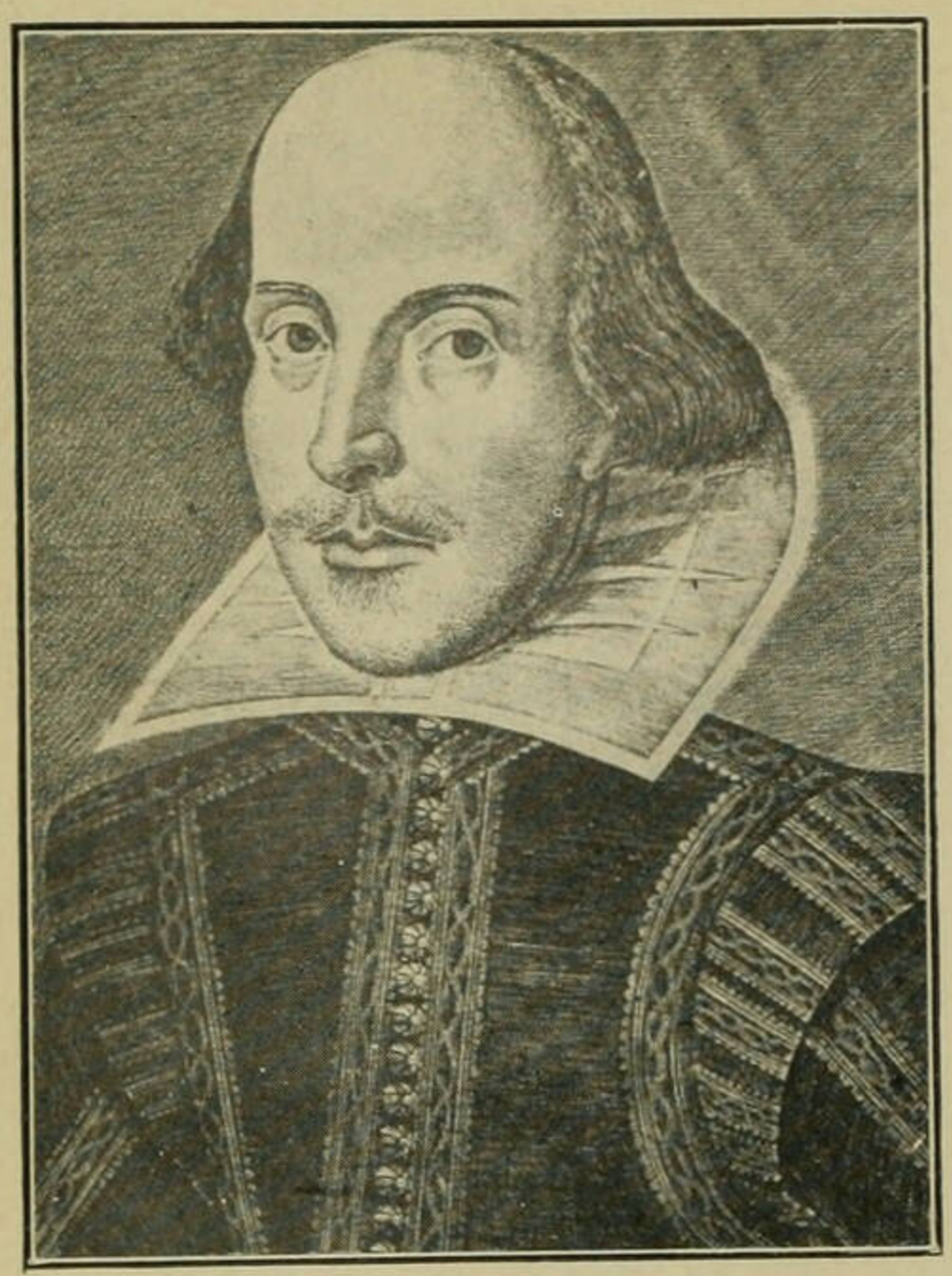
THE FELTON PORTRAIT

Says Steevens:—

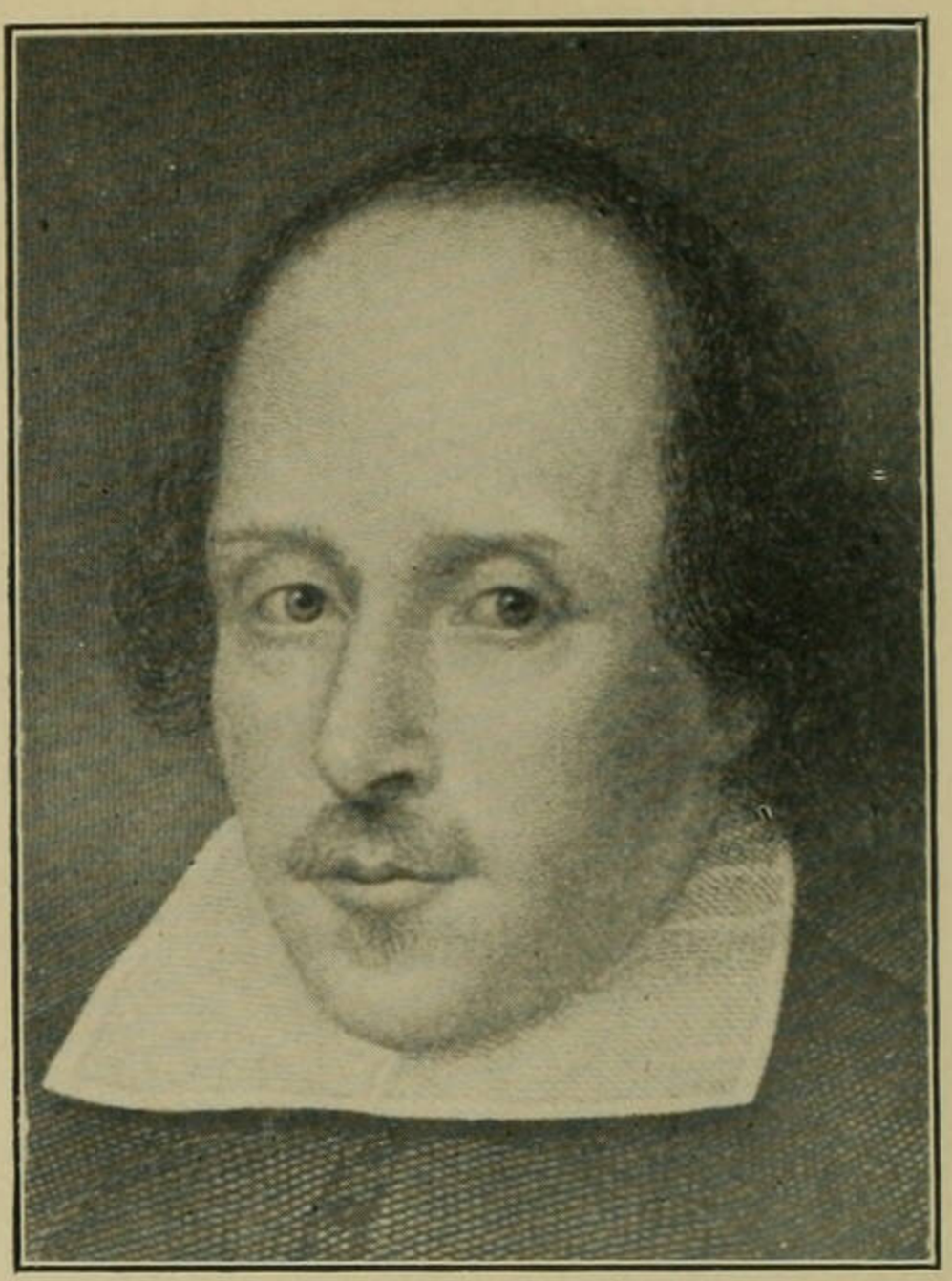
On Friday, August 9, (1794) Mr. Richardson, printeseller of Castle Street, Leicester Square, assured Mr. Steevens, that in the course of business, having recently waited on Mr. Felton, of Curzon Street, May Fair, this gentleman showed him an ancient head resembling the portrait of Shakspeare, as engraved by Martin Droeshout in 1623. This portrait was purchased at a public sale in 1792 by S. Felton of Drayton, Shropshire, for five guineas, and was catalogued as, "A curious portrait of Shakspeare painted in 1597."

After the sale the purchaser, seeking its history from the auctioneer, was told that it was formerly in the Boar's Head Tavern, an unfortunate story, it seems, for Steevens declares that so many spurious portraits had been sold as coming from the Boar's Head that it was "high time that picture dealers should avail themselves of another story, this being completely worn out and no longer fit for service." Felton then tried to trace its origin. He sought Sloman, the landlord, and his wife, who kept the tavern when the picture was said to have been in the house; but both had died, and later he found their successor, who ought to have known if it had been there, as he was the former landlord's assistant before assuming charge of the premises; but he also declared his utter ignorance of the portrait. The price it was sold at is sufficient to show how it was regarded by connoisseurs of the time; but the Chandos portrait, the reputation of which had been bolstered up by its aristocratic ownership, was losing ground, and here was a financial opportunity for a sharp picture dealer. The result was the exploitation of the Felton Shakspere.

Of course the rival dealer who was publishing the Chandos "original" came to the rescue of his favorite, and truths of an amusing character were told. We read that "The few remaining advocates of the Chandosan Canvas," declared that the Felton "original" "exhibited not a single trait of Shakspeare's



THE DROESHOUT



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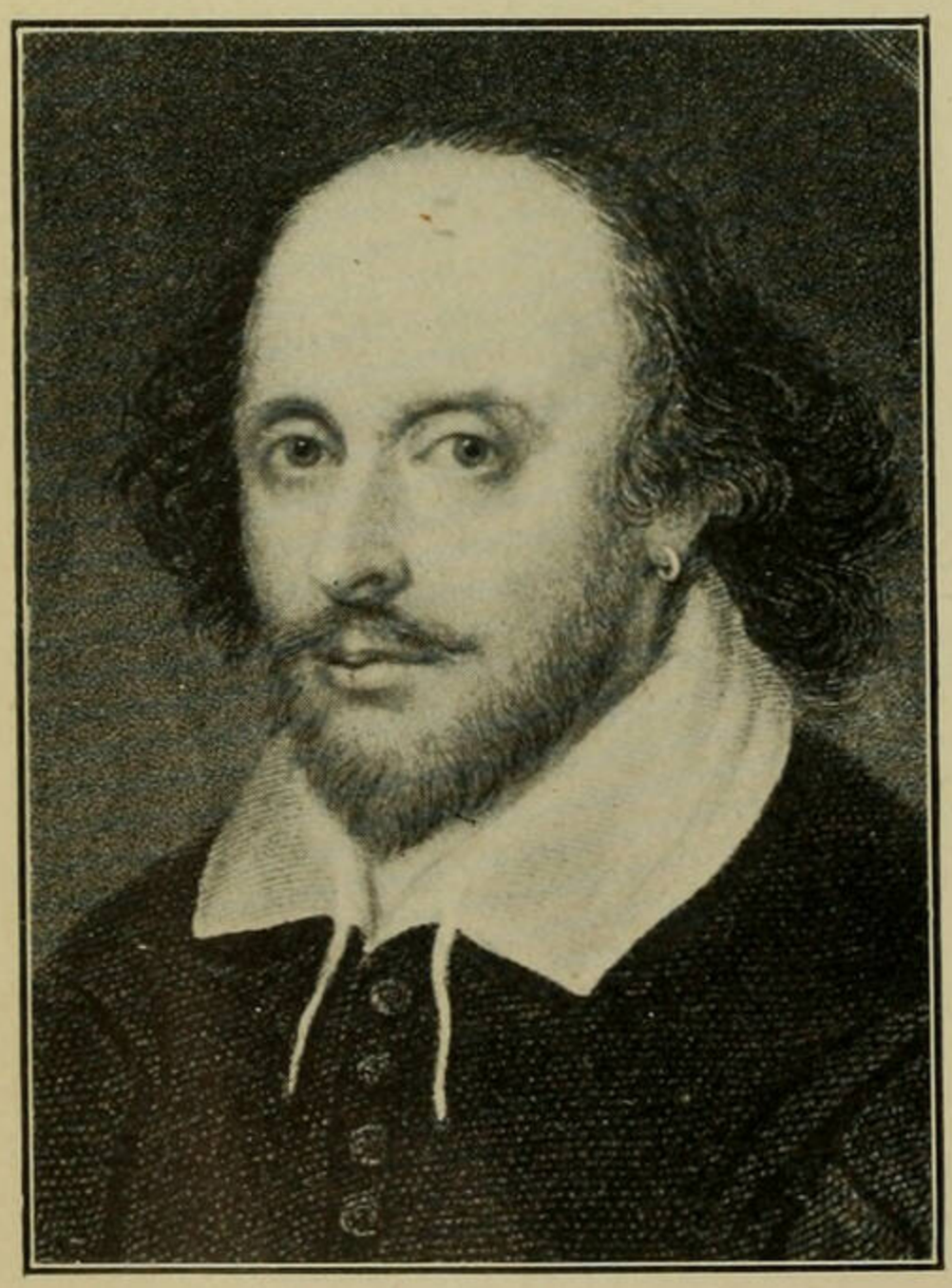
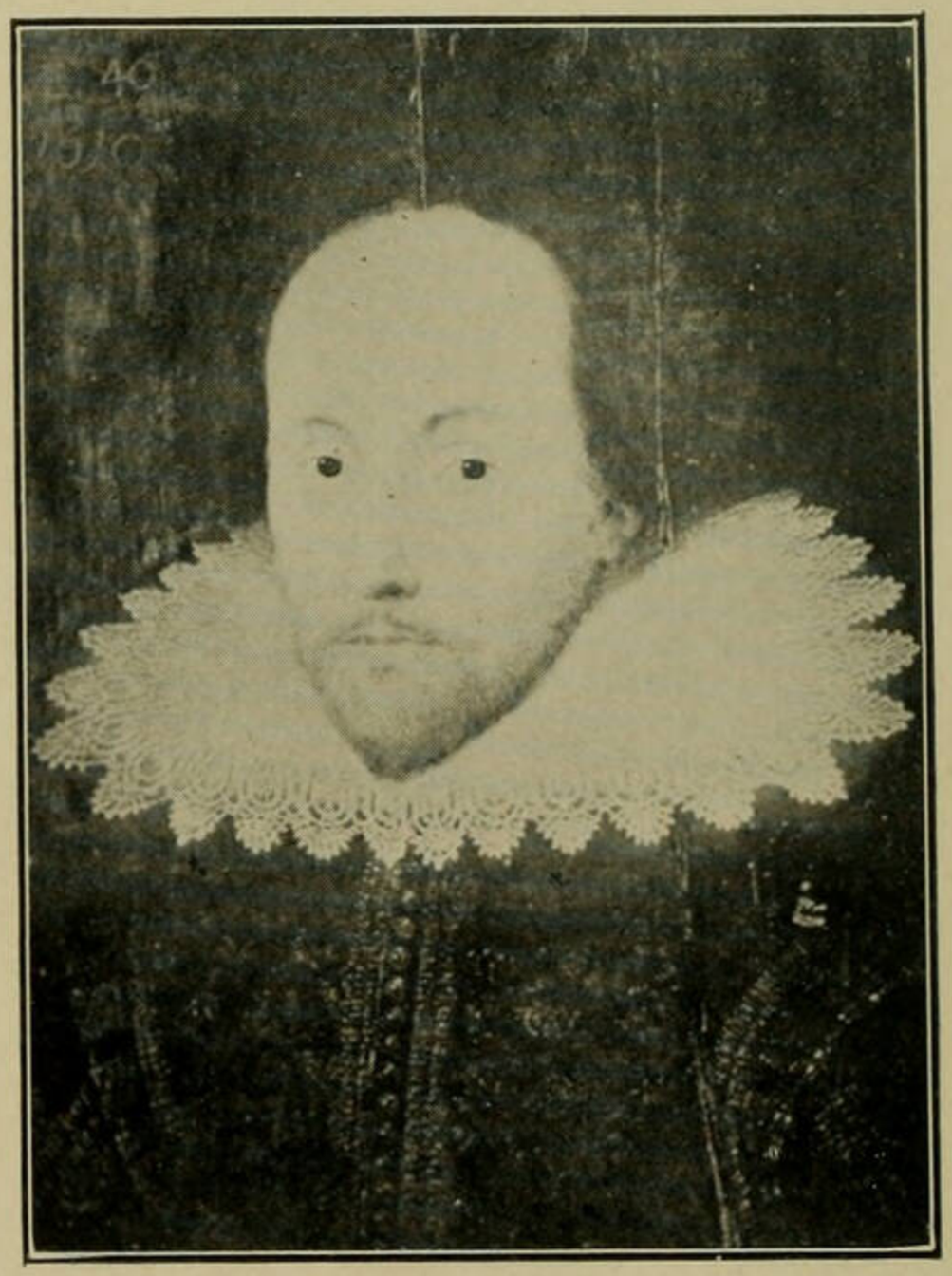


THE CHANDOS



THE JANSSEN

THE BEST KNOWN OF THE "SHAKESPEARE" PORTRAITS

countenance," not even of that "deformed by Droeshout," but resembled "The sign of Sir Roger de Coverly when it had been changed to a Saracen's head, on which occasion the Spectator observes that the features of the gentle Knight were still apparent through the lineaments of the ferocious Mussulman." Even the stiff collar was held up for disapproval, and its "pointed corners, resembling the wings of a bat," were said to be "constant indications of a mischievous agency."

But in spite of these fierce onslaughts, the new aspirant for public favor prospered, and when its promoters succeeded in inducing Boydell and Nicol to make it the frontispiece of their new edition of the works, and publicly announced that these incomparable experts were "thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of Mr. Felton's Shakspeare,"[1] and should use it "instead of having recourse to the exploded Picture inherited by the Chandos Family," its rival was quite eclipsed.

THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT

This portrait had the honor of being copied by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also for Malone by Humphrey, as well as for Capell by an unknown hand. On the back of his copy Malone has inscribed the following:—

> The original having been painted by a very ordinary hand, having been at some subsequent period painted over, and being now in a state of decay, this copy, which is a very faithful one, is, in my opinion, invaluable.

Yet of these copies Boaden notes this important difference, that Sir Joshua's copy is characterized by smartness and pleasantry; that of Mr. Humphrey by thoughtful gravity; and of Capell's he remarks:—

> Whether Sir Joshua used the freedom to mix something of the expression of the bust with his copy of the picture, I know not, but certainly he has given to his work a brisk pertness, which is

[1] Steevens, *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, pp. 4–18.

clearly not in the copy made for Mr. Capell, and which I certainly do not believe to have ever been visible on the original.[1]

It would be interesting to know how the "original" which had been "at some subsequent period painted over," originally looked.

Boaden gives the pedigree of the Chandos portrait. Starting with Joseph Taylor, an actor, in 1653, he traces it to William Davenant, the son of the innkeeper whose tavern the Stratford actor is said to have patronized when on his infrequent journeys to and from London after the purchase of New Place; then through Betterton to Mrs. Barry, the actress, by whom it was sold to Robert Keck; and finally into the possession of the Marquis of Caernarvon. Of its authenticity Boaden cites a tradition that it was originally painted for Sir Thomas Charges "from a young man who had the good fortune to resemble the actor." William Davenant was a boy ten years old when the actor died, and, says Boaden, "There is a high probability that he remembered his person, and was sure of the verisimilitude of Taylor's picture." Davenant, who, by the way, was Charles II's poet laureate and was knighted, Sidney Lee describes as "morally a poor creature." Referring to the statements made in the pedigree of the Chandos portrait he says:—

There is not a particle even of presumptive evidence in favor of either one of these assertions. And were the portraits clearly traceable to Davenant, some better testimony than his bare word, or even his actual belief, is necessary to establish the authenticity of such a picture. In my judgment, the Chandos head has no claim whatever to be regarded as a contemporary portrait of Shakespeare.[2]

It is amusing to note that Kneller made a copy of the Chandos head and presented it to Dryden, whom, Boaden with a quaint humor remarks, distinguished himself by

[1] Boaden, *An Inquiry*, etc., p. 42.
[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxiii.

cramming upon Kneller the very drug with which Ben Jonson had so long before choked the Dutchman Droeshout. Even the rhymes are the same.

Jonson: Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to out do the life.
Dryden: Such are thy pieces imitating life
So near they almost conquer in the strife.

Of the Felton portrait Lee says:—

The very period at which this head first came into public notice casts suspicion upon it; for Shakespeare forgery and fabrication then were rife.

And referring to the inscription on the back of the portrait:—

This inscription was, by those who first brought the picture into notice, and by the publisher of the first engraving from it, supposed to be "Guil Shakspeare, 1597, R.N."; and it was not until some years after that Mr. Abraham Wivell, a painter, having rubbed some oil upon the back of the picture to nourish the decayed wood, brought out the writing more clearly, and discovered that it was "Guil Shakespeare, 1597, R.B."

This seems easy of explanation. The forger of the portrait had to put initials of some sort on his picture, and having no knowledge of the tradition that Shakspere's fellow actor, Burbage, was said to have been an amateur painter, he took the first which came to mind; later, when the owner became aware of the tradition, he realized that changing the N to B would identify the portrait as an original, and greatly enhance its pecuniary value. It was an easy thing to put some oil upon it to "nourish the wood," and by so doing, and the stroke of a brush, cause a very plausible transformation of the offending letter. But was Burbage a portrait painter? Referring to Granger, who has been mentioned as having given currency to the tradition, it is found that Granger acquired his information from the "Critical Review" (London) for December, 1770, but the article in question states that it

was "Painted by either Richard Burbage *or John Taylor, the player*, the latter of whom left it by will to Sir William Davenant."[1] After a persistent search to verify the tradition respecting Burbage's use of the brush in portraiture, we venture the opinion that it originates in an abominable elegy written on his death, March 13, 1618. It is entitled, "On Mr. Richard Burbidg our excellent both player and painter," and begins, "Some skillful limner aid me."

So far as we have been able to ascertain, Burbage never painted a portrait in his life, though we have a portrait said not only to have been painted by him, but of himself. Certainly there is no portrait known to have been painted by him, and no contemporaneous evidence to support the tradition mentioned by Granger but the word "painter," used by an unknown and verbose scribbler, and a head of a woman in the Dulwich Collection.

There is, however, an entry in an account book found at Belvoir Castle that on March 31, 1613, Shakspere and Burbage were paid forty-four shillings each about my Lorde's "impresso"; that is, a representation of his arms or other insignia. Burbage probably painted his rude stage scenery, as actors often have done, and this may have been what his elegist meant. This kind of coarse painting was what the steward of Belvoir required for the pageant.

But how did the actor come into the transaction? He had been the factotum in arranging scenery for the plays he put upon the stage for Burbage, who, on his way through Stratford to Belvoir in the adjacent county of Leicester, bethought him of his old assistant, and engaged him to lend a hand for similar work in the coming pageant. The actor's employment for this service throws a clear light upon the character of his employment when in the service of Burbage during his London career.

[1] Rev. J. Granger, *A Biographical History of England*, vol. 1, p. 259. London, 1804.

With regard to the Dulwich portrait, which has been pointed to as proof that Burbage was an artist, finding nothing satisfactory in print upon the subject, the writer thought best to investigate it, and found that a portrait of a young woman in a dark green bodice with red sleeves, the head turned to the left, painted on a canvas twenty by sixteen and a half inches, and numbered 103, was described on Cartwright's Catalogue, as "*A woman's head on a bord, dun by Mr. Burbige, ye Actor.*" Mr. Bicknell, clerk to the Governors of Dulwich, in a letter to the writer respecting it, says: "The identification, however, can hardly be correct. It will be observed that this picture is on canvas, while the head, painted by Burbage, was on panel." To identify No. 103 with the portrait described in the catalogue, Mr. Bicknell kindly calls attention to the fact that Lysons, in his "Environs of London," 1792, describes this picture as in *chiaro obscuro* "a description," he says, "which so far would apply to this picture." It would be of some interest to know how the name of Burbage got into Cartwright's Catalogue, though, if it substantiated the claim that he was an artist, it would add nothing to the authenticity of the Felton portrait, which is too palpable a fraud to be rehabilitated, though it might give us a new crop of "R.B." originals of the Stratford actor.

THE JANSSEN PORTRAIT

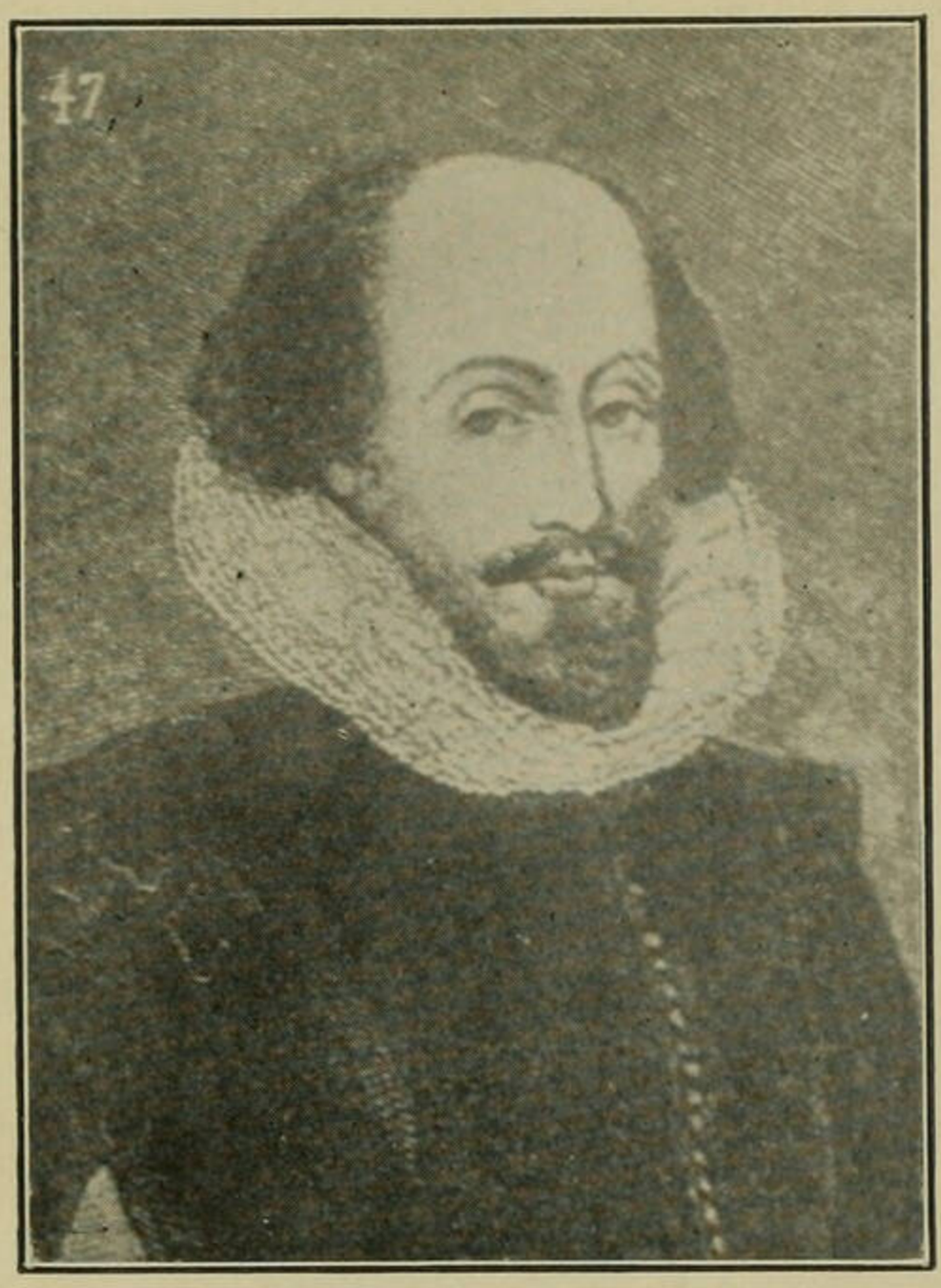
Let us now consider the Janssen portrait which has been claimed to have been painted for Southampton of his "favorite poet," for the only reason that Janssen painted his lordship.

This is another "original" with a descriptive pedigree. Janssen was a Dutch painter, the date of whose birth has been disputed, but which is now ascertained to have been in 1593, and as this picture is dated 1610, he would have been but seventeen, which, in itself, is sufficient proof that he could not have painted the portrait in question, as the character of the

work shows that it was the work of an artist of experience; in fact, it is evident that it was never intended as a portrait of the actor. That it has been tampered with since it was exploited as an original Shakspere is proved by an engraving made by Earldom for Jennens, a former owner, upon which appears above the head a scroll bearing the words, "UT MAGUS" = Like a Magician. Experts, too, who have studied it, are of the opinion that the figure "6" in "46" has been changed from a cipher. This portrait was first brought to public notice in 1761, and the most ingenious attempts have been made to carry it back to the time it purports to have been painted; hence, three different pedigrees have been provided for it, neither of which can be regarded as of the least value by any one who has not been infected by the Stratford bacillus. Steevens was the first to assail its authenticity, and since his time it has been a storm center of profitless dispute. That it was intended for a portrait of some old worthy, who would be surprised if he could return and see what a fuss has been made over his once admired portrait, is not open to doubt. The portrait has, however, served a purpose, as other "originals" show its influence blended with that of Droeshout, which, to some minds, is even made to establish its own authenticity.

THE ASHBOURNE PORTRAIT

This picture has no pedigree. It came before the public when pedigrees of original Shaksperes were in such bad odor that it was thought prudent to have it appear like a bolt from the blue. In this case, "A friend in London wrote to the second master of the Free Grammar School at Ashbourne, Derbyshire," that he had seen a portrait of Shakspere that he was positive was a genuine picture, and that the owner only valued it as a very fine painting. Being too poor to purchase it himself, he advised the schoolmaster "by all means to have it." The reply went back, "Secure the prize," much, doubt-



THE ASHBOURNE



THE GRAFTON



THE ZUCCHERO



THE SANDERS[1]

[1]Though Holder's opinion was that this was the work of Zincke, his partner in fraud, with whose style he was familiar, this has been held in high esteem by many of the actor's devotees.

less, to the satisfaction of "the friend," who, if the story of the find be true, had a good opportunity to gather in a legitimate commission. We should remember, however, that the poor schoolmaster was a painter himself in his leisure hours, and sold his original for four hundred pounds. The Ashbourne purports to have been painted a year later than the Janssen, and bears all the familiar ear-marks of a faked antique, yet believers in the Messianic actor regard it as an example of genuine portraiture. That it has borrowed an influence from both the Droeshout and Janssen is evident.

THE GRAFTON PORTRAIT

This portrait but recently came to public notice, creating quite a sensation. It claims to have been painted in 1588, when the actor was twenty-four years of age, about the time when he was working about the Burbage stables, and picking up a living as best he could. The story is that it was originally given by the Duke of Grafton to one of his servants, and descended from him for several generations to the present owner. The letters "W. S." are on the stretcher, and "ÆSVÆ 24," and the date "1588," on the upper corners respectively. Although it has been regarded by many as a vivid representation of the actor in early manhood, no one with cool judgment can regard it otherwise than as a glaring fraud. It is one of those portraits of which O. Halliwell-Phillipps sorrowfully says, speaking of those who require rational evidence of the authenticity of portraits of the actor:—

> There are others to whom a picture's history is not of the slightest moment, their reflective instinct enabling them, without effort or investigation, to recognize in an old curiosity shop the dramatic visage that belonged to the author of "Hamlet." [1]

[1] J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 297. London, 1889.

THE ZUCCHERO PORTRAIT

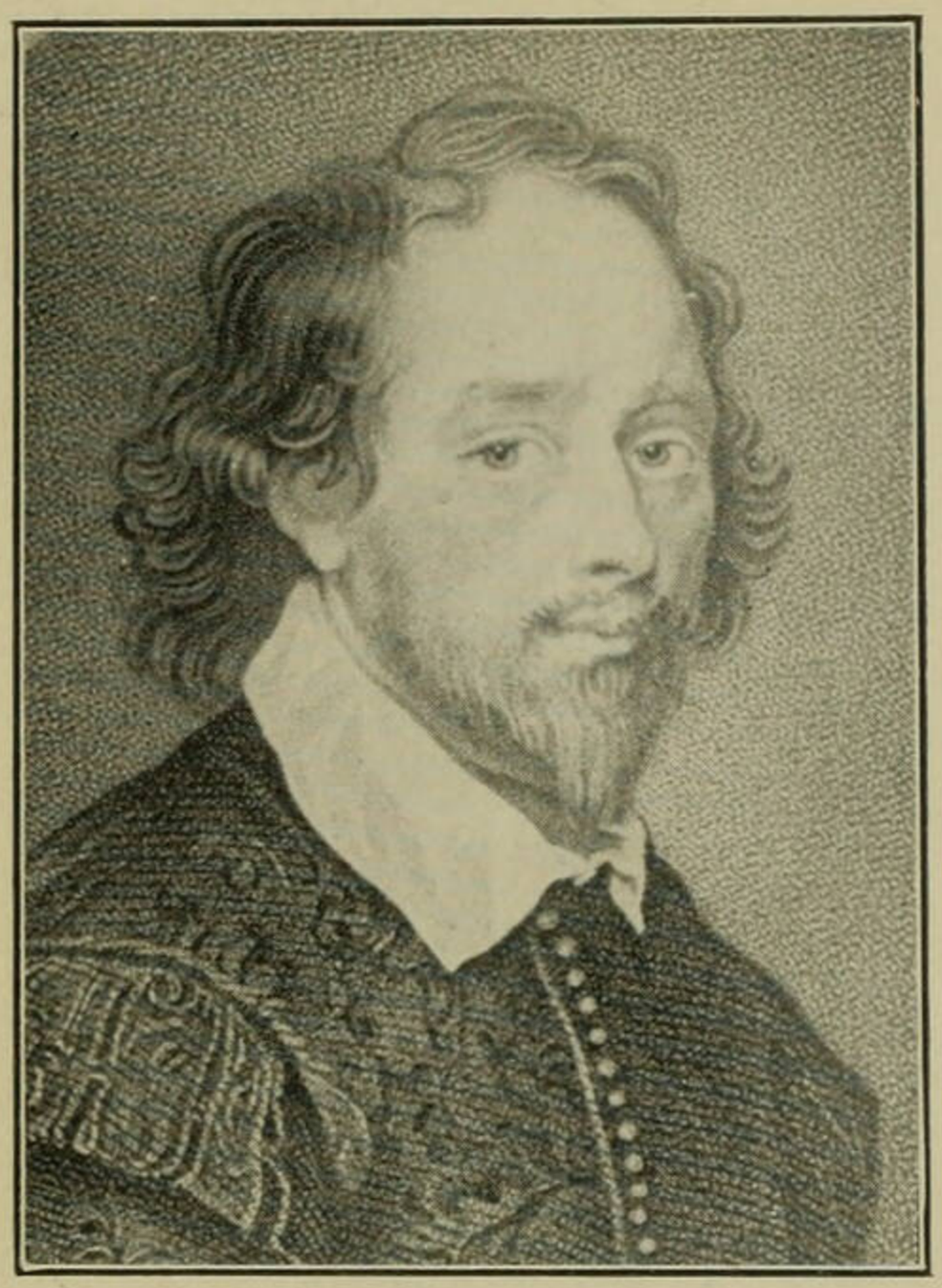
This portrait represents a writer, his head resting upon his right hand. He appears to be in deep meditation upon a subject which he is composing. The age of the man is perhaps twenty-five, certainly not over thirty. On the back of the panel upon which it is painted are the words "Guglielm Shakspere." The artist, whose work this portrait purports to be, was a Roman Catholic, who, having caused offense at the Papal Court, fled and sought a domicile in England in 1574, and had the honor of painting the Queen of Scots, and subsequently, Elizabeth. One of Bacon's portraits is said to be from his brush.

The so-called Shakspere is in every respect Italian, and bears not the slightest resemblance to the Droeshout, which has been supposed to represent the traditional features of the actor, and has served in a greater or less degree as a study for other painters; in fact, it bears a resemblance to the head of Tasso. Zucchero left England, says Boaden, in 1584.[1] This is before the actor left Stratford; at that time he was wholly unknown and in dire poverty. Boaden suggests that it is a portrait of the artist's brother, Taddio, possibly his own, and he calls attention to the coincidences of Zucchero's death with that of the actor, 1616.

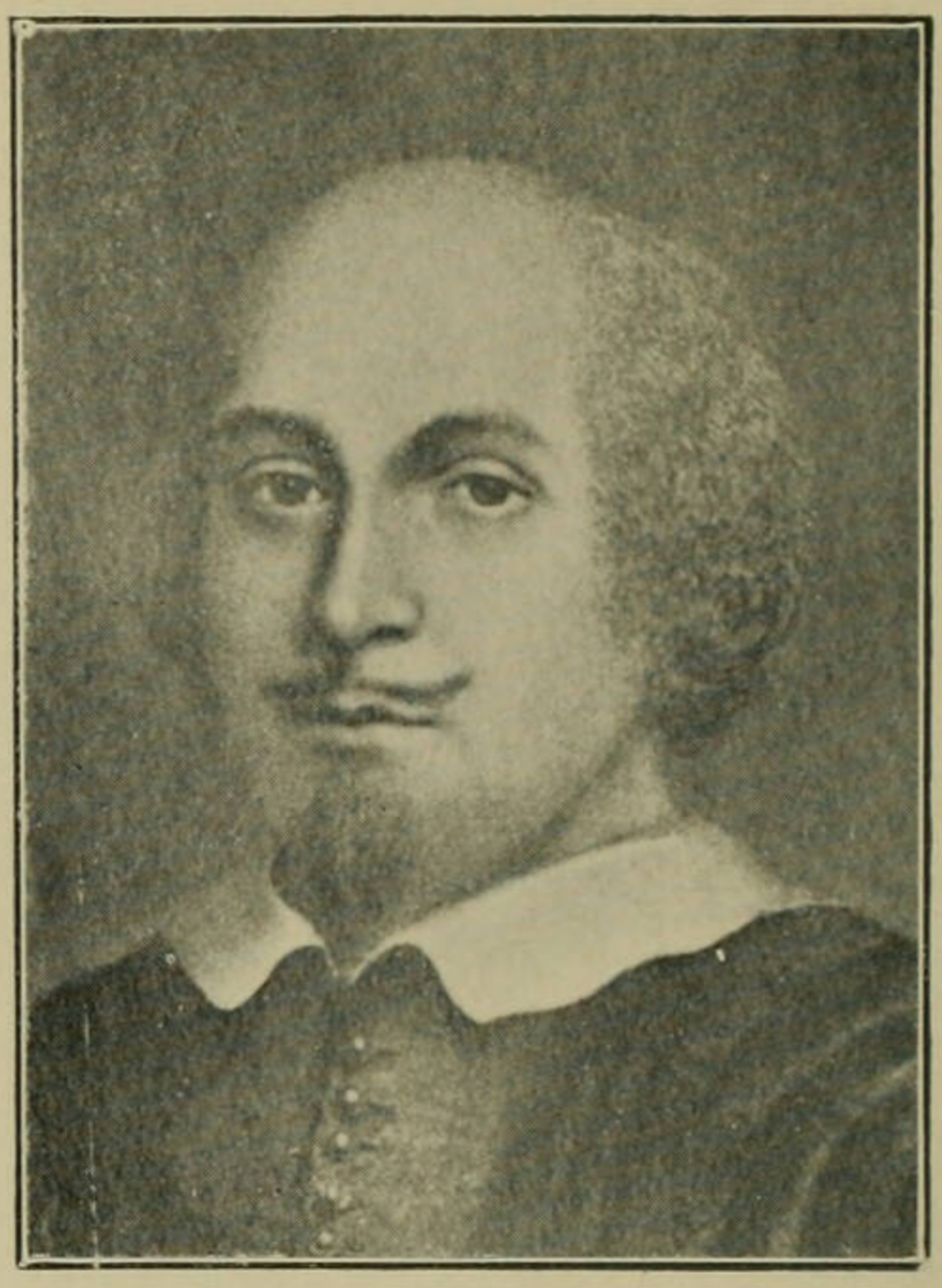
THE SANDERS PORTRAIT

The Sanders portrait is a veritable antique, and no doubt belongs to the period of the Centenary, or the Garrick Jubilee of 1769, when spurious Shaksperes were numerous and negotiable. It has all the hall-marks of Zincke and Holder, though, of course, these were not the only sinners who faked the pictures of the great, and had them discovered as coming from the Boar's Head, or behind wainscotting, or in other out-of-the-way places; there were many others. This picture is on

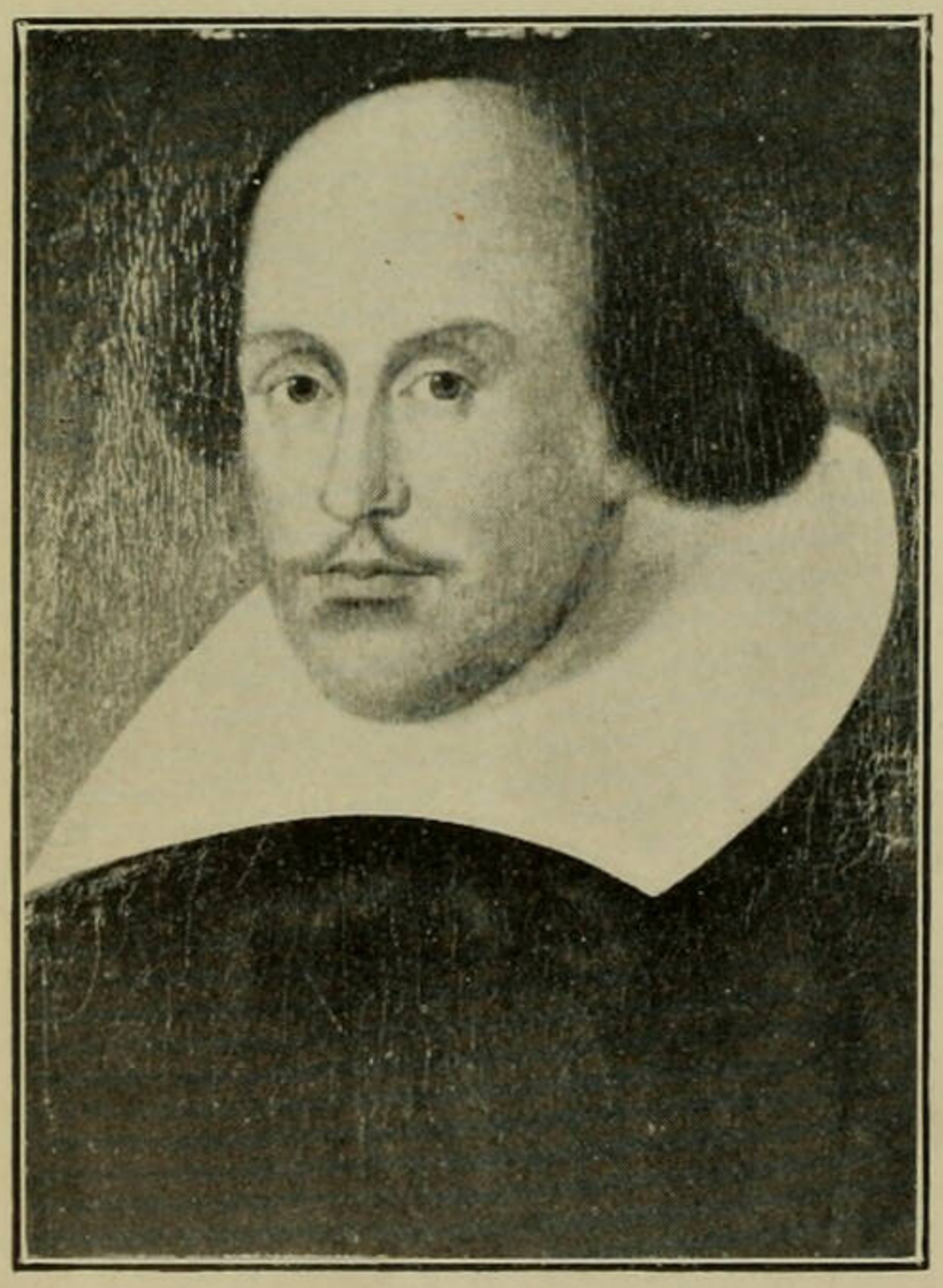
[1] Boaden, *An Inquiry*, etc., p. 62.



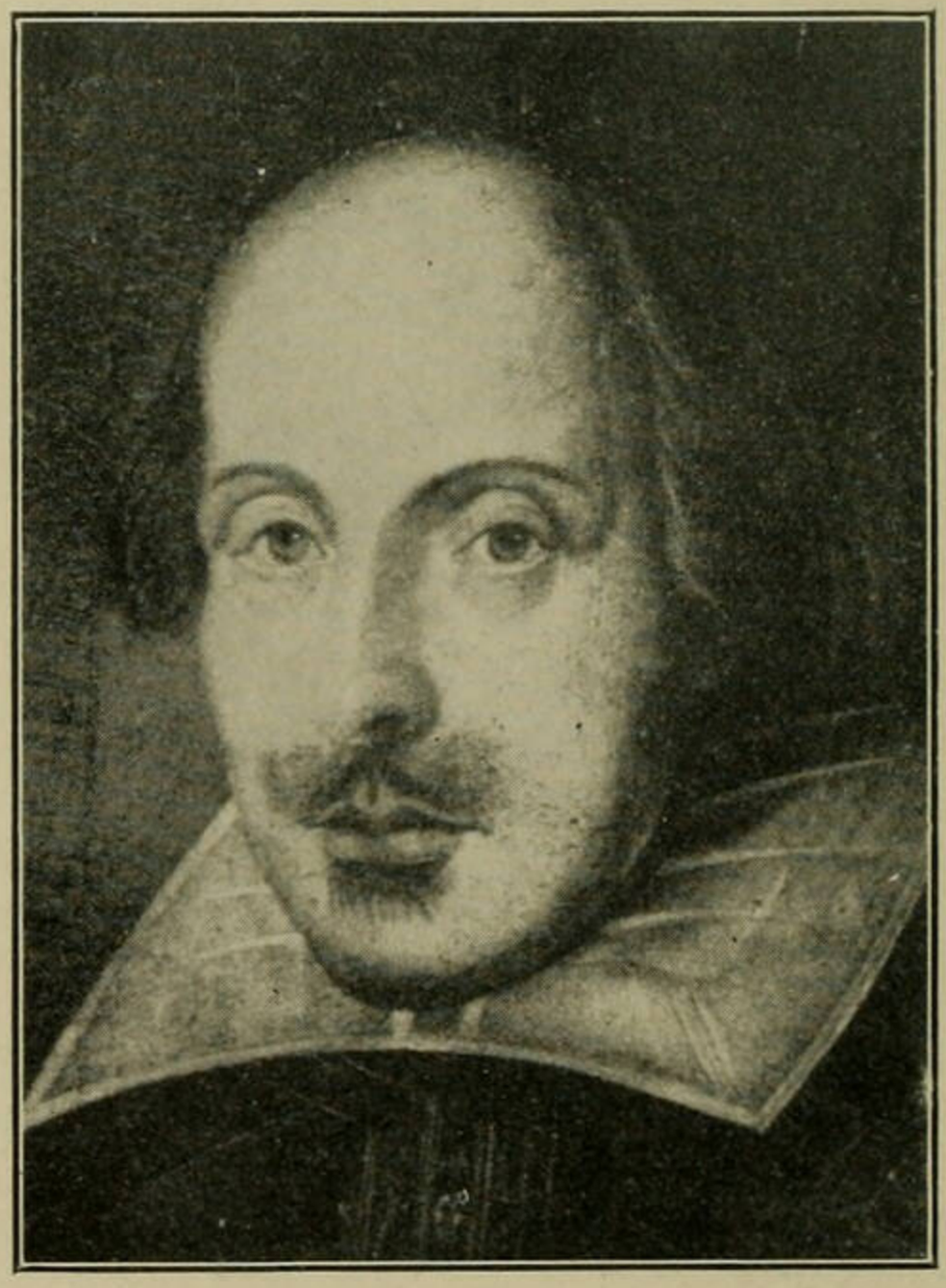
THE ZOUST



THE STRATFORD



THE ELI HOUSE



THE FLOWER

Note the direct influence of the "Felton" which reflects a modified influence from the "Droeshout."
The *anatomical structure* of all these heads show marked differences.

THE BEST KNOWN OF THE "SHAKESPEARE" PORTRAITS

a panel sixteen and a half by thirteen inches, and hardly has a feature in common with any other representation of the actor. If it were painted for a spurious portrait, the painter made some very unnecessary blunders, especially in his treatment of the hair, which he might better have made to conform in some degree to other portraits. It may have been a genuine portrait of some one to which the application of the written slip of paper on the back was all that the dealer who sold it deemed necessary to give it currency. Another blunder was made in the inscription, the paper and handwriting being unquestionably modern, possibly forty or fifty years old. The portrait is unworthy of the space we have given it. The following is the inscription:—

Shakspere
Born April 23–1564
Died April 23–1616
Aged 52
This Likeness taken 1603,
Age at that time 39 yrs.

THE ZOUST PORTRAIT

The Zoust portrait came first to light in the possession of a London painter in 1725, and for some time was exploited as a discovery of importance; in fact, it was considered one of the many originals of the actor, whose time was supposed to have been so largely occupied from youth in sitting for his portrait that one of his biographers expresses wonder that, amid all his exacting occupations, he found so much time to devote to portrait painters. But the Zoust portrait finally came to grief when it was discovered that the pseudo-painter was not born until 1637, twenty-one years after the actor's death; and yet, this portrait has been thought to be of sufficient interest to receive the honor of being exhibited in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford, and of having served as a guide to the artist who modeled the bust in Westminster Abbey.

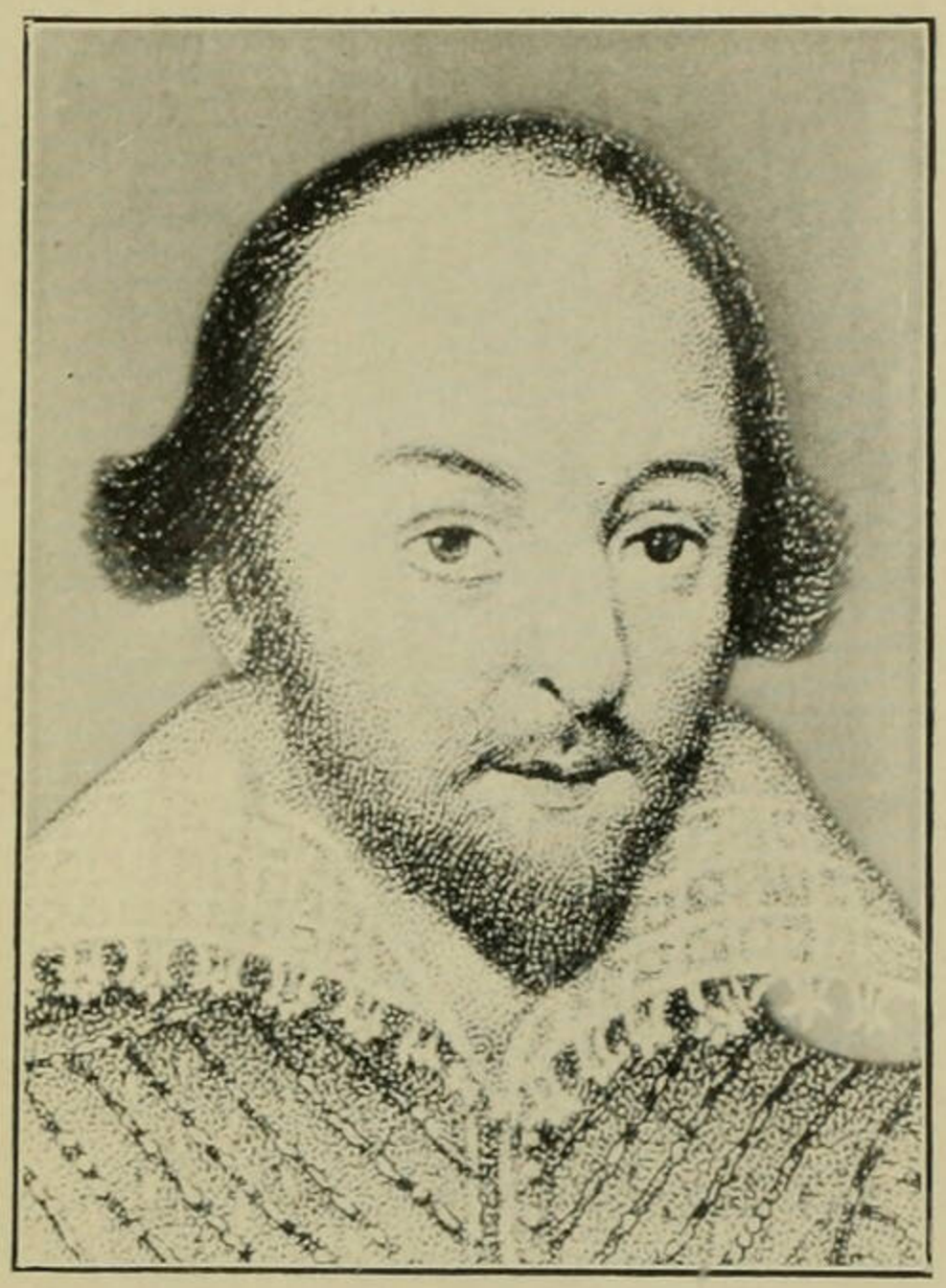
THE STRATFORD, THE ELY HOUSE, AND THE FLOWER PORTRAITS

There are three portraits in the possession of the Birthplace Trustees at Stratford, all exhibited as originals to the twenty-five or thirty thousand tourists who annually visit their town greatly to its enrichment.

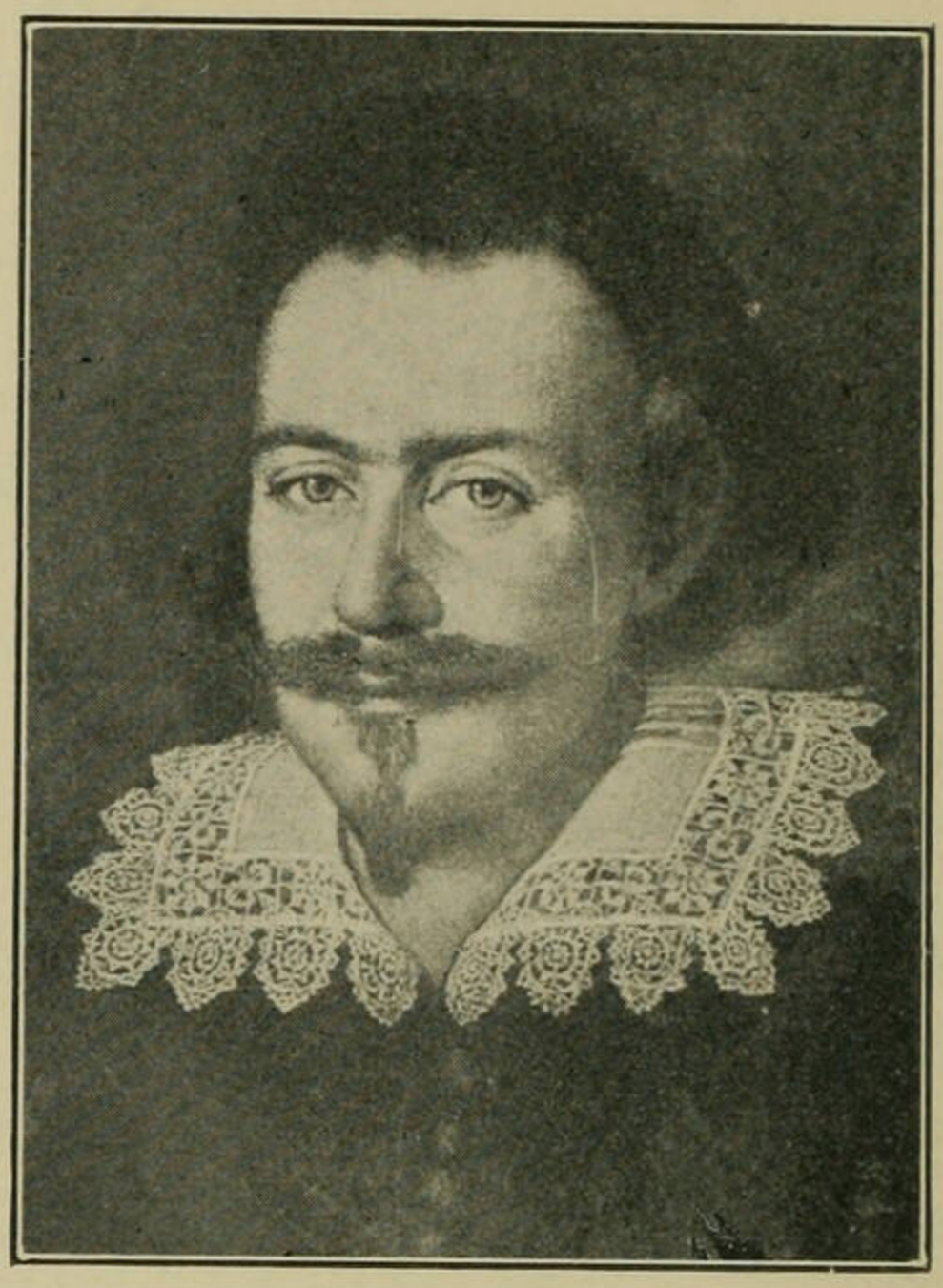
The Stratford is a painting wholly without value as a genuine relic or as a work of art, and no critic of judgment has yet ventured to imperil his reputation by indorsing it. Yet it is old, probably a century old, and resembles the bust from which it is thought to have been painted. The Town Clerk Mr. Hunt, having purchased it for a song at a second-hand shop, presented it in 1867 to the Trustees, and the obsequious guide will exhibit it to you with an approving air, but, should you raise the question of originality, will regard you with an air of severity.

The Ely House portrait is inscribed "Ae. 39 x 1603." It exhibits evidence of having been copied from the Droeshout engraving by an artist of considerable ability, though, owing to the absence of details conspicuous in the Droeshout, doubts have been expressed whether this evidence is sufficient to identify it; but there are so many faulty points in this famous engraving which a skilled artist would dislike to reproduce that we are warranted in entertaining the inference that the painter of the Ely picture judiciously ignored the more glaring faults of the engraving, and gave rein to his fancy as others have done in painting pictures of the actor. This picture possesses no claim whatever to authenticity.

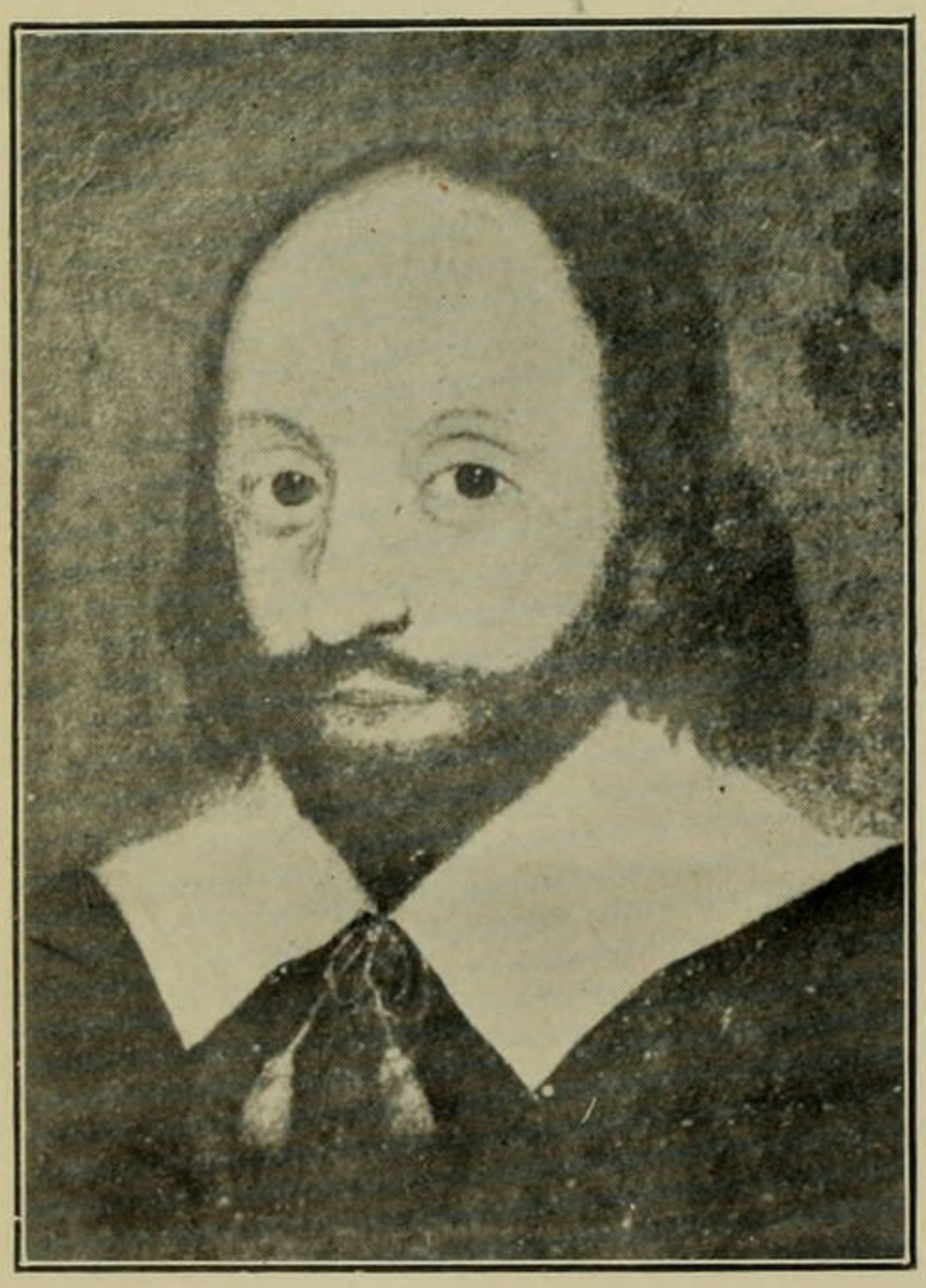
The Flower portrait which all Stratfordians now loyally asseverate is the only original, the very one from which Droeshout made his engraving, was discovered by a Stratford gentleman in 1892 at Peckham Rye, in the possession of "A private gentleman with artistic tastes," who purchased it of "An obscure dealer about 1840." As before remarked, pedigrees had once been supposed to be requisite, but in every



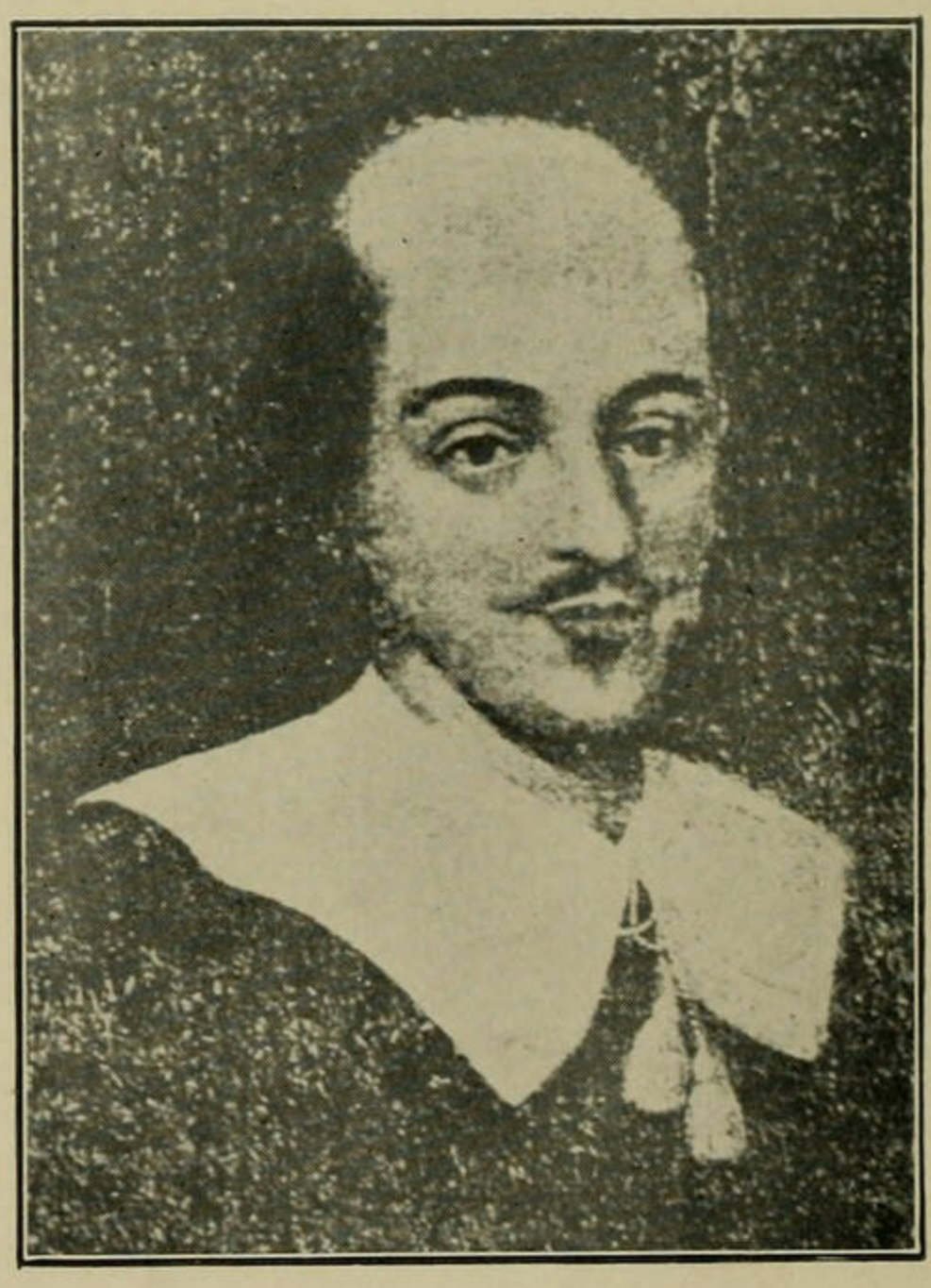
THE JENNINGS



THE BURN



THE WINSTANLEY



THE BELMONT HALL

case they had proved to be inconvenient as so many keen critics offensively applied themselves to ferreting out their validity; hence this aspirant for favor must have no pedigree whatever. The bare assertion that one gentleman purchased it from another gentleman "of taste," who was fortunate enough to have purchased it of an "obscure" dealer who knew nothing about it, should be quite sufficient; in fact, should disarm all meddlesome critics. Such people have nothing to assail in this case, not even a prevaricating dealer to entangle with perplexing questions. All they can do is to study the new "original" itself. It is described as "Painted on a panel formed of two planks of old elm." The use of the word "old," of course, intensifies the antique flavor of the picture. In the upper left-hand corner is the inscription "Willm Shakespeare, 1609." That it is a copy of the Droeshout instead of being its prototype, no one can doubt who has not been hypnotized by yielding his reason to the New Messianic cult. It can hardly be urged by our Stratford friends that Droeshout would have added the objectionable dark lines about the back of the face, which so strongly suggest the edges of a mask, if it had *not* been in a model from which they assume he copied; while it can be convincingly urged that a copyist of the ability displayed in the painting would *not* reproduce them in so marked a manner. But there must be an authentic portrait of the new Messiah, and this is certainly more interesting than the engraving; but what can be said of it when the latter is proved to be unauthentic, as we hope to show?

THE JENNINGS PORTRAIT

The Jennings portrait is among the more absurd of the two hundred or more "original" portraits of the actor. It was first known as the property of H. C. Jennings, of Batter-sea. In the upper left corner, the inscription, "Æ 33," is conspicuous, and conveniently synchronizes the date of painting with the dedication of "Venus and Adonis" to the Earl

of Southampton, to whose family Jennings claimed to have traced it. It should be compared with

THE BURN PORTRAIT

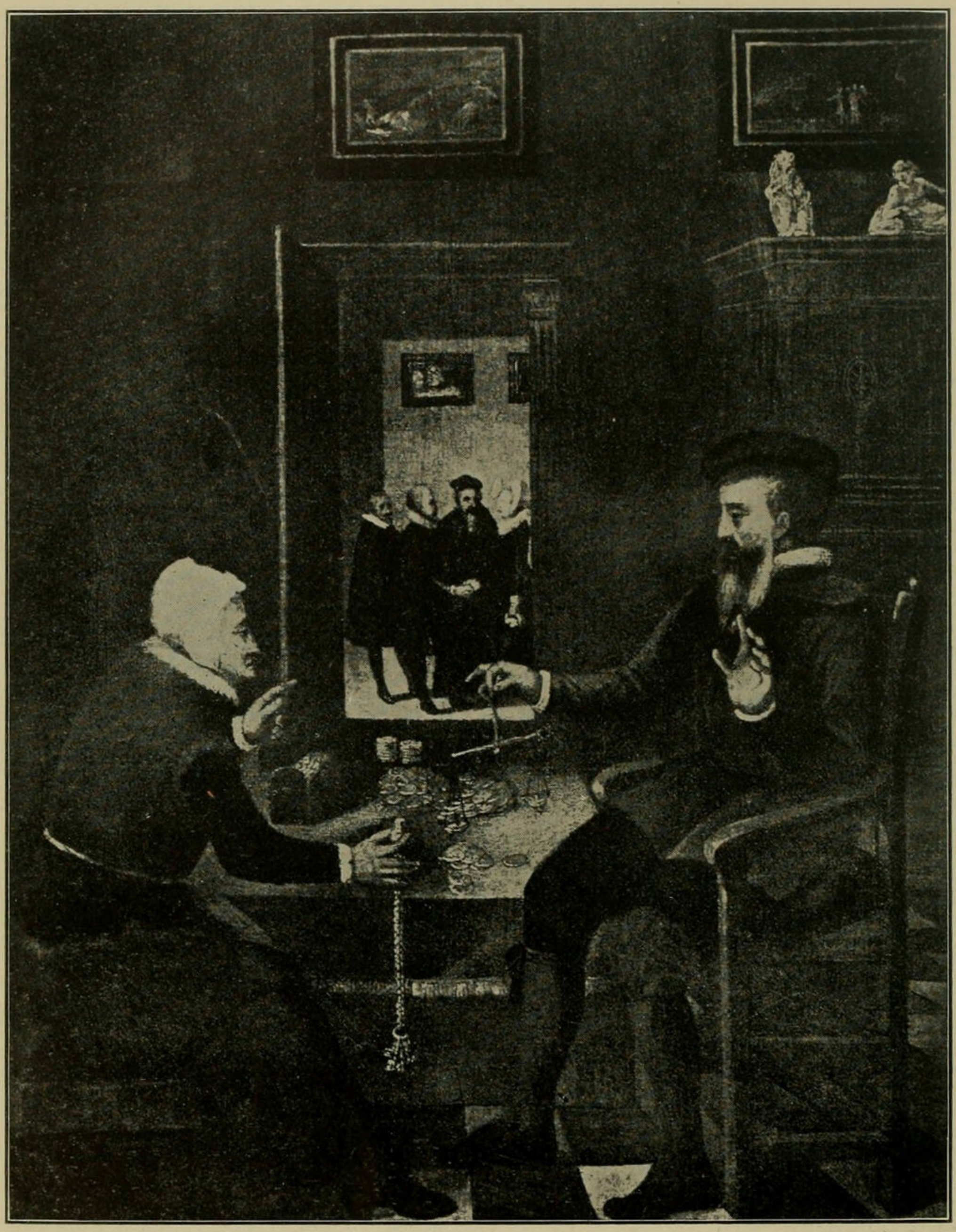
Which has had the honor of being exhibited at Burlington House, and the South Kensington "Shakespeare Show." These portraits are of quite different people, yet the owners imagine when they behold them that they are looking upon a likeness of the author of "Hamlet." Self-deception could hardly go farther.

THE WINSTANLEY PORTRAIT

There has been much acrimonious discussion over this portrait, which first came to light in the hands of Mr. Winstanley, an auctioneer of Liverpool, in 1819. The owner, though spoken of as a reputable man, became mixed up later with other fraudulent portraits, which awakened unpleasant suspicion of his integrity; in fact, he was publicly charged with being on good terms with picture fakers. He certainly knew Holder according to an anecdote related by himself. This portrait bears the following inscription: —

> As Hollie, Ivie, Misseltoe Defie the wintrie blaste
> Despite of chillings Envie so thy well earn'd fame shall laste
> Then let ye ever livinge laurel beare thy much beloved name
> O Will. Shakspere. B. J.

The initials are supposed to stand for those of Ben Jonson, who would probably disown them in vigorous terms were he alive. Holder, who seems to have regarded picture-faking as a legitimate *métier*, recognized it as the work of Zincke, his old-time associate in the business. This ought sufficiently to determine its status; but it will be possible at any time for some adventurous spirit to discover in it, as in the case of the Cunningham, or Revel's document, a genuine original, and to have his discovery hailed by enthusiasts as genuine beyond all possibility of doubt.



SHAKSPERE MARRIAGE PICTURE

MYTHICAL RELICS

THE MARRIAGE PICTURE

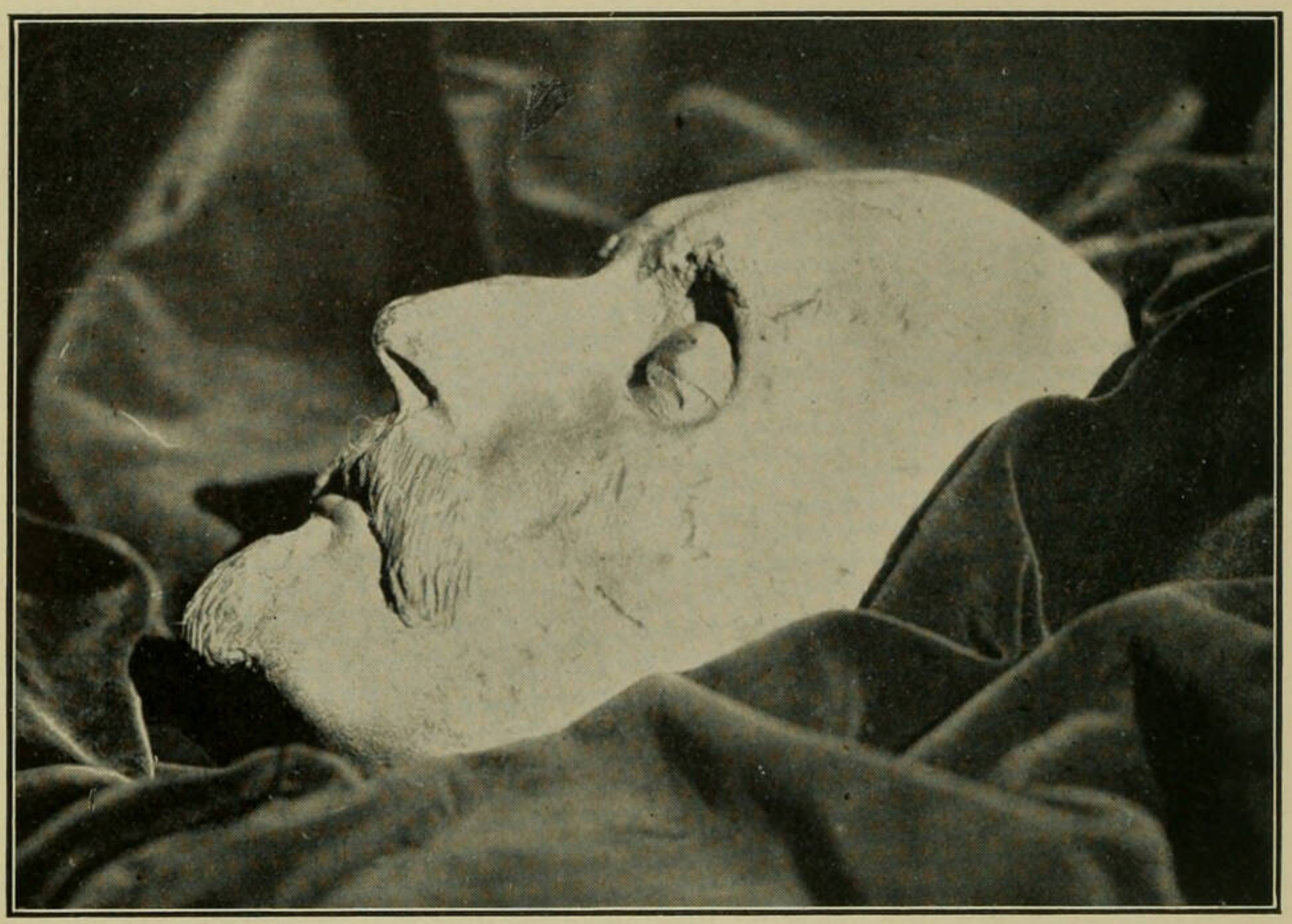
The height of absurdity has been reached by this painting, which was discovered by Holder, the one-time associate of Zincke, the unscrupulous manufacturer of spurious portraits of the Stratford actor. In spite of the obscurity and poverty of the unfortunate actor, and his hasty marriage, it professes to be a contemporary painting of the event. Holder claimed to have bought it in 1872 with several other dilapidated pictures, this being so bad that he at first thought it to be worthless, but upon cleaning it, found the following inscription:—

Rare Lymnynge
With vs doth make appere
Marriage of Anne Hathaway
William Shakespere.

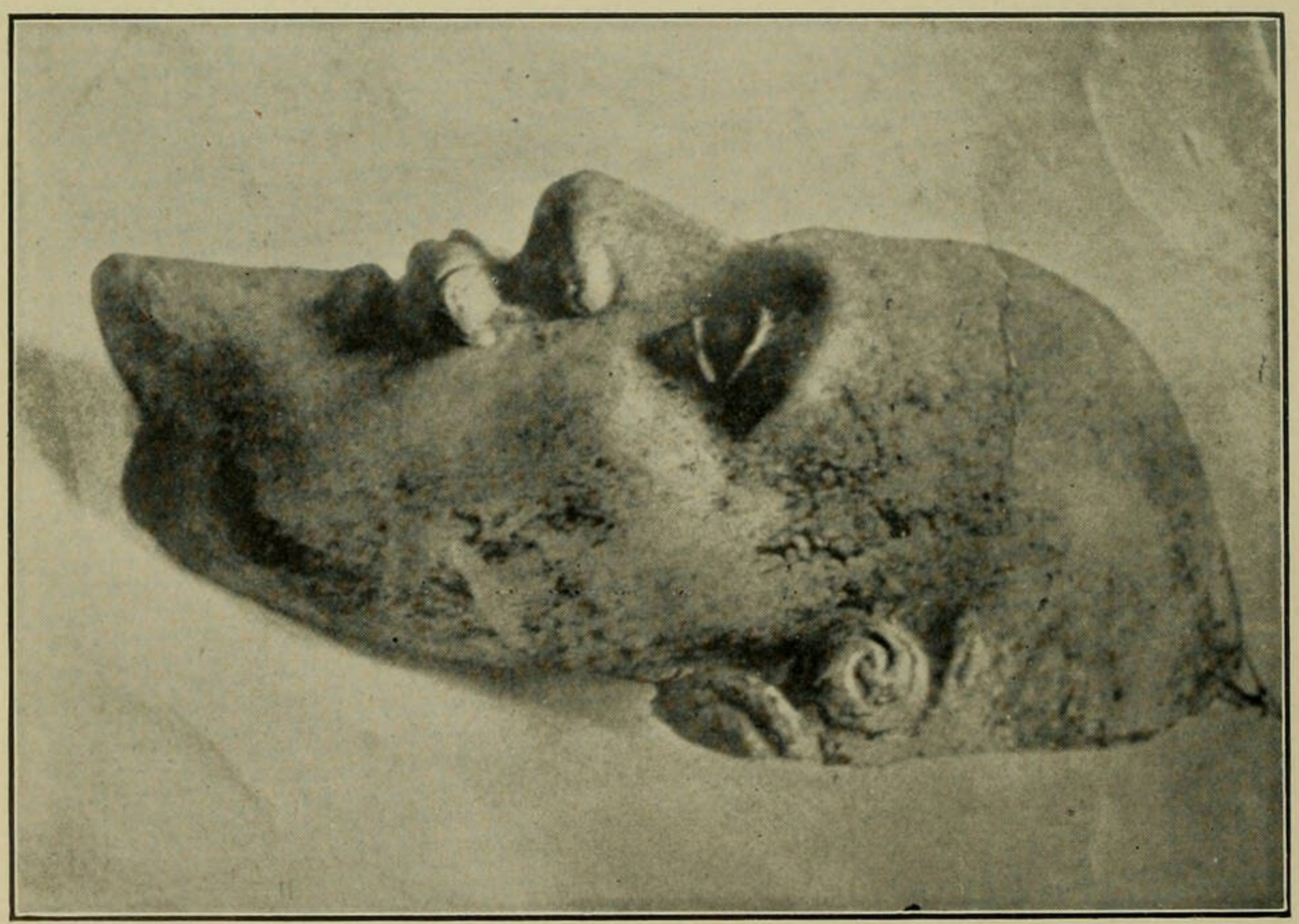
He soon sold it at a good price to a Mr. John Mandan, who described it, in the London "Notes and Queries" of 1872, as representing Richard Hathaway and his wife, Jone, weighing out a marriage portion for their daughter, Anne. In the adjoining room is to be seen through the open doorway the marriage service in progress. Of course, it was necessary to preserve Droeshout's bald head, even if the bridegroom was but eighteen. This, and the inscription, should be sufficient to condemn it, to say nothing of the oversight of representing a poor farmer weighing out a liberal marriage portion for his daughter with all the paraphernalia of a rich banker. Neither space nor patience will permit a reproduction of the ridiculous arguments adduced to prove its authenticity as a veritable representation of the marriage in 1582. Yet enough has been written about it to make a volume, and, eventually, it may find its way to Stratford, and be placed with other "original" relics.

Perhaps some readers may not be aware that there are thousands of portraits of the forgotten dead flitting about as if vainly seeking recognition, or stored away in antique shops the world over, those dim haunts so redolent of the storied past, which fascinate beyond reason the wandering

antiquarian. Some of these portraits, revealing high artistic ability, are of men and women who evidently enjoyed distinguished positions, social, and even official, in this whirligig world, and are subjects of study to determine, if possible, to whom they belonged, as the writer knows, his opinion having been sought on such occasions. Very few, however, are rescued from the forgotten, and restored to their true place among the remembered. These forgotten portraits have experiences which would astonish their former owners; some, by inconsiderable changes, being transformed into the portraits of historical personages of the more or less remote past. A few initials, a date, an insignia, if needed, are worked in so as to be difficult to decipher, and the work becomes a rare old original, and, of course, valuable to somebody. Others of these *esprits perdus* find themselves on tapestried walls amidst costly surroundings, playing, perhaps, the part of ancestors in a modern family drama. This is probably less uncommon than may be imagined. The writer, some years ago, visited the suburbs of a neighboring city to examine a library advertised as "rare," as it was, indeed, too rare for his taste. The owner of the place, which was beautiful for situation, had suddenly acquired fortune by inheritance, and had proceeded to expend it "artistically." The buildings, surrounded by splendid trees, real antiques, represented a feudal castle with its appendages, surmounted by battlements of wood, and the approach was guarded by a portcullis, also of wood. There was a chapel, and in the dim light was a tomb upon which reposed a recumbent figure ingeniously painted to simulate marble, and about the walls were glittering suits of armor, such reproductions as one finds in Florence or Milan, costing, perhaps, three or four guineas. But a greater surprise awaited one, when painfully stooping to pass under a low arch at the end of a passage, which had probably been copied from some mediæval castle, he came upon a hall with the family portraits. These were of all kinds and of varied facial expression.



BECKER DEATH MASK



STRATFORD DEATH MASK

They had been summoned by the magic wand of wealth from the uncongenial limbo of an antique shop to this no less uncongenial habitation, and looked painfully aware of their degradation. Suffice it to say that they passed under the auctioneer's hammer, and were scattered to the four winds. Perhaps these wandering spirits are now playing their sorry old rôle of ancestral celebrities in the families of other *nouveaux riches*. What a pity that their proud owners could not have taken them with them.

THE BECKER DEATH MASK

This death mask bears the name of its discoverer, Dr. Becker, "who found it in a rag shop in Mayence" some time in 1849. The subject being unknown, and having a bald head with a long and somewhat full face, suggested the head of the Stratford actor as disclosed by some of his many "original" portraits; besides, the date, 1616, was scratched on its back. This date, however, if originally placed upon it, would not be any proof of its authenticity, for many men with similar heads died in that year. The owner, of course, took his precious find to London, where it was hailed as the very model used by the sculptor of the bust. It was also noted as settling any question of authenticity, that it had a "few reddish hairs" sticking to the plaster on the apex of the forehead.

So well is the Becker mask regarded, that it forms the frontispiece of the twelfth volume of the recent edition of the "Shakespeare" Works printed from the Folio of 1623, and is regarded by readers, generally, as a genuine presentment of the face of their author.

THE STRATFORD DEATH MASK

Strange to say another death mask has come to light very recently. It is true that it is unlike the Becker mask, but it also has "near the ear a small tuft of reddish hair." Besides, it has a point better than the Becker, for in addition to the

date, 1616, this mask has the initials, "W. S.," scratched upon it. The "reddish hair" seems a bit unfortunate, as it is likely to remind one of coincidences of a kindred nature in the Boar's Head Tavern portraits, but this is a minor detail perhaps unworthy of notice, as is also the fact that the faces are unlike. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that this last discovery is now declared to be very like the bust, though the modeling of the nose and cheeks was exceedingly clumsy; hence it is suggested, —

> That the sculptor of the monument, wishful to render the features of Shakespeare as they were in life and not in death, modeled up the squeeze from the death mask, filling up the sunken cheeks, smoothing away the wrinkles and roughnesses and pores which generally appear on a death mask, and remodeling the nose, the tip of which invariably takes a different shape after death.[1]

This death mask was found "in the shop of a curio dealer in the Midlands," and, naturally, has no pedigree; yet in the next edition of the "Shakespeare" Works we may expect to see it reproduced as another genuine likeness of the actor, though its rival, which has so long held the stage, does not represent the face of the same man.

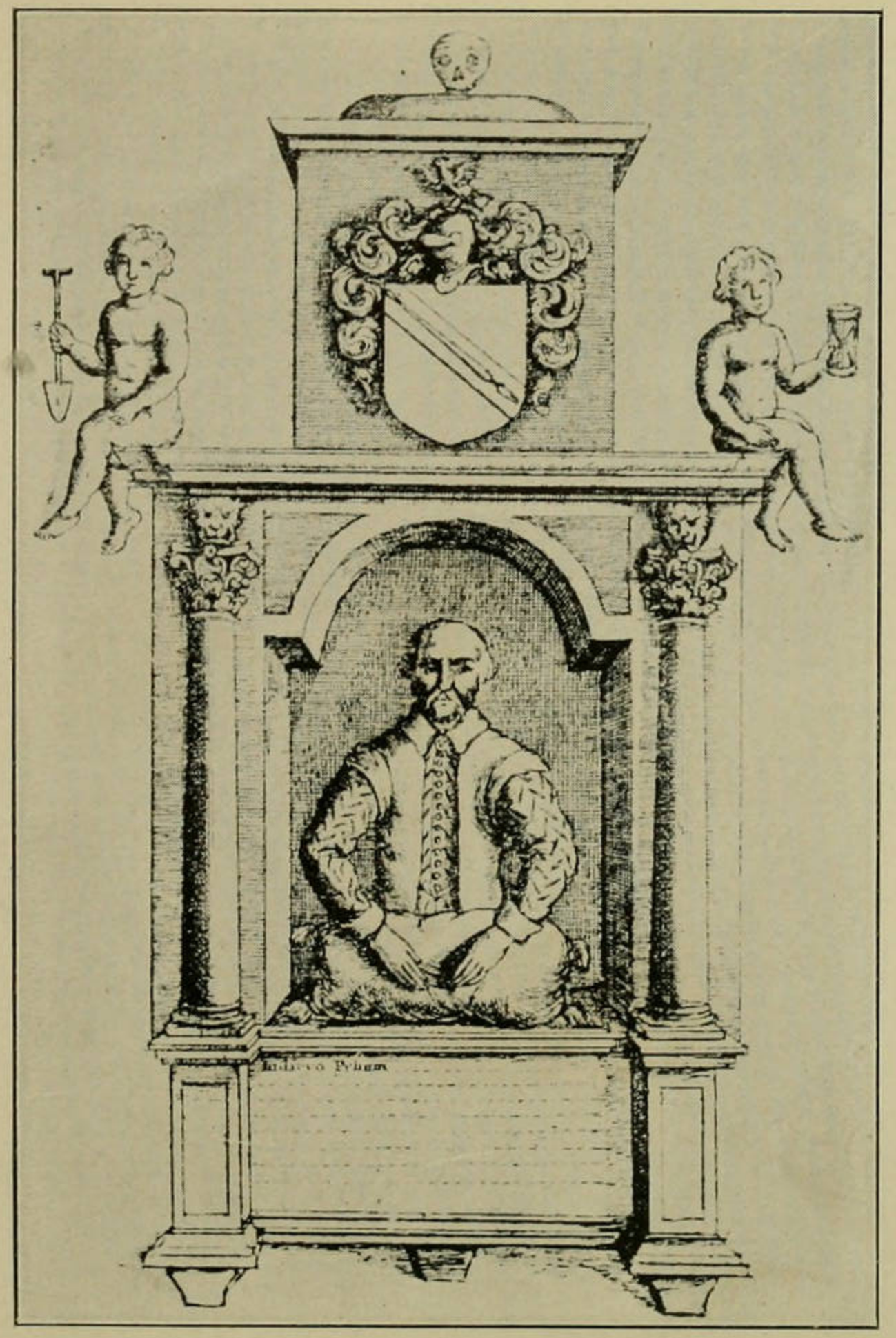
Let us now take up the bust, and, in conclusion, continue our remarks on the Droeshout engraving, which the best critics fall back upon as unassailable.

Says Phillips: —

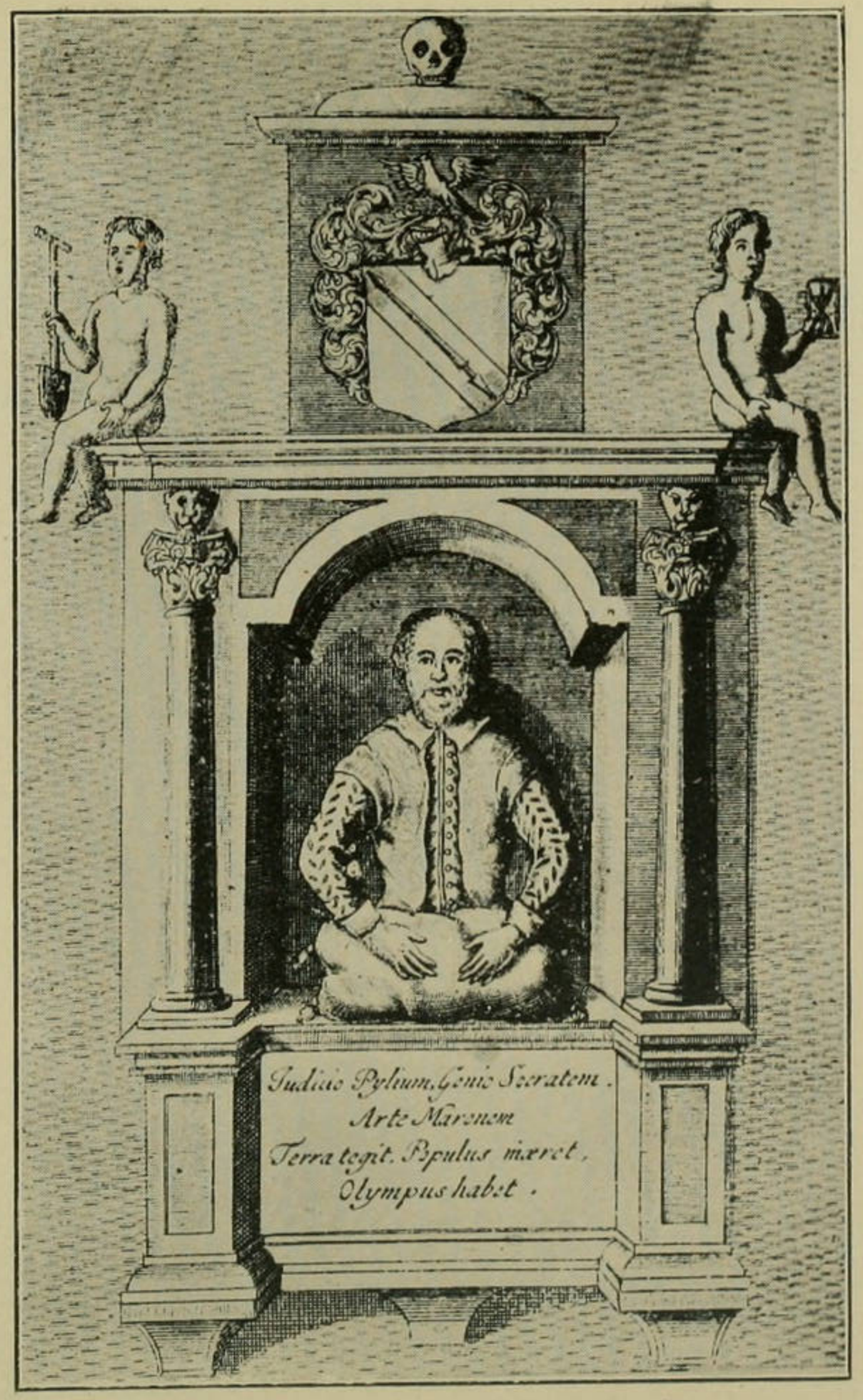
> The Stratford effigy and this engraving are the only unquestionably authentic representations of the living Shakespeare that are known to exist, not one of the numerous others, for which claims to the distinction have been advanced, having an evidential pedigree of a satisfactory character.[2]

Sidney Lee, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Trustees, and Guardians of Shakspere's Birthplace, writing later, says: —

[1] P. C. Konodes, in *The London Illustrated News*, June 17, 1911.
[2] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, pp. 286, 297.



THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM DUGDALE'S WARWICKSHIRE, 1656



THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM ROWE'S LIFE OF THE ACTOR, 1709



THE BUST AS IT IS TO-DAY

MYTHICAL RELICS

Aubrey reported that Shakespeare was "a handsome well-shaped man," but no portrait exists which can be said with absolute certainty to have been executed during his lifetime, although one has been recently discovered with a good claim to that distinction, the Flower. Only two of the extant portraits are positively known to have been produced within a short period after his death. These are the bust in Stratford Church, and the frontispiece to the Folio of 1623, the Droeshout. Each is an inartistic attempt at a posthumous likeness.[1]

THE BUST

The twelfth volume of the late Reprint of the Folio of 1623 has for a frontispiece this bust, accompanied by the following statement:—

> This, the oldest representation of Shakespeare in existence, is placed on the north side of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, over the poet's grave. It was sculptured by either Gerard Johnson or one of his sons, shortly after Shakespeare's death, and was originally in colour. In 1793, these colours were obscured by white paint, which in turn was removed in 1861, and the colouring restored. The carving is of no artistic merit, but its authenticity has been so long established, as to render its place secure at the head of Shakespearian likenesses.

This statement is almost wholly erroneous. It is not the oldest representation of the actor in existence; it was not sculptured by Gerard Johnson, — more correctly, Gerald Janssen, — nor one of his sons shortly after his death; nor does it stand at the head of his likenesses, if the Droeshout is what Stratfordians claim it to be, "An original, but inartistic portrait." If it looks at all like him, the Droeshout, which Stratfordians are obliged to cling to because of Jonson's expression regarding it, would be discredited. Steevens took a Droeshout engraving nearly a century ago, and climbing up to it, measured and compared the two, and declared that they were quite unlike. Another biographer, after a critical study

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 286.

of it, not only freely expressed his doubts regarding it, but of all other pseudo likenesses of the actor. He says:—

It would be gratifying if we could give any faith to the tradition which asserts that the bust of this monument was sculptured from a cast moulded on the face of the departed poet. But the cast, if taken, must have been taken immediately after death, and we know neither at whose expense the monument was constructed, nor by whose hand it was executed, nor at what precise time it was erected. But if we cannot rely upon the Stratford bust for a resemblance of our immortal dramatist, where are we to look with any hope of finding a trace of his features? It is highly probable that no portrait of him was painted during his life, and it is certain that no portrait of him with an incontestable claim to genuineness is at present in existence.[1]

Yet, strange to say, he gives "the fairest title to authenticity" to the Chandos which White denominates "an earringed, full bearded, heavy-eyed thing, unsupported by a particle of evidence that reaches to within three-quarters of a century of the time at which it must have been painted, if it were really authentic."[2] But what shall we think when we find that the original bust has disappeared, and been forgotten, and another one, wholly unlike the first, is the one with which the actor's biographers, whom we have quoted, have been deceiving themselves? And yet this is a fact.

In 1656, a history of Warwickshire was published in which appeared an engraving of the bust as it then was. This shows quite a different face from the present one, and in place of the flat cushion with the person represented holding a pen in his right hand, and the left resting upon a piece of paper as though engaged in the act of composition, is a woolsack pressed to the body. The figures and accessories are similar but unlike. Were it not for these changes, it might be contended with some plausibility that Dugdale's sketch was imperfect, but, fortu-

[1] Charles Symmons, D.D., *The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare*, p. 11. Hartford, 1841.

[2] Richard Grant White, *The Works of William Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 125. Boston, 1865.

nately, we have a record of the time the changes in the bust were made. Having become dilapidated, John Ward, already mentioned in connection with the Furness gloves, an actor, and grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, was in Stratford in 1746, and conceived the idea of "restoring" it. He therefore gave a representation of Othello for the purpose of raising funds to carry out his laudable design. A sufficient sum having been obtained the work was commenced, the restorer having orders not only to repair but to *beautify* it. The result we now see. Some one may raise the question of the picture by Virtue made for Pope's edition of the works of 1725, but they might as well raise the question regarding Gravelot's engraving in Hanmer's edition of 1774 or Grignion's of 1786, twenty-six and thirty-eight years after the restoration. Both are largely fanciful creations of the engravers, who did not take the trouble to go to Stratford for their material. In the case of Grignion, he copied from Dugdale, but Virtue and Gravelot indulged their fancies to the extent of introducing an entirely new bust, and changing the position of the cherubs and skull. In the restoration it is plain to see that the "restorers," who appear to have been given a free hand, took hints from Virtue's design. We may regard Dugdale's, then, as the original sketch of the bust, drawn only twenty years after the actor's death.

And yet Sidney Lee, in his so-called "Life" of Shakespeare, says:—

> Before 1623 an elaborate monument by a London sculptor of Dutch birth, was erected to Shakespeare's memory in the chancel of the parish church. It includes a half-length bust depicting the dramatist on the point of writing. The fingers of the right hand are disposed as if holding a pen, and under the left hand is a quarto sheet of paper.

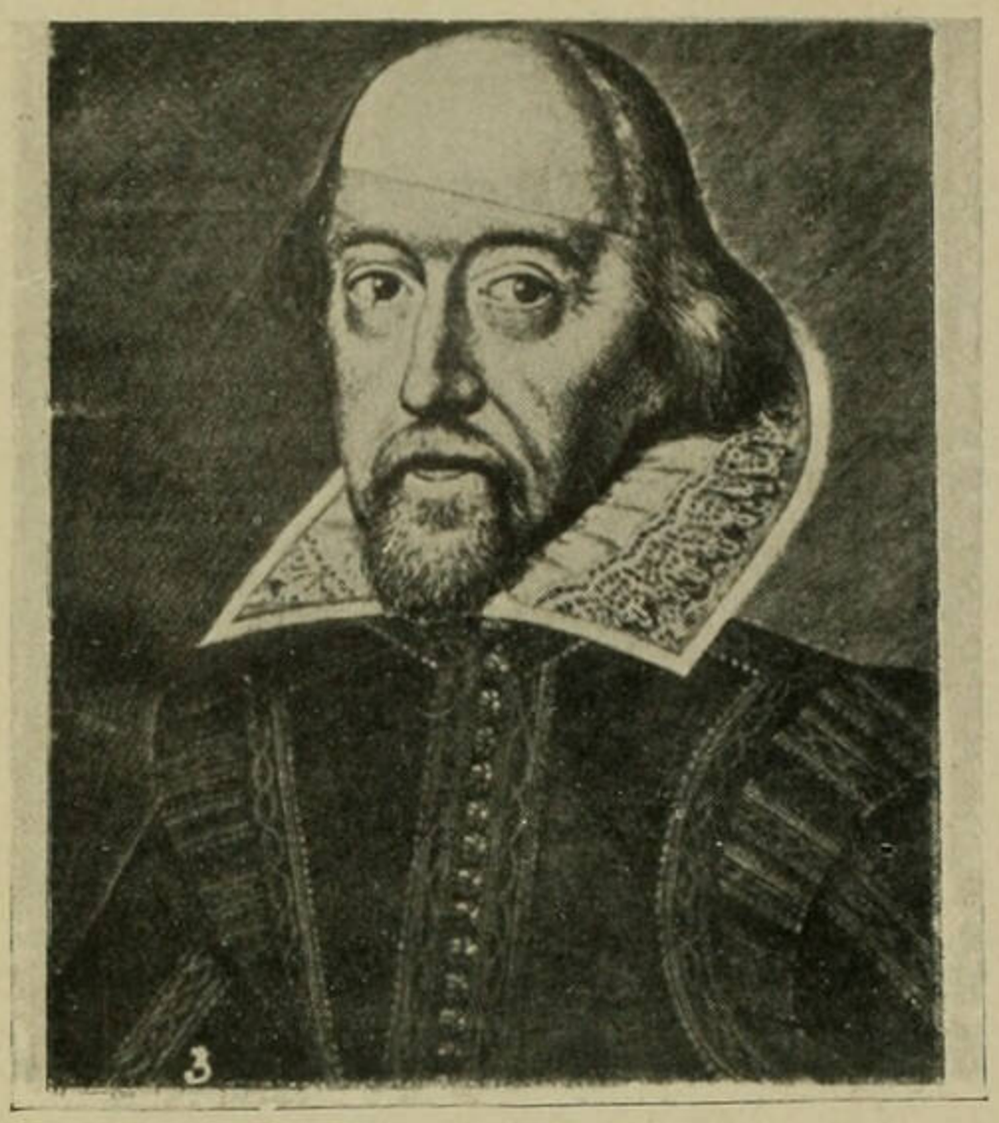
This is sufficient to show Lee's inexcusably careless method of working. Had he given a student's study to his subject, he would have discovered the fact that the bust with the pen

in one hand, and the other on a sheet of paper, was erected a hundred and thirty years after the actor's death.

Of course it may be objected that Dugdale was careless, "probably," for this is the favorite word used by Stratfordians for or against every thesis; but Dugdale, on the contrary, was a born antiquary, and the care which he exhibited in his treatment of the architectural details surrounding the bust, and of other similar work of his, disposes of such a charge. The attitude of the cherubs, the shield, the hour-glass and spade, the woolsack, were never invented by him we may be sure. But how dispose of Rowe, who was familiar with the bust as late as 1709, and in his work gives a representation of it with but a slight difference in facial expression, no more so than is usually found in the work of artists of the period? The woolsack is especially suggestive. The actor was a trader in wool, an occupation of which his family was much prouder than that of a player; hence their choice of a sack of wool which was their most appropriate and, no doubt, most highly prized family emblem. The old bust was possibly the work of Gerald Janssen, and while it was not a work of art, we may reasonably believe that it is the only likeness which we have of the actor, made for his family by an artist who probably knew him, and approved by them: besides, we hope to show by and by, from an entirely independent source, fairly reasonable evidence that Dugdale's portrait resembles one of the actor which appeared on a title-page of a work in 1624.

The monument in Westminster Abbey requires no examination. The artist, perplexed by the various portraits of his subject, quite properly created an almost ideal effigy which is wholly unlike the Droeshout portrait or Stratford bust. The same may be said of the Roubillac bust and the Gower bronze statue at Stratford.

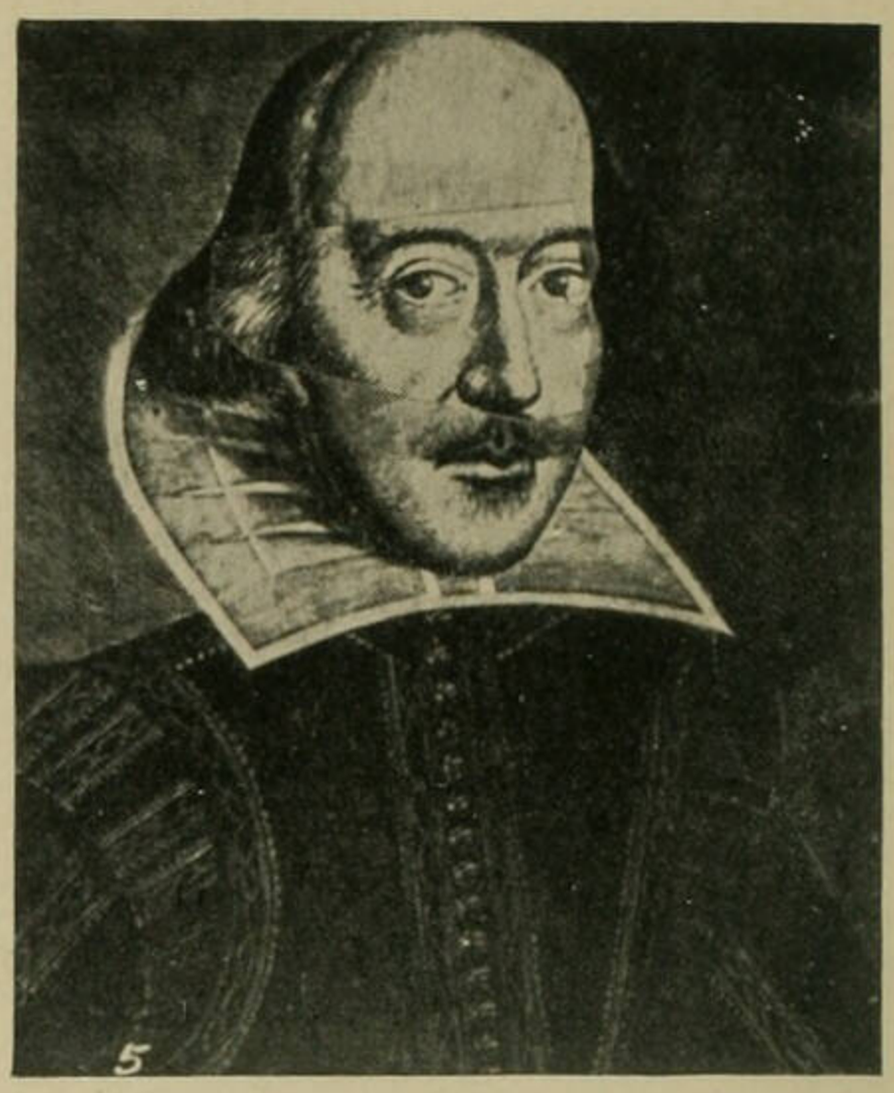
Although enough has already been adduced to show its spurious character, we have again to refer to the Droeshout



1

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

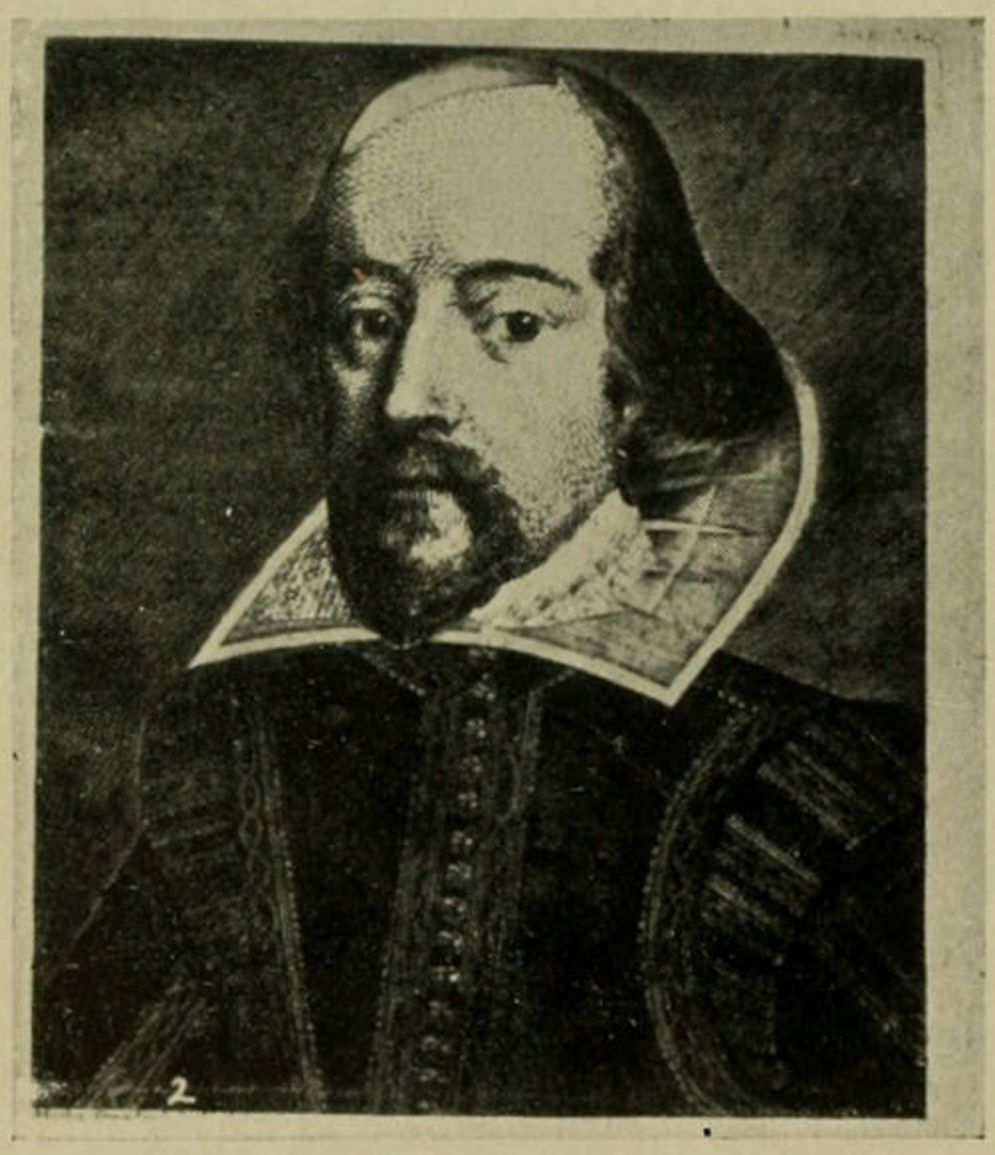
Overlaid with the face, hair, and beard of Passe's Bacon



2

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

Overlaid with the nose, eyes, and temple of Passe's Bacon reversed



3

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

Overlaid with the face and beard of Worthington's Bacon



4

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

Overlaid with Passe's Bacon. Note alignment of eyebrows, nose, and cheek

portrait, the "really authentic likeness," the one sacred icon in the sanctuary of the actor's biographers.

Lawrence has called attention to the remarkable black line extending "from ear to chin" on this mysterious portrait, and the peculiarity of the coat which the artist has depicted.[1] That the face strongly resembles a mask all must admit. A clear impression from an unworn copy of the original folio of 1623 shows this peculiarity more plainly than in later editions after the plate became worn. Such is the engraving here shown, taken from a photograph made for the writer. The resemblance to a mask is enhanced by turning it upside down. The figure, it will be observed, is much too small for the head. This has been observed by the biographers, the latest, Sidney Lee, who says, "The dimensions of the head and face are disproportionately large as compared with those of the body."[2] Attention is also attracted by the coat, which presents the back of the right arm on the left arm of the figure, which signifies that the person represented is masquerading in a false coat. That this is such a garment we have the testimony of some of the best-known London tailors. It plainly tells its story. Mr. William Stone Booth, however, gives us the most remarkable evidence of an intention to hide an author's face behind one purporting to be that of another that has ever been attempted. Strangely enough, more than fifty years ago, William Henry Smith,[3] a student of the "Shakespeare" Works, saw in the portrait of the philosopher resemblances to that of the actor as exhibited by Droeshout, and Mr. Booth, applying to them the Bertillon system of measurement, found them to be exact counterparts of each other. He says:—

> Even if no doubt of the actor's authorship had arisen, it would have been an extraordinary phenomenon that the two greatest

[1] Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, Bart., LL.B., *Bacon is Shakespeare*, pp. 23 *et seq.* New York, 1910.

[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 287.

[3] William Henry Smith, Esq., *Bacon and Shakespeare*, p. 39. London, 1857.

men of letters of Elizabethan times should be found to have portraits anatomically identical.[1]

He then proceeds to demonstrate the accuracy of his measurements by patiently overlaying no less than twenty-seven sections of the two faces, and showing that they perfectly coincide with the parts covered without materially affecting their expression.

The same methods have been employed by Professor Holbrook in his treatment of the portraits of Dante with unquestionable results.[2]

That the methods of measurement employed by Mr. Booth are scientific, any one can convince himself by studying them as the writer has done; it would be better, though, to resort to his book, and follow his ingenious exposition of his subject. We reproduce by the kindness of his publisher, Mr. W. A. Butterfield, eight of Mr. Booth's examples: It may be objected that faces strikingly similar are sometimes seen. This is quite true. The writer in his studies of portraits recalls several such instances, perhaps the most interesting one depicted by Morton of an antique, upon which he remarks: —

> After twenty-five hundred years, so indelible is the type, every resident of Mobile will recognize in this Chaldean effigy the *facsimile* portrait of one of their city's most prominent citizens.[3]

This reference is to Senator Judah P. Benjamin. But such an objection cannot be sustained by the actor's friends in this case. The subjects were at social antipodes, living at the same time, known to one another and to one another's friends, and believed by numberless partisans to be authors of the same works. Surely the many writers with whom they associated would have noted a resemblance if such existed. The

[1] William Stone Booth, *The Droeshout Portrait*, p. 3. Boston, 1911.

[2] R. T. Holbrook, *The Portraits of Dante from Giotto to Raffael.* London, 1911.

[3] Samuel George Morton, M.D., *Types of Mankind*, p. 116. Philadelphia, 1860.



5

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

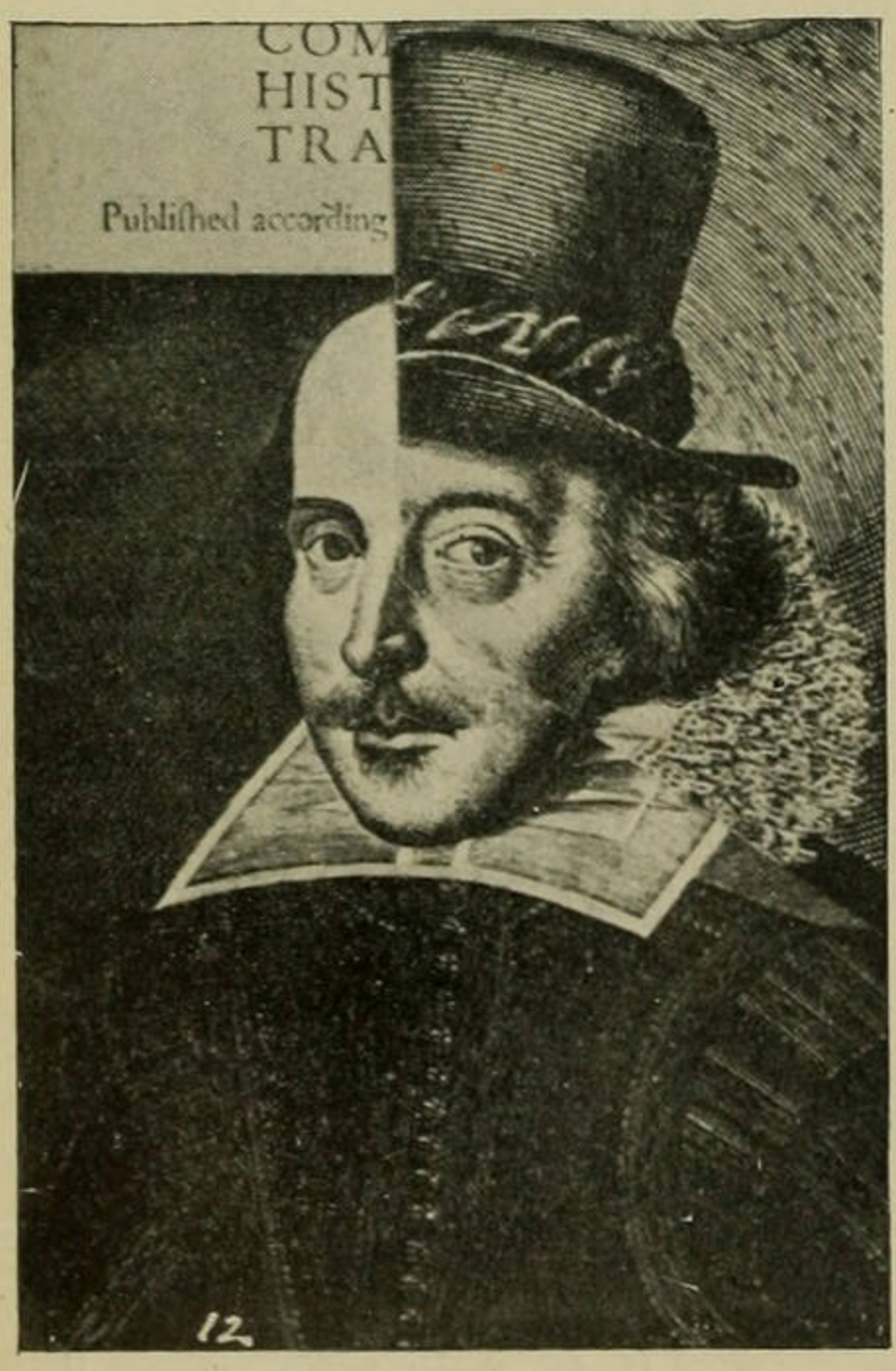
Overlaid with the upper half of Passe's Bacon. Compare with No. 6 for line from lobe of nose



6

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

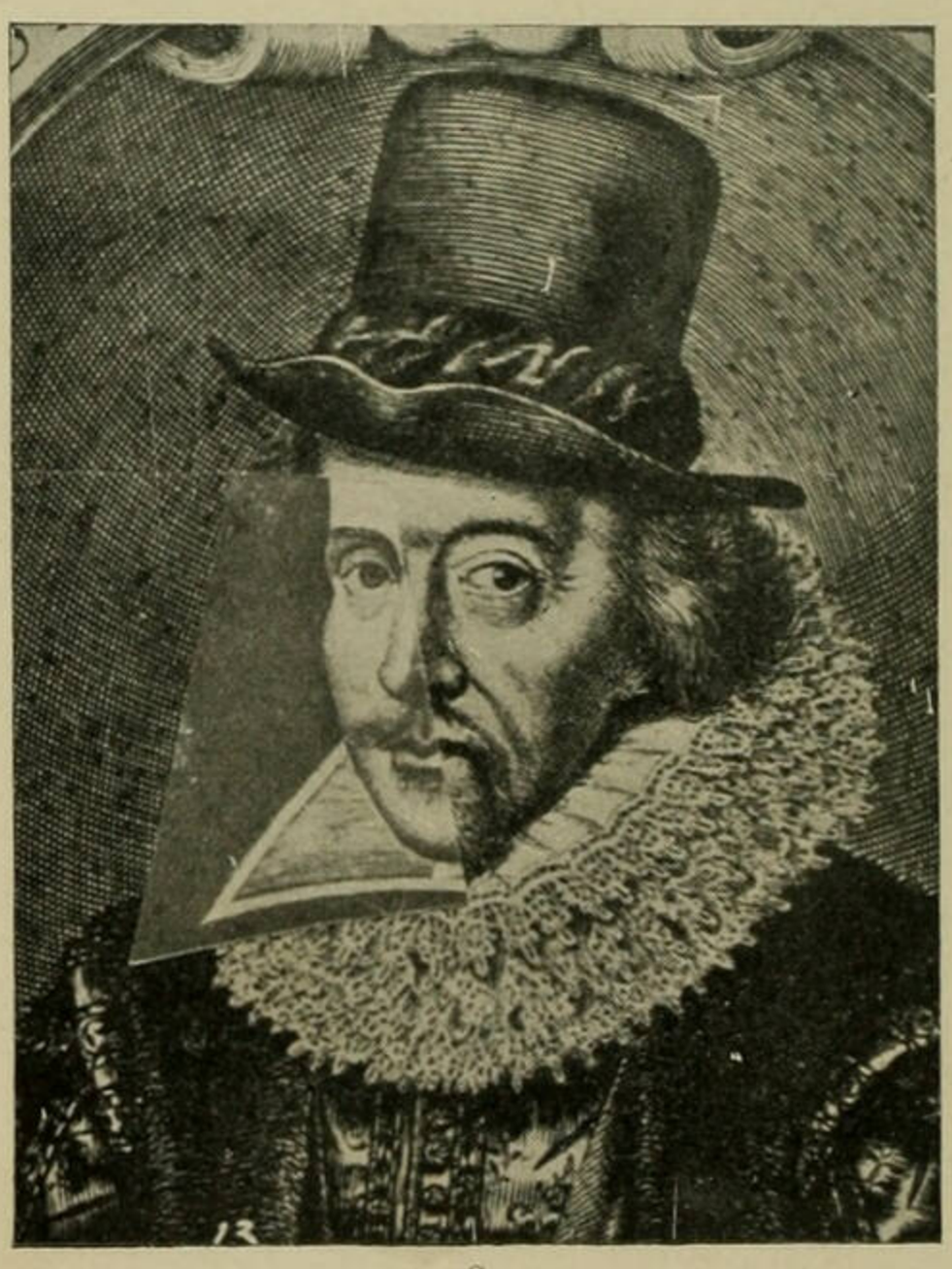
Overlaid with upper two thirds of Passe's Bacon. Compare with No. 5 for shadow of cheek bone and lobe of nose



7

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPERE

Overlaid with the eye, cheek, and hair of Passe's Bacon. Note cheek line and shadows



8

PASSE'S BACON

Overlaid with oblique sagittal section of the face of Droeshout's Shakspere. Note alignment of eye, nose, and mouth

question, of course, arises why Droeshout created such an effigy of the actor. The only answer seems to be that the man who was responsible for the Folio furnished him with the material for this tell-tale portrait which the artist used as well as his meager talents permitted, and that it is a witty experiment in the "deficiency of knowledge" in which Bacon took so deep an interest. Reminded that a portrait was needed for the Folio, how apt the reply: Take my Simon Passe and give it to Droeshout; tell him to leave off the hat, put on it a left-hand coat, and mark a black line in front of the ear to show it to be a mask. His deficiency in his art will do the rest. It has done more than hide the truth; it has shown the deficiency in critical judgment, for many posing as critics have neither noticed the coat nor the mask, and have written books to prove that it was the only original portrait of the actor in spite of these revealing designs.

We may well close this branch of our subject by quoting a recent German critic, — "Der Shakespeare-Dichter; Wer War's? und Wie sah er Aus?"

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE

The well-known inscription on the slab covering the tomb has also been changed, and the changes made in it are here given. These changes should excite our interest.

It should be noted, to avoid suggestion of inaccuracy, that slight differences exist between the old copyists, perhaps the fault of printers, though similar instances may be called to mind of the difficulty experienced by experts in describing or delineating what they have seen and carefully studied. Visiting the Great Pyramid, and interesting himself in its history, the writer was astonished at the revelation that no less than seven archæologists, who had measured and described with painstaking particularity the plain stone coffer in its mysterious chamber, differed from one another in one or more particulars, though nothing could be plainer.

The original inscription on the tombstone was doubtless copied by Dugdale in 1636,[1] the year his book was written, though not published till twenty years later, and subsequently at different periods, by Steevens, Malone, and Knight. It is not remarkable that these copyists slightly differ, but their differences are such as might occur in transcribing or printing. In this case they are perhaps important. The following is the inscription as it appeared to Samuel Ireland, composed as it was described "of an uncouth mixture of large and small letters": —

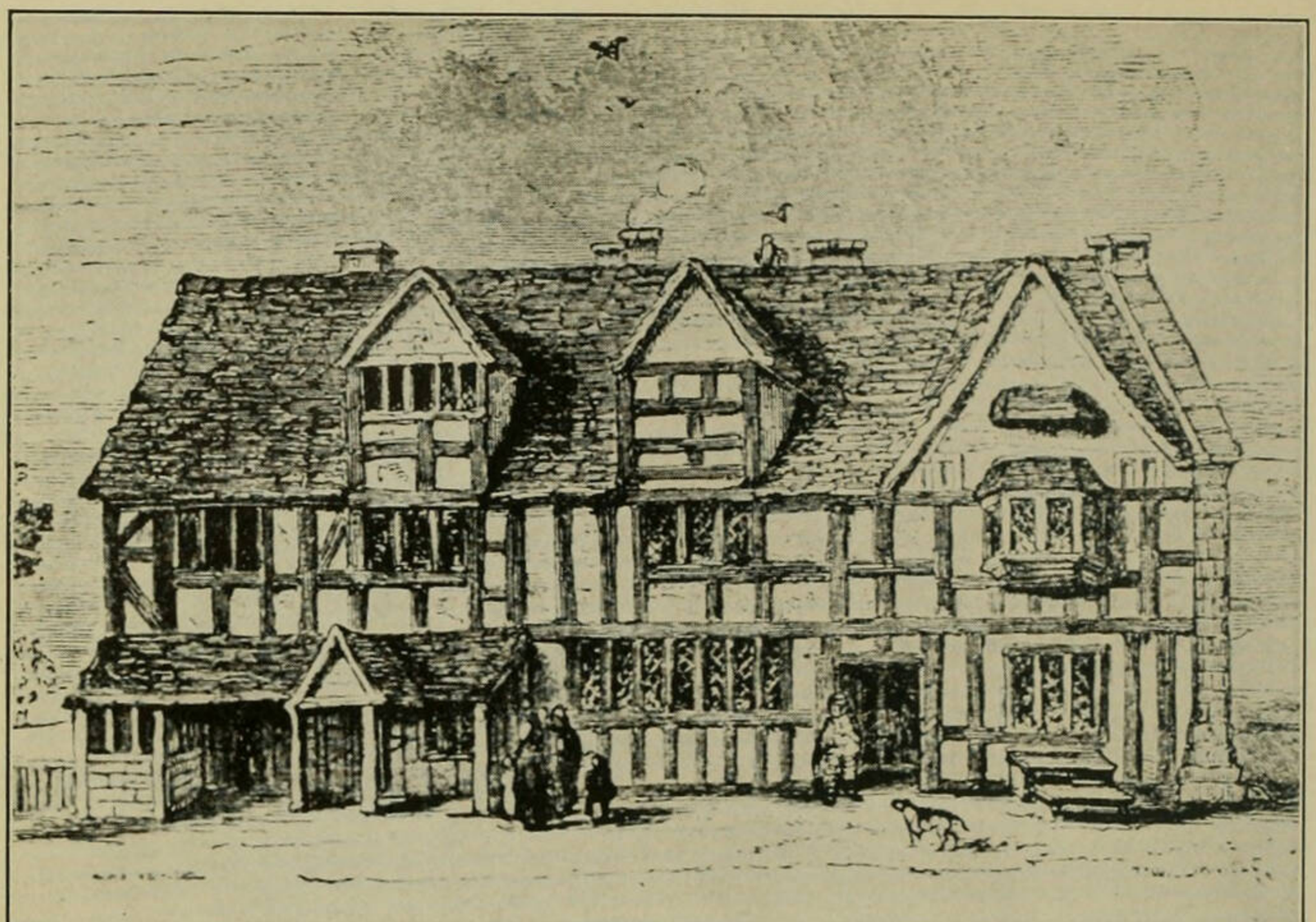
Good Frend for Ieſus SAKE forbeare
To digg T-E Duſt EncloAſed HERe
Bleſe be TE Man TY ſpares TEs Stones
And curſt be He TY moves my Bones.

The inscription now on the stone is quite different, and is as follows: —

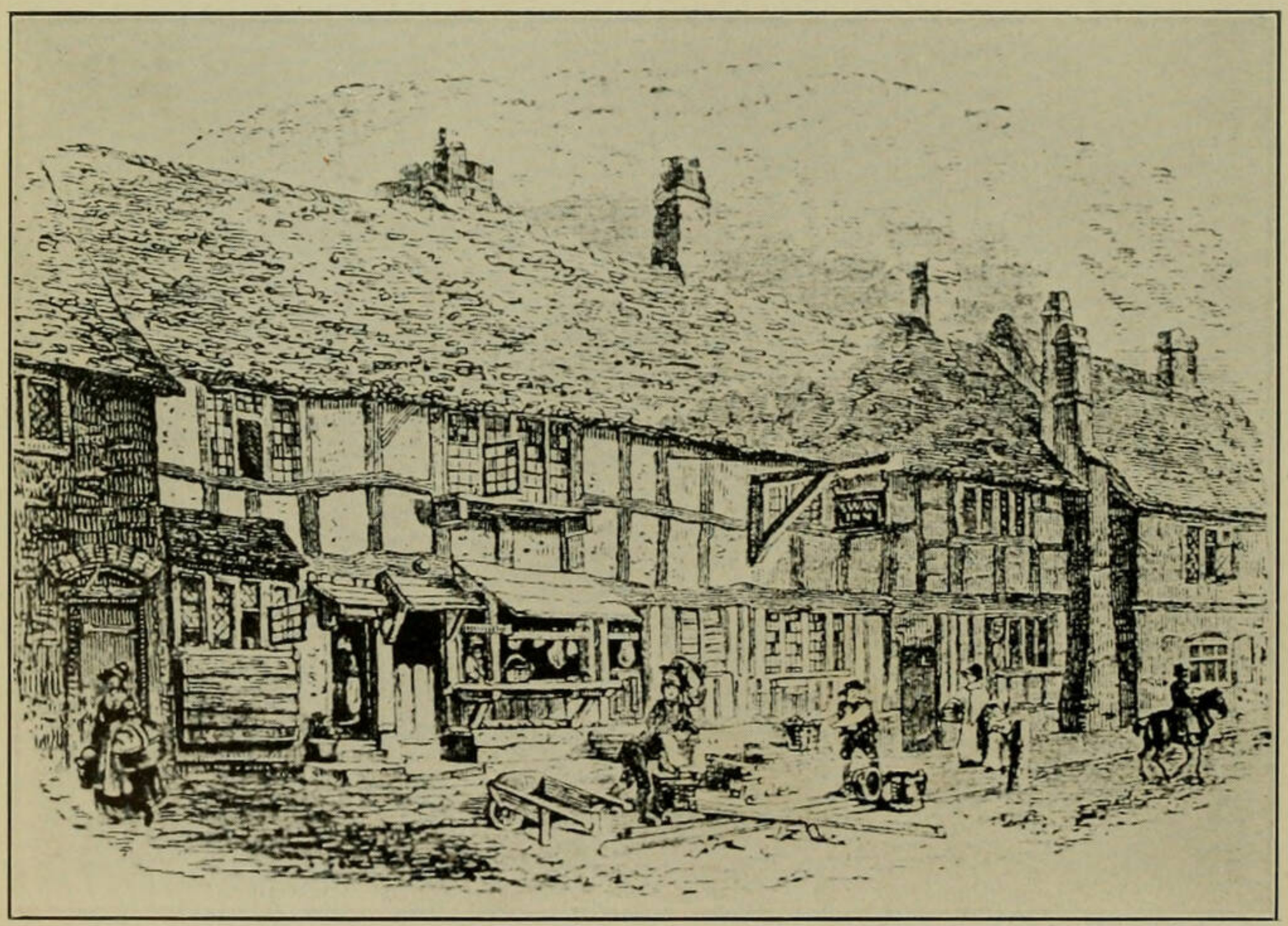
GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESTE BE EY MAN TY SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE TY MOVES MY BONES.

The question naturally arises, When did the change take place? Besides those we have named, it was printed as here shown by Samuel Ireland in 1795. He differs from Knight only in using "small and capital letters," Knight using only capitals, large and small, and placing a period in the middle and at the end of the last word in the second line; namely, HE.Re. As Knight would hardly have used these periods

[1] Cf. George Steevens, *The Works of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. xix. London, 1811. Knight, *William Shakspere, A Biography*, p. 542. Sir William Dugdale, *Antiquities of Warwickshire*. 1656.



IN 1788



IN 1806

THE "BIRTHPLACE"

arbitrarily, we must conclude that they were originally in the word. As it is claimed that this epitaph contains a cipher, we shall refer to it later.[1]

THE HOUSE AND CHAMBER IN WHICH THE STRATFORD ACTOR IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN

O. Halliwell-Phillipps was a born antiquary, and devoted his life to his favorite profession. He went to Stratford and remained there studying, *in situ*, the houses connected with the actor. He even procured sketches of the foundation stones of the house in which he lived; penetrated the dim and cob-webbed cellar of the so-called "birthplace" in Henley Street, and obtained sketches of its rude walls, determined that posterity should lose nothing connected with the man he adored. He ransacked records and conveyances of property owned by John Shakspere, tracing minutely the various conveyances of portions of the property, and such changes in it as he could find recorded, and observes: —

> It is certain that at this late day there is no apartment in either the Birth-Place or Wool-Shop which presents exactly the same appearance under which it was viewed in the boyhood of the great dramatist, but, unquestionably, the nearest approach to the realization of such a memorial is to be found in the cellar.

And he proceeded to procure sketches of every portion of this, which he reproduced in his painstaking work. Moreover, he says: —

> Throughout the seventeenth century, however, the grave stone and effigy appear to have been the *only* memorials of the poet that were indicated to visitors, and no evidence has been discovered which represents either the Birth-Place or the birth-room as an object of *commercial exhibition* until after the traditions respecting them are known to have been current.[2]

[1] Ignatius Donnelly, *The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone.* Minneapolis, Minn., 1899. *Picturesque Views on the Upper, or Warwickshire Avon*, p. 212. London, 1795.

[2] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. 1, pp. 386 *et seq.* The italics are ours.

The writer is not at all in sympathy with those who have a penchant for historic doubts. On the contrary, he has an affectionate regard even for tradition, which often enshrines a truth, as a fragment of amber does a fly, but he can but conclude, and to this conclusion Phillipps almost unwittingly points the way, that there is no evidence whatever that the Stratford actor ever saw the so-called "birthroom," and that there can be but little doubt that the house now standing is wholly unlike the one which John Shakspere knew; most certainly it is if it underwent as great changes in the two centuries previous to 1769 as in the seventy years after that date, which the accompanying exhibits reveal to us. But conflagrations are to be considered, and they were frequent in Stratford, as they were in other English towns in the past, owing, especially, to inflammable roofs of thatch as well as other causes. In support of this it seems well to quote from a record as far back as 1618, but two years after the actor's death, a report of the Privy Council to the Corporation of Stratford with regard to a late "lamentable loss," which they complained had

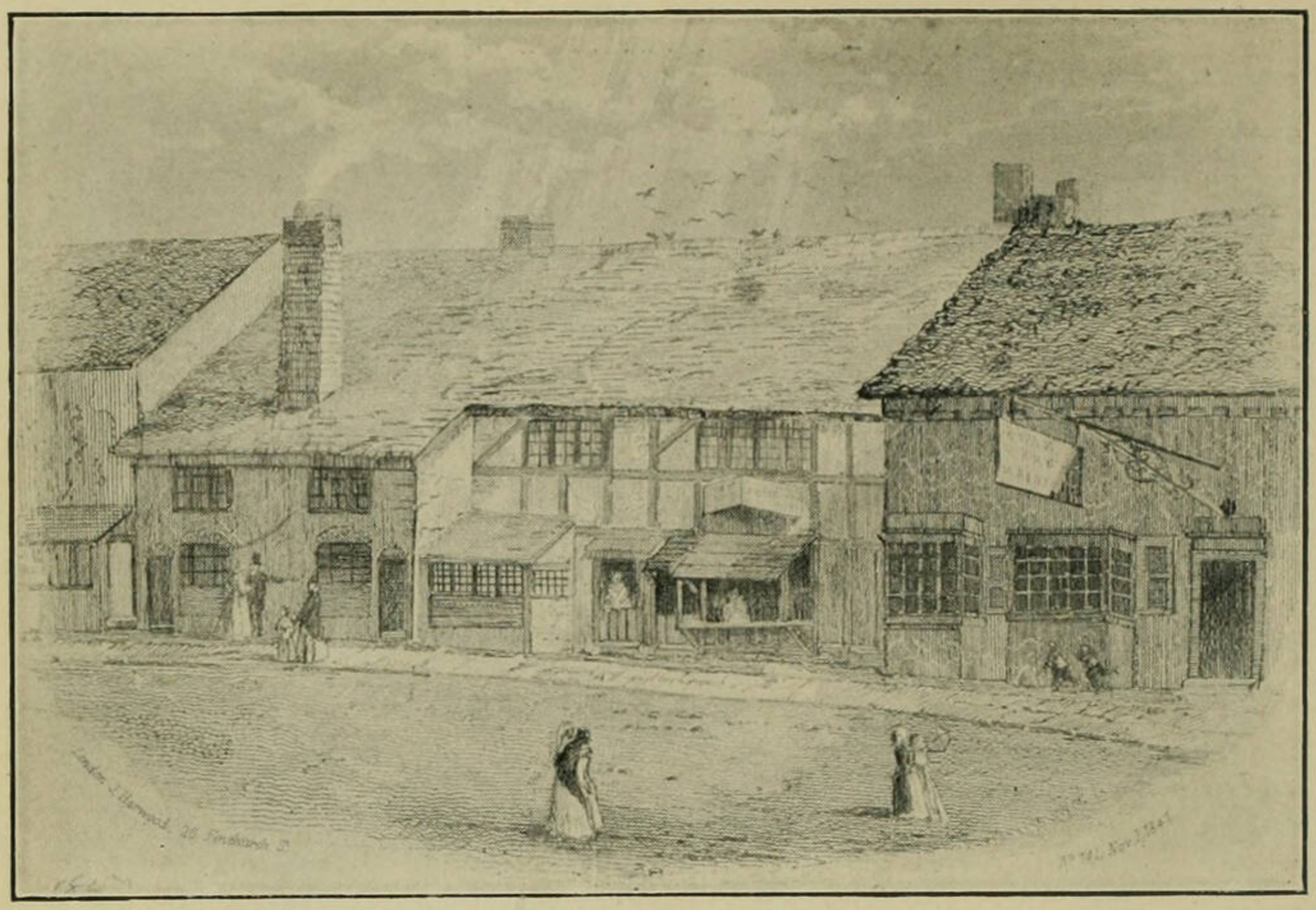
> happened by casualty of fire which of late years hath been very frequently occasioned by means of thatched cottages, stacks of straw, and such like combustible stuff, which are suffered to be erected and make confusedly in most of the principal parts of the town without restraint.[1]

But one of the strongest proofs against this house having been the birthplace is furnished by Knight, who says: —

> The Parish of Stratford, then, was unquestionably the birthplace of William Shakspere. *But in what part of Stratford dwelt his parents in the year 1564? It was ten years after this that his father became the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley Street,* — houses which still exist — houses which the people of England have agreed to preserve as a precious relic of their great

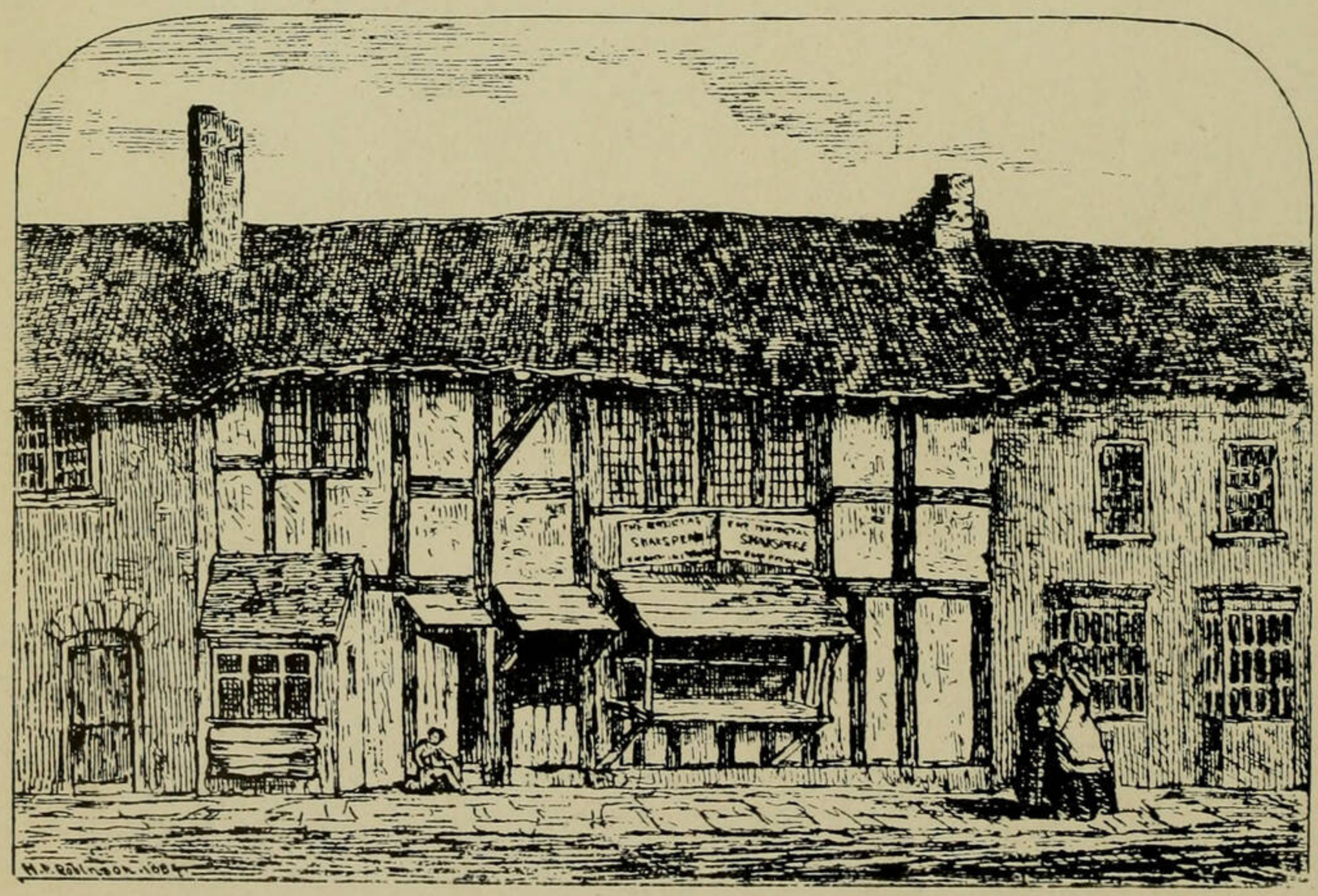
[1] George Chalmers, *An Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeares' Papers*, pp. 618 *et seq.* London, 1797.

It is proper to remark that some years ago, when the third house to the east of the wool shop, in the same row, was under repair, charred timbers were revealed, evidence of some former conflagration.



IN 1847

THE "BIRTHPLACE"



IN 1834

brother. Nine years before William Shakspere was born, his father had also purchased two copyhold tenements in Stratford — one in Greenhill Street, one in Henley Street. The copyhold house in Henley Street purchased in 1555 was unquestionably *not* one of the freehold houses in the same street purchased in 1574. As he purchased two houses in 1555 in different parts of the town, it is not likely that he occupied both; he might not have occupied either. Before he purchased the two houses in Henley Street in 1574,[1] he occupied fourteen acres of meadowland, with appurtenances, at a very high rent; the property is called "Ingon" meadow in "The Close Rolls," — it is about a mile and a quarter from the town of Stratford. William Shakspere, then, might have been born at either of his father's copyhold houses in Greenhill Street, or in Henley Street; he might have been born at Ingon.

And then Knight, as usual, loses his head, yielding judgment to sentiment, and rhapsodizes in this manner: —

> Was William Shakspere, then, born in the house in Henley Street which has been purchased by the nation? For ourselves, we frankly confess that the want of absolute certainty that Shakspere was there born, produces a state of mind that is something higher and pleasanter than the conviction that depends upon positive evidence. We are content to follow the popular faith undoubtedly. The traditionary belief is sanctioned by long usage and universal acceptation. The merely curious look in reverent silence upon that mean room, with its massive joists and plastered walls, firm with ribs of oak, where they are told the poet of the human race was born. Eyes now closed on the world, but have left that behind that the world "will not willingly let die," have glistened under this humble roof, and there have been thoughts unutterable — solemn, confiding, grateful, humble, — clustering round their hearts in that hour. — Disturb not the belief that William Shakspere first saw the light in this venerated room.[2]

This is delirium, and strikingly illustrates the frenzy which actuates the disciples of the new Messianic cult. If proofs as strong as Holy Writ were produced they would fall on

[1] The dates used by Knight are New Style.

[2] Charles Knight, *William Shakspere, A Biography*, p. 31 *et seq.* New York, 1860.

deaf ears. One hundred and fifty-three years had passed when the Garrick Jubilee was celebrated, and it was but natural that a few years in the date of purchase of the Henley Street houses should be overlooked until Malone dug it out of the musty old records. This is the conclusion he reached after discovering the fact: —

> Consequently the precise place of our poet's birth, like that of Homer, must remain undecided.

He also remarks that his father held —

> "Ingon," alias "Ington meadows," situated at a short distance from that estate which his son afterwards purchased.

It is proper to remark that Phillipps, basing his opinion upon the burial of a John (Malone says Jeames) Shakspere at Ingon, September 25, 1589, infers that it was not the father of the actor who held this estate. These opinions are mentioned though of no special importance, as they do not militate against the fact that the "precise place" of the actor's birth must "remain undecided."

Of course, as between Phillipps and his predecessors, Malone and Knight, on a question of precise accuracy in tracing a conveyance or tradition, we should be obliged to accept Phillipps; but when we consider the grounds upon which he yielded to the persuasion that to doubt the locality of the birthroom "would be the merest foppery of scepticism," we are again unpleasantly reminded of the infectious atmosphere of Stratford. Let us examine the evidence he presents. He sets out as follows: —

> Upon the north side of Henley Street is a detached building, consisting of two houses annexed to each other, the one on the West having been known from time immemorial as Shakespeare's Birth-Place, and that on the east, a somewhat larger one which was purchased by his father in the year 1556.

Why say from time immemorial when the earliest date of the tradition he himself says was 1759, the date of Winter's



AT PRESENT

THE "BIRTHPLACE"

plan? The western house, he continues, it may be "assumed" was the birthplace, and the eastern, the wool shop, the "house purchased by him in 1556." In support of this statement he presents a supposititious plan of the property. Let us grant this assumption that the eastern house was the wool shop, and ask when the western house, or "Birth-Place," was purchased? The reply is as follows:—

> John Shakespeare bought two houses at Stratford in this year, 1575; but it is not known in what part of the town they were situated, nor whether they were or were not contiguous to each other — all that is certain in the matter is that neither, on any supposition, could have been the Wool Shop, but it is *possible* that one of them was the Birth Place.

Here he finds himself in a dilemma, and in this helpless manner struggles to escape from it:—

> The true solution of a biographical question is to be found in a natural hypothesis which completely reconciles the traditional and positive evidence. It is known that John Shakespeare became the owner of the Birth-Place at some unascertained period before 1590.

Why not say 1575 which he knew to be the date?

And if we *assume* that he resided there from the time of his arrival at Stratford, either occupying the Wool Shop, as well as annexing the latter in 1556, all known difficulties of every kind immediately vanish.

Of course, such a method of reasoning will settle any question of any nature, but calling attention to a fine of twelvepence being levied on the actor's father in 1552, as "one of the residents of Henley Street," or Hell Lane as it was popularly called, he continues:—

> Then in January, 1597, we have his own authority for the fact that the land on the west of the Birth-Place was at that time in his own occupation.

Of course it was, if he purchased it in 1575, and had not sold it meanwhile; but here follows this extraordinary admission:—

This is the only evidence of the kind that has come down to us, but it is hardly possible to exaggerate its importance in deciding the question now under consideration, the value of a tradition being immeasurably enhanced by its agreement with a record that could not have been known to any of its narrators.[1]

He then offers "the local Tradition of the western House being the Birth-Place," but, evidently realizing the weakness of his traditional evidence, he fortifies himself by saying that it "is on the whole of a satisfactory character," and anticipating a smile at the use of the words "on the whole," which so often implies doubt, he turns crossly upon doubters, and declares that his evidence

> effectually disposes of the attempts, some of them dishonest ones, to circulate the unfounded opinion that *the original local tradition* indicated neither of the houses on the present Henley Street estate.

After this we have "*the original local tradition*," and become aware that the reason of so much fuss is the smallness of the egg. This is it:—

> The two buildings are, however, collectively mentioned as the "house where Shakespeare was born" in Winter's plan of the town of 1759—and in Greene's view which was engraved in 1769.

And this is all. The only tradition "on the whole of a satisfactory character," has a pedigree beginning one hundred and ninety-five years after the birth of the actor, and to carry it back, and attach it to a house of which the date of purchase is "assumed," and present it to us as evidence, is an insult to our intelligence.

To sum up this evidence, John Shakspere, a butcher and wool dealer whose father lived in the adjoining parish of Snitterfield, was fined twelvepence for a nuisance in Henley Street in 1552. There is no evidence that he was living there at that time; in 1555 his name was not on the roll of the Corporation,[2]

[1] Phillipps, *Outlines*, etc., vol. I, pp. 25, 380, 383. Cf. Letter to Elze, 1888.
[2] *Ibid.* vol. II, p. 215.

but it is a fair assumption that he had a shop there. He was not married until 1557, but he had purchased the year before two houses, one on Greenhill, the other on Henley Street. In 1575 he purchased two other houses; location, says Phillipps, is undetermined, but "it is possible that one of them was the Birthplace": Knight says "unquestionably not." Phillipps's opinion rests wholly upon tradition, dating from 1759, about the time when a "Birthplace" became pecuniarily valuable. Any one who examines this evidence, if he desires to get at a fact and not bolster up a fiction, must certainly decide that Phillipps in this case ignominiously fails. Like Knight he seems to have concluded "that want of absolute certainty" was "pleasanter than the conviction that depends on positive evidence."

While the record evidence forever disposes of the birthplace hoax, we will venture to remark that it seems strange that no one has approached the subject from the simple vantage-ground of reason; in other words, is it reasonable that John Shakspere, a rapidly rising citizen of Stratford, should take his bride, a rich heiress in the eyes of his humble townsfolk, to the close and confined quarters over the shop where he plied his trade, malodorous from the spoil of the shambles, especially from wool pelts, the effluvium of which would have been unendurable? Imagine John Shakspere, a prosperous and ambitious young man, ignorant and pushing, proudly standing on that autumnal day of 1557 before the altar with Mary Arden, a particularly good matrimonial catch, and, after receiving the congratulations of his friends, taking her to such a vile place as we have described, the old building on Henley Street, where he had been fined some time before for maintaining a nuisance by accumulating on his premises the filthy offal of his trade. It is unthinkable; but this is what Stratfordians have tried to make us believe, though a few months before, October 2, 1556, he had purchased a house on Greenhill Street "*unum tenementum cum gardino et crofto*,

cum pertinencies," a tenement with garden and croft with appurtenances, a most suitable place for their abode. When, however, the tradition was started, according to Phillipps, in 1759, or between that date and the Garrick Jubilee ten years later, owing to a demand for a birthplace for "commercial exhibition," the Greenhill house had disappeared, and the two tenements on Henley Street, purchased in 1575 by John Shakspere, were seized upon, and to their joy in one was found a chamber which was just what they wanted for a birthroom. But Providence, as usual, seems to have intervened, and the schemers made the fatal blunder of selecting the very house which by no possibility could have been the birthplace. Malone, Knight, and Phillipps knew this, but even Phillipps shrank from antagonizing Stratford public opinion by opposing it, and let it pass, faithfully recording the facts, many enshrined in old Latin which only a spendthrift of time would meddle with. And Lee, too, knows the truth of the matter, and this is how he gracefully handles it:—

> Some doubt is justifiable as to the ordinarily accepted scene of his birth. Of two adjoining houses forming a detached building on the north side of Henley Street, that to the east was purchased by John Shakespeare in 1556, but there is no evidence that he owned or occupied the house to the west before 1575. Yet this western house has been known since 1759 as the poet's birthplace, and a room on the first floor is claimed as that in which he was born. . . . Much of the Elizabethan timber and stonework survives, but a cellar under the "birthplace" is the only portion which remains as it was at the date of the poet's birth.[1]

We cannot even indorse the overconfident statement by Lee that some of the "Elizabethan timber" and "stone work" of the buildings used by John Shakspere in 1575 survive. It is much more reasonable to believe that their walls were of mud, and roofs of thatch, such as Phillipps says was the common type of Stratford houses. The buildings purchased by the authorities in 1848 had been used during a considerable period for an

[1] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 9.

inn, and it is much more probable that earlier structures had yielded to the changes of time, or one of the many fires from which the little town had suffered, than that they were the original houses purchased in 1575. Wheeler tells us of one of these fires, two years before the actor's death, which swept away fifty-four dwelling-houses and other buildings, and threatened the destruction of the town.[1]

The belated acknowledgment by Lee, forced by the troublesome publication of abstracts of titles of conveyance by Phillipps, that the so-called "Birth-Place" is not that of the actor, though the fact had been known to "literary antiquaries" for a long time, will surprise visitors to Stratford, who have not been aware of the truth. But should it continue to be called so? Is it right to continue harrowing the sensibilities of sentimental people who, as Knight says, "with thoughts unutterable stand with glistening eyes beneath this humble roof"? Verily the presidency of any society which sanctions such a fiction for "commercial exhibition" is no sinecure.

It is probable that had Phillipps lived to see the proofs adduced since his death of the unworthiness of the actor's authorial claims, he would have accepted them. Even with all his loyalty to the Stratford superstition, he did not die in the odor of sanctity. Obsessed by a delusion, he had wasted many of the best forty years of his life in the hope of wresting from obscure scraps of writing something to give substance to the phantom of his pursuit, and his years of labor had resulted in rescuing from decay a mass of musty records relating to the town, worthless to any real biographer of its mythical saint. Of him, he was obliged to declare that "*The Corporation records include only twelve documents in which the great dramatist himself is mentioned.*" [2] We have enumerated these, and have seen that they reveal nothing more than that he was engaged in petty trade in his native town begun not long after the

[1] Wheeler's *History of Stratford*, p. 15.

[2] *The Stratford Records and the Shakespeare Autotypes*, p. 53. London, 1887.

purchase of his house there. Phillipps's researches, however, revealing that by no possibility could he have been born in the so-called "Birthplace," was a blow at Stratford's financial industry, and he was regarded as a meddler. The result was mutual recriminations, and Phillipps closed his part of it in 1887 in a book prefaced with an apt Oriental story. In it he tells us that "*the proceedings of the oligarchy in all literary matters connected with the town have been of the most ludicrous description*," and that "*Stratford-on-Avon, under the management of its oligarchy, instead of being, as it ought to be, the center of Shakespeare biographical research, has become the seat of Shakespearian charlatanry.*" [1] This is as strong language as ours, and how far he might have gone in his disclosures we do not know, for this best of the Stratfordian devotees died a few months later, and the Baconian cause lost the chance of securing a valuable convert.

Before closing this branch of our subject, attention should be called to the fraudulent attempt to exploit New Place, the "poet's" residence. It became known that no picture of it had been preserved, and another Stratford "poet," as Knight designates Jordan, produced one and sent it to Malone, who replied that "Mr. Malone would be glad to have Shakespeare's house on the same scale as Sir Hugh Clopton's," and approved having the Shakspere arms over the door. "And yet," remarks Knight, "this man was the most bitter denouncer of the Ireland forgeries; and shows up, as he had a just right to do, the imposition of 'Masterre Irelande's House' with two coats-of-arms beneath it." [2]

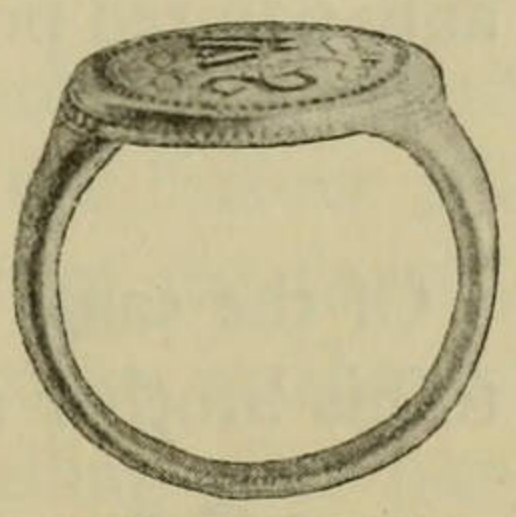
Malone published the picture as genuine, with the arms, and "poet" Jordan in his pride showed Malone's correspondence to "a gentleman." Questioned upon the source of the picture, Jordan mentioned an old plan. At this point the literary antiquary came in, found the plan, discovered that

[1] *The Stratford Records and the Shakespeare Autotypes*, p. 53. London, 1887.
[2] Knight, *William Shakspere, A Biography*, p. 498.

the house which Jordan used as the model for his picture was on the other side of the street from New Place, and had been liberally adorned with imposing gables and other attractions. Exposure followed and Jordan confessed his part in the fraud.

THE SEAL RING

This ring is said to have been found in 1810 in a field near Stratford Churchyard by a laborer's wife, who, before selling it, immersed it in a bath of *aqua fortis* "to remove the stains of age." It is of gold, and bears the initials, "W. S." It was shown to Malone, who suggested that it might have belonged to Mr. William Smith, an ancient resident of Stratford, and he was told that a device of Smith had been seen which was a skull and crossbones. To this Malone, who had had a wide experience in spurious relics of the actor, judiciously replied that it was unlikely that Smith had two devices, and that "it evidently belonged to a person in a very respectable class of society." This ring, however, has no device, the letters being united by lines in a way quite common at the time the ring was found, as well as before and since. It has been adduced, as proof of the genuineness of this relic, that the words, "and seal," in the actor's will, were stricken out of the formula, "I have hereunto set my hand *and seal*," which would not have been done if he had possessed one at the time; *ergo*, it had been lost. Various other speculations have been advanced to connect this ring with the actor, all of which are ridiculously fallacious. Strangely enough, the discovery was made that a man by the name of William Shakespeare, a name, as we know, not uncommon in the vicinity, was in the field on the day it was found. No attempt, however, seems to have been made to connect him with the find. Of course many people entitled to the use of the initials "W. S." have visited Stratford annually for a long time, and it would not



THE SEAL RING

be strange if one lost a seal ring; but the whole story is strikingly like tales of other "discoveries" known to be spurious, and is entitled to the same measure of credence. To show how little reliance can be placed upon such evidence, a deed of a house on "Henly Strete," near the house of John Shakspere, dated in 1573, when the actor was seven years old, has been unearthed by some "literary antiquary," bearing upon it a seal with the same initials, "W. S. entwined with a true lover's knot." Had this deed borne a date about the time of the actor's marriage, books would have been written not only to prove that the seal was his, kindly loaned to a friend on the occasion, but as unassailable proof that his marriage was an ideal one, even though some of his biographers have inexcusably painted poor Anne Hathaway as having blighted his life.

THE FURNESS GLOVES

Of the same character are the gloves given by John Ward to his brother actor, David Garrick, "On the closing day of May, 1769," with the statement that he received them when at Stratford in 1746 from a person, "William Shakespeare by name, —a glazier by trade." Ward, in a letter to Garrick, said that "the father of him and our Poet were brothers' children." It would be interesting to know the birth date of the father, who by the statement of the glazier was the actor's first cousin, and supposably a contemporary. As the actor was born in 1564, a hundred and eighty-two years lay between that event and the date of this transaction. It is also noticeable that a William Shakespeare —not this one, for Ward said that he died about 1749— turned up in the ring episode, a strange coincidence cer-



THE FURNESS GLOVES

tainly; besides, these gloves were given Garrick on the eve of his Stratford Jubilee, which gave a stimulus to the ingenuity of relic fabricators unexampled in the history of the art, causing everything in the nature of a relic for many years after to be discredited.

The very association of these gloves with Garrick should have been sufficient to discredit them; yet Furness prized them so highly that once, when a gentleman ventured to slip his hand into one of them, he could not refrain from an expression of horror at the profanation of so sacred a relic. Such an exhibition of faith in an old pair of gloves, the history of which begins with an enthusiastic and volatile actor who had nothing in the nature of proof to substantiate their origin, is a psychological marvel.

To conclude, there is but one authentic relic of the Stratford actor in existence, namely, his will. Even the "silver gilt bowl," no doubt the most cherished heirloom of the family, passed from sight centuries ago. If the premises in Henley Street were the site of John Shakspere's dwelling after purchase in 1574–75, we have shown the improbability of the buildings being the same. They are certainly old, and have massive oak timbers, as houses built long after had; but how old? If built a century or more after the actor's death, they would appear as they now do, battered and weather-stained.

But if we admit that they are these houses, does this help the matter? We have seen that Phillipps was forced to admit that "neither on any supposition could have been the Wool Shop," though yielding to a tradition originating nearly two centuries after the purchase by John Shakespeare, he qualified his assertion by saying, "it is possible that one of them was the Birth-Place."

This is a surprising admission by one realizing his responsibility as an author, and was made only to avoid a vital blow at the most important of Stratford myths.

All historical students agree that to establish an historical fact documentary evidence is requisite, though they always give respectful attention to well-authenticated tradition; but no evidence or tradition to establish the authenticity of the Stratford relics exists, with the sole exception of the will, so potential are the agencies which Time employs to destroy the works of man.

Perhaps, after all, the "Shakespeare Library" is the most shameless display of impertinence in this museum of fraudulent relics. True it is composed of such books as the real author of the dramas must have known, but they have been picked up at second-hand as occasion offered, and not one of them is associated with the Stratford actor; yet nine tenths of the pilgrims who visit this strange shrine look upon this puerile exhibit as genuine.

How can we regard this flagrant deception but as out-Barnuming our great showman, aptly expressed in the graphic vernacular, "the people like to be humbugged and there's dollars in it." Verily, *rideret Heraclitus*.

It is not pleasant to say, but nevertheless true, that the twenty-five or thirty thousand people who annually visit Stratford have exhibited to them relics as mythical as the bones of the ten thousand virgins of Cologne, and the pots in which the water was turned to wine at the Galilean marriage feast.

THE IRELAND FORGERIES

Let us take leave of this remarkable exhibition of deception and credulity by a final glance at these forgeries.

Samuel Ireland, an engraver and author, was in 1794 living prosperously in London with his two daughters and son, William Henry, and, being an enthusiastic devotee of the Stratford actor, made with his son, then seventeen years of age, a pilgrimage to Stratford. After the Garrick Jubilee of 1769, the literary world began to awaken to the strange fact that no

relics of the actor existed. People went there expecting to see the manuscripts of the famous works in his own handwriting with the traditionary absence of blots; the family portrait, and other relics; and were disappointed. It soon became impressed upon the minds of the covetous that here was a demand without supply. One or two interesting documents conveniently turned up, and gossip had it that other valuable documents had been carelessly destroyed, which suggested that there might be others which ought to be rescued from a similar fate.

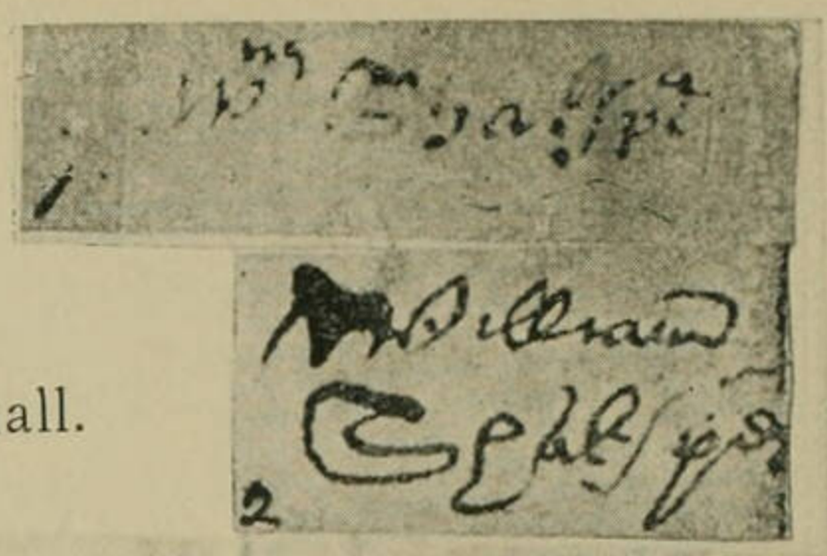
Ireland, like many another, made his pilgrimage a hunting affair, but bagged no game. The son's imagination, for he was a genius quite the peer of Chatterton, was impressed by what he saw and heard, and, to the surprise of competitors and the admiration of his father, he found a whole copy of "Lear," a fragment of "Hamlet," and some other scraps of interest. He was an artist of the first water, and understood the proper point of pause. The delighted father called in some of the noted experts of the day, who pronounced them priceless. Excitement ran high, and when the young man, who was in a law office, took his vacation, visiting a castle in the country, and returning with two whole plays and a variety of documents of which he made a Christmas present to his father, his fame was equal to his father's pride in him. There was in the collection even Southampton correspondence, the glamour of which still affects biographers, and a letter from the actor to "Anna Hatherrewaye, with a lock of the poet's reddish hair fastened thereto with a strip of parchment"— and these lines written by her loving husband: —

Is there inne heavenne aught more rare
Thanne thou sweete Nymphe of Avon fayre?
Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe
Thanne Willy Shaksperare is toe you?

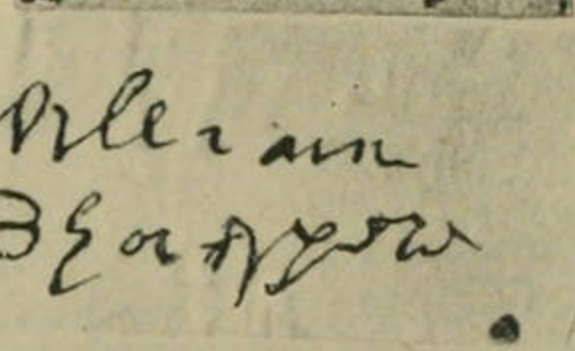
In fact, a collection could not have been better devised to convince even skeptics than this created by a mere youth.

One of the plays, "Vortigerne," was put upon the stage April 2, 1796. So eager were people for tickets that many remained in line all night, and the next day, rather than miss its first representation. Young Ireland was behind the scenes, "buzzing like a bee," apparently near a nervous breakdown with excitement; Kemble and Mrs. Jordan had principal parts, and all progressed well until Kemble, convinced that he was being deceived, probably by what the lad said or did, repeated a line in the play, "When this solemn mockery is over," with such an intonation of voice that the audience took fire, and by one of those sudden changes of sentiment howled their approbation. In the uproar that followed, young Ireland lost his head, and the mischief was done. As a result of these remarkable forgeries he lost his position, was disowned by his father, and after a life of forty years subjected to want and hardship, came to his sad end. Yet Ireland's rôle is still being enacted on a stage with the modern advantages of effective scenery, electric illumination, and stirring clamor of accomplished *claqueurs*.

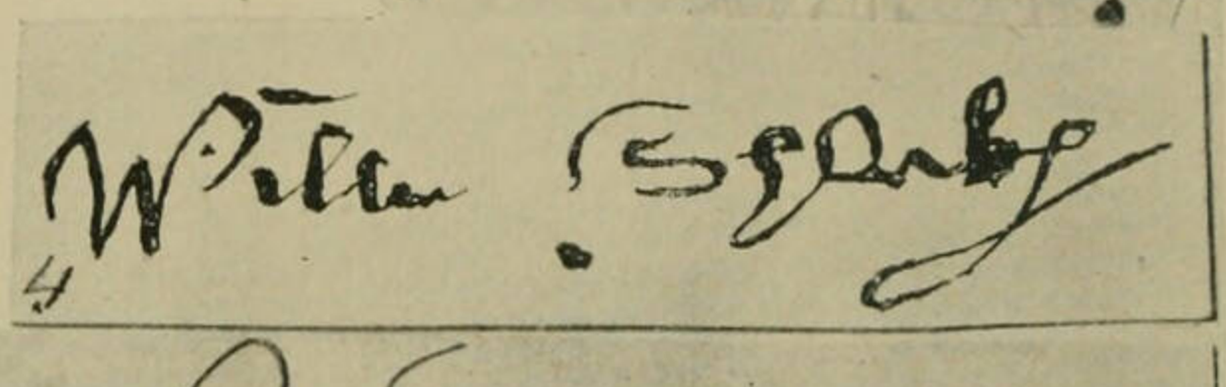
No. 1, from a deed in the British Museum.



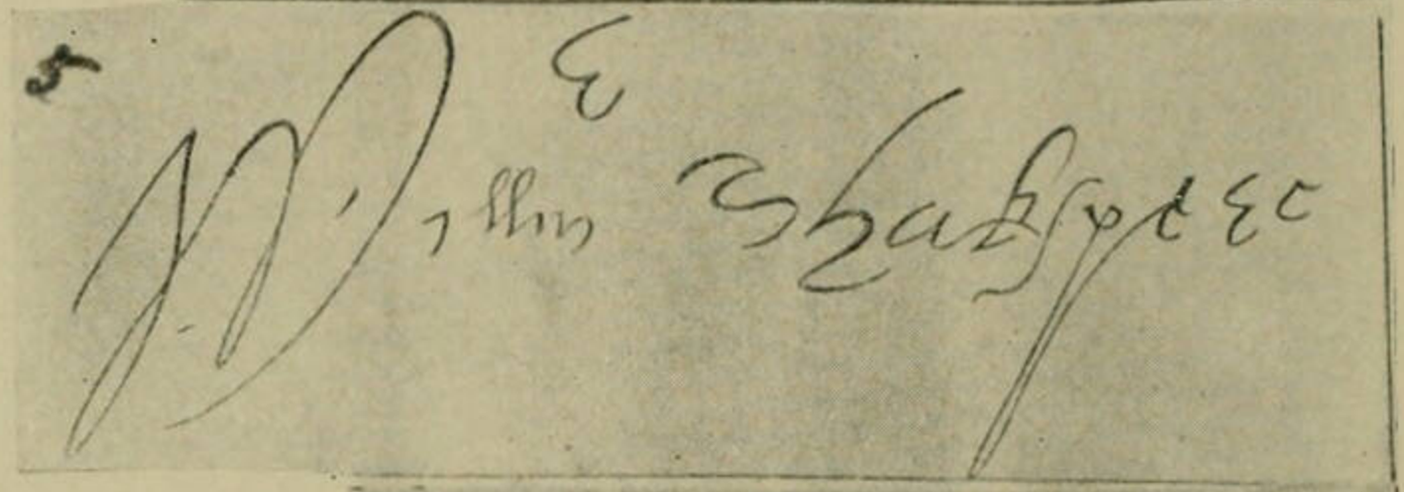
No. 2, from a mortgage in the Guildhall.



No. 3, from the will.



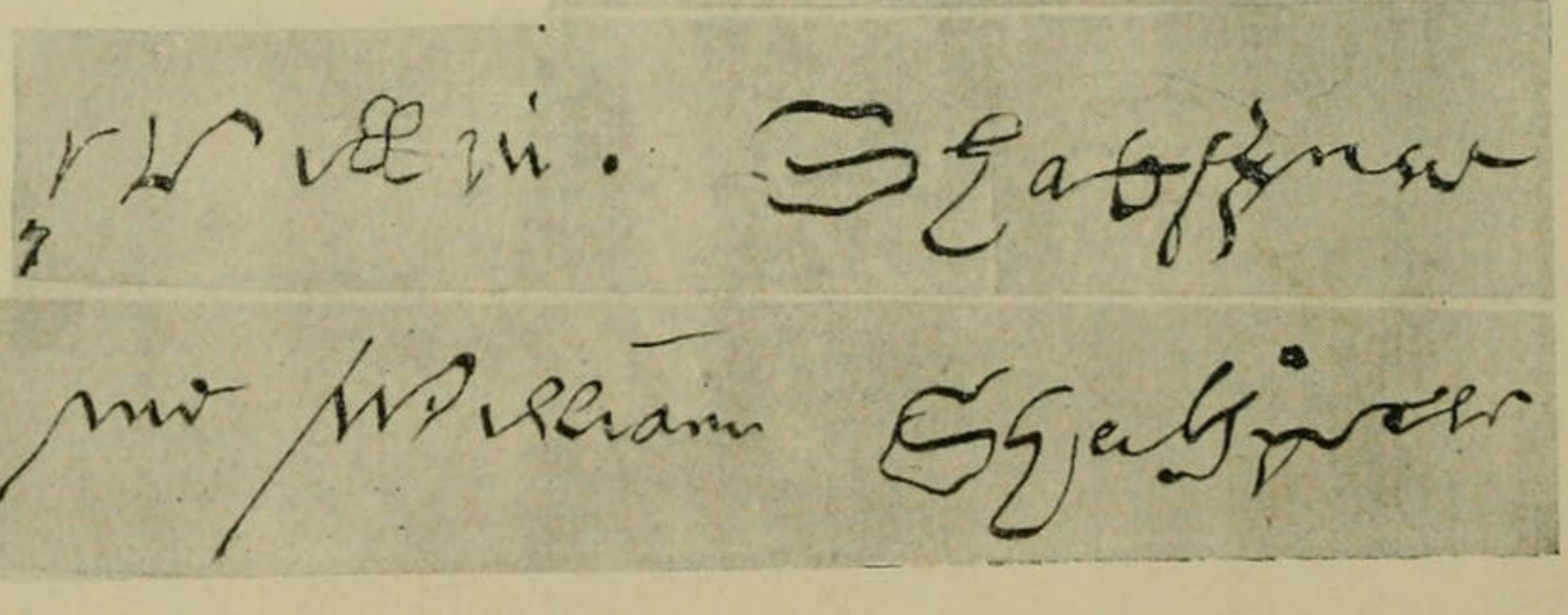
No. 4, from a deposition in the office of the Public Records.



No. 5, from a volume of Montaigne's Essays in the British Museum.



No. 6, from an acknowledged forgery of Ireland.



Nos. 7 and 8, the two last signatures from the will which we believe to have been written with a guided hand.

VII

A CRUCIAL QUESTION

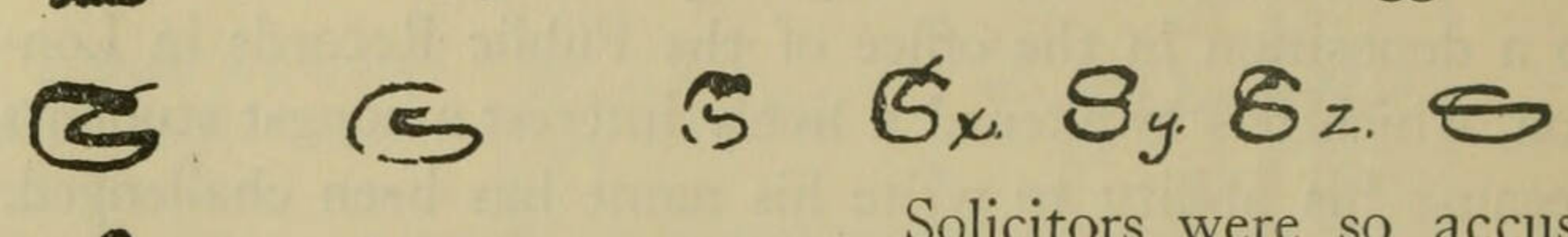
THE SIGNATURES

We have mentioned the strange fact that no writing of the actor is known to be in existence unless we accept the signatures to his will, three in number, two on a deed and mortgage, and one recently brought to light by Professor Wallace affixed to a deposition in the office of the Public Records in London, which has awakened a lively interest amongst students because his ability to write his name has been challenged. Perhaps we ought to say that Phillipps has suggested that the words, "By me," preceding the name attached to the will are those of the testator, and to mention a signature in a copy of Montaigne's "Essays" undoubtedly spurious, but accepted by some devotees because, perhaps, it is more presentable than others.

Any one unacquainted with late sixteenth and early seventeenth century script, and especially with the professional court hand, should avoid discussing the subject, and unless the present writer had had a long experience in the study of manuscripts of this period, he would leave the question of the actor's chirography undisturbed. Feeling it possible, however, to contribute toward the elucidation of the subject he ventures to discuss it.

There are four signatures of the actor which we claim to be valid, and but four. These are Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, as shown opposite page 270. The documents themselves are in the handwriting of law clerks or scriveners. To these we add his spurious signatures, Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, the two last being signatures from the will which we believe to have been written with a guided hand.

It is noticeable that in documents Nos. 1 and 2 the word "signed" is omitted and only the word "sealed" used, a fact which has raised in some minds the harrowing doubt as to the ability of the grantee and mortgagor to write his name. The fact, too, that the name in both documents is abbreviated is suggestive.



SEPARATE LETTERS IN THE FOUR AUTHENTIC SIGNATURES

x, as Malone saw the preceding S.
y, as Steevens traced the S in first signature to will.
z, a suggestion of its original form. Note the last S in the line, from Sadler's signature as a witness to will.
In the third *a* the stroke which makes it resemble the letter *h* was caused by a slip of the clumsy hand, as was the fourth.

Solicitors were so accustomed to have clients who could not sign their names to papers that they were constantly writing their signatures for them, usually with a mark as is done now; but a genuine signature, though abbreviated, would pass muster. The differences in the signatures of the actor has made some believe that they were not written by the same hand. Even Mr. Gervais, a Stratfordian, makes this startling admission:—

Looking at them from the point of view of character, nobody would say that they were from the same pen, and written within a short time of one another.

Gervais, however, suggests no solution for this disparity, and without explanation concludes them to be genuine signatures

of the actor. Mr. Lawrence informs us that the signatures to the deed and mortgage have been discredited by officials of the institutions where they are lodged. The writer, however, must agree with Mr. Gervais, that they are genuine, and can see no reason why he should pronounce them radically unlike.

Let us first consider the signature (No. 5) in the volume of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays" of 1603, and that in the office of the Public Records.

The name in the "Essays" is written on one of the blank leaves of the volume among a number of quotations from Latin authors which are in a handwriting quite unlike that of the signature. Mr. Gervais, who has already been quoted, battles valorously for the genuineness of this signature, but, unfortunately, like everything connected with the Stratford actor, it is a fraud too glaring to receive credence. In the first place, it differs radically from the four genuine signatures, and has all the ear-marks of a none too ingenious forgery of a like character to the Ireland forgery (No. 6); besides, it is imposing too great a strain upon our credulity to ask us to believe that for two centuries this book could have remained in the hands of bookmen, — for else it had perished, — and a signature, so very important and valuable as this purported to be, pass unnoticed. Phillipps is the best authority we can quote, for while an ardent lover of the "Shakespeare" Works, and a thorough believer that the Stratford actor was their author, he always acts on the presumption that it is better for his client to have even unpleasant facts affecting him fairly stated by a friend, than to have them concealed to be exposed by an enemy. Respecting this signature he says: —

> It is unnecessary to say that many alleged autographs of Shakespeare have been exhibited; but forgeries of them are so numerous, and the continuity of design, which a fabricator cannot readily produce in a long document, is so easy to obtain in a mere signature, that the only safe course is to adopt none as genuine on internal evidence.

This signature did not come to light until 1780, which was after the publication by Steevens of a facsimile of the actor's autograph. Soon after its appearance Shakspere autographs began to appear, often on the fly leaves of old books, one turning up on a copy of Bacon's "Essays" forged by the Stratford rhymester Jordan, who died in 1789. Whether this is his handiwork, it is impossible, of course, to determine, but that it is a forgery there should be no doubt. Phillipps sorrowfully gives it up "with great reluctance, for it would be well to know that there exists one work, at least, which the great poet handled."

Of course forgeries of the actor's name were varied to avoid the suspicion of being copies, and the facsimile of the forged signature by Ireland is no more unlike it than the two last so-called genuine ones to the will.

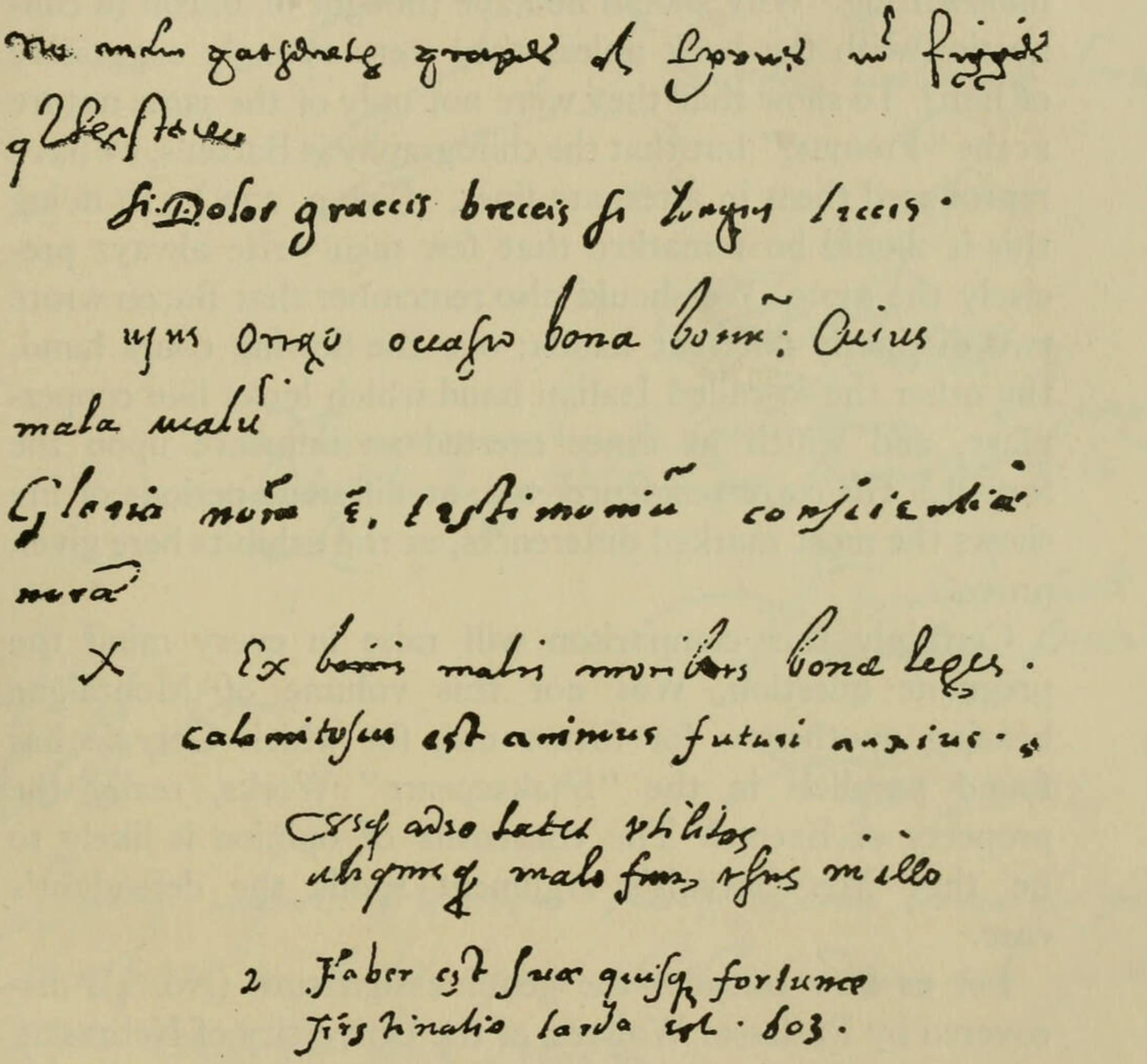
Mr. Gervais has carefully transcribed the quotations which appear on the blank pages of the old volume of Montaigne, and parallelled them with passages in the "Shakespeare" Works. The present writer has already done the same, for there can be no doubt that the author of these works was a close student of Montaigne. Gervais also gives a facsimile page from Bacon's "Promus," in order, it would almost seem, to intimidate partisans of Bacon from claiming that the handwriting is his, for jotting down such quotations for future use is wonderfully suggestive of that great author. In this connection Mr. Gervais says,—

> Having . . . established a *prima facie* case, and shifted the burden of proof on to my opponents, who, I hope, will not spare me, I shall show, by a comparison of the various specimens of handwriting, that there is no reason to doubt and, in fact, every reason to believe, that the writings in the Montaigne came from the same hand that penned the five legal signatures, and, in any case, not from that of Bacon.[1]

Mr. Gervais permits his enthusiasm to urge him beyond the pale of safety; indeed, it is surprising that with the quota-

[1] Francis P. Gervais, *Shakespeare not Bacon*, p. 4. London, 1901.

tions on the blank leaves of the Montaigne, and a page of the "Promus" before him, he could so positively declare that they were unlike, and that the quotations were in the same handwriting as the Shakspere signature which they are so



ALTERNATE LINES FROM BACON'S PROMUS AND MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS. 1603.

wholly unlike. We will dismiss this signature with the simple remark that its presence greatly enhanced the pecuniary value of the book. It sold for one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and is to be classed among other forgeries of a like nature. It is noticeable, amusingly so, that since it is more like a respectable signature than others it is being frequently used by partisans of the Stratford myth in their books, and a plausible

article has been written to prove that the intrinsic value of the book without the signature would equal its cost, a wholly gratuitous assumption.

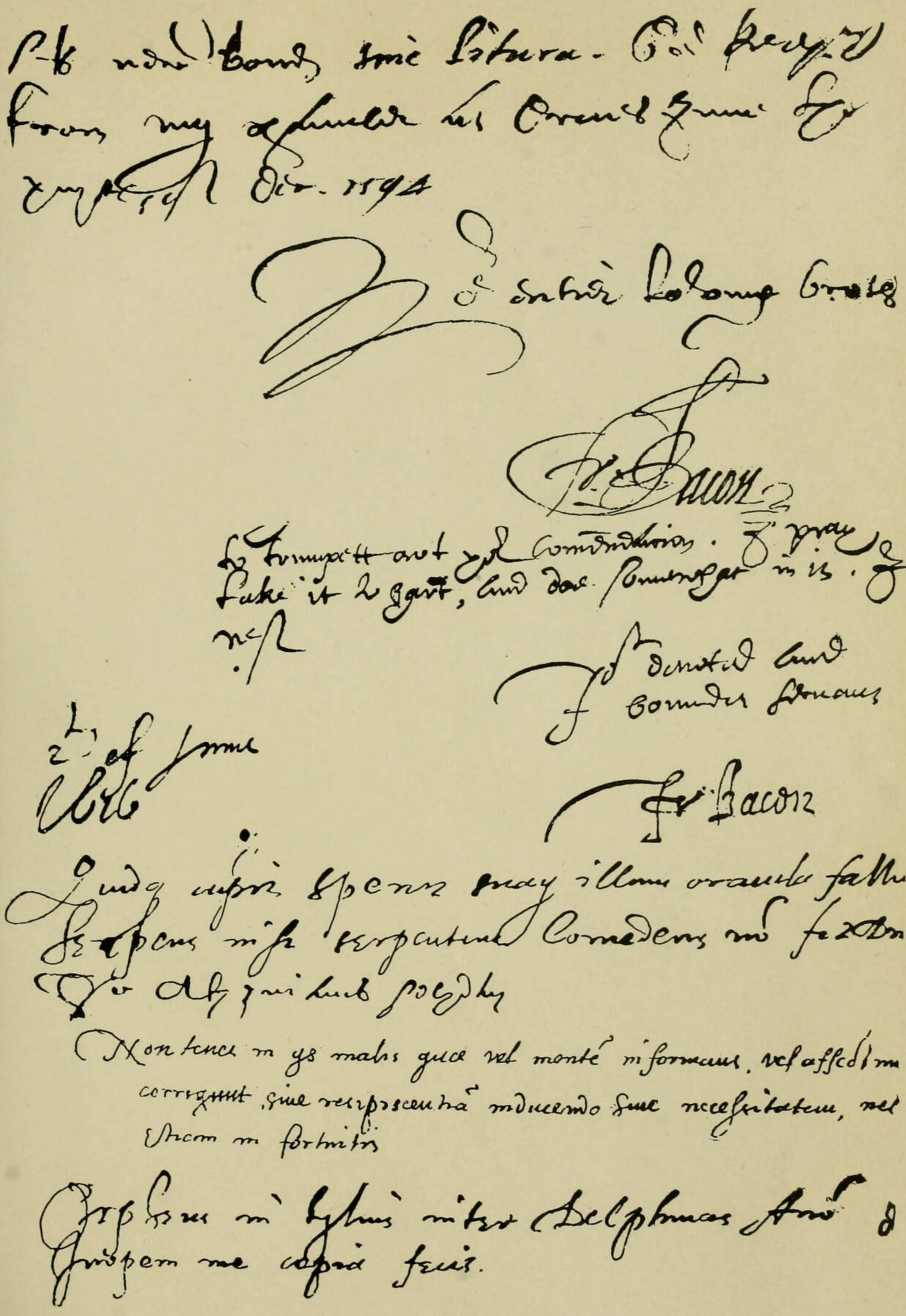
The quotations, Mr. Gervais says, are not in Bacon's handwriting. Why should he have thought of Bacon in connection with the book unless they were strongly suggestive of him? To show that they were not only of the same nature as the "Promus," but that the chirography is Bacon's, we have reproduced them in alternate lines. (See p. 273.) In doing this it should be remarked that few men write always precisely the same. We should also remember that Bacon wrote two distinctly different hands; one the flowing court hand, the other the so-called Italian hand which looks like copperplate, and which at times exerted an influence upon the former. His correspondence, too, at different periods of life shows the most marked differences, as the exhibits here given prove.

Certainly this comparison will raise in every mind the pregnant question, Was not this volume of Montaigne bearing apothegms for future use, for which Gervais has found parallels in the "Shakespeare" Works, really the property of Bacon? The consensus of opinion is likely to be that Mr. Gervais's argument spoils the defendant's case.

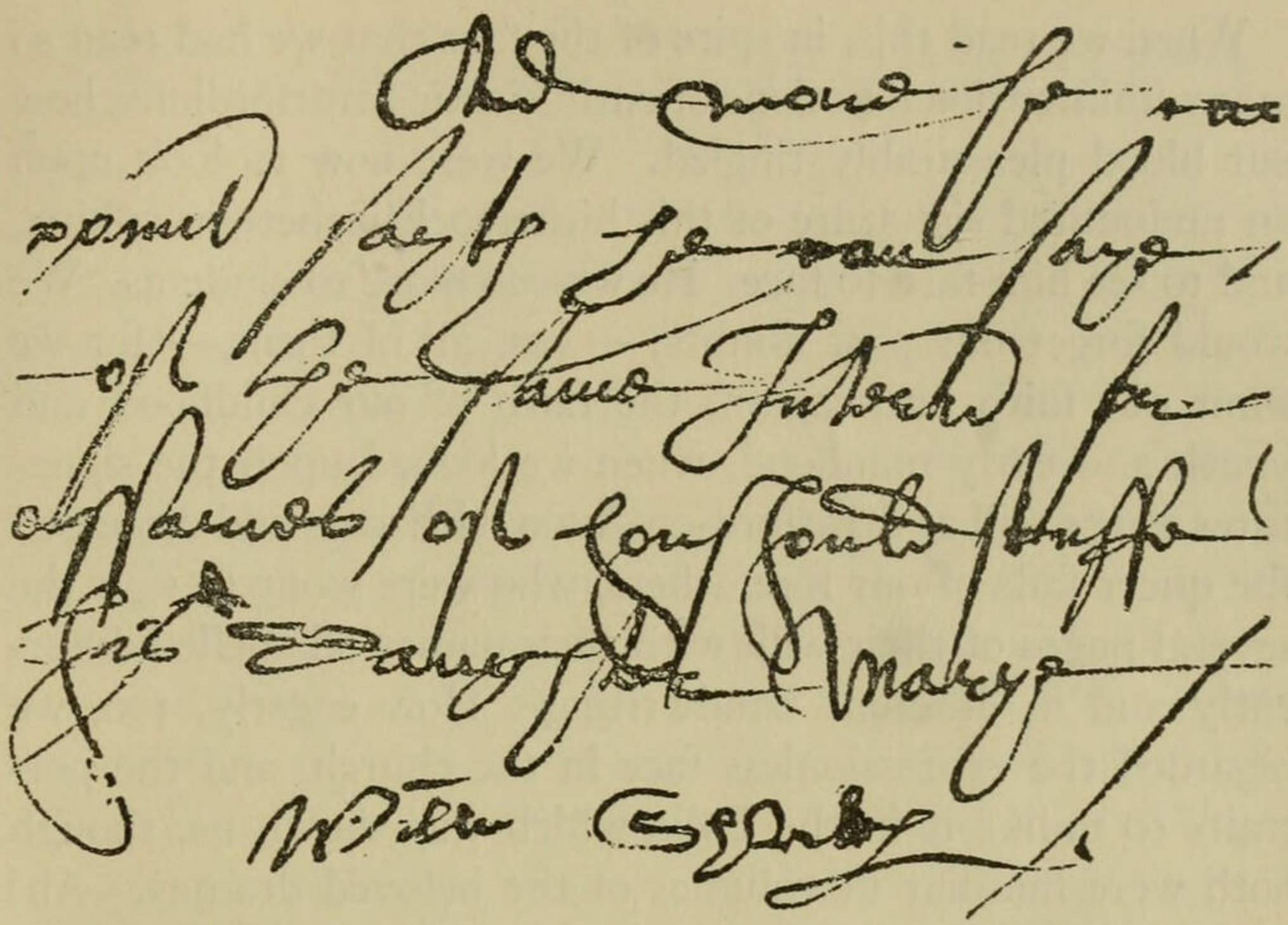
Let us now consider the genuine signature (No. 4), discovered by Professor Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, who says, with the familiar *abandon* of Knight, Gervais, and other devotees of the Stratford actor:—

> I have the honor to present Shakespeare as a man among men. He is here as unmythical as the face that speaks living language to you across the table or up out of the jostling street. He is as real and as human as you and I who answer with word, or touch, or look.[1]

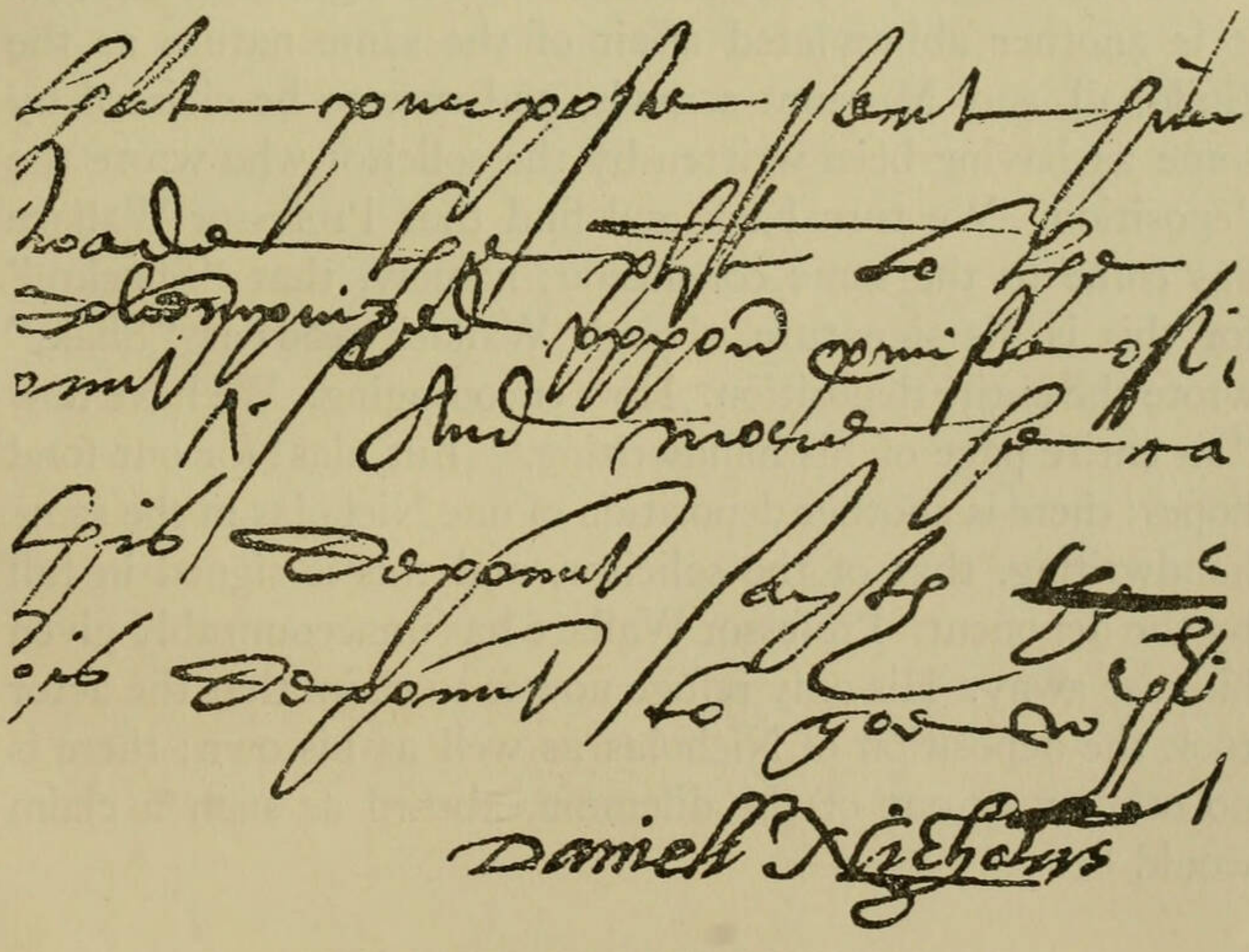
[1] Wallace, "New Shakespeare Discoveries," *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1910.



SPECIMENS OF BACON'S HANDWRITING (*showing variations*)



FACSIMILE OF THE ACTOR'S DEPOSITION AND SIGNATURE IN THE PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE, LONDON.



FACSIMILE OF DEPOSITION OF NICHOLAS IN THE PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE, LONDON.

When we read this, in spite of the fact that we had read so many unintentional fictions of enthusiastic Stratfordians, how our blood pleasurably tingled. We were now to look upon an undoubted signature of this hitherto Elizabethan sphinx, and to see him face to face. He was no more to elude us. We would forget our past doubts, — yes, all of them, — for we want our faith back again, the faith of our childhood and youth and early manhood, when we looked upon the signatures to the will at Stratford-on-Avon with awe, and discussed the queer fads of our forefathers, who were wont to sign the several pages of their wills with their names all spelled differently and in different handwriting. How eagerly, too, we regarded the expressionless face in the church, and the portraits so unlike it in the Folio which was shown us, though both were familiar in volumes of the beloved dramas. Ah! how hard is this loss of early faiths; but now, let Bacon go hang, we are to have this one, at least, restored.

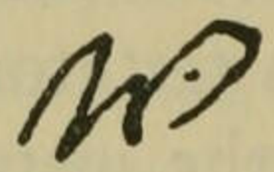
We turn eagerly to the facsimile of the signature, and, lo! it is another abbreviated affair of the same nature as the Guildhall and Museum scrawls, and sure to be claimed by some as having been written by the solicitor who wrote the deposition. We turn back and find that Professor Wallace has come to the same conclusion; namely, that "Shackp," for this is his signature, though Wallace reads it "Shak," wrote the entire deposition. How encouraging. We have now "an entire page of his handwriting." But alas! for our fond hopes; there is another deposition of one Nicholas in the same handwriting, that of the solicitor, and this is signed in full by the deponent. Professor Wallace has unaccountably given his case away. His only refuge now is to claim that the actor took the deposition of Nicholas as well as his own; there is no other way out of the dilemma, absurd as such a claim would be.

A CRUCIAL QUESTION

THE WILL AT DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, PROBATED JUNE 22, 1616

It has been claimed that the absence of the word "hand," from documents bearing the actor's name, was proof that he could not write it; but on the will the word "seale" was erased and "hand" written above it, which objectors do not seem to have noticed. This erasure and substitution are illuminating, and raise the query, Did not the law clerk who wrote the Will, knowing the illiteracy of the testator's entire family, father, mother, wife and children, suppose that a mark instead of a signature would be used, and so wrote "seale" only? And is it not as fair an inference that Francis Collins, old and experienced lawyer that he was, knowing the testator as a wealthy citizen of the town, realized the importance, not only of having his signature to the will, no matter how imperfect it might be, but of saving him from the shame of revealing his illiteracy to the world, which testators were loath to do, and so placed the first page of the instrument before him to sign, which he most imperfectly did, and then guided his hand to sign the other pages? This sanctioned the use of the word "hand" and this view of the question clears it of all difficulties. Let us consider these signatures critically. Phillipps and others, as in the case of the Droeshout portrait, fall back upon them and pronounce them all genuine; in fact, beyond question. The first they pass by as too obscure to merit consideration. To the writer this signature is pregnant with meaning. True it is impaired by age, but studied with a glass it partially shows its real character.

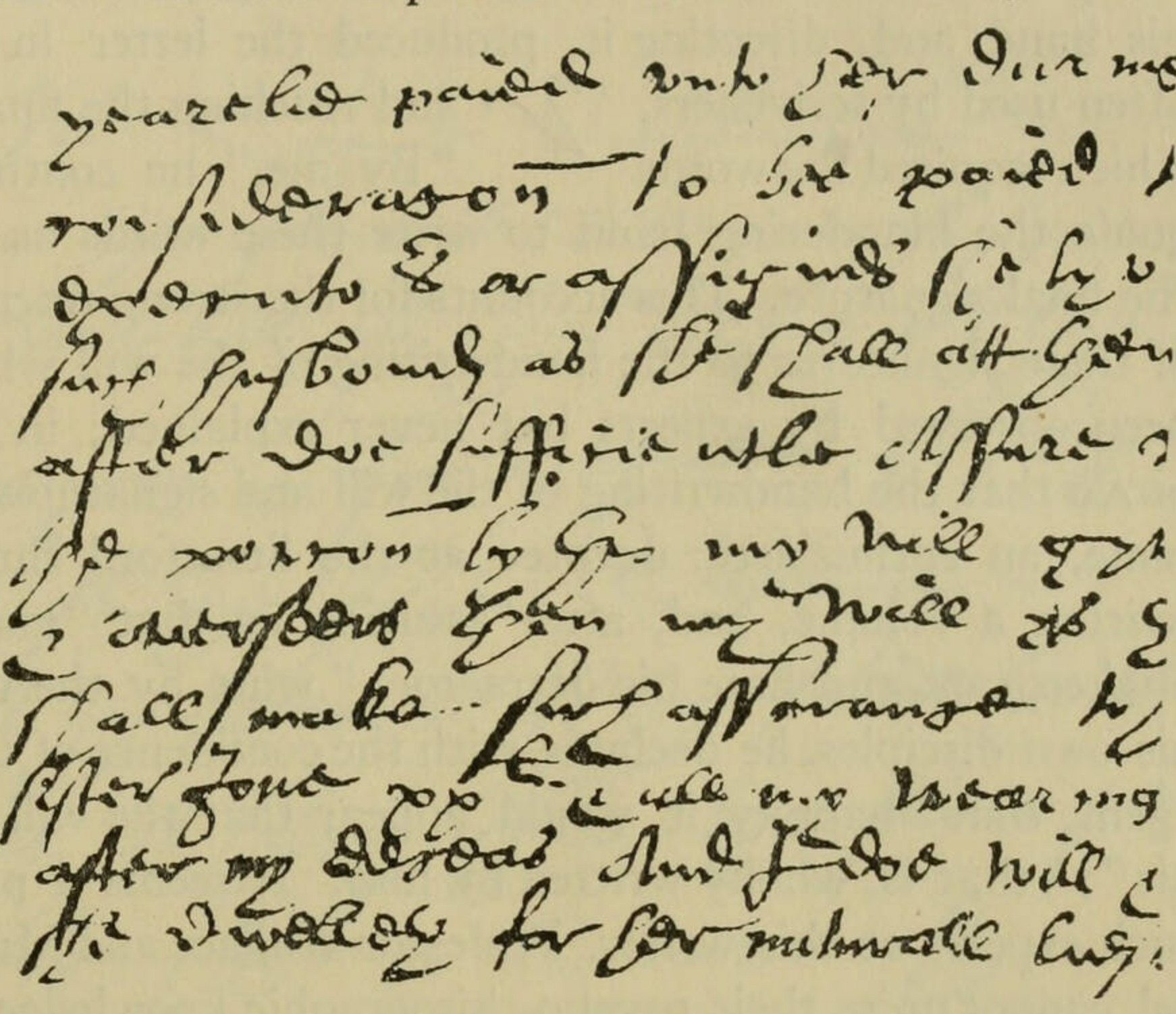
It will be seen that it has a faint resemblance, in spite of its disfigurement, to the abbreviated signatures already considered. These signatures, namely, the two on the conveyances now in the Museum and in the Guildhall, and the one in the Public Records Office, which are all that are worthy to be considered outside the will, show illiteracy too marked to be

ignored. As far as known the actor never wrote his name in full. Our opinion is that he could laboriously write this form of his name, as we have often seen illiterate men do, but, of course, not twice quite alike. This runs counter to the judgment of some Baconians who have studied the signatures and pronounced them, without exception, written by the law clerks who wrote the documents; but we desire to call attention to this point; namely, that the educated and skilful man may, and the illiterate and unskilful man — the limit of whose accomplishments in chirography is a bungled attempt to escape the odium of being a mark-man — will always leave a spoor which identifies his signatures; in fact, chirographic experts proceed upon the theory, that certain individual characteristics will inevitably appear in a signature to guide them to conclusions, just as experts do when an unknown criminal leaves his thumb-mark behind. The particular thumb-marks in this case are in the letter  and the dot in the loop of the  — a striking-point which the forger would be almost certain to imitate. In the Museum, Guildhall, and Records Office signatures, the letter "S" is evidently made with the intention of continuing the lower limb up and over the top, but with the chance of hitting it by a clumsy attempt, which would, of course, much change its appearance. It will be observed that in the two signatures, which we assume were written by a guided hand, the letter "S" is quite unlike those we call genuine.

The autograph on the Guildhall document has been tampered with. Steevens acknowledged that he placed the "a" over the signature which has appeared in most reproductions since. It was the introduction of this spurious "a" which caused him to triumphantly declare that it was the trap which caught Ireland in his forgeries, he having used it in the same way in connection with one of his spurious productions.[1]

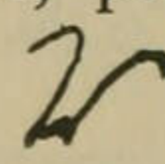
[1] Cf. Edmond Malone, Esq., *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Miscellaneous Papers*, etc., p. 121. London, 1796.

Before proceeding further let us consider the conditions surrounding the signing of the will. The date when it was drawn, probably under the direction of the solicitor, Francis Collins, who was not a resident of Stratford, was January 25. The testator was then "in perfect health and memorie," which



FACSIMILE EXHIBIT FROM THE FIRST PAGE OF WILL

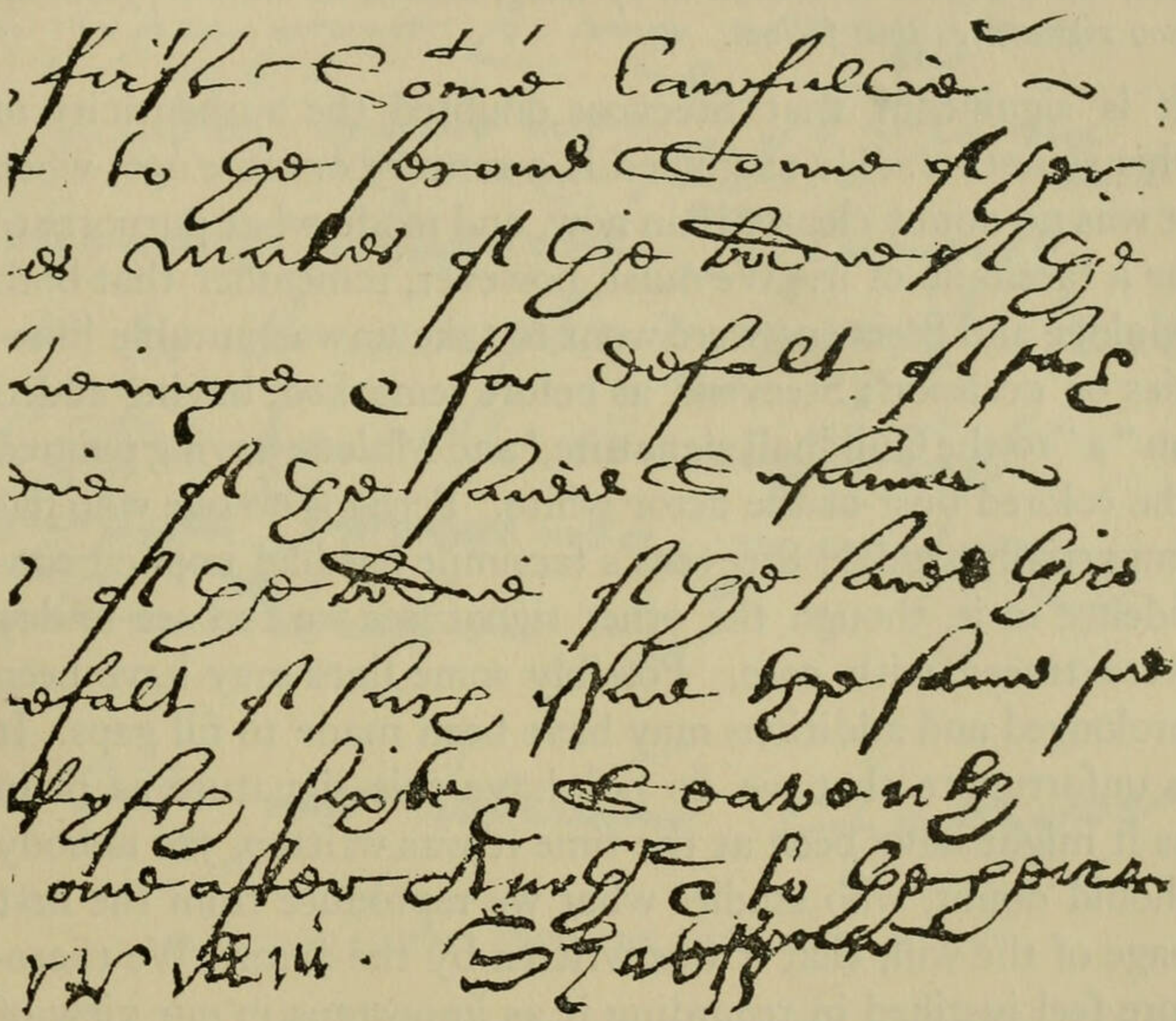
is unquestionably true, or the solicitor would have stated that he was weak in body, though of sound memory. After the making of the will, which was left unsigned for further consideration, the actor contracted the "feavour." Just when this occurred we are not informed, but as March drew to a close he was in a critical condition, and Collins was called to have the will executed. There was no necessity for recopying the will, which had been in existence for two months, and it was brought forth to be signed, the date changed, the interlineations made, if they had not been made before, which is not improbable, and the actor, holding the pen, began on the

lower left margin of the first sheet, and painfully scrawled his name in the usual abbreviated manner. The second was placed before him, and he laboriously began to form the letter "W" (please observe the V-form carefully), but bungled so badly that the solicitor, or scribe who accompanied him, took his hand, and, directing it, produced the letter in a form often used by scriveners,  and reaching the final sheet, which required the words "By me," he continued to guide the blundering hand to write these words as well as the final signature. This accounts for the strong resemblance of these signatures to the handwriting of the will which has been observed by experts but never explained; in fact, to prove that the handwriting of the will and signatures are the same, an enthusiastic devotee at the Stratford shrine has written a volume, and, after assuring us that "many love Shakespeare and hate his detractors," who, by the way, are his own disciples, he declares, with the confidence of the book agent, that "happily it would appear that the will itself is his";[1] that is, wholly written by him. It seems a pity that such experts as this writer, Professor Wallace and Mrs. Kintzel, cannot unite their psycho-chirographic knowledge for the instruction of the world.

Being so largely the work of the scribe the two last signatures show that they were dominated by him, yet, at the same time, reveal the uncertain touch of the actor. The "S" should be especially noticed, and the dot in the loop of the "W," which, while not unique with the actor, was a favorite fad mechanically learned, and not forgotten when his solicitor helped him out with his last signature which he had never before written in full. As has been said, an illiterate man, who can write his name is almost sure to have some particular point the use of which he clings to as the essential token of his caligraphic skill. Whoever taught the future actor to write, per-

[1] John Pyne Yeatman, F.R.H.S., *Is William Shakespeare's Will Holographic?* London.

haps one of the older boys in the Grammar School, as Phillipps suggests, had a fancy for this dot in the loop, and used it to the admiration of his pupil. Thenceforward, this dot, if nothing else, must be conscientiously enshrined within the sheltering loop to give to his signature the orthodox character



FACSIMILE EXHIBIT FROM THE SECOND PAGE OF WILL

which belonged to so important an accomplishment, and if our view of the subject is correct, its final use under the circumstances is somewhat pathetic.

This view of the case explains all difficulties which have so puzzled the biographers, and have elicited so many theories. Malone, who examined the will with Steevens, says: —

> Referring to the first signature, we doubted whether if it were his handwriting, and I suspect he signed his name at the end of the Will first, and so went backwards, which will account for that in the first page being worse written than the rest.

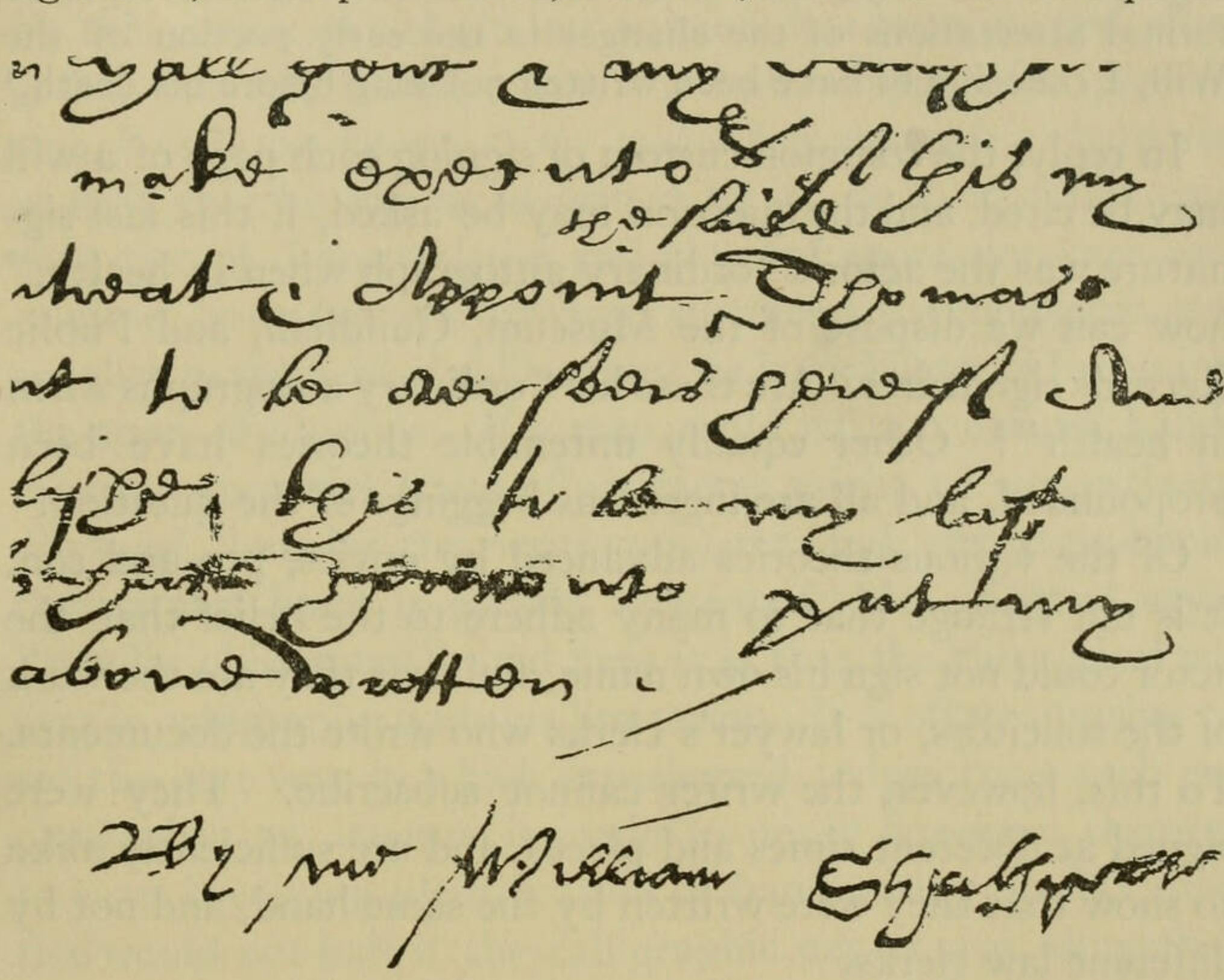
And Steevens, influenced by overmastering zeal to have a readable signature of his paragon, gives this equally untenable opinion: —

The last two sheets are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakespeare's own hand. The first, indeed, has his name in the margin, *but it differs somewhat in spelling, as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow.*

It is significant that Steevens doubted the authenticity of this signature. He examined it a century or more ago, when it was no doubt clearer than now, and made what purports to be a facsimile of it. We must, however, remember that both Malone and Steevens were wont to take unwarrantable liberties on occasion; Steevens, as before remarked, having added an "a" to the Guildhall signature,[1] and Malone having painted the colored bust of the actor white. Perhaps no one who has impartially studied Steevens's facsimile has had implicit confidence in it, though the other signatures we can see to-day were traced with care. Possibly some lines may have been prolonged and additions may have been made to fill gaps. It is unfortunate that we do not have this signature as plain as it might have been at the time it was written, yet nobody should doubt, who studies what we reproduce from the first page of the will, that it was written by the actor. We therefore feel justified in regarding it as important in our view of the case. It will be observed that in the two reproductions here given, one from the photo-lithograph of the first page of the will made fifty years ago, and the other from Steevens (No. 3), the top of the "S" shows, like the three genuine signatures we have considered, that it was made with the flat of the pen slightly turned to the right, making the ending of the line heavier. Had Steevens carried the top of his "S" as far to the right as it is shown in the facsimile fragment in the will, it would have coalesced with the "h," unless the paper has shrunken since he traced it. This seems to show that he erro-

[1] Malone, *An Inquiry*, etc., p. 18.

neously curved the letter (*y*), making it a rude figure "8." Let us substitute the fragment shown in the will, and add to it the remainder of Steevens's tracing. This gives us the letter similar to the form in which it now appears in the Guildhall signature, the top of which, however, has been defaced prob-



FACSIMILE EXHIBIT FROM THE THIRD PAGE OF WILL

ably by age. Malone's example (*x*) of this letter we believe to be correct, and that the "S" in the first signature (*z*) was originally similar in character.

We have thought it worth while to call the attention of the curious to these points, so that the character of Steevens's tracing may be better understood, for no one studying the subject can ignore it.

Phillipps says: —

> My impression, not lightly formed, is, that the Will was originally executed in January; — that Shakespeare on this occasion signed only the last sheet; that at some time between January and March, owing to the marriage of his daughter, Judith, and

other circumstances, the whole of Sheet 1 was rewritten, and two lines of Sheet 2 were cancelled. Upon this hypothesis, and upon no other, can I account for the error in the regnal year, and for the remarkable diversity in the signatures. The signature on the final Sheet I conceive to have been the ordinary autograph of the Poet when in health, the other signatures, mere formal attestations of the changes in the early portion of the Will, I conceive to have been written not long before his death.[1]

In reply, the common custom of signing each page of a will may be cited, and the question may be asked, if this last signature was the actor's "ordinary autograph when in health," how can we dispose of the Museum, Guildhall, and Public Records signatures? Are these his "ordinary autographs when in health"? Other equally untenable theories have been propounded, and all are ingenious beggings of the question.

Of the various theories advanced by critics, pro and con, it is not strange that so many adhere to the belief that the actor could not sign his own name, and that they are the work of the solicitors, or lawyer's clerks who wrote the documents. To this, however, the writer cannot subscribe. They were signed at different times and places, and are sufficiently alike to show that they were written by the same hand, and not by different law clerks.

Among the many puzzles connected with the actor, the signatures are not the least, and when Wallace so positively announced that at last we were to have a fine autograph of the actor of undoubted authenticity, the disappointment was genuine when the "find" proved to be a very small egg preceded by a very exaggerated cackle. Not that a passably good signature would add an iota to the claim of the actor's devotees that he was the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, but because everybody would be glad to concede to him the ability to write his name, even imperfectly, which so many of the best thinkers now deny him. The mere possibility of such a denial in such a case by men of unquestioned character and

[1] H. Staunton, *Memorials of Shakespeare*. London.

ability is certainly astounding, and hitherto unheard of in the world of literature.

When the foregoing was written we had not read Mrs. Kintzel's article in the "Menschenkenner" [1] on the subject, and it seems necessary to consider the theory advanced by this author, which, in our opinion, has been pressed altogether too far, namely, that the handwriting of a person, *though he be not known as the author*,[2] expresses his character so fully that he can be identified by it. It is no doubt true that mental characteristics and physical expressions are correlative, but when one attempts to trace a psychological personality in the field of calligraphy, he is in danger of becoming the sport of illusions. If a man could write a natural hand, certain superficial traits of character might be suggestively disclosed, but by the writing-master and the copy-book, the natural hand is greatly influenced: Mrs. Kintzel says, "wholly obliterated"; and here it is that the theoretical expert in calligraphy finds his limitation. It is often amusing to see the curt way in which experienced judges treat such experts when an attempt is made to apply fine-spun theories to cases involving identification of handwriting; in fact, justice would not halt if the calligraphic expert was altogether eliminated in trials. To illustrate: Not long ago a person was convicted of murder almost solely on the testimony of professional experts in calligraphy, who declared that a letter accusing an unknown person of being the guilty party was in the handwriting of the one charged with the crime. But for this letter there is little doubt that the case would have broken down. The result of the "expert" testimony was conviction, and some time afterwards the real writer confessed to its authorship, having written it in behalf, but without the knowledge of, the condemned.

The expert follows in his exposition of a signature what

[1] Otto Wigand, *Der Menschenkenner*. Leipzig, Jahrg, 1909, no. 10.
[2] The italics are ours.

seems a fairly well-defined path. He calls attention to the upstroke, the loop, its round, flat, or angular form, the uniformity or variation of a certain letter, the strength of the hairline, the use of the dot; common features in all handwritings, but just such features as most readily appeal to the inexpert juryman, and would be convincing if the judge did not now and then intervene with a searching question calculated to expose the theoretical character of the evidence. We have already remarked that the illiterate man affords to the expert agreeable opportunities, for he is prone to have one or more favorite forms to which he clings as a drowning man to a lifeline. He has laboriously learned to write his name under the tutelage of one who has a fad which he loves to display ostentatiously to his admiring pupil, like dotting an "i," adding a flourish, or giving some capital letter a distinguishing quirk. An expert writer is less apt to do this, as he has learned, perhaps, from different masters or copy-books, a variety of letters which he uses almost unconsciously.

We are led to this repetition perhaps unnecessarily prolix, because of the article mentioned, which is a curious exhibition of futile theorizing on the signatures to the Stratford actor's will. The writer, Mrs. Thumm-Kintzel, in a German magazine attempts by purely speculative methods an elucidation of certain obscure matters relating to that much-discussed instrument.

Had not several English Baconians applauded Mrs. Kintzel's effort, though strangely enough leaving it untranslated, and seemingly missing its point, we should have regarded much of it as hardly worthy of consideration. Setting forth a fairly accurate story of the position of the contestants in the Bacon-Shakspere discussion, Mrs. Kintzel says that "a comparison of the characteristics of the writing of the will," and

A study of the handwriting of the age of Elizabeth lead to the following surprising conclusions:—

1. A "scribe" as writer of the will is not to be considered; (*kommt nicht in Frage*).
2. The collected signatures, especially the "By me, William Shakespeare," as well as the others, as far as they are recognizable, show a clear identity with the characteristics of the writing in the will.
3. The handwriting of the will is of so intellectual and artistic a type, that a Shakespeare may well be considered its author: (*das sehr wohl ein Shakespeare für sie in Frage kommt*).

To the first point it is to be said that it is characteristic of a scribe's writing; that it reproduces exactly, correctly, clearly, legibly, and uniformly the normal types, and the prescribed calligraphic forms of his age; that it almost wholly obliterates that which gives an individual stamp to the handwriting. Examples of such handwriting between 1523 and 1680 are given which, it is claimed, conform to a uniform scribe type (*schreiber Typus*).

The handwriting of the will stands in the sharpest contrast to all these types. It is incorrect, often careless, hardly legible, and shows a freedom, extravagance, yes, exuberance of form, such as a scribe would never permit himself.

This statement any one by a comparison of manuscripts of this period can satisfy himself is erroneous, for such exuberance of form is common with scribes, as it is with others.

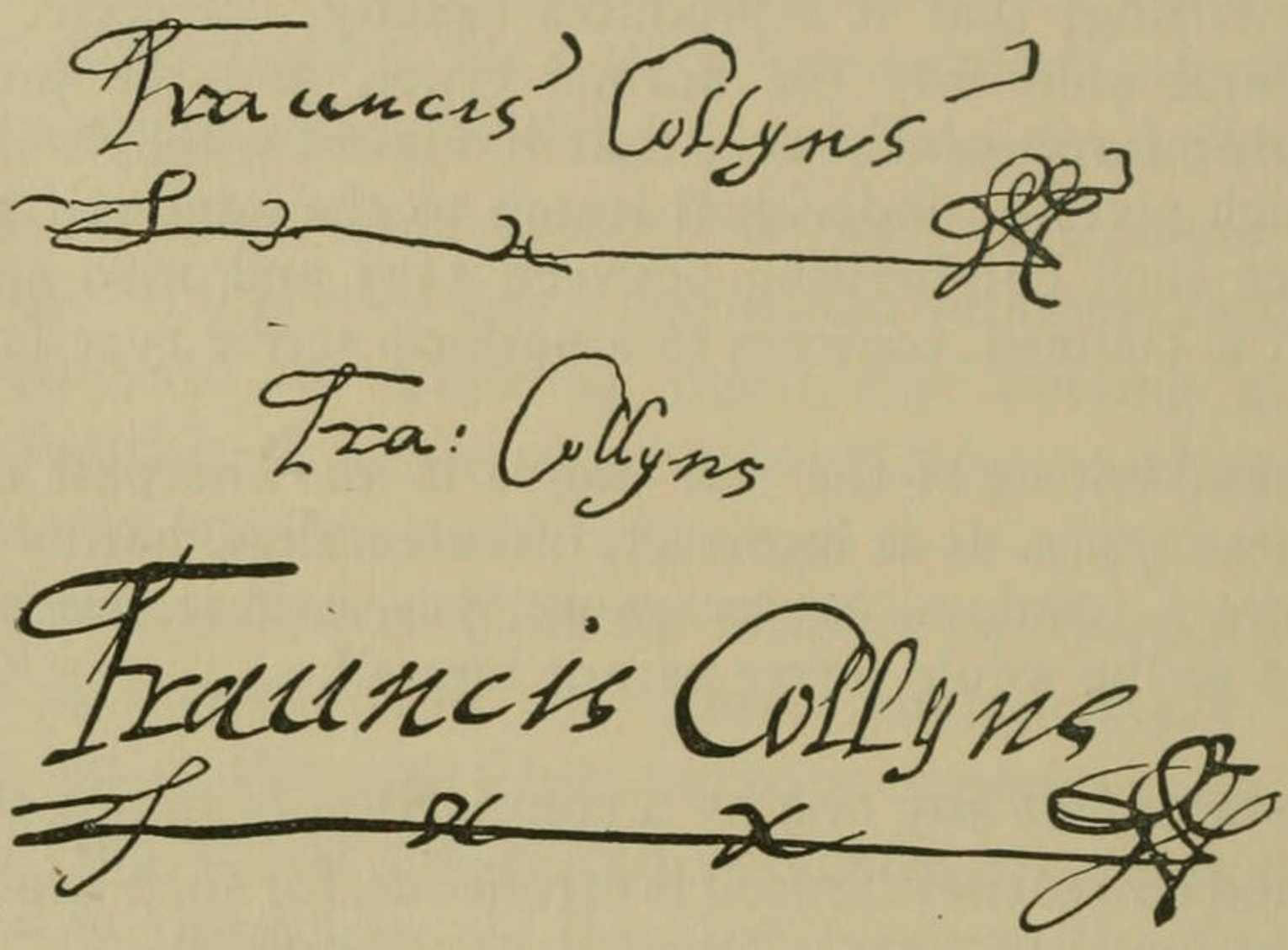
Farther, this will was not written at one draught, and in one day, but at wholly different times, and in contrary moods (*gegensatzlichen Stimmungen*); yes, even under bodily conditions, as the sharp change in the size and form of the letters proves.

The author then goes into the origin of the opinion that a lawyer's scribe wrote the will; a quite unnecessary point as the origin of the opinion could be of no weight in determining the fact. The evidence that there were interlineations and changes after the will was draughted appears plainly on its face. There is no mystery whatever about this, and it requires no oracle to tautologically assure us that it was not "written at one draught, and in one day, but at wholly different times" (*in einem Zuge und an einem Tage, sondern*

zuganz verschiedenen Zeiten), as it must have been if not written in one day.

Of Francis Collins, whom some have believed to have written the will, she informs us that it "shows a fundamentally different type, so as to exclude wholly the possibility of identity with the handwriting of the will."

Byrde, whom nobody for a moment supposes wrote it, is unnecessarily disposed of, and the origin of the notion that it



FACSIMILES OF THE SIGNATURE OF FRANCIS COLLINS

was written by a scribe easily run down to a letter by the Reverend Joseph Greene, who made the stupid remark that it was "absolutely void of the least particle of that spirit which animated our great poet," and the disappointment of West, to whom he gave it, that it was not holographic. With respect to the signature of Collins we here produce the only three examples we have been able to procure, one of which is from the will and the other two from documents at Stratford, which show, what every collector and student of autographs is aware of, that some facile writers at times write their names in very different ways. It is certain, however, that Collins did not write the will. We shall show that it was written by a scribe.

Of Malone's conviction that the will was written in the clerical hand of that age, Mrs. Kintzel says that it is

> hardly to be accepted, however, that Malone, who began his studies one hundred and fifty years after Shakespeare's death, and who certainly possessed no knowledge of graphiology, could be so accurately informed as to the characteristics of that age. With hand on heart (*Hand aufs Herz*) what layman would dare to pronounce with assurance upon a handwriting of the year 1760 as coming from a scribe? and not one graphologist has studied these documents because no one suspected their significance.

We must take issue with Mrs. Kintzel in several foregoing particulars. We claim that it is exaggeration to say that "a scribe's writing reproduces exactly and uniformly the normal types, and the prescribed calligraphic forms of his age." The same differences, perhaps in not so marked a degree, exist in the handwriting of scribes, as exist in the handwriting of other facile penmen. Nor is it true that "the handwriting of the will stands in the sharpest contrast to these types"; that is, the "normal types" of the actor's age.

The present writer has examined, in English and French archives, many manuscripts of the period from the middle of the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century, and asserts his belief that there are no defined limits of life to any large group of letters in existence at a certain period. Some individual letter-forms may not, figuratively speaking, survive, while other associated letter-forms may continue in existence; hence, the use of the term "prescribed calligraphic forms of an age" is unwarranted. Certain so-called systems of penmanship may come into fashion, and influence prevalent letter-forms, but not in a sufficient degree to validate the term quoted, and when specimens of the writing of a period, say of a century, are compared, all attempts to apply hard-and-fast rules to define the limits of a so-called "calligraphic age" result in failure. We do, however, admit that the influence of the schoolmaster and the copy-book, not wholly,

but in large measure, "obliterates that which gives an individual stamp to the handwriting," but for Mrs. Kintzel's theory this seems a dangerous admission. Of course, the layman, however studious, never expects to be recognized in any field by the professional expert who is fain to assume the purple, be his experience ever so limited.

Mrs. Kintzel continues:—

> We now come to Point 2, — the identity of the signature with the main body of the will. Referring to the last signature we see, on the right, certain letters from the Shakespeare signature, "By me, William Shakespeare," and on the left, the identical letters from the will. The similarity of form is highly surprising (*höchst überraschend*).

Not at all, for while letter-forms change there are temporary fashions in some letters. Anticipating this reply Mrs. Kintzel proceeds to fortify her position:—

> One can perhaps suggest that it would not be difficult in the case of so small a row of letters to find parallel characteristics with any English handwriting of that time. Let one attempt it and he will be convinced of the difficulty, even of the impossibility of his undertaking.

Reference is made to letters in the will as examples:—

> So any one who has a knowledge of the science of handwriting will agree with me when I say that it is endlessly difficult in the case of the handwriting of an intellectual genius to establish firmly identical forms of any one letter, since the genius (*Genialität*) of handwriting consists exactly in creating continually new letter-forms, and new combinations in the joining of the stroke. So the signatures of Shakespeare are remarkably different, and show always another portrait, at least, outwardly.

Yes, the actor's signatures are "remarkably different," as we show by placing all the letters in them before the reader, instead of a few selected ones (see p. 270), and if anybody can discover genius in them, he must possess the vision of an archangel.

Mrs. Kintzel continues:—

To that come clear similarities in the complete likeness of the signatures (especially of the first of the final signatures) with the will.

Here we see:

1. Great distance between the words — *noble dignity* (*Edle Würde*).
2. Clear concave lines — *Brünetter Type*.
3. Stronge change in the direction of the letter-strokes, violence, excitability (*Heftigkeit, Erregbarkeit*).
4. Uneven placing of letters, now too far apart, now too close together; lack of love of order (*Ordnungsliebe*).
5. Horizontal position of the final strokes. A will that knows how to command, and endless other similar traits in handwriting and character.

Mrs. Kintzel calls attention to several specimens of handwriting in the actor's time for comparison and continues:—

The handwriting of the will holds the character, the soul of the artistic creative genius of a Titan, and so I have held it worthy to place it, as of equal birth with the artistic writing of a Beethoven and of a Goethe.— I must for the present renounce going into a discussion of the character of the handwriting, as now only the establishment of the identity is important. The next issue will probably describe the author of the will as to genius, character, temperament, yes, appearance and weakness.

If, however, the result of a search for the writer of the will should establish even with irrefutable certainty that it was not from the hand of Shakespeare, no one can force me from the rock-bound conclusion that "Whoever wrote the will, he was a genius!"

Had the author of this astounding bit of hyperbole given the ordinary attention of a student to her subject, she would have found that her artistic Titan was no more than an obscure scrivener who has left enough examples of his chirography in Stratford to prove beyond question his identity with the writer of the will. To settle this fact beyond cavil, instead of leaving the reader to depend alone upon our certification of it, we wrote to the secretary of the "Birthplace" at

Stratford, calling his attention to certain documents there, and requesting him to compare them with the will, and to inform us if they were in the same handwriting. This is his reply:—

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE,
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,
Jan. 18, 1915.

DEAR SIR:—

I have made a careful comparison of the handwritings of the will and the draft of the tithe-conveyance of 1605, and, without doubt, both are written by the same hand. Furthermore both the *actual conveyance* and the bond from Huband to Shakespeare for the due performance of the contract in the assignment are in the same handwriting. After studying the signatures of Francis Collins, I feel convinced that these documents were not written by him, but that they were the work of some clerk in his employment whose name is at present unknown.

I remain

Yours very faithfully,
FRED C. WELLSTOOD.

(Used by permission.)

This should settle forever the question of who wrote the will. On the theory that it was written by the man who penned the abominable signatures which remain as evidence of his illiteracy, and the equally untenable one that the artificial Italian signature which Bacon sometimes affected was his natural hand, — both theories the result of inexcusable ignorance of her subject, — Mrs. Kintzel has won the admiration of some of our all too fervid disciples of German speculative thought.

After this display of Mrs. Kintzel's Icarian daring, one can but be reminded of Clelia's discovery of the New Messiah, and, especially, of the studious Stratfordian, who also possessed "a rock-bound conclusion," and proclaimed to the world that he had finally settled the authorship of the plays by finding so many Warwickshire names in them; but another student having produced a longer list of the same

names abounding in other English shires, the rock crumbled. At this point Mrs. Kintzel expresses the hope which all have expressed:—

That one page of MS. may be discovered that bears upon the high problems of the dramas; the profound reflections; the being and life of men and the animal world; the circulation of the blood, sickness and insanity; the course of the stars, clouds, and wind; the influence of the moon on the sea, and upon all the thousand things that are brought out with such wisdom in Shakespearian Works. Who can find them?

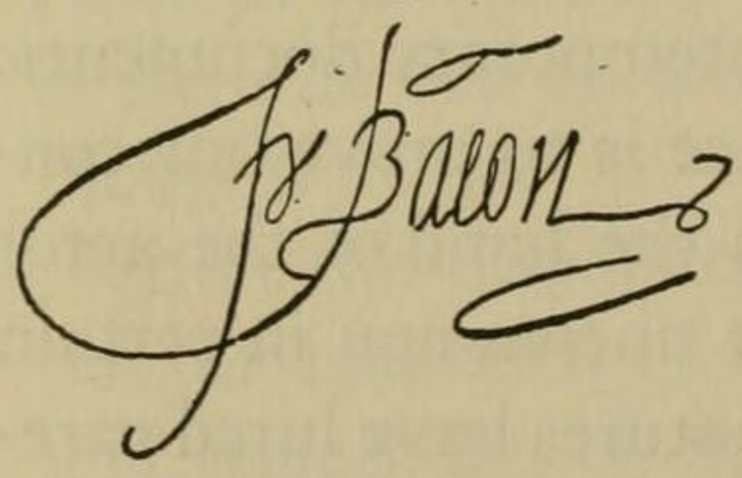
To this a Baconian would reply that all these subjects have been treated in the works of a contemporary in a manner which should be satisfying to an unprejudiced inquirer.

It seems evident from Mrs. Kintzel's article, and from others in the same number of the "Menschenkenner," that in the psychology of graphiology the German has outdistanced the Anglo-Saxon, though we have, it is true, indulged in similar pleasing fictions, such as the belief that our revered Agassiz from a single bone could reconstruct a hitherto unknown fish; but our Teutonic necromancers can, by a deft psychological bit of legerdemain, with a few letters of a dead man's hand-writing resurrect and present him to us in all his pristine beauty or ugliness. Shade of Judge Walton! who loved not handwriting experts, what would he have said to this?

With respect to the challenge of Mrs. Kintzel we assert as positively that scores of letters of the same character can be found in contemporary or near contemporary documents. What we consider of greater importance is to prove our contention that in the two last signatures the hand of the actor was guided. If it were, and it was not uncommon in certain cases, it explains at once how these signatures have lured careless observers into the fallacious theory that the will was written by the testator. With the two final signatures of the will disposed of, we have, as already said, four of the actor's signatures left, including the first from Steevens's tracing on

the will, which is now almost obliterated, and three others, fortunately, quite legible. Again we want to call especial attention to the "S" in each of these, because of the great importance which this letter plays in the discussion of this subject. We have reproduced them to show that the actor knew but one way of making the most important of all the letters of his name. He always began by attempting a sort of rude "S" similar in form to the one familiar to him in print, and ended by carrying the final stroke up over it, but in a bungling manner, a form, however, not original with him for it is often met with. That this was the way he made every one of these letters is not only shown by their form, but by the lighter and heavier parts of the stroke. That the formation of the letter ended at the top is shown by the heavier stroke. Compare again these two letters on the Museum and Guildhall documents. At first sight they look so unlike that Gervais and others exclaim that they can hardly have been written by the same hand. Malone, who saw them over a century ago, gives us a facsimile of the one which departs most from the others. Doubtless if the writer had had a pen which flowed equally well in both cases the letters would have looked much more alike.

Of course Mrs. Kintzel must have her fling at Bacon, and she produces his signature, the Italian one, which, if it enshrines any psychological secrets, they are those of the person who taught him this beautiful but quite artificial hand.



Specimens of this hand, written by others while it was in vogue, could be produced so exactly similar that even Mrs. Kintzel would be puzzled to see a difference. Evidently the lady was not aware of the versatility of Bacon, and that the signature under discussion was not his natural hand, so she babbles like this, in conformity with Liebig's spiteful portraiture of him: —

We come now to the handwriting of Francis Bacon. It is in essence other than that of the will. The letters are of a pedantic uniformity, the pressure weak and colorless, the uncontrolled traits of an impetuous temperament are lacking, and we miss almost entirely the curves and rhythms of poet and artist. It shows all the traits of vanity, self-deception, self-seeking, conceit, and self-love. We see clearly here an earnest, and for the Shakespeare dramas, a too earnest, witless, and humorless creator, a busy collector of political and legal matters, but a glow of fancy never and nowhere. We see further a noticeable leaning to lack of uprightness, nobility, and untruthfulness. We see the smooth, courtly flatterer, and so much more which we can here only casually point to, and so we ask our graphiological colleagues to pass judgment.

And this dreamer soberly declares her belief that by such futile efforts the Greatest of Literary Problems may be solved, and she thus concludes:—

> Perhaps with united efforts, in this way a solution of the riddle, which has till now been in vain, may be found.

We have devoted, perhaps, too much space to this fanciful German theorist who has based a defamation of character upon a single signature, and that an artificial one; but in view of the favor with which such work has been received in some quarters, we hope to be justified.

Since the foregoing was written "scare" headlines in newspapers and periodicals announce another "Great Discovery of Dr. Wallace"; "the lively certainty of the exact site of the famous playhouse, the Globe Theater." Yet we are told "That to many the principal feature of the documents now first revealed by Dr. Wallace is the proof they give of the eminence of Shakespeare." "Shakespeare was by no means," says Dr. Wallace, "the largest shareholder in the property" under consideration, a fact, by the way, which has always been known. His "eminence," however, is proved by the fact that "in one document he is mentioned alone 'Willielmi Shakespeare et aliorum'"; and farther, "The date of the building

of the Globe is now for the first time settled within a month or two." Hereafter the eminence of a man should be undoubted if he is fortunate enough to get "et al." attached to his name in a document. It is quite important, too, for the world to know how many inches, or even feet, to the east or north of the supposed site of the Globe the real site was, and the date of its erection "within a month or two." Of course to orthodox Stratfordians like Lee, Clelia, Thorpe, Mrs. Kintzel, Robertson, this is proof positive that the actor wrote "Hamlet," and we may expect Baconians to be more hotly abused than ever. The fact is, we want as many true discoveries made concerning the actor as possible, and will join our Stratford friends in hailing them with unstinted enthusiasm. Thus far, however, such discoveries have materially strengthened the Baconian cause, as we believe all future ones will if that cause is based upon truth; if it is not, it will inevitably and justly fail, for truth is invincible and opinion a passing breath.

Bacon to Matthew, 1608, alluding to the "Felicity of Elizabeth" which he had submitted to him: "At that time methought, you were more willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* than Elizabeth commended"; and again Matthew in a letter to Bacon respecting some work he had received from him, "I will not return you weight for weight but *Measure for Measure*." This play was first produced in 1603 at Wilton before the King and Court during the trial of Sir Walter Ralegh and the speech of Isabella is thought to have been introduced in behalf of the unfortunate Ralegh.

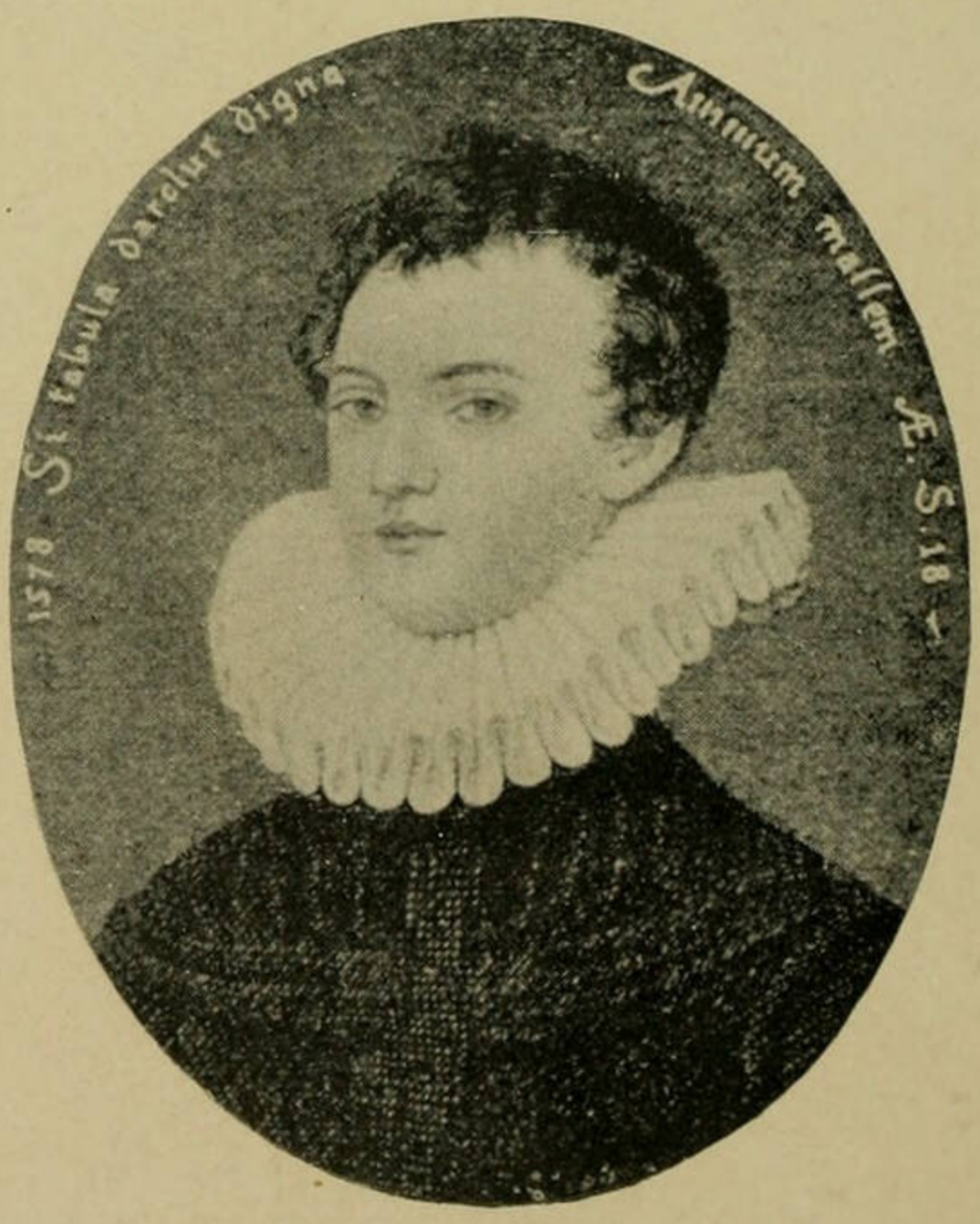
Had these allusions to "Julius Cæsar" and "Measure for Measure" been found in correspondence between the actor and a literary friend, would it not have been blown world-wide as proof unquestionable that the actor was the author of these plays?



FRANCIS BACON (By Passe)



AT TWELVE



AT EIGHTEEN

VIII

FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON VERULAM OF VERULAM

In sketching the life and character of a man, especially if he has been fortunate enough to be both praised and blamed, one cannot be too vigilant in avoiding bias, an infection from which biographers rarely escape. Several biographies and sketches, more or less complete, of the life of Francis Bacon, have been written: the first by Rawley, his private chaplain; then, by Böener, his physician; Campbell, Montagu, Fowler, Abbott, Garnett, and notably by Spedding, who has also given us many of his letters.

The best test of a man's character and worth should be found in the testimony of contemporaries, and of these we have a cloud of unimpeachable witnesses to Francis Bacon's transcendent genius, righteousness, and altruism, — Rawley, Böener, Matthew, Fuller, Aubrey, and many others, — Aubrey making the sweeping declaration that "All who were good and great loved him." Some modern writers, however, have seen in him nothing, and others everything, to commend. To understand this we must recognize the fact that the human mind, with rare exceptions, is subconsciously or by transmission from some other mind that has adventured into the same field which it is exploring, sensitively alive to suggestion which is readily transformed into theory unless restrained. Such a mind when it undertakes to delineate a dead man's character, with little beside his correspondence with various people, with some of whom he can be familiar, while with others he must be reserved or evasive, complaisant or aggressive, is sure to produce a portrait which would be unrecognizable to a contemporary. Especially is this true if his subject has figured in the

political life of his time, no matter how righteous he may have been; indeed, the righteous often furnish a better target to the defamer than the unrighteous. A fair example of this is furnished by two among Bacon's biographers, one of whom, Dixon,[1] has grossly overpraised, and the other, an anonymous but able writer, has as grossly abused, him.[2]

Two German writers have especially made Bacon the subject of animadversion, Liebig and Dühring.[3] Says Fowler of the former, "Baron Liebig, whose diatribe affords an example of literary animosity which is fortunately rare in recent times, condemns almost all his logical precepts as antiquated or worthless."[4] These writers have largely influenced German opinion upon the subject, and added a keener edge to German contempt of English thought. Yet may we not ask how far they have advanced in the field of metaphysical knowledge; how much more have they achieved than the creation of an ingenious scheme of terminology; and if egoism is the fruit of their claim to superiority, is the world a gainer by their efforts? While Bacon's system may be justly open to criticism as imperfect, as all systems are, it has certainly the merit of being Christian. We are aware that it has been denominated Machiavellian, and will quote his own words in disproof:—

> Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it falls. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him.
>
> Men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country.

[1] W. Hepworth Dixon, *Personal History of Lord Bacon.* London, 1861. Cf. *Story of Lord Bacon's Life, ibid.*, 1862.

[2] *The Life and Correspondence of Francis Bacon*, etc. Anon. London, 1861. Cf. Dühring, *Kritische Geschichte*, etc.

[3] Justus von Liebig. Cf. *Ueber Francis Bacon von Verulam, und die Methode der Naturforschung.* Translation in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1883.

[4] Thomas Fowler, M.A., F.S.A., *Bacon*, p. 133. New York, 1881.

And this:—

If a man's mind be truly inflamed with charity, it raises him to greater perfection than all the doctrines of morality can do; which is but a sophist in comparison with the other. Nay, further, as Xenophon truly observed, "that all other affections though they raise the mind, yet they distort and disorder it by their ecstasies and excesses, but only love at the same time exalts and composes it"; so all the other qualities which we admire in man, though they advance nature, are yet subject to excess; whereas charity alone admits of no excess.[1]

Happily there are Germans appreciative of English genius, and we will quote Gervinus, a better authority than those of whom we have spoken. He says, advising his countrymen to cultivate a more intimate knowledge of the "Shakespeare" Works:—

A similar benefit would it be to our intellectual life if his famed contemporary, Bacon, were revived in a suitable manner, in order to counterbalance the idealistic philosophy of Germany. For both these, the poet as well as the philosopher, having looked deeply into the history and politics of their people, stand upon the level ground of reality, notwithstanding the high art of the one and the speculative notions of the other. . . .

Both in philosophy and poetry everything conspired, as it were, throughout this prosperous period, in favour of two great minds, Shakespeare and Bacon; all competitors vanished from their side, and they could give forth laws for art and science which it is incumbent even upon present ages to fulfil. As the revived philosophy, which in the former century in Germany was divided among many, but in England at that time was the possession of a single man, so poetry also found one exclusive heir, compared with whom those later born could claim but little.

That Shakespeare's appearance upon a soil so admirably prepared was neither marvellous nor accidental is evidenced even by the corresponding appearance of such a contemporary as Bacon. Scarcely can anything be said of Shakespeare's position generally with regard to mediæval poetry which does not also

[1] James Spedding, *The Works of Francis Bacon*, vol. XII, p. 159. Boston, 1861. Cf. vol. IX, pp. 262–97.

bear upon the position of the renovator Bacon with regard to mediæval philosophy. Neither knew nor mentioned the other, although Bacon was almost called upon to have done so in his remarks upon the theatre of his day.

As Shakespeare balanced the one-sided errors of the imagination by reason, reality, and nature, so Bacon led philosophy away from the one-sided errors of reason to experience; both, with one stroke, renovated the two branches of science and poetry by this renewed bond with nature; both, disregarding all by-ways staked everything upon this "victory in the race between art and nature." Just as Bacon with his new philosophy is linked with the natural science of Greece and Rome, and then with the latter period of philosophy in western Europe, so Shakespeare's drama stands in relation to the comedies of Plautus, and to the stage of his own day.[1]

The manner in which Gervinus associates the author of the "Novum Organum" and the author of "Hamlet" is noticeable. It seems hardly credible that Englishmen should adopt Liebig's violent criticism of the greatest thinker of his age, yet several pro-German in sentiment, have accepted and advocated his views.[2]

To two men, Bacon and Descartes, has been awarded the distinction of being pioneers in the inauguration of modern philosophy. If Bacon's philosophy is fallacious, as his detractors claim, it devolves upon them to show by what jugglery of logic so many thinkers, unquestionably their peers, have been led to regard him as a leader in the reformation of modern science. Certainly the spirit of his philosophy is admirable; the construction of his system skilful, and the eloquence with which he interprets it unequalled.

An intimate acquaintance with his biographers, and with his works, will alone give the reader an adequate conception of the genius of this remarkable Englishman, whose literary triumphs in the world of thought outshine those of Drake on the

[1] Dr. G. G. Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*, pp. 884, 885. London, 1883.

[2] Sir David Brewster. *Vide Life of Newton*, London, 1855, for an example of misguided zeal.

sea in augmenting the glory of Elizabeth's reign. Our present purpose is not to attempt an extended biography of Bacon, but to present to the reader a sketch of the salient features of his life, sufficient for a proper illustration of our subject, avoiding, if possible, exaggeration.

We have been surfeited with laudation of the Stratford actor, and realize that should Bacon finally be accredited with the authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works, as seems likely, one may hardly expect a more sober treatment of him. That even now much unwarranted exaggeration is being used in praise of his genius is painfully evident. Bacon without doubt was the greatest genius of his time, and all the merit to which he is entitled should be accorded him, but it is unwise to go beyond reasonable bounds. The human mind from immemorial time has been busy thinking, and has had the same problems of life to deal with that we have. One thought has been added to another until some scheme of philosophy, a steam engine, an anæsthetic, a phonograph, has been perfected, or nearly perfected, and the latest mind to which is due the finishing stroke receives the certificate of the Patent Office, accrediting it with originality of invention; nevertheless, the patentee may not be the original inventor, since, were it not for some one mind in a series reaching far back into the past, we might not possess to-day the perfected thing which has received the stamp of the Patent Office.

Bacon has had the credit of being the originator of the inductive method of philosophy; but the nature of this method is so lucidly disclosed by Aristotle as to be unmistakable. Bacon, however, with a wider vision than Aristotle's, perceived how it could be fashioned into an instrument for guiding the mind through doubt and confusion to wider realms of knowledge; in fact, he likened it to the mariner's compass, and, though he called it new, he meant that it was new in the manner in which he used it as a universal and infallible guide to truer thought.

A recent writer, Kropotkin,[1] discussing mediæval science says that "Francis Bacon, Galileo, and Copernicus were the direct descendants of a Roger Bacon, and a Michael Scot, as the steam engine was a direct product of the researches carried on in the Italian universities on the weight of the atmosphere, and of the mathematical and technical learning which characterized Nuremberg"; and that mediæval science had done something more than "the actual discovery of new principles which we know at the present time in mechanical sciences; it had accustomed the explorer to observe facts and to reason from them. It had inductive science even though it had not yet fully grasped the importance and the powers of induction; and it had laid the foundations of both mechanical and natural philosophy."

Bacon was an apostle and ardent worker in experimental science, but not the "father" of it as some aver. It had been practiced in Europe for at least three centuries before his time. There was another scientist, Roger Bacon, whose study of explosives and his anticipations in physical science prove him to have been a master of experimental science in his day. Think of this from his *Opus Magnum:* He is discussing explosive force to be applied to navigation. Is it not prophetic of the gas motor?

> Art can construct instruments of navigation such that the largest vessels, governed by a single man, will traverse rivers and seas more rapidly than if they were filled with oarsmen. One may also make carriages which, without the aid of any animal, will run with remarkable swiftness.

His studies in astronomy, optics, and chemistry, we have not space to discuss, though in an extended biography of Francis Bacon it would be interesting as showing his indebtedness to Roger Bacon, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and other scientists of the Middle Ages. But none of these was

[1] *Mutual Aid a Factor of Evolution*, p. 215. New York, 1902. Cf. Brother Potamian, F.S.C., *The Makers of Electricity*. London, 1909.

the "father" of experimental science. This is what Roger Bacon says of his great predecessor, Petrus Peregrinus, who wrote on the magnet in 1269:—

> I know of only one person who deserves praise for his work in experimental philosophy, for he does not care for the discourses of men and their wordy warfare, but quietly and diligently pursues the work of wisdom. Therefore, what others grope after blindly, as bats in the evening twilight, this man contemplates in all their brilliancy *because he is a master of experiment.* Hence, he knows all of natural science, whether pertaining to medicine and alchemy, or to matters celestial or terrestrial. He has worked diligently in the smelting of ores, as also in the working of minerals; he is thoroughly acquainted with all sorts of arms and implements used in military service and in hunting, besides which he is skilled in agriculture and in the measurement of lands. It is impossible to write a useful or correct treatise in experimental philosophy without mentioning this man's name. Moreover, he pursues knowledge for its own sake; for if he wished to obtain royal favor, he could easily find sovereigns who would honor and enrich him.[1]

Experimental science, however, was not original even with Petrus, as could be shown if space permitted, and it were proper to tax the reader's patience further. Suffice it to say that it is unwise to claim too much for Francis Bacon, and though his genius surpassed that of his day, we are sure to be criticized before we finish for according him more than his due. Let us now glance briefly at the outlines of his career before taking up the consideration of his works.

If William Shakspere of Stratford has been misrepresented and abused, as some aver, Francis Bacon of St. Albans has suffered tenfold more from misconception and slander. Both, too, have been extolled beyond measure by fervid admirers. Bacon was nearly four years the senior of the actor, having been born in London, January 22, 1560–61.

The home of Sir Nicholas Bacon and his wife was a model

[1] James J. Walsh, LL.D., *The Popes and Science*, p. 288. New York, 1911.

English home of the period. Both were devoted Puritans, and their household was ruled in accordance with the strict principles of that faith. The official position held by Sir Nicholas, that of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, his high reputation for probity and learning, and the literary accomplishments of his wife, who was noted for her linguistic attainments, drew about them the best men and women of the time. It was in such a home, pervaded by an atmosphere well suited to their social, intellectual, and religious development, that Anthony Bacon and the subject of this sketch were reared.

Lady Bacon was the governess to Prince Edward, the brother of Mary and Elizabeth, and Sir Anthony Cooke, her father, was his tutor, so that during her life she was associated intimately with the family of Henry VIII. Bacon's remarkable wit was recognized in an age when wit was practiced as a fine art. In him it was spontaneous, and from the evidence of contemporaries must have been phenomenal. In early youth he was under influences which fostered the development of this inherent talent. It was in the family of Henry VIII that John Heywood occupied the position of Court Jester. Being of good family, and a great wit, he was a favorite with those who frequented the court. With him Lady Bacon was associated in the King's family, and later in the service of Mary and Elizabeth, so that her children must have been familiar with his witty sayings. We shall speak of Heywood later.

Of the more intimate life of Francis Bacon during his early youth we can say little, though we might adopt the plan of Knight, and associate him with the life of the metropolis, as well as with that of Warwickshire where Lady Bacon had relatives among the county families, which made him and Anthony familiar with that interesting county. The letters of Lady Bacon reveal to us that her motherly care of them continued as long as she was able to exercise it. Such notes as this accompanied little presents of game or fruit; "I trust you,

with your servants, use prayer twice in a day"; and "The Lord direct you both with his holy spirit." [1]

Bacon was a precocious genius from his earliest years. At the age of ten Rawley tells us, "That he delivered himself with that gravity and maturity above his years, that Her Majesty would often term him 'The young Lord Keeper.'"

It is a suggestive fact that his bust was made before he was twelve years of age and his portrait painted before the age of eighteen. Anthony Bacon, a most promising youth, and older than Francis, was never honored by bust or portrait.

Under the rigid tuition of Lady Bacon he was able to enter Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of twelve years and three months, where he studied under the stern Whitgift; three years later he was admitted with Anthony "de societate Magistorum" at Gray's Inn. Rawley tells us that about this time he had discarded the philosophy of Aristotle, because of its "unfruitfulness," though he had a high regard for the intellectual ability of its author.[2] At sixteen he was sent by the Queen to France, where, under the diplomatic tutelage of Sir Amias Paulet, he spent several years in the splendid but corrupt court of Henry III, having ample opportunity, of which he availed himself, to study the political craft of Catholic and Huguenot, visiting their camps, and acquainting himself with their leaders and their motives, all the while subject to the wiles of the beautiful and frail women of Henry's licentious court, who took delight in striving to make conquest of the witty and virile young Englishman, who, living in the pure atmosphere of Lady Paulet's English home, which she had transplanted into that rank soil, was, like another Adonis, proof against the glamour of illicit love, though it would not be strange, if it were true, that he lost his heart to Margaret of

[1] James Spedding, *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon*, vol. I, pp. 113, 119. London, 1861.

[2] Spedding, *The Works*, etc., vol. I, pp. 37 *et seq.*

Valois, the young queen of this court of beauty, for it has been said that no man could resist her fascinations.

Paulet arrived at Calais, September 25, 1576, proceeding with his *entourage* directly to the French Court, and Bacon, then in his seventeenth year, with an intellect of abnormal activity, a mind stored with the learning of the age, confident in himself, and fearless in expressing his opinions though they failed to coincide with scholastic precedents, came at once into an atmosphere wholly novel to him except in dreams. He had come from a court where the vehicles of thought were cumbersome and unwieldy, in which the best educated and most polished courtiers surrounding royalty held poetry and art in light esteem.

In a work which has been ascribed to Bacon we find this:—

> It is hard to find in these days of noblemen or gentlemen any good mathematician, or excellent musician, or notable philosopher, or else a cunning poet. I know very many notable gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or suffered it to be published without their own names to it, as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned, and to show himself amorous of any good art. The scorn and ordinary disgrace offered unto poets in these days is cause why few gentlemen do delight in the art.[1]

Sidney about the same time speaks of "Idle England which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen," and "poetry is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children."[2] This may seem exaggerated, but it is certainly significant of the intellectual condition of England in the sixteenth century, especially in its application to *belles-lettres*.

In the Court of France Bacon found a life vibrant with the spirit imparted to it by Ronsard, chief of that tuneful fellowship, the Pléïade, whose ambition it was to rival Homer and Virgil, but whose seat of honor in public esteem was then being shared by Du Bartas, then in the zenith of his fame; in

[1] George Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie*, p. 4 *et seq.* London, 1869.
[2] Sir Philip Sidney, *Defense of Poesie*, pp. 110, 62. London.

fact, the soul of this English youth, upon whom Rawley says, "there was a beam of knowledge derived from God," responded to the music of the sonnets and hymns, and odes of the "Immortals" who dominated France, and inspired him to bear to his own countrymen that torch, which, first lighted in Italy, was now irradiating France.

In Du Bartas, Baïf, D'Aubigné, and others of that type, he found congenial spirits. Ronsard was still living, but his rival, Du Bellay, was no more. His works, however, survived, and it is a suggestive fact that in 1591 appeared the "Ruines of Rome" ascribed to Spenser. This was a translation of Du Bellay's "Antiquités de Rome," and it is said had been circulating anonymously in manuscript according to a common custom of the time.[1]

Bacon has shared with others the honor of being a leader in the literary awakening of England in the later years of the sixteenth, and the early years of the seventeenth centuries. Says Ben Jonson, "About his time were all the wits born that could honour a language." It is true that already some beams of the quickening light of the Renaissance had found their way across the Channel, but of late, as his life has been more closely studied, it is coming to be acknowledged that Bacon was the Ariosto who bore aloft the torch which ushered its fuller glories into England. It is this which we must bear in mind whenever we undertake to study the so-called secret of his life.

It is instructive to note how closely the enthusiastic youth followed the rules of the Pléïade: "They are to accustom themselves to long and weary studies, to imitate good authors, not merely in Greek and Latin, but in Italian, Spanish, or any other tongue where they may be found"; nor did he fail to remember that striking phrase in the rules, "*Car ces sont les*

[1] We are aware of the claim, often repeated, that the translator of the *Ruins of Rome* was identical with the translator from the *Antiquités*, of *The Theatre for Worldlings* in 1569, but there is no evidence of this.

ailes dont les escripts des hommes volent aux ciels," which later appeared in the drama of *Henry VI*, "For knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." So closely did he follow the rules we have quoted that he was obliged to deny himself to friends who called upon him at Gray's Inn because of his close application to study. We know how he appeared at this time, for it was on his return from France that his portrait was painted by Hilliard bearing the inscription, "*Si tabula dignat animum mallem*" ("If we could but paint his mind"), a sentiment which long after Ben Jonson used in his lines on the Droeshout portrait of the Stratford actor. Was it not natural for this splendid youth, who saw in progress with his own eyes what Saintsbury saw completed later, that "The whole literature of the French nation, at a time when it was wonderfully abundant and vigorous," was being "Ronsard-ised," to ask, Why should not the literature of the English nation be Baconized? Here is the secret of Bacon's life, and we shall see how by methods, often indirect, he accomplished his purpose, though insurmountable obstacles lay across his path.

That he was the moving and directing spirit in that advancement of learning in England in the sixteenth century which has been entitled the Renaissance, there is constantly accumulating evidence. It is strikingly significant that this movement was spanned by his life, and, unlike the Renaissance elsewhere in Europe, was confined to literature, his favorite field of activity. Neither in architecture, painting, nor sculpture did it find expression by native genius in any degree commensurate with that which it found in literature. Where is there a single great name to prove the contrary? When genius was wanted in these arts it was imported. Each of them needed a Bacon of whom Garnett has said: "Even more than Milton's 'his soul was like a star and dwelt apart.'"[1]

[1] Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., *et al.*, *English Literature*, vol. II, p. 7. New York, 1912.

It may be well here to speak of the significant fact that North, the pioneer translator into English of "Plutarch's Lives," was with Bacon when attached to Paulet's embassy at the Court of France, and was then about to publish his work. With this undertaking Bacon must have been familiar. It is from Plutarch that so much material was drawn for the "Shakespeare" Works.

His sojourn abroad was terminated by the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon, whose principal estate passed to children of a former marriage, and Anthony who received a considerable inheritance. So small was the amount received by Francis that he was straitened for means of subsistence. Equipped as he was, and possessing a facile knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish, one might well wonder why the all-powerful Burghley did not avail himself of his talents, but preferred to leave him to his own resources, thereby, to use his own words, driving him against the "bent of his genius" to the humdrum of the law for a livelihood.

The reason for this is not far to seek. In the reign of Elizabeth ambition and jealousy of a virulent type flourished without let; indeed, they seem to have been esteemed virtues by the mass of men. Never was the political game played for higher stakes, too often involving life and death. The "Great Burghley," Elizabeth's Bismarck, directed all the movements with relentless persistence. Even the Queen, wilful, fickle, revengeful, and jealous of her royal prerogatives, was guided by him in all her moves, and though on several occasions she attempted to act independently, she was ever brought to see that the wiser part was to follow the lead of a better player than herself. Never were the gates to political preferment more strongly barred. Burghley and his sickly, crafty son held the keys, and only those whom they favored could hope to pass; thus it happened that some of the honorably ambitious and able young men, whom the Queen perhaps smiled upon, failed to obtain preferment, being for various reasons, known only

to her and her astute minister, undesirable. Such was Francis Bacon, and he must have experienced painful disappointment, when, leaving the stimulating activities of foreign courts, where he had held honored place, not only among princes but in the regard of some of the leaders of European thought, he suddenly found himself hampered by the restraining influence of those holding political power. From what we know of this brilliant, enthusiastic, and aspiring youth, we can but think that they would regard him as one the wings of whose ambition it would be safer to keep properly clipped.

From his return to England until the 16th of September, 1580, we know practically nothing of him, except from the "Immerito" letters to his friend, Gabriel Harvey, which we claim to have been attributed erroneously to Edmund Spenser. On that date he wrote Lady Burghley requesting her to speak favorably of a suit he had preferred to her husband. He also addressed Lord Burghley the same day on the subject. We should be glad to know what was the subject of this suit, which we learn from the letter he had verbally preferred to Burghley. That it was "rare and unaccustomed" and might appear altogether "indiscreet and unadvised," we also learn, as well as that his hope of attaining it rested upon Burghley's "grace with Her Majesty, who needeth never to call for the experience of the thing, when she hath so great and so good experience of the person which recommendeth it." Was this a suit for office, as some of Bacon's critics have offensively claimed?—though why he should not sue for employment as everybody else was obliged to, we fail to understand. The object of this suit, however, has never been explained by any of his biographers, though curiosity with regard to it has been expressed. Spedding says that "It seems to have been so far out of the common way as to require an apology." That it was for something in the nature of an experiment is implied by the language; if for office would it have been called "rare"?

The next letter is dated October 18, thanking him for presenting his suit to the Queen. Spedding suggests that this suit may have been "for some employment as a lawyer," but this seems doubtful, for when he wrote this letter to Burghley, he was but twenty years of age. Spedding says that "From this time we have no further news of Francis Bacon till the 9th of April, 1582." This date he gets from a letter to Anthony Bacon in which his correspondent speaks of having seen Francis;[1] hence he infers that during this period he was at Gray's Inn pursuing his legal studies. There is evidence, however, that he was permitted to go abroad;[2] if so, having made many acquaintances in the countries he had visited only a short time before, he would naturally associate himself with the men who were devoting their lives to the great object which was nearest his heart. The evidence that he did so becomes clearer as contemporary documents are studied.

There is an undated letter to him from Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library, in response to one dated at Orléans, "October 19th," the year unnamed, which has hitherto been supposed to have been written him in December, 1577, while he was with Paulet at the French Court. In it Bodley advises him that he has forwarded him thirty pounds sterling, which he tells him is for his "present supply." It would seem that other remittances were intended, for he desires him to observe carefully the countries through which he traveled, and to learn their customs, laws, religion, commerce; in fact, everything concerning them, and, he adds, if "You will give me any advertisement of your commodities in these kinds, I will make you as liberal a return from myself and your friends there as I shall be able." It would appear from this that Bacon was being supplied with funds by friends for a special purpose. That this letter could not have been written from the Court in 1577 is seen from this extract from Bodley's

[1] Birch, *Memorials*, etc., vol. I, p. 22. Cf. Spedding, *Life and Letters*.
[2] *Histoire Naturelle de M. François Bacon*. Paris, 1631.

autobiography: "I departed out of England anno 1576, and continued very neare foure yeares abroad."

There seems no good reason why friends should have been supplying young Francis with funds when attached to Paulet's embassy. Sir Nicholas, who was wealthy, greatly attached to him, and influential with Elizabeth, hardly would have permitted this. It seems more reasonable to suppose that this letter was written later, rather than in 1577.

There is a paper once belonging to Bacon containing notes on the state of Europe which are just what Bodley desired Bacon to gather for him, and Spedding places its date in 1582. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable to suppose that Bacon was abroad between 1580 and 1582, and, if so, there can be no doubt that it was to advance the cause which he had undertaken soon after returning from his earlier journey. Was this cause the "rare and unaccustomed" subject of his suit to the Queen through Burghley? Was he so "indiscreet and unadvised" as to solicit Burghley's support in a scheme for the advancement of learning in England, with all that such a project implied? Burghley was interested in letters; so was the Queen, who was proud of her literary attainments, and even Leicester, who was then smarting from his experiences in the French marriage fiasco, and coquetting with the Puritans, was in a frame of mind which for the moment might have disposed him favorably to almost any diversion. All London was in a turmoil; the French were feared because of the insult that Elizabeth had given them; in fact, England's foreign relations were in a parlous condition, which would have made it convenient for the Queen to have a man like Bacon, conversant with the languages of her neighbors, in a position to take observations of them at short range. As for him he would be enabled to renew his acquaintances with old friends, and cement more firmly his relations with the Rosicrucian brotherhood of which we hope to show he was a member. Of such a journey, however, our evidence is circumstantial, though a recent

writer, adopting a diary accredited to Montaigne, has given an itinerary of his travels incognito in France and Italy with the supposed author.[1] If he made this journey it adds an additional interest to the "Immerito" letters of which we shall speak later.

If Bacon was abroad at any time between 1580 and 1582, he was at home on June 27th of the latter year, for upon that date he was made an Utter Barrister at Gray's Inn. The intimate relations existing between him and the Queen are disclosed by a letter of advice written to her two years later. That the imperious Elizabeth should have received it graciously is evidence of her high regard for his talents. In accordance with her habit of applying nicknames to those about her she called Bacon her "watch-candle."

At twenty-four he was in Parliament. Seven years had passed since he returned from the French Court, and we know little of him during this period. That this indefatigable worker, who counted the moments of life as precious, was not idle we may be sure, and, as the love of letters was ever a passion with him, we may not doubt that he found solace, as well as pecuniary profit which he sorely needed, in literary pursuits. That he was disappointed in not receiving recognition from the Queen cannot be doubted. He had been reared with the expectation of filling high places in public life, of which he had had a taste during his residence abroad with Paulet, who had written the Queen unstinted praises of his merits, telling her that he was "of great hope, endued with many good and singular parts," who, "if God gave him life, would prove a very able and sufficient subject to do her Highness good and acceptable service." This was certainly high praise from the prudent ambassador, and should have had effect; but it fell upon irresponsive ears. He had seen tricky and malicious men like Cecil, or coarse and vulgar ones like his rival, Coke, both

[1] *Bacon in France and Italy*, *Baconiana*, vol. IX, pp. 50, 177. Cf. Preface, *Histoire Naturelle*, etc.

his life-long enemies, advanced to important positions, who, forgetting public duty, prostituted them to ignoble ends, and he could but have felt the injustice done him. Yet from the point of view of Burghley, Leicester, and Cecil, that grim triumvirate behind the throne, they must have had reason to distrust him. They had seen him in youth a student, dreamer, poet, and philosopher in embryo, which betokened in maturity a man of ideas, of independent thought, who might not always conform to the political order in which they, secure in the luxury of power, wanted no suggestion of change. This he understood, and if in later life he wrote an appreciation of Burghley in which he recognized his statesmanship, so conspicuous to all, and commended him for advancing many who showed ability in maintaining the government to which he himself was loyal, and which Burghley so adorned, it is not strange; he was great enough for that, and also for extolling the Queen, who, though destructive of popular liberty, was successful in political power.

It was the attitude of those in power that justifies Anthony Bacon's sarcastic criticism of the closing days of this reign:—

> Cog, lie, flatter and face
> Four ways in Court to win you grace;
> If you be thrall to none of these,
> Away, good Piers! Home, John Cheese!

The writer is aware that the view here advanced of the Queen and those who guided her is not in accord with some authors, and that instances can be cited to show that Burghley, and even Cecil, extended a friendly hand to him on occasions, for it was, and still is, a political maxim, that it is wiser to toss a scrap of meat to a barking dog than to kick him.

That Burghley was on friendly and familiar relations with Bacon, admired his brilliant talents, and even possessed his respect and admiration, seems evident; yet it is equally apparent that he was instrumental in barring his way to preferment. These seeming contradictions lead to conflicting

opinions. Burghley's attitude, and others about Elizabeth whose opinions she shared, may most readily be accounted for by reflecting upon Bacon's own attitude toward the repressive and unjust policies which they fostered. He was a Progressive in an age of hide-bound Conservatism, and favored views which though moderate were more startling to Burghley and his colleagues than the most radical theories of to-day are to the "stand-patter" and pick-thanks of "predatory interests." They could but distrust him, and though they might maintain those amicable relations not uncommon among politicians of widely different views, they were bound to limit his opportunities for mischief; besides, he must have been suspected of being an anonymous writer of a type of literature distasteful to staid pragmatists and complacent courtiers. He himself denominates his assumed disguise a "despised weed," using the word in its then common acceptation of garb or vestment. But even if he had not been radical, or a writer of masques and other trashy literature, — for he had not then gone afield in philosophy, — he possessed traits of character which did not commend him to the exalted positions to which he aspired. Were not all these sufficient to account for the attitude of those in power? It would seem, however, from a letter to Burghley in 1591, that Burghley had aided him in some degree, for we find him addressing him as "the second founder of my poor estate." In it he says, "I have vast contemplative ends, and moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province"; and "philanthropia is so far fixed in my mind that it cannot be removed." He playfully threatens that "if your Lordship will not carry me on," I will "become some sorry bookmaker." This is remarkable language to a man like Burghley, unless there was some common interest between them, and knowing now what we know of Bacon's literary activities, it is presumable that Burghley had some interest in them. Authors found difficulty in getting their books published, and relied upon the liberality of those to whom they

were dedicated. Many books circulated in manuscript, some of which, finding a patron, finally reached the printing-press. This was the case with the "Shakespeare" Sonnets. "The Arte of English Poesie," which was published by Vantrollier in 1589, now attributed to Bacon, was dedicated to Burghley, who, if he followed the usual custom, contributed to the cost of publishing. This would make the meaning of the letter more apparent; make it, indeed, quite clear if his suit had been for royal countenance, perhaps assistance, in some literary undertaking. There can be but little doubt that the Queen and Burghley knew of part of Bacon's literary work. He would keep, of course, his work for the theaters from them, though, at times, they might have had their suspicions aroused; in fact, there is evidence of this as we shall see.

Having reached the House of Commons, Bacon no doubt expected to find his way to higher position. He believed in the right of the Commons, and this cause he espoused, thereby justifying the course of those in power toward him. How Burghley and Cecil must have chafed when they heard this eloquent speaker oppose legislation which they proposed; advert to corruptions in the State, advocate free Parliaments, and many other things commonplace enough now, but shocking to the conservatism of his age. This was bad enough, but when he went so far as to declare publicly in the House to the Queen's counsel, sergeants, and barristers, that laws were made to guard the rights of the Commons, and not to feed the lawyers, and should be made so as to be read and understood by all, that they should be reformed by curtailment and vitalized by equity, he brought a storm upon his head. A few days later he was censured by Burghley and Puckering.

But he was not to be intimidated, and when Burghley proposed an extraordinary tax to be levied annually for three years, and, supported by the peers, demanded concurrent action of the Commons, Bacon alone demurred, though Coke had been instructed by Burleigh, in the name of the Queen, to

quell all opposition. What! oppose a tax! They stared at one another in dismay! Yet money must be raised for the public needs. Bacon calmly called the attention of the House to the fact that the Peers had transcended their powers; that to give was the prerogative of the Commons, to dictate the amount was not within the province of the Lords, and advised against conference upon the bill they had framed. He presented a carefully written answer to the Lords which, after reference to a committee who could not agree, and violent debates in the Commons, was adopted in spite of all the efforts of Burghley. Threatened with the consequences, he maintained the legality of his position, and the result was a reduction of the tax.

We must not suppose by his action as a legislator that Bacon was a radical in the modern acceptation of the term. He fully believed in the divine right of the monarch to rule, and could never have questioned the royal prerogative. If we keep this in mind we shall better understand the conservative attitude which he observed on all questions relating to government. His espousal of the popular cause touched only legislation which ran counter to principles of law.

Bacon's service in the House of Commons, to which he was returned by different constituencies for several sessions, covered those stirring times when the great seamen of England were making their discoveries in the New World; the war which ended the sea power of Spain by the destruction of her "invincible Armada"; the agitation over the Queen of Scots, and other matters of the greatest importance to his country. In this service he won distinction as an orator and statesman, but lost all hope of advancement by the Crown.

Myths are known to every student who enters the shadowy precincts of history as having charmed lives. Though laid for a time they are sure to reappear to vex the unwary, and, as Bacon was a man so great and many-sided, we shall meet with them in pursuing his life story, especially where it be-

comes involved in the mazes of the Essex Rebellion and the unfortunate chancellorship.

Just when Francis Bacon became intimate with Essex is conjectural. In 1586 he became a bencher at Gray's Inn, which gave him the right to practice before the courts at Westminster, and probably before this, though some writers fix the date several years later, he became a friend of Essex, who, as early as 1585, was General-of-the-Horse under Leicester, and soon after became conspicuous at the Court. The friendship between the two was close, and for several years before the fall of the brave and brilliant Essex, he and Anthony Bacon were closely attached to his interests. The latter had been for many years in the foreign diplomatic service; in Paris in 1580, and later in Geneva, Bordeaux, Montauban, and elsewhere until 1589–90. He was therefore well fitted to conduct the political affairs of the ambitious young nobleman. With Francis he carried on a Scriptorium, or Literary Bureau, in which a number of copyists and translators found employment, among them, at different times, being John Davies, Ben Jonson, Hobbes, Thomas Bushell, Peter Böener, probably Peele, Marlowe, and other "good pens," as Francis was wont to designate them.

The true story of Essex has not yet been related, but we shall attempt to tell it later. Bacon was not a party to his schemes, and did what he could to dissuade him from his dangerous course, which caused a coolness between them. In his anger Essex ungenerously charged him with having written letters in his name to help him with the Queen, to which he replied that "he had spent more, however, to make him a great servant to her Majesty than ever he deserved, for anything contained in these letters, they would not blush in the clearest light."

When the unfortunate Earl was finally arrested and put on his trial, the Queen craftily compelled Bacon to act as counsel for the Crown, greatly to his distaste; in fact, he wrote her that, "If she would be pleased to spare me, in my Lord of

Essex cause, out of a consideration she took of my obligation towards him, I should reckon it for one of her greatest favors." [1]

It was a trying position for him, for the treason with which Essex was charged was a matter of public knowledge. His management of the case is above reproach when studied in connection with the law and evidence. Campbell, whose prejudice, or carelessness, is too often apparent, perhaps unwittingly misrepresents him. He says:—

> To deprive him of all chance of acquittal or of mercy . . . Bacon most artfully and inhumanly compared him to the Duke de Guise. . . . The Queen wished a pamphlet to be written to prove that Essex was properly put to death . . . as in the case of the Queen of Scots she was suffering from a too late repentance . . . and she selected Francis Bacon to write it. He without hesitation undertook the task, pleased "that her majesty had taken a liking of his pen," and with his usual industry and ability, soon produced "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons of Robert, late Earl of Essex." No honourable man would purchase Bacon's subsequent elevation at the price of being the author of this publication. . . . The base ingratitude and the slavish meanness manifested by Bacon on this occasion, called forth the general indignation of his contemporaries. . . . For some time after Essex's execution, Bacon was looked upon with great aversion.[2]

It seems impossible that Campbell could have known that the Queen altered this "Declaration" to suit her own views and those of her advisers, and that we do not know what portions were Bacon's. Campbell's assertion, too, that "the multitude loudly condemned him," is quite contrary to the facts. The Essex Rebellion can hardly be said to have been popular though he himself was. This must be acknowledged; in fact, one of the controlling motives of the rash and unfortunate young Earl in inciting the rebellion seems to have been

[1] Spedding, *Evenings with a Reviewer*, vol. I, p. 180. London, 1881.
[2] John Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.A., *Lives of the Lords Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England*, pp. 39–43. London, 1857.

to increase his popularity as well as defeat his enemies. Campbell's statement is further disproved by the fact that Bacon was given the honor of a second return to the House of Commons shortly after the death of the Queen's former favorite, which hardly would have been done had he been unpopular. Of course the partisans of Essex condemned him as they did Sir Ferdinando Gorges and some of his other friends who could not support him in his rash undertaking; indeed, the "Defense of Gorges" to the same charge of ingratitude to Essex which Campbell makes against Bacon has many points in common.[1] The slavish meanness with which Campbell charges him has been repeated many times. Says Fowler, his biographer, "He was generous, open-hearted, affectionate, peculiarly sensitive to kindness, and equally forgetful of injuries";[2] and Spedding, "All that he is charged with is for appearing as counsel for the prosecution. In ordinary proceedings in Courts of Justice, appearing as counsel is not considered as fatal to the character of Attorney-General."[3]

Pages could be filled with testimony to the same effect; in fact, a careful reading of Campbell's "Life" fails to sustain the charge of meanness. Tobie Matthew, who knew Bacon intimately, wrote a letter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1618 describing him. After extolling his great intellectual ability, he says:—

He possesses also those qualities which are rather of the heart, the will and the moral virtue; being a man most sweet in his conversation and ways, grave in his judgments, invariable in his fortunes, splendid in his expenses, a friend unalterable to his friends, an enemy to no man, a most hearty and indefatigable servant to the king, and a most earnest lover of the public, having all the thoughts of that large heart of his set upon adorning the age in which he lives, and benefitting as far as possible the whole human race. And I can truly say, having had the honor to

[1] James Phinney Baxter, *Sir Ferdinando Gorges and His Province of Maine*. Boston, 1890.

[2] Thomas Fowler, M.A., F.S.A., *Bacon*, p. 28. New York.

[3] Spedding, *Evenings with a Reviewer*, vol. II, pp. 64, 65.

know him for many years, as well when he was in his lesser fortunes as now that he stands at the top and in the full flower of his greatness, that I never yet saw any trace in him of a vindictive spirit whatever injury were done him, nor never heard him utter a word to any man's disadvantage which seemed to proceed from personal feeling against the man, but only (and that too very seldom) from judgment made of him in cold blood — if he were of an inferior condition I could not honor him the less, and if he were mine enemy I should not the less love and endeavour to serve him.[1]

After the accession of James he wrote Cecil: —

My ambitions now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit of the time succeeding:[2]

Says Gardiner, concerning State papers drawn up by him in 1613 for the King: —

To carry out this programme would have been to avert the evils of the next half century. . . . It was Bacon's fate through life to give good advice only to be rejected.

The failure of Parliament to adopt Bacon's recommendations prompts Gardiner to declare that,

Had the management of Parliament rested with Bacon, it might not have been necessary to dissolve it shortly afterwards. . . . If James had been other than he was, the name of Bacon might have come down to us as great in politics as it is in science. The defects in his character would hardly have been known; they would have been lost in the greatness of his achievements.[3]

Its sittings were suspended for seven years, and when it met it was to hurl Bacon from office. While Elizabeth had bestowed upon him some emoluments, she did not, as already said, advance him to the position which his character and

[1] *A Collection of Letters made by Sr. Tobie Matthew, Kt.*, 1660. Cf. *Life of Sir Tobie Matthew*. London, 1907.

[2] Spedding, *Life and Letters*.

[3] Samuel Rawson Gardiner, *History of England*, etc., 1603–1616, vol. 1, p. 181. London, 1863.

talents merited. Essex urged her to make him her solicitor, but she refused. This refusal may have been due, however, to Essex himself, whose manner of asking royal favors was sometimes offensive.

In 1606, Bacon was married to Alice Burnham. The next year his commanding talents were so fully appreciated by the King that he was made Solicitor-General of the Crown, and, subsequently, Attorney-General and Privy Councillor, besides being Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall. In 1617 he achieved his highest dignity, the position of Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal, and at the same time was made Baron Verulam of Verulam with the title of Lord Verulam. For this position it has been understood that he was indebted to Buckingham, that corrupt idol of a fickle king, upon whom no man could rely when self-interest had his ear. This indebtedness to Buckingham, however, may have been merely a political fiction fostered by the King to augment the prestige of his favorite, although it is not impossible that Buckingham thought that he might be helpful to his interest. In a short time, it is said, the Chancellor was in disfavor for reproving Secretary Winwood, an intimate of Buckingham, for cruelty to his dog, but principally for opposing the marriage of Buckingham's brother with the daughter of Coke. Though the rent in their flimsy friendship was patched up, Bacon, from the many changes he had witnessed, must have felt none too secure in his place.

For some time there had been a growing discontent against monopolies which culminated in 1621 in a popular clamor for a reform of abuses. A Bill of Grievances was drawn up and presented to Parliament. Among those who were enjoying oppressive monopolies were Buckingham, his relatives and dependants. The timid King and his favorite were alarmed, and every effort was made to shift the responsibility; not that the King, who was the chief sinner, was accused of wrong; this would have been treason; but any harm to "Steenie" would

have grieved him sore. Attempts were made to place the blame upon the referees, and those accountable for the form and substance of the King's patents. Bacon was one of the referees, who, seeing that he was in danger, appealed to Buckingham, complaining that "Job himself, or whoever was the justest judge, by such hunting for matters against him, may for a time seem foul, specially in a time when greatness is the mark, and accusation is the game." The proceedings of Parliament are interesting. The conspirators realized that the more interests involved, and the stronger the influences aroused, the better it would be for them. Even Sir Ferdinando Gorges was haled before Parliament and forced to defend his New England patent.[1] So the comedy went on, and Buckingham became only an amused spectator. Not so the Lord Chancellor. His office was wanted for one of Buckingham's friends. His bitter enemy, Coke, had been disgraced, and was plotting night and day to secure his downfall; besides, he had Lady Buckingham and other relatives of the King's favorite against him. Coke was considered especially dangerous, as Bacon knew how easily charges of malfeasance could be brought against one in his position. Offices were bought and sold, and Bacon's office, which had a large money value, was needed by Buckingham whose extravagance ever gave edge to his avidity for gold. The result was that charges of accepting bribes were preferred against him.

Any one who to-day reads Campbell's account of his fall will find it almost impossible to believe Bacon when he declares that

> For the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the times.[2]

[1] *Sir Ferdinando Gorges*, etc., vol. I, p. 50.
[2] *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, etc., vol. III, p. 107. London, 1857.

His confession is calculated to give emphasis to one's doubt of the truth of this declaration. To reconcile it with Campbell's and Macaulay's statements it is necessary to consider the custom of the time as well as Bacon's character. The office of Lord Chancellor was a lucrative one, being estimated by Bacon's successor, Egerton, as worth annually from ten to fifteen thousand pounds, while the salary paid by the Crown was but enough, theoretically, to supply the incumbent with his official robes. To maintain the dignity of the office was very costly; hence the incumbent relied upon fees to pay for his living, his state dinners, and the costly entertainments which he was bound to provide. Bacon had argued for reform of this ancient custom, but it still prevailed when he assumed office. People having business with offices maintained by the fee system were expected to bestow gifts upon their incumbents somewhat in proportion to the importance of their business. It was the custom, too, for the most important offices of the realm to be bought and sold, and it should be understood that Lord Chancellors, Chief Justices, Lord Treasurers, Judges, Bishops and other Church functionaries, received fees, really gifts from those having business with their offices.

Campbell says of Chief Justice Popham:—

> He left behind him the greatest estate that ever had been amassed by any lawyer — some said he earned as much as 10,000 pounds a year, but as it was not supposed to be all honestly come by, there was a prophecy that it would not prosper, and that "What was got over the Devil's back would be spent under his belly."

And of Coke:—

> The salary of Attorney-General was only £81, 6*s*, 6*d*, but his official emoluments amounted to £7000 a year. . . . When the utter barrister is advanced "ad gradum servientis ad legem," he gives, as the reporters of all the courts never omit to record, a ring. . . . These rings are presented to persons high in station (that for the Sovereign is received by the hands of the Lord Chancellor) and to all the dignitaries of the law, by a barrister

whom the Sergeant selects for that honorable service, and who is called his "Pony." [1]

Dr. Heylin says of the University of Orleans:—

In the bestowing of their degrees here they are very liberal and deny no man who is able to pay his fees. *Legem ponere* is with them more powerful than *legem dicere;* and he that has but his gold ready, shall have a sooner dispatch than the best scholar upon the ticket.[2]

From this it will be seen that the pernicious custom of making gifts to officials in high positions, as well as for scholarships in universities, was customary.

With respect to Bacon, the vital question is, did he receive gifts to purchase decisions in favor of the giver? He himself says:—

There be three degrees or cases, as I conceive, of gifts or rewards given to a judge. The first is, of bargain, contract, or promise of reward, *pendente lite.* The second is, a neglect in the judge to inform himself whether the cause be fully at an end or no, what time he receives the gift, but takes it upon the credit of the party that all is done, or otherwise omits to inquire. And the third is, when it is received, *sine fraude*, after the cause is ended.

For the first, "The only one implying moral guilt," I take myself to be as innocent as any babe born on St. Innocent's day, in my heart. For the second, I doubt in some particulars I may be faulty; and for the last, I conceive it to be no fault.

Campbell does not show that Bacon received gifts to purchase his decisions, the substance of Bacon's first degree, and the only one really criminal according to the custom of the time. He contents himself with quoting Bacon's condemnatory remarks of himself, and his faith in the "House of Commons who prosecuted; the House of Lords who tried him, and the public who ratified the sentence."

It hardly can be conceived that Campbell was not acquainted with the history of the last years of James, of the

[1] *Lives of the Chief Justices*, etc., vol. 1, pp. 271, 314–15. London, 1874.
[2] Peter Heylin, *Voyage of France*, p. 292; quoted by Campbell.

mad doings of the corrupt crew headed by Buckingham who pulled down officials, and sold their offices to enable them to live in luxurious corruption; yet he adds as an additional confirmation of his faith in the members of Parliament, many of whom were putty in the hands of the Cabal, "But it is absurd to suppose that James and Buckingham would not cordially have supported him if he could have been successfully defended."

We shall better understand Bacon's state of mind with regard to himself if we read what Campbell himself gives us: he says:—

> He certainly received a most pious education; and if his early religious impressions were for a time weakened or effaced by his intercourse with French philosophers, or his own first rash examinations of the reasons of his belief, I am fully convinced that they were restored and deepened by subsequent study and reflection. I rely not merely on his "Confession of Faith," or the other direct declarations of his belief in the great truths of our religion (although I know not what right we have to question his sincerity), but I am swayed more by the devotional feelings which from time to time, without premeditation or design, break out in his writings, and the incidental indications he gives of his full conviction of the being and providence of God, and of the Divine mission of our blessed Saviour. His lapses from the path of honour afford no argument against the genuineness of his speculative belief. Upon the whole we may be well assured that the difficulties which at one time perplexed him had been completely dissipated; his keen perception saw as clearly as it is ever given to man in this state to discover — the hand of the Creator, Preserver and Governor of the universe; — and his gigantic intellect must have been satisfied with the consideration, that assuming the truth of natural and of revealed religion, it is utterly inconsistent with the system of human affairs, and with the condition of man in this world, that they should have been more clearly disclosed to us.

Campbell's opinion that Bacon was unduly influenced for a time by French philosophers, meaning infidel speculators, is hardly borne out by records. He had a wide correspondence

with men of many faiths; was a friend of the free-thinking Bruno who visited him in England; of the Roman Catholic Matthew, and of the French philosopher Montaigne, which somewhat disturbed Lady Bacon who was a Puritan. The fact is, that he was a lover of men, and tolerant of all their faiths, realizing the fact that no human mind embraces all the truth of man's relation to God; but we fail to find anything which shows that he was unfaithful at any period of life to the cardinal principles of Christianity. He, of course, studied French philosophers, for we find that he lays it down as highly wise to study the bad as well as the good, that the bad may be understood and shunned, but his mind was too stable to be easily moved by mere opinions. This is what he says himself: —

> A little philosophy maketh men apt to forget God, as attributing too much to secondary causes; but depth of philosophy bringeth a man back to God again.

Campbell, however, amply allows for his seeming slips by this: —

> Among his good qualities it ought to be mentioned, that he had no mean jealousy of others, and he was always disposed to patronize merit. Feeling how long he himself had been unjustly depressed from unworthy motives, he never would inflict similar injustice on others, and he repeatedly cautions statesmen to guard against this propensity, — "He that plots to be a figure among ciphers is the decay of a whole age." [1]

And he might have quoted this saying of his: —

> Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts though God accepts them, yet toward men are little better than dreams except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place as the vantage and commanding ground.

Bacon's sudden fall from a brilliant position, where he had received the adulation of the greatest men of his time, which must in the nature of things have appealed to all the passions

[1] *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. III, p. 143.

of frail humanity, made him suddenly see mirrored in his heart the faults he had committed. He had been reared in the strict Puritan faith which utterly condemned worldliness and pride of heart, and insisted that its followers who yielded to these sins should humble themselves and confess them. His state of mind is revealed in his reply to the question why he did not attend the coronation festivities after the King had restored him to the peerage, — "I have done with such vanities." Sick and weary of bending the supple hinges of the knee to a ridiculous king and an infamous favorite, as men were obliged to do who ventured into the field of politics, he condemned himself for his folly, saying, "The talents which God has given me I have misspent." True he begged to have his disabilities removed which made men point to him as a disgraced man, and, as Campbell says, he no doubt would have been glad to return to Parliament, where there were so many reforms awaiting a champion. In view of the opinions of Macaulay and Campbell this may seem to objectors a sentimental attempt to whiten a smirched penitent, but all the opinions of these eminent historians are not of equal validity, as criticism has revealed, and such objectors are advised to seek farther.

He has placed his faults under the second head of his table of wrongdoings by judges; namely, "Neglect to ascertain if the cause be at an end where gifts are made." Bacon was notoriously careless of his pecuniary affairs, as so many men of genius have been. An officer of the court received these fees, and out of the seven thousand causes upon which Bacon had rendered decisions, there was but one in which it was claimed that he received the fee himself, and this was in the presence of Churchill, whom he had discharged for malfeasance, and Gardner, both tools of the arch-conspirators. The value of this testimony the reader must estimate. It must have been clear to Coke that if this were done by Bacon in the presence of these men, he could not have thought it wrong,

for it would have been a greater act of folly for him to have put himself in their power than even Coke would have deemed him guilty of. The attempt to prove that the Lord Chancellor had been influenced in his decisions of gifts miserably failed when two of the star witnesses had to acknowledge that their cases had been decided against them. It may be safely affirmed that but for Bacon's "confession," nobody, from a study of the case and a knowledge of the motives behind it, would for a moment sustain Campbell's opinion. Neglect is the substance of his confession; otherwise how could he say: —

> I have not hid my sin as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom. This is the only justification which I will use.

And writing to Buckingham he tells him that he had been

> The justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time.

And again, —

> I praise God for it. I never took penny for my beneficent or ecclesiastical living; I never took penny for any commission or things of that nature; I never shared with any reward for any second or inferior profit.

This was explicit enough.

Bacon was Lord Chancellor a little over three years. His enemies found the few irregularities against him in the first part of his tenure of office, when he was new to its methods, and overwhelmed with work. Not a case was found during his last two years of service. To his diligence in office this letter to Buckingham of June 8, 1617, a year after he assumed office, testifies: —

> *My Very Good Lord*, — This day I have made even with the business of the kingdom for common justice. Not one cause unheard. The lawyers drawn dry of all the motions they were to make. Not one petition unanswered. And this, I think, could not be said in our age before. This I speak not out of ostentation, but out of gladness when I have done my duty. I know men think

I cannot continue if I should thus oppress myself of business. But that account is made. The duties of life are more than life. And if I die now I shall die before the world be weary of me, which in our times is somewhat rare.

It would seem that to make no active defense was thought by him to be wise; indeed, it would have been useless, and possibly dangerous. His office was wanted by men too powerful to struggle against, and the best policy was to submit. This he did, and, accepting his loss of position, resumed his literary industries, and devoted himself to them with unremitting diligence.

Bacon has so many eulogists that, in estimating his intellectual attainment, it may be wise to listen first to the opinions of Campbell, rather than to those of one having greater admiration for his genius. Historical writers always appeal to Campbell's estimate of his character, but rarely to his opinion of his genius. While the learned jurist failed to set proper limits to Bacon's frank acknowledgment of profiting by a custom sanctioned by those in power, which he did not approve, he was generous in awarding him the highest praise for intellectual ability. He says:—

I find no impeachment of his morals deserving of attention, and he certainly must have been a man of very great temperance, for the business and studies through which he went would be enough to fill up the lives of ten men, who spend their evenings over their wine, and awake crapulous in the morning — knowing that if he took good care of sections of an hour, entire days would take care of themselves.

All accounts represent him as a most delightful companion, adapting himself to company of every degree, calling, and humour, not engrossing the conversation, but trying to get all to talk in turn on the subject they best understood, and "not disdaining to light his candle at the lamp of any other."

He also quotes from Macaulay, who, censuring him for wasting his talents on "paltry intrigues," renders him the unique tribute of possessing "the most exquisitely constructed

intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men."

Garnett calls him "the greatest intellect of his age"; and observes that

It is characteristic of the duality of his nature, that his intellectual conscience did not mislead him, and even gave him strength to rejoice at the purification of justice, though to his own shame and detriment.[1]

Macaulay says:—

In his magnificent grounds he erected, at a cost of ten thousand pounds, a retreat to which he repaired when he wished to avoid all visitors, and to devote himself wholly to study. On such occasions, a few young men of distinguished talents were sometimes the companions of his retirement, and among them his quick eye soon discerned the superior abilities of Thomas Hobbes. It is not probable, however, that he fully appreciated the powers of his disciple, or foresaw the vast influence, both for good and for evil, which that most vigorous and acute of human intellects was destined to exercise on the two succeeding generations.[2]

Who were these young men but those being fitted for the fraternity, which with unselfish devotion was to spread learning abroad?

Every scrap of the large bulk of manuscript material which the Bacons have left ought to be printed. Various hints can be gathered from them which will throw light on their activities. Note these:—

Layeing for a place to command wytts and pennes, Westminster, Eton, Wynchester, spec(ially) Trinity Coll., Cam., St. John's, Cam.: Maudlin Coll., Oxford.

Qu. Of young schollars in ye universities. It must be the post nati. Giving pensions to four, to compile the two histories, ut supra. Foundac: Of a college for inventors. Library, Inginary.

Qu. Of the order and discipline, the rules and præscripts of their studyes and inquyries, allowances for travelling, intelligence, and correspondence with ye universities abroad.

Qu. Of the maner and præscripts touching *secresy*, *traditions* and *publication*.

[1] *English Literature*, p. 16.

[2] *Essays*, p. 303 *et seq.*

Here we get a glimpse of his work.

Says Spedding: —

In him the gift of seeing in prophetic vision what might be and ought to be, was united with the practical talent of devising means and handling minute details. He could at once imagine, like a poet, and execute like a clerk of the works. Upon the conviction, "This may be done," followed at once the question "How may it be done?" Upon that question answered, followed the resolution to try and do it.[1]

Bearing this in mind, we invite the reader to note carefully the following passage from "The New Atlantis": —

The end of our Foundation is the Knowledge of Causes and secret motions of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible. . . .

That Bacon was a pioneer in the assertion of popular rights is shown by his record. It is said that after his insistence upon the rights of the Commons, the Queen sent an angry message to him to the effect that he might never expect from her further favor or promotion. Macaulay comments upon this as follows: —

The young patriot condescended to make the most abject apologies: — the lesson was not thrown away. Bacon never offended in the same manner again.

"And yet," says Spedding, "this letter is a justification and no apology,"[2] and Abbott, "It is worthy of note that among the many expressions of regret at the royal displeasure, there is no record of any apology tendered by Bacon for his speech."[3]

There can be no doubt that Macaulay has misinterpreted Bacon's letter. That no man could be advanced to office in the reign of Elizabeth without being subservient to the Crown cannot be denied. Campbell says of Coke that though he "was known to be an incarnation of the common law of England,"

[1] *The Works*, etc.
[2] *Life and Letters*, vol. I, p. 233.
[3] *Introduction to Bacon's Essays*, vol. I, p. xxix.

he could not have attained a high office "without . . . having given any sure earnest of sound political principles"; and he calls attention to the fact that when new Speakers of the House of Commons made the usual request for liberty of speech and ancient privileges, she sharply admonished them "to see that they did not deal or intermeddle with any matters touching her person or estate, or church or government."[1] This was demanding the exercise of "sound political principles" with a vengeance, for it might be stretched to apply to almost any subject.

Macaulay declared before his death that he regretted having so severely censured Bacon. It would appear that he began to realize the theoretical nature of his writing which had been sharply criticized. Though a fascinating writer, he was apt to permit his fancy for rhetoric to beguile him, hence he is not always a safe guide. His pride of opinion and intolerance of views differing from his own are exemplified in his oversharp criticism of Montagu's work.

Had Macaulay read Fuller, who, after speaking of Bacon's education and talents, pays him the compliment of reducing "Notional to Real and Scientifical Philosophy"? Says Fuller:

> He was afterwards bred in *Gray's* Inn, in the Study of our *Municipal Law*, attaining to great Eminency, but no Preferment thereon, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; Imputable to the envy of a *great Person*, who hindered his *rising*, for fear to be hindered by him if *risen* and *Eclipsed* in his own profession. Thus the strongest *wing* of *merit* cannot mount, if a stronger *weight* of *malice* doth depress it. Yet was he even then *Favorite* to a *Favorite*, I mean, the Earl of *Essex*, and more true to him than the Earl was to himself. For finding him to prefer *destructive* before *displeasing* Counsel, Sir *Francis* fairly forsook, not his person, (whom his pity attended to the grave) but practices, and herein was not the *worse* friend, for being the better subject. — Such as condemn him for pride, if in his *place*, with the *fift part* of his parts, had been *ten times* prouder themselves; he had been a *better*

[1] John Campbell, *The Lives of the Lord Justices*, etc., vol. 1, pp. 218, 224. New York, 1874.

Master if he had been a *worse*, being too bountiful to his servants, and either too *confident* of their *honesty*, or too *conniving*[1] at their *falsehood*.

The story is told to his disadvantage, that he had *two Servants*, one in all causes Patron to the Plaintiffe, (whom his charity presumed always injured) the other to the *Defendant*, pitying him as *compelled* to *Law*) but taking bribes of both, with this condition, to restore *the money received if the Cause went against them*. Their Lord ignorant hereof, always did impartial Justice, whilst his men (making people pay for what was *given* them) by compact shared the money betwixt them, which cost their master the loss of his office.[2]

The "great Person" who, Fuller says, hindered his rising was, of course, Cecil, who Greene tells us was the "mortal enemy of Essex," as he always was of Bacon. As an instance of unfair criticism, Bacon is accused in Sir James Mackintosh's "History of England" of having written the "History of Henry VII," to flatter James I. This notion had found currency among his enemies, and perhaps incited the truculent Pope to throw this at him, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." To this Macaulay delightedly called attention. Spedding has completely disposed of the charge, but we must content ourselves by calling attention to the principal points in Bacon's behalf: namely, he had contemplated this history for fifteen years, and had furnished for Speed's "History of England" a sketch of it twelve years before the later publication; besides, the character created by Bacon is also wholly unlike that of James except in two particulars, love of peace and conjugal constancy. Henry's shortcomings were conspicuously due to deficiencies in himself, and not to want of opportunity or untowardness of fortune, which was far from flattering to James. We are compelled to give this wholly inadequate reference to Spedding's defense for lack of space, and refer the reader to

[1] In the sense of "to pass unnoticed, uncensured, or unpunished." Imp. Dict. *in loco*.

[2] Thomas Fuller, D.D., *The History of the Worthies of England*, pp. 242, 243. London, 1662.

the original.[1] "But," says Campbell, "it is absurd to suppose that James and Buckingham would not cordially have supported him if he could have been successfully defended." [2]

"Jaco" and "Steenie"! — those two unworthy mortals whose lives were spent in placing obstacles across the path of English liberty, but which, providentially, gave it the opportunity of accumulating force; how could Campbell have made such a slip as this? A study of the case discloses the reason. He gave undue weight to a note of dissent appended by Buckingham to the judgment of the court. Bacon had said to the King, whose cowardice was proverbial, "Those who strike at your Chancellor will strike at your Crown." He also made a bold demand of Buckingham for release from the Tower, which was granted promptly, for Buckingham was not free from political cowardice, and must have felt the insecurity of his position which later resulted in his assassination. Historical portraits of him are so common that they seem almost as much out of place here as would Velasquez's ubiquitous portrait of Philip IV of Spain; yet it may be proper to give this from Green: —

> No veil hid the degrading grossness of the Court of James and of Buckingham. . . . The payment of bribes to him, or marriage to his greedy relatives, became the one road to political preferment. Resistance to his will was inevitably followed by dismissal from office. Even the highest and most powerful of the nobles were made to tremble at the note of this young upstart.[3]

His note of dissent was insincere. The Chancellor was done with, and to assume the rôle of a magnanimous and kindly patron appeared well to his friends. Had Campbell studied his case more carefully he would have refrained from making this careless remark.

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy bits of testimony to

[1] *The Works*, etc., vol. II, pp. 13–40.
[2] *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. II, p. 116.
[3] Green, *Short History*, p. 487.

Bacon's beauty of character is furnished by the voluntary confession of Thomas Bushell. The following is an extract:—

A Letter to his approved beloved Mr. John Eliot, Esq.

The ample testimony of your true affection towards my Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, hath obliged me your servant. Yet, lest the calumnious tongues of men might extenuate the good opinion you had of his worth and merit, I must ingenuously confess that myself and others of his servants were the occasions of exhaling his vertues into a dark eclipse; which God knowes would have long endured both for the honour of his King and the good of the Commonaltie; had not we whom his bountie nursed, laid on his guiltlesse shoulders our base and execrable deeds to be scand and censured by the whole Senate of a State, where no sooner sentence was given, but most of us forsoke him, which makes us bear the badge of Jewes to this day.[1]

Bushell's repentance was so sincere that he retired to a desolate island, the Calf of Man, where for three years he led the life of a hermit, sheltered by a hut built with his own hands



FACSIMILE OF THE SEAL OF THOMAS BUSHELL

and subsisting upon herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, "with water sufficient." His lifelong attachment to Bacon, who took him into his service as a youth, "principally" educated him and paid his debts when in financial trouble, is further re-

[1] Rev. A. de la Peyme, *Memoirs of Thomas Bushell.* 1878.

vealed by a large and finely executed gold medal, bearing the head of his benefactor crowned with the familiar hat, with Bushell's name on the obverse.[1] The knowledge acquired by assisting Bacon in his scientific experiments led to his connection with the royal mines in Wales, and fortune. Bushell's service to the state finally won for him burial in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.[2]

Said Matthew of Bacon:—

A friend unalterable to his friends — it is not his greatness that I admire, but his virtue.[3]

And Rawley, his chaplain:—

I have been induced to think that if ever there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon Francis Bacon.[4]

Aubrey and others are equally emphatic in their expressions of his character.

His ability for accomplishing work was astounding. During the four first terms of his office the number of orders and decrees made by him were eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight, and the number of suitors whose cases were settled, thirty-five thousand. Nothing like this had been accomplished before.

That Bacon was a sincere Christian cannot reasonably be doubted. The great Puritan movement drew to itself, as all great reforms do, many fanatical and half-crazed men who had suffered by oppression, and were intolerant of all who could not go to the extremes to which they went. Bacon, who was reared in this form of faith, could not adopt many of its narrow views, and was as sincerely friendly with the Catholic Matthew as with the Episcopal Rawley, or the Puritan Cecil.

[1] Horace Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting*, etc., vol. 1, p. 254. London, 1862. The author inappropriately denominates him a medalist.

[2] Cf. *Dict. Nat. Biog. in loco.*

[3] Spedding, Italian Letter, *Works*, etc., vol. 1, p. 52.

[4] Rawley's *Life*, p. 47.

None but a clear-sighted and sincere Christian, however, could have made this prayer:—

> Remember, O Lord! how thy servant has walked before Thee; remember what I have first thought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblys. I have mourned for the diversions of Thy Church. I have delighted in the brightness of Thy Sanctuary. This Vine which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed with Thee that it might have the first and the latter rain; and that it might stretch its branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men.

With respect to the charge that he had forsaken Essex, one made against other friends of the Earl who would not go his length in committing acts savoring of treason, he said:—

> Any honest man that hath his heart well planted will forsake his King rather than forsake his God, and forsake his Friend rather than forsake his King; and yet will forsake any earthly commodity, yea, his own life in some cases, rather than forsake his Friend.

In this frame of mind he went back to his books with a joy which finds its echo in "Henry VIII":—

> *Grif.* His Overthrow, heap'd Happinesse upon him
> For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
> And found the Blessednesse of being little.
> And to adde greater Honors to his Age
> Than man could give him; he dy'de fearing God.
>
> IV, 2.

That he was free from the vice of arrogance in an age when it was almost fostered as a virtue, is proved by ample testimony, and also that he was generous to a fault. His sanguine temperament, says Böener, caused him to will to charity so much that his estate failed to satisfy his creditors, and his property was sold at a sacrifice. He was a prophet without honor in his own country, and it was left to future ages to

honor his memory. After the triumph of his enemies, some of whom he saw without any sign of satisfaction come to their well-merited deserts, Bacon labored with restless energy to complete and publish his literary works, realizing that his end was not distant. It was during this period that he printed his "Novum Organum," the "History of Henry VII," "Historia Vitæ et Mortis," and reprinted and enlarged his "Essays."

Bacon's scientific attainments have been criticized by his defamers, who especially quote against him some of the puerilities and misconceptions, especially in medicine and natural history, peculiar to the age in which he lived, and by which he was somewhat influenced. In reading some of these criticisms the caustic saying of Ben Jonson naturally comes to mind: "The writer must lie, and the gentle reader rests happy to have the worthiest works misinterpreted." Such criticisms are unjust, for there was no man living in his day who might not be criticized in the same manner. The vision of Dr. Harvey, whose fame as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood has been blown *ad astra*, though he was anticipated by Servetus [1] in the same degree that Bacon was by Aristotle in the inductive process, was limited in many directions by the boundaries which the schools of his day had fixed. It is the same to-day. The wisest student in science refuses immediate acceptance of a novel discovery until he has had ample time for verification by the most exacting tests. Everybody now knows that a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific was a feasible project, but when it was proposed some of the best thinkers demurred. One of these declared that it was chimerical; no railway train could possibly pass the Rocky Mountains in winter. When the road was opened he received a free pass for the journey. No human intellect has compassed, or ever will compass, all learning. While Bacon may have been as Hallam declares, "The wisest, greatest of

[1] *Christianismi Restitutio*, in which the circulation of the blood is quite clearly explained.

mankind," his knowledge was relative to that of his generation. The world was distracted with speculations upon many subjects. Though the baleful flames of Marian martyrdom had subsided, theological controversy had not. Novel scientific theories were abundant, and philosophy was throwing apples of discord into the arena. At any other time Bacon might have welcomed Galileo's disclosures, but the great discoverer's instruments were but toys compared with those of today, and he doubted their efficiency. The same may be said of Gilbert's magnetic researches; he was interested in them, but Gilbert was experimenting with a subject of such magnitude that it is still a mystery.

Walsh utterly condemns him for not adopting his theories at once: in fact, like the German Dühring, he goes out of his way to obscure his fame, as though it were to bring into brighter light the accomplishments of Peregrinus, Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and other ancient students. Of course, every modern scholar should know, and will acknowledge the debt the world owes these men, who labored in a dismal age of ignorance which regarded even the good Friar Bacon as a wizard, and threw him into prison for dealing with "certain suspicious novelties," compelling him to hide in an anagram his formula for gunpowder, derived, by the way, from an Arabian source. Dr. Walsh condemns Francis Bacon as a charlatan for making use of the knowledge of his predecessors. We are sure, however, that he will not claim that the knowledge of Roger Bacon and other ancient scholars had its origin in their own minds: indeed, we would be glad to know the origin of a single modern invention, or so-called discovery.

When Francis Bacon began to study the phenomena and laws of nature and of mind, Englishmen neither knew nor cared to know aught beyond the limits circumscribing the system of Aristotle. Francis Bacon did what Roger Bacon and others of an earlier age did, availed himself of the common stock of knowledge gathered by teachers of the past, and en-

larged and adapted what he found best suited to his purposes to the conditions of the age in which he lived. If Dr. Walsh had confined himself to a relation of what the ancient scholars accomplished for science, we should be more greatly indebted to him. As it is, his readable and somewhat useful book savors of religious prejudice which should find no place in modern discussion. This remark of the doctor's shows clearly his animus:—

> Personally I have always felt that he [Francis Bacon] has almost less right to all the praise that has been bestowed on him for what he is supposed to have done for science, than he has for any addition to his reputation because of the attribution to him by so many fanatics of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

Strangely enough, he also says that

> Macaulay is much more responsible for his reputation than is usually thought;—his favorite geese were nearly all swans, in his eyes.[1]

We accept the last clause of the statement, but repudiate the preceding one. Francis Bacon's reputation rests upon more permanent foundations that Macaulay's unstable opinions. The source of Walsh's diatribe is found in De Maistre's lurid work in which he declares Bacon to have been a charlatan and impostor, and he "preached science, but like his church without a mission"; derides his "De Augmentis" and avers that the "Novum Organum" is worthy of Bedlam.[2]

Says Spedding:—

> He could follow Gilbert in his enquiries concerning the loadstone, and he was not silent about *him*, but refers to him frequently, with praise both of his industry and his method; censuring him only for endeavoring to build a universal philosophy upon so narrow a basis. So again with regard to Galileo. The direct revelations of the telescope were palpable, and he was not silent about them; but hailed the invention as "*of memorable consider-*

[1] James J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D., *Popes and Science*, pp. 283–84. New York, 1911.

[2] Joseph de Maistre, *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon.* Paris, 1836.

ation,"—a thing "*worthy of mankind.*" There was no doubt that it brought within the range of vision things invisible before, but when it came to the inference deducible from the phenomena thus revealed, he could no longer speak with confidence. It was then "*from this point it seems to be shown*" *and* "*how far by demonstration belief in this method may be safely held*," the language of a man who did not feel certain in his own mind whether the demonstration was conclusive or not,—which is the natural condition of a man who does not thoroughly understand it.[1]

Had it not occupied too much space we would have quoted Bacon's own expressions in full, but Spedding has briefly and simply summed them up.

Bacon, too, it is objected, was not a lover of mathematics, and it is concluded, somewhat hastily, could not have been a great scientist. We are quite willing to accept the statement that he did not possess the true mathematical mind. Had he been so endowed, it is certain that we should not be writing this book. Mathematical poetry would hardly be worth disputing about. He has been assailed with ridicule for failing to accept the Copernican system of astronomy, the truth of which is now so firmly established; but how was it then? Many of the best thinkers did not adopt it. What, too, was the exact situation of affairs? Bruno, who afterwards suffered martyrdom at Rome for his opinions, visited England in 1583.[2] Oxford and Cambridge were then utterly neglecting the teaching of natural philosophy. To Oxford, Bruno, whose fame had preceded him, repaired, and, being versed in the system of Copernicus, hoped to introduce its study into that university. He has been represented as a perfervid enthusiast, and he doubted not to interest the faculty of the institution in his plans; but the learned and ultra-conservative doctors of Oxford did not yield readily to the views of the brilliant and eloquent Italian, and they stoutly maintained the old faith which

[1] *The Works*, etc., vol. VI, p. 444. Italicized words our translation.

[2] Green, *Giordano Bruno, his Life*, etc. Buffalo, 1889. Cf. Moritz Carrière, *Life*, etc. London, 1887.

they had inherited, that the sun revolved about the earth, which was ocularly evident, and though Bruno argued much better in favor of the new but less evident faith, that the reverse was true, he was disappointed in the result of his mission. Bacon was then twenty-three, and most of the men with whom he associated, Catholic and Protestant, were opposed to the new theory.

He was then busy in another field of literary activity, and it is not strange that he spoke of Copernicus as "a man who thinks nothing of introducing fictions of any kind into nature, provided his calculations turn out well"; a fault too often found in the polemical contentions of the time when men sought only to support preconceived theories, giving little heed to facts.

It was many years after Bacon's death, before the mists of Aristotelian philosophy vanished before the advancing light of a new age of scientific empiricism, and yet from immemorial time the beaming scroll of the universe had hung outspread before the eyes of men in all its splendor, revealing to their vision a region of boundless wonders which had invited exploration in vain. The achievements of Copernicus, who with the eyes of a seer had explored the infinite regions of space, were slow of acceptance; yet of all men Bacon should have welcomed them, for he as fully recognized the importance of the study of phenomena as Bruno, both of whom regarded the universe as a perfection of mechanism, designed by its Creator among other beneficent purposes for the study of men, and their consequent advancement toward a larger knowledge of Him. We know that Rawley says that

> Before he left Cambridge, when but sixteen, he first fell into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would always ascribe higher attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way; being a philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man, in which mind he continued to his dying day.[1]

[1] Rawley, *Life*, etc., p. 37.

Let us quote a few of numerous authorities upon his scientific attainments whose opinions are of value.

Says Professor Fowler:—

The result of Bacon's "First Vintage" is remarkable in the history of science. Anticipating the theory of heat now generally accepted, he defines it as "a motion, expansive, restrained, and striving amongst the smaller particles of bodies." Even the modern theory as to the undulatory character of this motion seems to be anticipated in the following passage, which is quoted with approbation by Professor Tyndall, "The third specific difference is this, that heat is a motion of expansion, not uniformly of the whole body together, but in its ultimate particles; and at the same time checked, repelled, and beaten back, so that the particles acquire a motion," — it is surely a striking testimony to his genius that, in his main conception of heat as an expansion and oscillatory motion amongst the minute particles of matter, he should have anticipated the precise conclusion at which, after the predominance, for a long time, of a different theory, the most eminent physicists have at length arrived.

Fowler also says that

He ought to have the credit of having detached the conception of attraction from that of magnetism.[1]

Says Professor Nichol:—

Bacon's anticipations in physical science are like those of the "Faerie Queene," about the star's flight of an imagination almost as unique in prose as Shakespeare's in verse. He was the first philosophic spokesman, in being the first to fully recognize the increasing purpose of the time.

And quoting his remarks upon the circumnavigation of the globe, he continues:—

In this and similar passages we have the air of the same breezes that blow through "The Tempest" — and much of the "Faerie Queene" — the Queen of England, Ireland, and Virginia.

[1] Thomas Fowler, M. A., F.S.A., *Bacon*, p. 120. New York, 1881. Cf. Tyndall, *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, Appendix to chap. 11, *ibid.*, 339, 3d ed.; and Fowler's *Novum Organum*. Oxford, 1878.

This wholly independent association of Bacon with the author of the "Shakespeare" and "Spenser" works is striking, but is by no means an isolated case. Many acute thinkers, unconscious of its bearing upon the question of a common authorship of these works, have done the same. Nichol further says:—

> The fact that Bacon, during his life, took the unpopular side of several questions, that he was disgraced for an offence now severely judged, and died when there was no one adequate and willing to defend him, is enough to explain the character condensed in Pope's memorable line, expanded in Macaulay's Essay, reiterated in Lord Campbell's summary, and assumed by Kuno Fischer as, in some measure, a basis for his view of the Baconian philosophy.[1]

Says a German thinker:—

> Francis Bacon is still regarded by his countrymen as the greatest philosopher of England, and in this opinion they are perfectly right. He is the founder of that philosophy, which is called the realistic, which exercised so powerful an influence upon even Leibnitz and Kant, to which Kant especially was indebted for the last impulses to his epoch-making works, and to which France paid homage in the eighteenth century.[2]

Playfair, quoting his remarks on color, concludes that

> He may be considered as very fortunate in fixing on these examples: for it was by means of them that Newton afterwards found out the composition of light.

And he further says:—

> The power and compass of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications of science which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages. . . . Bacon has classified facts and explained their peculiar advantages as instruments of investigation.[3]

[1] John Nichol, *Francis Bacon: his Life and Philosophy*, pp. 5, vii. Edinburgh, 1888.

[2] Kuno Fischer, *Francis Bacon of Verulam*, p. xii. London, 1857.

[3] John Playfair, *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, p. 3. Edinburgh, 1819.

Says John Morley:—

The French Encyclopedia was the direct fruit of Bacon's magnificent conceptions. Professor Adamson has well put it in the Encyclopædia Britannica, "The great leader in the reformation of modern science."[1]

And Dean Church:—

The world has agreed to date from Bacon the systematic reform of natural philosophy, the beginning of an intelligent attempt, which has been crowned by such signal success, to place the investigation of nature on a solid foundation."[2]

Says Macaulay:—

He moved the intellects that moved the world.

All this is said of the philosophical and scientific works which he published over his own name. What other works did he write which would authorize a contemporary to liken him to a great Roman playwriter? Stratfordians deny that he ever wrote any such works, yet John Davies, one of Bacon's "good pens" who is said to have scribbled the names of Bacon and Shakespeare in the Northumberland Manuscript, called Bacon "Our English Terence." Why did he apply the title to Bacon? Terentius Publiuswas the slaveof Terentius Lucanus, by whose name he was called. Cicero tells us that plays bearing his name, the admiration of the Romans, were believed to have been written by C. Lælius, and Montaigne observes that

Could the perfection of eloquence have added any lustre proportionable to the merit of a great person, certainly Scipio and Lælius had never resigned the honor of their comedies to an African slave, for that the work was theirs, the beauty and excellency of it do sufficiently declare; besides Terence himself confesses as much.

If any man knew the connection of Bacon with the "Shakespeare" Works it was John Davies; hence the term he used

[1] John Morley, *Diderot and the Encyclopedists*, vol. 1, p. 120. London, 1881.
[2] R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, *Bacon*, p. 213. New York, 1884.

was peculiarly felicitous, for the "Terence" Works, upon which were expended "all the luxuriancies and delicacies of the Latin tongue" will always bear the name of the African slave.

Bacon's name has been associated often with that of the actor by writers unquestionably of independent judgment.

Said Dr. Kuno Fischer, in a work on the philosophy of Bacon sixty-eight years ago:—

> The same affinity for the Roman mind, and the same want of sympathy with the Greek, we again find in Bacon's greatest contemporary, whose imagination took as broad and as comprehensive a view as Bacon's intellect. . . . Here Bacon and Shakespeare met, brought together by a common interest in those objects and the attempt to depict and copy them.

And he remarks upon what he regards as an astonishing fact but one easily explained, that

> Bacon does not even mention Shakespeare when he discourses upon dramatic poetry, but passes over this department of poetry with a general and superficial remark that relates less to the subject itself than to the stage and its uses. As far as his own age is concerned, he sets down the moral value of the stage as exceedingly trifling. But the affinity of Bacon to Shakespeare is to be sought in his moral and psychological, not in his æsthetical views . . . however, even in these there is nothing to prevent Bacon's manner of judging mankind, and apprehending characters from agreeing perfectly with that of Shakespeare; so that human life, the subject-matter of all dramatic art, appeared to him much as it appeared to the great artist himself. . . . Is not the inexhaustible theme of Shakespeare's poetry the history and course of human passions? *And it is this very theme that is proposed by Bacon as the chief problem of moral philosophy.*

Says Gervinus:—

> That Shakespeare's appearance upon a soil so admirably prepared was neither marvelous nor accidental, is evidenced even by the corresponding appearance of such a contemporary as Bacon.

And Emerson:—

> Shakespeare was the father of German literature: it was on the introduction of Shakespeare into German by Lessing, and the translation of his works by Wieland and Schlegel, that the rapid burst of German literature was most intimately connected.[1]

Why do Stratfordians now severely avoid coupling these names together? Perhaps Yardley, whom we have heretofore quoted, has given us the reason.

Of the facility and rapidity with which he wrote and spoke we have the testimony of Rawley and Jonson. Says the former:—

> With what sufficiency he wrote let the world judge, and with what celerity he wrote them, I can best testify.

Jonson, who is worth listening to, and trustworthy when not inditing a eulogy to help the sale of a book, gives us this graphic description of Bacon's eloquence:—

> Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, nor look aside from him, without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.[2]

Tobie Matthew, who knew him perhaps more intimately than any one of his friends, describes him as

> A creature of incomparable abilities of mind, of sharp and catching apprehension, large and faithful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment, a man so rare in knowledge of so many several kinds, indowed with the facility of expressing it in so elegant, significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing array of words, of metaphors, and allusions,

[1] *Representative Men*, p. 201. Boston, 1865.
[2] Ben Jonson, *Discoveries*, p. 46. London, 1841.

as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world. I know that this may seem a great hyperbole, and strange kind of riotous excess of speech; but the best means of putting me to shame will be for you to place any man of yours by this of mine.[1]

Pierre Amboise, Böener, and many other contemporaries speak of him in equally laudatory terms.

We have endeavored by a careful study of Bacon's character and genius, as reflected in his literary remains, recorded in history, and depicted by his critics, friendly and otherwise, to give the reader a fair portraiture of him. That he partook of the abuses of the times in which he lived we do not deny; Bacon condemned himself for this. The mistake which he made was in seeking public office, which resulted, as it commonly did, in disaster. His highest aspiration impelled him to a student's life, and this life offered him the greatest happiness. He was not alone in being tempted to seek the glittering trappings of power. The greatest and best men of England, before and since, have done the same, and come to grievous ends. He has been charged with being present with the law officers of the Crown at the examination under torture of the Puritan clergyman, Peacham, who was condemned for high treason, having written, though not preached a sermon containing severe reflections upon authority; and has been blamed for obsequious deference to James and Buckingham. With regard to the first of these criticisms, Campbell himself in another connection furnishes an answer in these words:—

> It would be very unjust to blame persons who were engaged in sixteenth century burning witches or heretics, as if these *acts of faith* had occurred in the reign of Queen Victoria.[2]

To the charge of truckling to those in authority, while we to-day may regard as unmanly the ceremonious approach and adulatory address to those occupying the seats of power, they

[1] *Collection of Letters*, etc.
[2] *Lives of Lord Chancellors*, etc., vol. III, p. 114.

were simply forms of etiquette in Bacon's day, and necessary to secure notice.

His bitterest mortification was exclusion from Parliament, where he had achieved his most brilliant successes. His final appeal to the King, not long before his death, is manly, and gives us a glimpse of the suffering he endured when he contemplated the blot upon his fame which would descend to posterity.

> To prostrate myself at Your Majesty's feet, I, your ancient servant, now sixty-four years old in age, and three years four months old in misery, I desire not from Your Majesty means, nor place, nor employment, but only, after so long a time of expiation, a complete and total remission of the sentence of the Upper House, to the end that blot of ignominy may be removed from me, and from my memory with posterity; that I die not a condemned man, but may be to Your Majesty, as I am to God *nova creatura*. This my most humble request granted, may make me live a year or two happily, and denied will kill me quickly.[1]

James, who well knew the methods employed to inflame public opinion, did not relieve him of his disabilities. Doubtless his enemies were too insistent upon prolonging his disgrace. Fowler says that

> A limited pardon, the exception being that of the Parliamentary sentence, appears to have been sealed by the King in November, 1621. But the history of this pardon is attended with some obscurity.[2]

This date does not agree with the date of his appeal. Bacon, however, continued his work. Taking a severe cold while pursuing an experiment in refrigeration, he died on Easter morning, Sunday, April 9, 1626.

He was buried in St. Michael's Church in St. Albans according to his wish, and this epitaph, here translated from the original Latin, placed upon his monument, which bears his effigy seated in an attitude of contemplation:—

[1] *Life and Letters*, vol. v, p. 583. [2] *Bacon*, p. 23.

Francis Bacon Baron of Verulam Viscount St. Albans
Or By More Conspicuous titles
Of Science the Light, of Eloquence the Law,
Sat thus,
Who after all Natural Wisdom
And Secrets of Civil Life he had unfolded
Nature's Law fulfilled.
Let compounds be Dissolved.
In the year of our Lord, MDCXXVI.
Of his Age LXVI.
Of such a Man
That the Memory might remain,
Thomas Meautys
Living his Attendant
Dead his Admirer
Placed this Monument.

It may be objected that as this is but a brief sketch of Bacon's life, too much time has been expended upon the charges against him of malfeasance in office, and that they have little relation to his literary genius, and are not therefore pertinent to the purpose of this book. To this the author pleads in justification, that with many this episode in his life tends to close the door against any consideration of his great merits. *Sic eunt fata hominum.*

HIS RÔLE

The works published by Francis Bacon and his executors under his own name are numerous, and cover a wide field of literary activity. Their perusal reveals him as a great lawyer, philosopher, and classical scholar; a scientist, theologian, statesman, poet, linguist; his knowledge was remarkable; indeed, as sober a writer as Spedding denominates him "the glory of his age and nation, the adorner and ornament of learning"; and even Campbell announces his death in these words:—

Thus died, in the 66th year of his age, Francis Bacon, not merely the most distinguished man who ever held the Great Seal

of England, but, notwithstanding all his faults, one of the greatest ornaments and benefactors of the human race.[1]

It is to Francis Bacon that English literature owes the essay as an intellectual force. Its introduction occurred at a time in English history distinguished for its intellectual activity, its romantic spirit, its adventurous achievement and the gross ignorance of its masses. Its intellectual supremacy was limited to the few, the chief of whom was Bacon, a friend and admirer of Montaigne; some have thought an imitator, but he differs from the Frenchman as the gun of Napoleon from that of the *ancien régime*. It is true that there is a resemblance, for both deal with the mysteries of life and death, but the former touches his subject with a grave directness rarely exemplified by the latter.

The few poems which bear his name have never become popular. While Campbell says:—

> His English Essays and Treatises will be read and admired by the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world to the most distant generations —

he concludes that

> His ear had not been formed nor his fancy fed, by a perusal of the divine productions of Surrey, Wyat, Spenser, and Shakespeare, or he could not have produced rhymes so rugged, and terms of expression so mean. Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in the writings of Bacon, but if his prose is sometimes poetical, his poetry is always prosaic.[2]

This is the most formidable argument that has been adduced against the claim that Bacon was the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, yet it is not unanswerable.

The poet and philosopher belong to different zones; the one, a land of enchantment, so alluring that he who adventures in it, forgetting material bonds for a while, becomes a seer; the other, a land of mountain peaks and misty vales which compel

[1] *Lives of Lord Chancellors of England*, vol. III, p. 33.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 130.

the soul to contemplation, and a consciousness of the mystery of being. The greatest genius is he who enjoys an inheritance in both these realms of delight whose fruits are as unlike as the zones to which they belong. In later life he may think to transplant from one to the other the fruits which in more youthful days he loved, but they inevitably lose in generous flavor. This may, in a measure, account for some criticism of Bacon, who was both poet and philosopher, as was Milton. Both have given to the world poetic renderings of David's Psalms, and both have left works of philosophy which may well be compared.

Milton's rendering of the eighty–eighth Psalm is as follows:

> Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
> Hast set me all *forlorn*,
> Where thickest darkness *hovers round*
> In horrid deeps to *mourn*,
> Thy wrath from which no shelter saves
> Full sore doth press on me;
> Thou breaks't upon me all thy waves,
> And all thy waves break me.[1]

Yet the hand which penned the foregoing lines penned the "Comus" from which we extract the following:—

> Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
> Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
> Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
> And with these raptures moves the vocal air
> To testify his hidden residence:
> How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled! I oft have heard
> My mother Circe with the Sirens three
> Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
> Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
> Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
> And lap it in Elysium.

There is no question that Milton was a great poet, yet here we have two specimens of his verse. Who would suppose that

[1] The italics are in the original.

the version of the eighty-eighth Psalm and the extract from "Comus" were fruit of the same tree?

This is from Bacon's version of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm:—

When as we sat all sad and desolate,
  By Babylon upon the river's side,
Eas'd from the tasks which in our captive state
  We were enforcéd daily to abide,
    Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
    Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

But soon we found we fail'd of our account,
  For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
  Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
    So that with present griefs, and future fears,
    Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

. . . . . .

Hierusalem, where God his throne hath set,
  Shall any hour absent thee from my mind?
Then let my right hand quite her skill forget,
  Then let my voice and words no passage find;
    Nay, if I do not thee prefer in all
    That in the compass of my thoughts can fall.

. . . . . .

And thou, O Babylon, shalt have thy turn
  By just revenge, and happy shall he be,
That thy proud walls and tow'rs shall waste and burn,
  And as thou didst by us, so do by thee.
    Yea, happy he, that takes thy children's bones,
    And dasheth them against the pavement stones.

Says Spedding:—

Of these verses of Bacon's it has been usual to speak not only as a failure, but as a ridiculous failure, a censure in which I cannot concur. I should myself infer from this sample that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants;[1] a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion.

The psalms which Bacon paraphrased, seven in number, were dedicated to George Herbert, a friend and author of such

[1] That is, requires.

verse, and were written late in life during his confinement by illness, which is not a condition especially conducive to poetic expression. In the dedicatory note he calls them the "poor exercise of my sickness."

The following is a verse from the ninetieth Psalm:—

> Thou carriest man away as with a tide;
> Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high;
> Much like a mocking dream that will not hide
> But flies before the sight of waking eye;
> Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
> To see the Summer come about again.

"The thought in the second line," says Spedding, "could not well be fitted with imagery, words, and rhythm more apt and imaginative, and there is a tenderness of expression in the concluding couplet which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature."

The following is a verse from the one hundred and fourth Psalm:—

> Father and King of Powers, both high and low,
> Whose sounding fame all creatures serve to blow;
> My voice shall with the rest strike up thy praise
> And carol of thy works and wondrous ways.
> But who can blaze thy beauties, Lord, aright?
> They turn the brittle beams of mortal sight:
> Upon thy head thou wear'st a glorious crown
> All set with virtues, polish'd with renown;
> Thence round about a silver veil doth fall
> Of crystal light, mother of colours all.[1]

Of these lines Spedding says:—

The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hands of Dryden.

Why, then, may we not ask, if Milton wrote the eighty-eighth Psalm, and also some of the finest poetry in the English language,—some have thought superior to that published under the name, "Shakespeare,"—why should it be impossible for the versifier of the one hundred and thirty-seventh

[1] Spedding, *Works*, etc., vol. XIV, p. 113.

Psalm to do the same? Though he has been spoken of as being ignorant of poetry, he extolled its influence and possessed a deep knowledge of poetic metre. That he wrote more than one volume of poetry we know from his legacy to his friend, the French ambassador, of his books "curiously rhymed." If such an item had been found in the will of the Stratford actor, would it not be considered ample proof of his authorship of the plays? We do not base upon this, however, such a claim for Bacon, but speak of it only as one of those many straws which help us in forming a better understanding of him. We feel warranted in giving specimens of the prose of both writers, first one from Milton's

Treatise on Education

The end, then, of Learning is to repair the sins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate to be like him as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in the body found itself but on sensible things, nor strive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly covering over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching.

From Bacon's "Advancement of Learning"

Neither is the imagination simply and only a messenger; but it is either invested with, or usurps no small authority in itself, besides the simple duty of the messenger. For it is as well said by Aristotle, "That the mind has over the body that commandment which the lord has over the bondsman, but that reason has over the imagination that commandment which a magistrate has over a free citizen who may come also to rule in his turn."

Men differ on all subjects, but perhaps there is none upon which they differ more than poetry, for to recognize it, the ear must be attuned to divine harmonies; hence a good critic of poetry must be a poet. By this it is not meant that he must have written poetry, for he may not possess the rare art of

expression, but his soul must be like a sensitive harp whose chords are in concord with poetic harmonies.

This explains the diversity of opinion respecting poets great and small; otherwise, why should the critic of the immortal Keats have lashed him with ridicule to his death, or Pepys say that "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were silly; "Othello" mean; "Romeo and Juliet" the worst play he ever heard in his life; and "Midsummer Night's Dream" the most insipid and ridiculous; or Horace Walpole call Dante "Extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam"; or Hacket entitle Milton, "A petty school-boy scribbler"; or, on the other hand, why should the poet Shelley declare that "Lord Bacon was a poet"; and Lytton praise him so highly as to say that "Poetry pervaded the thought, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind"? We know how the critics sent Poe into obscurity, and how recently they have raised him to what seems to be a pedestal of immortal fame; how Tupper had his admirers, and Walt Whitman his devotees. But it is needless to multiply instances of this complexion; they are to be found on every hand, and applicable to every subject of human experience.

For three centuries Bacon has stood among the foremost of the world's great thinkers. His life was passed in unremitting activity, for to his great intellect was added a capacity and love of literary work rarely possessed by man. At his death he bequeathed his unpublished manuscripts to two of his friends with a view to future publication. One of these, Sir William Boswell, then Minister to Holland, carried them with him to that country, and placed them in the hands of Isaac Gruter, a learned friend of their author, who, in 1633, published at Leyden the "Sapientia Veterum." This was followed five years later by the "Historia Ventorum," and during the next fifteen years ten more of his most important works were given to the world by the faithful Gruter. But there were other

works which were never published, and, unfortunately, have disappeared from public ken. What were these works? Spedding, Bacon's biographer, after years of labor devoted to the study of them, has to conclude that it is a subject involving a great secret.

Gruter, who was in frequent conference with Boswell while he was engaged in publishing the works now familiar to us, was anxious to publish the others, but for some unknown reason was held back. He says in the last book published by him that "they ought not to be long suppressed"; and in a letter from Maestricht, March 20, 1655, he wrote Rawley, Bacon's old chaplain, secretary and closest friend:—

> If my Fate would permit me to live according to my Wishes, I would flie over into England, that I might behold of the *Verulamian Workmanship*, and at least make my Eyes witnesses to it, if the Merchandize be yet denied to the Publick. At present, I will support the wishes of my impatient desire, with hope of seeing one Day those which being committed to faithful Privacie, wait the time "till they may safely see the Light, and not be stifled in their Birth."

This was twenty-nine years after Bacon's death, and Rawley was advanced in years. No wonder his friend Gruter was getting impatient to have this "Merchandize," which Rawley kept from the printer, disclosed. It may be objected that these could not have been the "Shakespeare" Works, as these were then known, but the First and Second Folios gave only a portion of the dramatic works, as we have attempted to show, and we claim that it is reasonable to infer that there were others, and that it might have been a subject of discussion whether it were wise to disclose the secret, and give all the "Verulamian Workmanship" to the world.

What were Rawley's motives for keeping them in the dark, we can only hope to learn. All that he tells us is that Bacon hid his works for another age. *Mente Videbor*, by the mind I shall be seen.

And again:—

> Silence were the best celebration of that which I mean to commend. My praise shall be dedicated to the mind itself. The mind is the man, and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth.

A study of Bacon's works reveals his clear outlook upon the world. He saw it divided, though by no arbitrary line of demarcation, into two classes, the wise and the unwise, or, more accurately, the ignorant and the less ignorant. The dominant purpose of his life was to convey to mankind, as best he could, the light of knowledge, and he adopted a system for accomplishing this purpose which he tells us was suggested by an ancient usage, though he should apply it differently. This was to "deliver" his philosophy by two different methods to mankind, so that it might be received by all in the course of time, for, he says:—

> It may truly be objected to me that my philosophy will require an age, a whole age to commend it, and very many ages to establish it.

And in another place he forbears to explain it

> chiefly because it would open that, *which in this work I determine to reserve*.[1]

One part of this system has been "delivered" to the world, and it does not seem strange that the other is sought. Was it explained or comprised in the manuscripts which Gruter was so desirous of having published? This may be doubted. Spedding laboriously puzzles over the "great secret" of Bacon's dual system, vainly striving to find a satisfactory solution. He says:—

> Bacon professes that it is not his intention to destroy the received philosophy, but rather that from henceforth there should be two coexisting and allied systems — the one sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life, and such as would satisfy those who are

[1] Spedding, *The Works*, etc., vol. I, p. 182.

content with probable opinions and commonly received notions — the other for the sons of science who desire to attain to certainty and to an insight into the hidden things of nature.[1]

In other words, he, Bacon, would "deliver" to mankind in two ways, one in a popular form, which all could receive, and the other, to use Bacon's own words, —

> To selected auditors or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil, one more open; the other, a way of delivery more secret.

The latter method is plainly disclosed in his philosophical works, but where are we to seek for the former which he declines to disclose? "Because," he says, "it would open that, *which in this work I determine to reserve.*"[2]

To get a view, as nearly unbiased as possible, of Bacon's true place in the realm of thought, one should not fail to read the dialogue preceding the "Parasceve," which embodies the opinions of two acute thinkers, who, of all who have hitherto devoted themselves to the subject, were best fitted by training and experience to discuss it dispassionately.

Says Spedding: —

> If the great secret which he had, or thought he had, in his keeping, lay only or even chiefly in the perfection of the logical machinery — in the method of induction; if this method was a kind of mechanical process — an organum or engine — at once "wholly new," "universally applicable," "in all cases infallible," and such as anybody might manage; if his explanation of this method in the second book of the "Novum Organum" is so incomplete that it leaves all the principal practical difficulties unexplained; and if it were a thing which nobody but himself had any notion of, or any belief in; how is it that during the remaining five years of his life — years of eager and unremitting labour, devoted almost exclusively to the exposition of his philosophy — he made no attempt to complete the explanation of it? Why did he leave the "Novum Organum" as it was? . . . It was not that he had changed his opinion as to the value of it; his sense of the difficulties may have increased, his views as to details may have al-

[1] Spedding, *The Works*, etc., vol. I, pp. 155–56. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. II, pp. 9–39.

tered; but there is no reason to think that he ever lost any part of his faith either in the importance or the practicability of it. . . . Two years after the publication of the first part of the "Novum Organum," and three years before his death, he speaks of the second part as a thing yet to be done, but adds, "*which, however, I have in my mind considered and set in order.*" It was not that he thought the description he had already given sufficient: in the winter of 1622, he tells us that there are "*not a few and those of prime importance*" still wanting. It was not that he wanted either time or industry; for during the five succeeding years he completed the "De Augmentis," and composed his histories of the "Winds," of "Life and Death," of "Dense and Rare"; his lost treatise on "Heavy and Light," his lost "Abecedarium Naturæ," his "New Atlantis," his "Sylva Sylvarum." Why did he employ no part of that time in completing the description of the new machine?[1]

Though Spedding fails to enlighten us in this regard, we are at liberty to ask if any literature of Bacon's time, philosophy in a popular form, such as he proposes, can be found? Doubtless there would be a consensus of opinion, that only the "Shakespeare" Works present to the world philosophy in its most popular form, and, were Bacon their author, would satisfactorily complete the system which he planned. Thus the great secret would find a happy solution.

Says the German critic, Bormann:—

Whoever places the "Novum Organum" (1620) and the "Encyclopedy De Augmentis Scientiarum" (1623) of Francis Bacon side by side with Mr. William Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" (1623) must certainly regard them as kindred works inasmuch as all three appeared in the same stately form.[2]

The acute mind of Carlyle with almost the clear discernment of a seer, reflecting upon the philosophy of his favorite author, Shakspere, remarks that

there is an understanding manifested in the construction of Shakespeare's Plays, equal in profoundness to the great Lord Bacon's "Novum Organum,"

[1] *The Works, etc.*, vol. II, pp. 27–29. Italicized words our translation.
[2] Edwin Bormann, *The Shakespeare Secret*, p. 2. London and Leipzig, 1895.

But, he concludes, as any one inevitably does when he compares them, that the

"Novum Organum" and all the intellect you will find in Bacon is of quite a secondary order; earthy, material, poor in comparison with this.

Surely Philosophy, in the severe garb of Logic, presents an aspect far more earthy and material than Philosophy in the ethereal robes of Poetry. Has not Carlyle unintentionally qualified himself as an expert witness in behalf of the proposition, that the works so long accredited to the Stratford actor supplement those of Bacon, and together complete the great philosopher's dual system?

But do the "Shakespeare" Works really supplement the works of Bacon? It will be admitted at the outset by all that they "deliver" themselves to the minds of even the unlettered in a pictorial manner, calculated to attract and instruct, and only a casual examination of them reveals the fact that they treat of kindred subjects. The Essays of Bacon deal with human qualities, as Love, Truth, Envy, Revenge, Ambition, Friendship, Anger, and the like, and their author "delivers" them to minds capable of the profoundest thought. The "Shakespeare" Works treat of Ambition ("Macbeth"); Love ("Romeo and Juliet"); Avarice ("The Merchant of Venice"); Jealousy ("Othello"); Envy ("Julius Cæsar"); Hypocrisy ("Measure for Measure"); and so on, and the author "delivers" through them instruction to minds of even ordinary capacity. It would seem, therefore, that it is not unreasonable to assume that together they fairly fulfil the requirements of the philosophical system outlined by Bacon. That this was his intention appears from his own words, which we must accept, or conclude that he left his plan uncompleted.

The contention that he was the author of the "Shakespeare" Works still remains invincible, and finds support in the works themselves, as well as those known to the world as his. To two of these supports so long unnoticed we will now give attention.

THE PROMUS. This book particularly illustrates Bacon's habits of thought, his keen interest in shaping new words for the expression of ideas, and his care in garnering every sheaf of knowledge which he found. It is evidently one of the handbooks of his literary workshop, or "scriptorium" as he called it, to which Jonson, Bushell, Hobbes, Davies, and others, whom he called "his good pens," were attached. That it was in active existence up to the publication of the Shaksperian Folio and "De Augmentis Scientiarum," we know from his correspondence with Matthew. Bacon's liberality to those about him, leaving his money, when he was in funds, accessible to all without question of its use, leads us to believe that he exercised the same liberality in other things; in fact, his relations to those he employed Spedding shows to have been truly affectionate, many of his manuscripts being endorsed to his sons, "ad filios."

That no English author has ever employed so large a vocabulary as the author of the "Shakespeare" Works is unquestioned, and the same may be said of the number of new words added to the language. This already is indicated by Murray's New English Dictionary, the first volume of which was published in 1883. This embodied the results of twenty-six years of research. Seven volumes only have been published in the thirty years which have passed, and it is likely to take fifty years from the publication of the first volume to complete it. Its most valuable service to the world will be found in what we may well call its genealogy of the English tongue. Not only does it aim to give every word in the language, but the date of its birth, and the name of its progenitor. Of course it is impossible at the present time to determine accurately the number of words originated by different authors, but the seven volumes already published reveal to us with vitascopical distinctness hundreds of words originated by the author of the plays. This accords with Macaulay's well-known declaration that he "carried the idiomatic powers of the English tongue to the

highest perfection, and to whose style every ancient and every modern language contributed something of grace, of energy, and of music."

Robertson, in a futile display of numerous words used in common by other writers, especially by Greene, Marlowe, Peele, and Kyd, a fact familiar to every student of Tudor and Stuart literature, over-eager to show that his heretical opponents are ignorant of this, seems to have been unaware of the fact. The futility of his argument that the actor, whose ignorance he labors to show, used an immense number of words in common use, becomes evident when we consider that an estimate, heretofore regarded as valid, that the vocabulary of an English peasant of the actor's time comprised less than four hundred words, and that the author of the "Shakespeare" Works employed a vocabulary of twenty-one thousand words, or three times the number used by Milton, a large number of which never had been used by any previous English writer. To quote against the actor Robertson's own words applied to Bacon's cipher, this presents "a critical chimera which staggers judgment and beggars comment."

In the "Promus," which was not intended for publication, Bacon recorded proverbs, phrases, apt thoughts, and even expressive and hitherto unused words to serve him in his writings when occasion offered, a custom not uncommon among writers and public speakers. The extent of his lingual accomplishments is indicated by the languages from which he culled them, — Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, and English, in all of which he appears to have been an adept. His Latin has been questioned, but it is doubtful if an author of note in his time has escaped similar criticism. On many points of Latin construction authorities often differ.

This manuscript, consisting of fifty folio sheets numbered from 82 to 132, he dignified by the title of the "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies"; in other words, a storehouse

of forms and graceful expressions,[1] and it is of considerable moment in our study of his philosophical system. The first question which naturally occurs to us is, What use did he make of it in his published writings? Our curiosity is soon gratified, for the deeper we examine it, the closer we see the use he made of its contents, not always verbally, but sometimes suggestively as clues to thoughts of larger scope.

Having satisfied ourselves on this point, another question still more insistent presses itself upon us; namely, if Bacon had anything to do with the "Shakespeare" Works, ought we not to find evidence that he made the same use of the "Promus" in them that he did in his other works? With increased curiosity we apply ourselves to their critical examination, and are rewarded far beyond our expectations; in fact, we not only find in them hundreds of the same thoughts which are found in the "Promus," but many in precisely the same verbal form. "All's well that ends well," "Believe me," are among favorite expressions often repeated in the plays; the latter more than fifty times. Such expressions disclose individuality quite as much as elaborate thoughts. The following excerpts from the "Promus," indicated by numbers of the folios, are culled from the 655 entries in them:—

Folio 130 Qui préte a l'ami perd au double = Who lends to a friend loses double.

For love oft loses both itself and friend.

Hamlet, I, 3.

99 To stumble at the threshold.

Men that stumble at the threshold.

3 K. Henry VI, IV, 7.

84B Galen's compositions, not Paracelsus' separations.

So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus.

All's Well, etc., II, 3.

[1] Harleian Collection, no. 7017, British Museum.

95 El buen suena el mal vuela = Good dreams, ill waking.

Dreame as I have done,
Wake and finde nothing.

Cymbeline, v, 4.

93 Good wine needs no bush.

Good wine needs no bush.

As You Like It, Epilogue.

85 A fools bolt is soon shot.

A Fools Bolt is soon shot.

K. Henry V, iii, 7, and *As You like It*, v, 4.

I will shoot my fools bolt.

Letter to Essex.

92B An yll wind that bloweth no man to good.

The yll wind which blows no man to good.

2 *Henry IV*, v, 3.

101 Clavum clavo pellere = With one nail to drive out a nail.

One fire drives out one fire,
One Naile, one Naile.

Coriolanus, iv, 6.

As one naile by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love, etc.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii, 4.

96B A man must tell you tales to find your ears.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

Julius Cæsar, iii, 2.

Fasten your eare on my advisings.

Measure for Measure, iii, 1.

We doe request your kindest eares.

Coriolanus, ii, 2.

131 Innocence parle avec joie sa defence = Innocence speaks with joy her defence.

The Trust I have is in mine innocence.

2 *K. Henry VI*, iv, 4.

92 Seldom cometh the better.

Seldom cometh the better.

Richard III, II, 3.

111 Diluculo surgere salubrium.

Diluculo surgere — thou knowest.

Twelfth Night, II, 3.

96B Thought is free.

Thought is free.

Tempest, III, 2, and *Twelfth Night*, II, 3.

Thoughts are no subjects.

Measure for Measure, V, 2.

The above are perhaps sufficient to show how much the "Shakespeare" Works are indebted to the "Promus," and with it alone for a brief the case for the plaintiff might be successfully prosecuted. There is, however, in Bacon's other works quite as convincing evidence of identity of expression and thought to safeguard his case, and it may be well to examine it.

Opinion

That the rate of a thing chosen for Opinion, and not for truth, is this, that if a man thought that what he doth should never come to light, he would never have done it.

Bacon's *Colors of Good and Evil.*

A plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

Troilus and Cressida, III, 3.

Slippery Stairs to Honors

The Stairs to honores are steep, the standing slippery, the regresse a downfall.

Advancement of Learning.

The Art o' th' Court
As hard to leave as keepe; whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling, or so slipp'ry, that
The feare 's as bad as falling.

Cymbeline, III, 3.

The passions of the mind work upon the body, the impressions following. Feare causeth paleness, trembling, the standing of the hair upright; starting.

Sylva Sylvarum.

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end,
Like Quilles upon the fretfull Porcupine.

Hamlet, I, 5.

Your bedded haire like life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end.

Ibid, III, 4.

Adversity

Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. It was a high speech of Seneca, "that . . . the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

Sweet are the uses of adversitie
Which like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Jewell in his head.

As You like It, II, 1.

Rats quitting a fallen house

It is the wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house before it fall.

Essay on Wisdom

Instinctively the very rats have quit it.

Tempest, I, 2.

Revealing Day

Revealing day through every crannie peeps.

From manuscript of Bacon.

Revealing day through every crannie spies.

Lucrece.

Money Breeding

It is against Nature for money to beget money.

Essay on Usury.

Antonio. Or is your gold and silver Eues and Rams?
Shylock. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast.

Merchant of Venice, I, 3.

Music of the Spheres

If we place any belief in the opinion of Plato and Cardan, a divine harmony is generated from the intercourse of the Spheres which we cannot hear on account of the greatness of the distance.

De Naturæ Arcanis, etc.

How aptly this thought finds expression in the "Merchant of Venice":—

> Looke how the floore of heaven
> Is Thicke inlayed with patines of bright gold
> There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
> But in his motion like an Angell sings
> Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins.
>
> V, I.

This thought of a sympathy existing between the senses, explainable by the theory that all the senses are modifications of the sense of feeling, is further illustrated by Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," in the following striking manner:—

The quavering upon a stop in music gives the same delight to the ear that the playing of light upon the water, or the sparkling of a diamond gives to the eye—*splendit tremulo sub lumine pontus.*

In "Twelfth Night" this thought is strikingly repeated:—

> That straine agen; it had a dying fall;
> O it came ore my eare like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a banke of Violets:
> Stealing and giving Odour.
>
> I, I.

The last two lines find a still closer expression in Bacon's "Essay on Gardens":—

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (when it comes and goes like the warbling of music).

Doves

The following has been noticed by several writers:—

Bacon was extremely fond of doves, which Lady Bacon was wont to send him on occasions. The following letters written

by her from Gorhambury to her son Anthony, the first in April, and the second in October, 1595, reveal a notable coincidence:—

I send between your brother and you the first flight of my dove house, II dozen and IV pigeons; XII. to you and XVI. to your brother, because he was wont to love them better than you from a boy.

I send you XII. pigeons, my last flight, and one ring dove besides.

I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship.

Merchant of Venice, II, 2.

I have brought you a Letter and a couple of Pigeons here.

Titus Andronicus, IV, 4.

To hear with the eyes

It seemeth both in ear and eye the instrument of sense hath a sympathy or similitude with that which giveth the reflection.

This remarkable thought is from Bacon's "Natural History," in which he treats of the Consent and Dissent of Visibles and Audibles, yet it finds expression in Shakspere as follows:

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ,
To hear with eies belongs to love's fine wit.

Sonnet XXIII.

The World a Stage

I have given the rule when a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

Essay on Friendship.

But men must know that in this Theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and Angels to be lookers on.

Advancement of Learning.

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

As You Like It, II, 7.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part.

Merchant of Venice, I, 1.

Tides and Currents

In third place I set down reputation because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which if they be not taken in their due time are seldom recovered.

Proficiency and Advancement.

There is a Tide in the affayres of men
Which taken at the Flood leades on to Fortune.

Julius Cœsar, IV, 3.

Parallels like the foregoing could be multiplied indefinitely, but so many have been pointed out by different writers that we think best to limit ourselves to a few examples.

That similar coincidences of thought and expression can be found in other writers of Elizabeth's reign we well know. Many may be found in all periods among the authors of antiquity and of recent times. Contemporary authors living under similar conditions are likely to think and express themselves in similar ways, but it is safe to affirm — ruling out Spenser, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, as we hope to show valid reasons for doing — that no two authors of Elizabeth's time can be found, who at all compare in this regard with those to whom the works under discussion are attributed, without being open to the charge of plagiarism. The coincidences are too numerous to dispose of satisfactorily to dispassionate minds. The late Mr. Reed, one of the profoundest of Shaksperian scholars, has said that "The argument from parallelisms in general may be stated thus: one parallelism has no significance; five parallelisms attract attention; ten suggest inquiry; twenty raise a presumption; fifty establish a probability; one hundred dissolve every doubt."

He gives in his book, "Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms," eight hundred and eighty-five, all most striking. Others have added to these, and we believe the number can be doubled. The puerile attempts to break the force of Mr. Reed's evidence are pitiable indeed. We would give Mr. Charles Crawford's curious attack upon the "Promus" were it

worthy of sufficient space, but its display of egotism, false assumptions and immaturity of thought, forbid it.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT

In the large mass of Francis and Anthony Bacon's correspondence preserved in English archives, the name of the Stratford actor has not been found. So far as written evidence goes, both Francis and Anthony were unaware of his existence and of the "Shakespeare" Works. We know that Francis was deeply interested in dramatic art, and that Anthony at one time changed his city abode in order to be near the playhouse; yet not a word appears even in their most familiar correspondence to indicate that the man whose birthplace is now the Mecca of deluded pilgrims, and whose name was then on some of the best poetry of the time, was known to them; though he was living in the then small city of London, and had appeared — in a minor capacity it is true — at Court performances. This silence is too significant to be ignored; it was intentional. Serving as a mask, it was prudent, in case of inquiry, for Bacon not to be in any way identified with him. His intimate acquaintance with "Richard II" is evinced by his statement to the Queen that the author had purloined "most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus"; but we have another similarly significant piece of evidence in a volume of his manuscripts, probably not written later than 1598, and only discovered in 1867. This is the Northumberland Manuscript, or "Conference of Pleasure," according to its title. Its table of contents reveals many items, as speeches written for Essex in 1595, and one for the Earl of Sussex, 1596; a letter written for Arundell to the Queen. These represent a kind of service which his pregnant pen often rendered to his friends. Besides there are orations at Gray's Inn, and, most interesting of all, the plays of "Richard II" and "Richard III."

We can imagine the cruel disappointment of the discoverer of this precious volume, when he eagerly turned its leaves in

Nevill

Mr ffraunces Bacon
of Tribute or giving what is dew

Nevill
religiofons refusing
Christ of them
By your religion your selves
refraining as in Christ

Esquier agt
The praise of the worthiest vertue
The praise of the worthiest affection
The praise of the worthiest power
The praise of the worthiest person

Anthony Comfast and consorte

ne vile velis
refreshing ye hart
laden with grief and
oppression of heart

Thomas
By Mr. ffraunces
Thomas
By Mr ffraunces Bacon of Gr

Gres Inn in the
Philipp against monsieur
revealed
Earle of Arundells letter to the Queen
from your service
Speaches for my Lord of Essex at the tyl
Speach for my Lord of Sussex tilt
more than externally
honorificabilitudinitatibus Leycesters Common Wealth Incerto auto

Orations at Graues Inne revells

Queenes Mate

Nullis annis iam transactis
Nulla fides est in pactis
Mell in ore Verba lactis
ffell in Corde ffraus in factis

Earle of Arundles
letter to the Queens

By Mr ffraunces Bacon
mdyt

Essaues by the same author printed

By Mr. ffraunces Bacon

myroff William Shakespeare

Rychard the second
Rychard the third
Asmund and Cornelia

revealing day through every crany peepes and see

Ile of Dogs frmnt

by Thomas Nashe

as yours
your & inferior players

yours by William Shakespeare

ITLE-PAGE OF BACON'S VOLUME OF MANUSCRIPTS FOUND AT NORTHUMBERLA
HOUSE ONCE CONTAINING COPIES OF *RICHARD II* AND *RICHARD III*[1]

[1] In modern script with portion of scribblings expurgated.

search of these manuscript plays, and found that they had been removed. We can but confess to a lively sympathy for him, having had similar experiences ourselves.

There are other interesting items in the volume; its title-page has been scribbled upon, and among the scribblings we find a Latin verse; the line, "Revealing day through every cranny peeps," which is better than the same line in "Lucrece," which ends with the word "spies," a forced change to complete a rhyme; the strange word "honorificabilitudino" found extended in "Love's Labours Lost," published in 1598; "Anthony — Baco — Bacon — By Mr. Francis Bacon — Sh-Shak — Will-William Shakespeare —" etc., many times repeated. We give this title-page in modern script, eliminating a portion of the names scribbled upon it, but leaving several to show its character more clearly, and, especially the line "By Mr. ffrauncis William Shakespeare," and the inverted word "ffrauncis" over them. The curious scrolls at the top of the page seem to have been a fad of Bacon. The same scrolls are found on the title-page of "Les Tenures de Monsieur Littleton," annotated in the handwriting of Bacon.

The first thought is that the juxtaposition of the names Francis Bacon — William Shakespeare is startlingly suggestive, and the inquiry naturally occurs, Why was the book despoiled of the plays? The answer seems evident. The author's lodgings were liable to be visited at any time by the pursuivants in search of evidence against Bacon's friend and employer, Essex, and these plays would have proved dangerous evidence against him as a participant in the Earl's treason. This will find confirmation from a consideration of the play of "Richard II."

RICHARD II, when it first appeared on the stage, contained a scene relating to the dethronement of the reigning monarch, which was so suggestive that it excited the anger of the Queen. Seemingly to mend matters it was printed anonymously with-

out the objectionable scene. This was in 1597 in which year two editions were published, and the next year, the actor having become a householder and nominal, if not *de facto* citizen of Stratford, it was again printed, this time with the name "William Shakespeare" on its title-page. The Queen, always realizing her perilous position, did not forget the transgression of the author in the first instance, for being some time after in the Tower with the Keeper of the Records examining his digest of the Rolls, and coming to the reign of Richard, she impulsively exclaimed, to the confusion of the obsequious official, "I am Richard II; know ye not that?"

The play proved unfortunate for all concerned except the putative author, who seems to have been fortunately out of the way, which might have saved him an ear or a hand. As it was, it placed Bacon, whom the Queen seems to have suspected of its authorship, in a perilous position; added weight to the trial which delivered Essex to the headsman; and aided in consigning John Hayward, one of Bacon's fellowship at Gray's Inn, to the Tower, where he wore out many months of precious life. Hayward had written a sketch of the reign of Henry IV which he dedicated to the unfortunate Essex, and had it not been for this play, it is doubtful if the Queen would have displayed so much violence toward him. This was shortly before the open rebellion of Essex, and when the plotters of treason desired to inflame the ever-smouldering passions of the multitude, they bethought themselves of the old play as a promising method of doing so, and, says the record of the Council prepared by Bacon:—

> The afternoon before the Rebellion, Merricke, with a great company of others that were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard II. Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merricke, and not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was old, and that they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it; there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was.

Against Hayward, Elizabeth was especially furious, as she saw in his dedication of his "Henry IV" to Essex evidence of a sinister meaning, and she dispatched him summarily to the Tower, that near step to the block. Bacon was ordered by her to proceed in the case against Essex, and though he begged to be excused, was compelled to do so. This enabled him to limit inquiry into the authorship of the play as well as to shield Hayward. In doing this he furnishes us with an interesting glimpse of his embarrassing position. His reply to his associates when he was assigned the part of investigating the matters relating to Hayward, we should particularly note.

It was allotted to me that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my Lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before mentioned of King Henry the Fourth. Whereupon I said that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and, therefore, that *I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence my own tales.*

It should be noted that Hayward's sketch of Henry IV touched upon the point of hereditary succession. The play of "Richard II" was more offensive, and more perilous to Bacon, who was constantly fencing to ward off inquiry in that direction, for if Hayward's sketch was found to be treasonable, how much more the play. This thought appears to have been uppermost in his mind when the Queen sought him to discuss the subjects of his investigation, Hayward's "Henry IV," and "Richard II." Evidently the latter is what he had in mind when he rather ambiguously alludes to the subject of discussion as being "*A matter which, though it grew from me, went after about on other's names.*" Is not this a plain acknowledgment of his authorship of the play?

"The Queen," says Bacon, "thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads boldness and faction, said she had good opinion that there was treason in it, and asked if I

could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereunto I answered, for treason truly found I none, but for felony very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein? I told her 'the author had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English, and put them into his text';"[1] alluding to "Richard II."

Hayward, however, was her bird in the hand, and she vindictively urged Bacon to find something upon which to convict him. The influence that he possessed over her is exhibited strikingly in this episode. Evidently suspecting that he knew more about the subject than he disclosed to her, she attacked his most sensitive point, by declaring that the pamphlet, the subject which Bacon tenaciously held her to, as the least dangerous, "had some more mischievous author, and said, with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author." To this Bacon says he replied: "Nay, madame, he is a doctor, never rack his person, rack his stile; let him have pens, ink and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it leaves off, and I will undertake, by collecting the stiles, to judge whether he were the author or no."

Never was more adroit reply made, and in spite of her bad qualities, Elizabeth was quite capable of appreciating the fact; indeed, it is quite possible that Bacon's witty treatment of the subject prevented her from seeking some more pliant instrument of her vengeance. As it was she contented herself with keeping Hayward in his cage while she lived.

During this season of inquiry it may be asked, Where was the nominal author of the play? The mystery has been explained by the statement that he was "probably" in hiding, and that the mysterious thousand pounds of Southampton, who was involved in the rebellion, was what kept him out of sight; and, indeed, this may be true, for Southampton was

[1] Spedding. Cf. *Works*, etc., vol. XIII, p. 341.

then in danger of his head, and would have paid many thousand pounds to save it.

In this account of the play and pamphlet we have endeavored to avoid the confusion into which those who have treated them seem to have fallen, caused, perhaps, by Bacon's ambiguous language. A critical examination, we feel sure, warrants our treatment of them.

The fact that these plays in manuscript were in a book made up of Bacon's writings, coupled with what he says relative to the play, is a piece of evidence of their authorship by him so strong that ridicule of Baconian logic will not avail with reasonable minds. The trivial objection that the incriminating table of contents was left in the book will doubtless be urged against us, but it has passed into a proverb that culprits are forgetful.

The contemporary character of the scribblings are unquestionable. Whether Bacon wrote them, or Davies, one of his scribes, does not particularly affect our interest in them. The word "Honorificabilitudino" is interesting, and most suggestive, as it is found in "Love's Labours Lost," as we have before said, with four syllables added.

We believe that the unprejudiced reader will conclude that the Northumberland Manuscript is a strong link in the chain of evidence in favor of Bacon's authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works. Had we one as strong in favor of the actor's authorship it would be considered unbreakable by his friends. Consider for a moment what it would be to the Stratfordian cause, if a manuscript volume of pieces known to have been his, with a table of contents comprising the titles of the plays of "Richard II" and "Richard III," with the evidence that they had been removed from it. What meetings would be convened, what rejoicings we should hear. It would be a proud day for Lee and Robertson, and everybody interested in Shaksperian copyrights.

IX

THE SONNETS

THE SONNETS have proved to be a treasure trove to literary faddists, and one who is lavish of time and patience to follow them in their wanderings can but realize how limited is human endeavor in speculative fields. Books galore have been written to discover the identity of "W. H." to whom the Sonnets were dedicated, as though this were matter of grave importance. One writer discerns behind the mysterious letters, which he reverses, Henry Wriothesley; others, William Harvey, William Hart, William Herbert, William Hathaway, and William Hughes. Mary Fitton, one of the actor's supposed mistresses, has also played an unsavory rôle in the discussion.

The writer, therefore, has not the temerity, if he has the disposition, to advance any startling theory respecting these poetic gems, but we now have Bacon's life before us more fully than ever before, and we will venture to ask the reader, after a careful perusal of the Sonnets, — and they are amply worthy of very many readings, — to reread them in the light of Bacon's life, with this one suggestion, that it is quite natural for one whose mind is self-centered and introspective, to address himself in the third person: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" asks the psalmist; "And why art thou disquieted in me?" That they reflect the changing moods of the author and reflect his experiences is evident and admitted by all.

That Bacon's experiences were peculiar is equally evident. Brought up in the atmosphere of a godless court, surpassing his contemporaries in learning, in brilliancy of mind, and in

keenness of wit; with small means, but, for a considerable portion of his life, in expectancy of high official honors; constantly disappointed, owing to the Queen's distrust of him fostered by enemies enjoying official power, yet inspired by the highest ideals, and secretly devoting his life to the mental enfranchisement of his fellow men in an age when a knowledge of his work would have brought him to the block, it would be impossible for the work of such a man not to be colored by his life. Realizing this himself he expresses fear of discovery thus: —

LXXVI

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?

Let us for a moment consider, if a poet were to write certain sonnet sequences embodying the experiences of his life, — and in the Sonnets we are reviewing all critics have recognized that their author was doing this, — how he would naturally proceed. Without doubt he would begin with springtime and youth, when both are brimming with life and the youthful heart is dominated by the Muse of Poetry. To her it joyously and wholly devotes its love, and pours out all the passion which inspires its song: —

I

Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

The singer's thought now becomes more self-centered, for he makes little distinction between his music and himself, and with the happy *insouciance* of the dreamer vibrates between them. To follow him in his varying moods this clue must not be dropped. The "gaudy spring" inevitably suggests the

somber winter of Age, as imagination turned selfward mirrors his own lineaments:—

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

It follows, in harmony with the creative impulses of nature, that he must preserve in another the beauty of his youth:—

III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty:
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;

But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

What does the future forecast for him? He has had his human love to whom as Rosalind he once sang, the embodiment of all the graces of his muse. In all his songs they and his own soul are triune. To him these are not divided by lines of time and space.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretchéd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

Having reflected upon the vicissitudes of life, he turns his glance to the more material conditions by which his life is hampered which estrange him from his poetic muse compelling him to toil "still farther off from thee."

Dr. Rawley, Bacon's chaplain, who was his most intimate companion, wondered greatly at the extent of his knowledge, ascribing it not so much to books, though he was a great reader, as to some faculty akin to inspiration. The night-time is most favorable to clear thinking, and happy indeed is the man who can retain a clear recollection of his night thoughts. Bacon could do this and we are told by Böener that he

Seldom saw him take up a book. He only ordered his chaplain and me to look in such and such an author for a certain place, and then dictated to us early in the morning what he had composed during the night.

Lady Anne, knowing his devotion to study, in her solicitude for his health which had become impaired, in a letter to Anthony, wrote:—

Verily I think that your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and then musing, I know not what, when he should sleep.

This habit is here disclosed:—

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

But he thinks of the muse to whom he is devoted, and though disappointed, cramped, and hindered in his aspirations, he exclaims: "Haply I think on thee," and becomes greater than a king:—

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

His muse will, of course, have other lovers, and his "poor rude lines" will be "Exceeded by the height of happier men," and he asks, —

XXXII

If thou survive my well contented day,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey:
These poor rude lines of thy deceased Lover:
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be out-stript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,
Had my friends Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and Poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

He must be separated from the embodiment of his genius:—

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

But he asks:—

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Yet he seems to set the greatest store by his work:—

XXXIX

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?

It has been a subject of wonder with his biographers why the Stratford actor took no interest in the works ascribed to him, and the reply seems evident; namely, that he was not their author. The following, however, shows that the author of the Sonnets fully appreciated the value of his literary work which his keen critical sense told him excelled that of his contemporaries:—

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme?
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

We come now to perhaps the most striking self-revelation we have thus far met. The alluring but illusive sin of self-love flits across the path of his thought, and he recognizes himself in the specter. Hitherto his confidence in the creations of his brain has charmed him into the belief that he was gifted with genius above his fellows, but now his real self is revealed to him — his age and condition — an inevitable experience of an introspective soul at some point in life.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesses all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward, in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine owne worth to define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity
Mine own self-loving quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Is it possible that the Stratford actor, then especially absorbed in petty trade and overreaching his neighbors, could have indulged such reflections as these? The author of the "Arte of English Poesie" might have scanned these lines without sulking.

The fame of his work, however, must be enjoyed by another whose epitaph even he must make if he survives him: —

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombéd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

An unprejudiced mind, acquainted with the character and life of the Stratford actor, and the social prejudices of his day which consigned a strolling player to the limbo of contempt, refusing him the right to practice his calling unless under the responsible protection of some one in power, must admit that what has been quoted cannot possibly reflect his experiences. We give but a few of the one hundred and fifty-four of these Sonnets which require a volume to do them justice. That there are obscurities in them is evident from the perplexing theories which have been formed respecting them. Some, indeed, probably refer to different subjects. Space, however, will not permit us to discuss this question at present. Whether the glosses we have attached to those we have quoted are more reasonable than those heretofore given, the reader must judge.

That Bacon was known as a poet by his contemporaries is proved by abundant evidence. Perhaps the most important proof of the esteem in which he was held is exhibited in the "Great Assizes holden in Parnassus." The two parts of the Pilgrimage to, and the Return from, Parnassus were produced respectively in 1597, 1598, and 1601. "The Great Assizes" was printed in 1645. Raphael had depicted in the Vatican the triumph of antique art under the poetic influ-

12.

THE GREAT ASSISES

Holden in *PARNASSUS*

BY

APOLLO

AND

HIS ASSESSOVRS:

At which Seſſions are Arraigned

Mercurius Britanicus.
Mercurius Aulicus.
Mercurius Civicus.
The Scout.
The writer of Diurnalls.
The Intelligencer.
The writer of Occurrences.
The writer of Paſſages.
The Poſt.
The Spye.
The writer of weekly Accounts.
The Scottiſh Dove, &c.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Cotes*, for *Edward Husbands*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in the *Middle Temple*, 1645.

ence of the Renaissance, and the author or authors of the Pilgrimage and Return framed the trilogy to be enacted at St. John's College, to depict the antithesis of the modern art of learning under the demoralizing influence of the age. We have already alluded to the Pilgrimage to and Return from Parnassus. The culmination is found in the Great Assizes convened at Parnassus for the trial of the trashy and misleading Literature of the period. To the lofty mount of Learning, crowned with its temple, the university, prefigured in their dreams as Parnassus, the glorious abode of Apollo and the Muses, the lovers of Learning journey; but find, after experience, how vain have been their dreams, and return to the world disillusioned. In time the fact beams luridly upon their vision that the golden age of literature has past, and is being supplanted by an age of trashy pamphleteers and news-scribblers. The lovers of true literature thereupon appeal to Apollo, who convenes a high court to meet at Parnassus. The great authors, principally of the past, are summoned as assessors by Apollo; a jury is impanelled, and the principal malefactors, the newspapers of the day, are first placed on trial. The title-page here shown gives their names.[1]

[1] Sir Philip Sidney, d. 1586.
William Budeus, French scholar, friend of Erasmus, d. 1540.
John Picus, Earl of Mirandola, an Italian philosopher and scholar of the Renaissance, d. 1494.
Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Italian philosopher and author, d. 1558.
Erasmus of Rotterdam, famous classical scholar, d. 1536.
Justus Lipsius, philologist and critic, d. 1606.
John Barclay, author of the *Argenis*, d. 1621.
John Bodine, French publicist, d. 1596.
Isaac Casaubon, Swiss classical scholar and theologian, d. 1614.
John Selden, author and friend of Bacon, d. 1654.
Hugo Grotius, Dutch jurist and statesman, d. 1645.
Daniel Heinsius, Dutch scholar and author, d. 1655.
Conradus or Gerardus Vossius, German classical scholar and author, d. 1649.
Augustine Mascardus, d. 1640.
Joseph Scaliger, French scholar, d. 1609.
Ben Jonson, d. 1637.
John Taylor, Water Poet, d. 1654.
Edmund Spenser, d. 1598.

APOLLO.

The Lord VERVLAN,
Chancellor of Parnassus.
Sir PHILIP SIDNEY,
High Constable of Par.
WILLIAM BVDEVS,
High Treasurer.
JOHN PICVS, *Earle of* Mirandula, *High Chamberlaine.*
JVLIVS CESAR SCALIGER

ERASMUS ROTERODAM.
JUSTUS LIPSIUS
JOHN BARCKLAY
JOHN BODINE
ADRIAN TVRNEBVS
ISAAC CASAVBON
JOHN SELDEN
HVGO GROTIVS
DANIEL HEINSIVS
CONRADVS VOSSIVS
AUGUSTINE MASCARDIS

The Furours.

George Wither
Thomas Cary
Thomas May
William Davenant
Josuah Sylvester
Georges Sandes
Michael Drayton
Francis Beaumont
John Fletcher
Thomas Haywood
William Shakespeare
Philip Massinger.

The Malefactours.

Mercurius Britanicus
Mercurias Aulicus
Mercurius Civicus
The Stout
The writer of Diurnals
The Intelligencer
The writer of Occurrences
The writer of Passages
The Poste
The Spye
Thewriter of weekely Accounts
The Scottish Dove, &c.

JOSEPH SCALIGER, the Censour of manners in *Parnassus.*

BEN. JOHNSON, Keeper of the Trophonian Denne.

JOHN TAYLOVR, Cryer of the Court.

EDMVND SPENCER, Clerk of the Assises.

At the head is Apollo and next to him is Verulam, or Bacon, his chancellor. From this single circumstance it is evident that the God of Music and Poetry regarded Bacon as worthiest among mortals of the chief seat in Parnassus.

The Assize is opened with the statement, that the

> *Learned Scaliger*, the second of the twaine
> Second to none in Arts did late complaine
> To *wise Apolo*, of some strange abuses,
> Committed against him and the *Nine Muses*.
> *Your Grace* well knowes (I need not to relate)
> How *Typographie* doth concern your state,
> Which some pernicious heads have so abus'd,
> That many wish it never had been us'd:
> This instrument of Art, is now possest
> By some, who have in Art no interest:
> For it is now imploy'd by Paper-wasters,
> By mercenary soules and Poetasters,
> Who weekly utter, slanders, libells, lies,
> Under the name of spacious novelties.

This is not a bad description of the periodical press of today, though the newspaper when this was written had been but a few years in vogue.

> (The Court thus set) the sturdy *Keeper* then,
> Of the inhospitall *Trophonian Den*
> His trembling Pris'ners brought unto the barre
> For sterne aspect, with *Mars* hee might compare
> But by his belly, and his double chinne,
> Hee look'd like the old Hoste of a *New Inne*.
> Thus when sone *Ben* his fetter'd cattell had
> Shut up together in the pinfold sad;
> *John Taylour*, then the Court's shrill *Chantecleere*
> Did summon all the *Jurours* to appeare:
> He had the Cryers place; an office fit,
> For him that had a better voyce than wit.

The obnoxious newspapers, Mercurius Britannicus, Aulicus, Civicus, Poste, Spye, Scottish Dove, and several offending scribblers, after a hearing received various sentences; the Scottish Dove being a foreign sheet, the lightest, which was that

Hee to his native countrey must repaire,
And was on paine of death prohibited
To crosse the Seas, or to repasse the Tweede.

As the "Great Assizes" has been misunderstood hitherto, and the present writer has made a study of the first fifty years of English newspapers in the British Museum for historical purposes, he thinks it well to make the foregoing extracts to disclose its scope and wit, though his sole purpose in speaking of it is to show how highly the poetical genius of Bacon was regarded by his contemporaries.

X

THE ROSE CROSS

Much has been said of Bacon's connection with that influential Society which flourished in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, known as "Rosicrucian," whose very existence was so carefully concealed that few outside of its fellowship knew of its existence. At what date in the world's history it originated we will hardly venture to inquire; it is sufficient to our purpose that the public announcement of its existence occurred in 1614, when was published in Cassel the "Allgemeine und General-Reformation der ganzen weiten Welt." This work declares that it was first formed

> By four persons only, and by them was made the magical language and writing, with a large dictionary, which we yet daily use to God's praise and glory.

Says Mackey:—

> Many writers have sought to discover a close connection between the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons, and some, indeed, have advanced the theory that the latter are only the successors of the former. Whether this opinion be correct or not, there are sufficient coincidences of character between the two to render the history of Rosicrucianism highly interesting to the Masonic student.[1]

In England, there still exists a society of Rosicrucians which was "founded upon the remains of the old German association." We are told that

> Modern times have eagerly accepted, in the full light of science, the precious inheritance of knowledge bequeathed by the Rosicrucians. . . . It is not desirable, in a work of this kind, to make

[1] Albert G. Mackey, *An Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*, vol. II, p. 639. New York, 1912.

disclosures of an indiscreet nature. The Brethren of the Rosy Cross will never and should not, at peril and under alarm, give up their secrets. This ancient body has apparently disappeared from the field of human *activity*, *but its labors are being carried on with alacrity*, and with a sure delight in an ultimate success.[1]

Among the members of the ancient Society appear these initials, "Fra. F. B., M. P. A.," which, plainly stated, stand for Francis Bacon, Magister, Pictor, Architectus. Waite, perhaps the best historian of the Rosicrucian Order, introduces it to us in these words:—

Beneath the broad tide of human history there flow the stealthy undercurrents of the secret societies which frequently determine in the depths the changes that take place upon the surface. The facts and documents concerning the Fraternity of the Rose Cross are absolutely unknown to English readers. Even well-informed people will learn with astonishment the extent and variety of the Rosicrucian literature, which hitherto has lain buried in rare pamphlets, written in the old German tongue, and in the Latin commentaries of the later alchemists.

Says Heckthorne:—

A halo of poetic splendour surrounds the Order of the Rosicrucians; the magic lights of fancy play round their graceful day dreams, while the mystery in which they shrouded themselves lends additional attraction to their history. But their brilliancy was that of a meteor. The literature of every European country contains hundreds of pleasing fictions, whose machinery has been borrowed from their system of philosophy, though that itself has passed away.[2]

The writer has long been a member of the Masonic order of the Red Cross, which is popularly supposed to have inherited its title from the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, a supposition which, having a knowledge of the history of this and other societies akin to Masonry, he believes to be of doubtful validity.

The title of the Brotherhood is derived from Rosa-Crux, a

[1] *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia.* London, 1877.
[2] C. W. Heckthorne, *Secret Societies in All Ages and Countries.* London, 1897.

red rose affixed to a cross, presumably of gold. So many intellectual subtleties have been employed by fanciful theorists in attempts to explain the precise signification of these ancient symbols, believed to be older than the Christian era, that their more obvious and truer significance has been unnecessarily obscured. To the Rosicrucians of the age of Elizabeth, it hardly seems questionable that the rose was the symbol of silence, as among the ancients it was originally derived from the pagan tradition that the God of Love made the first rose, which he presented to the God of Silence. From this tradition originated the custom of carving a rose on the ceilings of banquet halls, or rooms where people met for gayety and diversion, to intimate that under it whatever was spoken or done was not to be divulged; hence our term *sub rosa* used to indicate secrecy. The Cross, of course, signified salvation, to which the Society of the Rose-Cross devoted itself by teaching mankind the love of God and the beauty of brotherhood, with all that they implied.

The following has been recognized as having been written by Bacon, and will not be doubted by any acquainted intimately with his style: —

I was twenty when this book was finished; but methinks I have outlived myself; I begin to be weary of the sun. I have shaken hands with delight, and know all is vanity, and I think no man can live well once but he that could live twice. For my part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the minutes of my days; not because I have not lived well, but for fear that I should live them worse. At my death I mean to make a total adieu of the world, not caring for the burthen of a tombstone and epitaph, but in the universal Register of God I fix my contemplations on Heaven. I writ the Rosicrucian *Infallible Axiomata* in four books, and study, not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. In the law I began to be a perfect clerk; I writ the Idea of the Law, etc., for the benefit of my friends, and practice in King's Bench.[1] I envy no man that knows more

[1] The reader is referred to Bacon's *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, and legal writings, including the *Attorney's Academy*.

than myself, but pity them that know less . . . Now, in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, *that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied* amongst my dearly beloved and honoured friends.

The striking phrase, "I begin to be weary of the sun," is duplicated in "Macbeth," v, 5: "I 'gin to be a weary of the sun."

We would gladly indulge in a more comprehensive exposition of this interesting fraternity were it not necessary to limit ourselves to a single member of it, Francis Bacon, its putative head in England, though Robert Fludd, whom Waite describes as "the great English mystical philosopher of the seventeenth century, a man of immense erudition, of exalted mind, and, to judge by his writings, of extreme personal sanctity," [1] was its chief exponent. Of course he was a friend of Bacon, if the latter belonged to the English fraternity, and so must have been Maier, the chief among German writers of the order, who was also in England the year of the actor's death, and Bringern, another associate with him in upholding the honor of Rosicrucianism on the Continent. It is to this association that we desire to call especial attention.

In 1617, a year after the death of the Stratford actor, Fludd was in Frankfort engaged in seeing his "Defence of Rosicrucianism" through the press. At the same time Bringern was printing the "Fama Fraternitatis." In this work appears, on pages 52 and 53, the following:—

> We must earnestly admonish you that you cast away, if not all, yet most of the worthless books of pseudo chymists [2] to whom it is a jest to apply the Most Holy Trinity to vain things, or to deceive men with monstrous symbols and enigmas, or to profit by the curiosity of the credulous; our age doth produce many such, one of the greatest being a stage player, a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition; such doth the enemy of human welfare mingle among the good seed, thereby to make the truth

[1] A. S. Waite, *The Real History of the Rosicrucians*, p. 283. London, 1887.
[2] The term "chymist" used figuratively signified poets or romancists.

more difficult to be believed, which in herself is simple and naked, while falsehood is proud, haughty, and colored with a lustre of seemingly godly and humane wisdom. Ye that are wise eschew such books and have recourse to us, who seek not your moneys, but offer unto you our great treasures.

The allusion is evidently to the Stratford actor, for the plays, as well as Bacon's other works, are saturated with Rosicrucian thought. Dr. Ingleby should include it in a new edition of his "Allusions." Certainly it is much clearer than many he has published. But further to identify the actor with the titles "false poet" and "stage player" we will call attention to a method which these literary bo-peeps had of revealing their meaning to the initiated. If they wished to inform their reader who a person alluded to was, they placed the allusion on a page the number of which corresponded to the number by which he was known, or to the date of some well-known event connected with him. This allusion was placed on pages 52 and 53; the first to indicate the age of the "false poet and stage player," which was 52, and the second to show the relation between him and Bacon, whose number, as we shall see later, was 53.

It may be asked, why did a member of the Brotherhood and friend of Bacon speak of the plays in this manner if he knew they were the work of a good Rosicrucian? It should be understood that in the Brotherhood the largest liberty of expression was allowed, and that many, especially those who were of Puritan extraction, looked upon the stage with abhorrence. Bringern was among these, and took this way of expressing his disapproval of mingling things sacred and profane. He was occupied, as so many are even in our day, with methods of reform, while Bacon was looking to results.

The Rose-Cross order is greatly misunderstood. Writers upon the subject have permitted themselves to be led aside from the motive which vitalized it, and have been hoodwinked by its mysteries, as though it exalted mystery above faith,

the shadow above the substance, paying scant heed to the patent fact, that secrecy was its only safeguard against rack and thumbscrew. It was not a searcher for gold, but a Christian organization composed of studious and thoughtful men, impressed by the mysteries amidst which the Creator had placed them, and which Science and Philosophy have ever been striving to solve. They were mystical, — how could they be otherwise? — and were regarded as heretics, or free-thinkers, then synonymous terms, though now they would be called conservative, for history teaches that the error of one age may be the truth of a later one.

There were many in Elizabeth's reign who chafed at the restrictions, and abhorred the obsequious attitude which place and power imposed upon them; but though the Advancement of Learning was the corner-stone of their temple, they naturally differed as to methods of advancement. Some among them, like Bacon, found in Poetry and Romance the most convenient vehicles for delivering to the world, either by means of the printed page or the living drama, the truths they so ardently desired it to possess. The influence of these upon the literature of the Elizabethan age is evident, and if it is true that the caged bird sings sweeter than the free, the saying may furnish a reason for its matchless charm. To the mind of the writer, Swedenborg's ethically religious system, which makes the dual precepts, love to God and love to man, its essence, quite faithfully expresses that of the Rosicrucians. To love God and man sufficiently to serve both to the best of their ability was their religion, and realizing the wickedness about them, they undertook a crusade of education to lead men to a recognition of their duty to God and their fellows, the "Universal Reformation of the Whole Wide World." These mysteries were simply cloaks to protect them from danger, not, it is true, of modern style, though fantastic garb is still all too much in evidence in the world; for then, Religion and even Science sported strange attire, and they naturally reflect

the fashion of their time. It was an age of isms in which men flung loose the jesses of Fancy, and soared aimlessly amid the drifting clouds of fiction, or were ensnared in the toils of superstition; an age in which men mad with the lust of power crushed with mailed heel those whose helplessness should have been their protection. But in no age has God been without faithful witnesses, who, braving the terrors of torture and death, were ready to give their lives to the emancipation of their fellow-men, and it was among such that Rosicrucianism found a proper field for its activities.

Unless we pay less attention to the peculiarities of their outward habiliments, and more to them as men, living the common life, and sharing the common aspirations of thinking and well-meaning mortals, we shall fail to understand them.

It is interesting to note that the Rosicrucian Brotherhood especially flourished in England during Bacon's life, and that its existence was not made known to the world, and then on the Continent, until the year of the actor's death. We have already spoken of Maier, the Rosicrucian Protagonist, and of his sojourn in England. Returning to Frankfort, he published in September, 1616, five months after the actor's death, three works, one being his "Lusus Serius," which he dedicated to a triumvirate of Rosicrucians, at whose head appeared *Don Francisco Antonio, Londin, Anglo, Seniori.* This combination of the names of Francis and Anthony, the latter of whom had been dead fifteen years, was, of course, understood by the Brotherhood, among whom such books only found readers. To have dedicated it openly to Francis Bacon might have attracted unpleasant attention, if, by chance, it fell under the eye of any but a friend, though at this time, while it might have been injurious, it might not have been dangerous if it had been known that he was a member of the Brotherhood. It is suggestive to note that in his book Maier gives us a paraphrase of the story of Christopher Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew," which he uses to point a moral. Maier concludes the story by

restoring the poor sot to his former condition, while in the play he is left unrestored.

This story of Sly, Wigston interprets as showing the relation between the actor and Bacon, the former representing "a man of low extraction, set up like a nobleman by Bacon in his own place with regard to plays or players."[1]

It is certainly suggestive that Sly, in the "Taming of the Shrew," remains unrestored to his former condition, as if to suggest that the joke of the actor's false rôle on the stage of literature was to go on while it continued to amuse the world. The story of Sly is in the Quarto of 1594. It is worth noticing that parts of the play are duplicated in Tamburlaine and Faustus, whose assumed author died in 1593.

When we come to the consideration of Symbolism, we shall learn more of the secret methods employed by Rosicrucians for conveying information, though many of them may never be fully disclosed. It should be noted that the stronghold of the Brotherhold was in England, and that its period of greatest influence was during Bacon's life.

Of the fact that Bacon was a Rosicrucian, Spedding, in his preface to "The New Atlantis," shows himself to have been entirely oblivious. Had he known this, John Heydon's "Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians" would have opened to him a line of thought which would have greatly enlightened him, for Heydon's "Voyage," largely word for word the same, would have revealed to him a secret which would have enabled him to understand many passages in his author's works over which he puzzled in vain. "The New Atlantis" was published in 1627, after Bacon's death, by Rawley, his executor, in connection with the "Sylva Sylvarum," as Bacon "designed," says Spedding, and "Solomon's House," or "The Temple of Wisdom" — as Heydon has it — "is nothing more

[1] Maier's paraphrase, under the title of the *Waking Man's Dream*, may be found in the Shakespeare Library of Hazlitt. Cf. *Francis Bacon, etc., versus Phantom Captain Shakespeare*, etc., p. xxxii *et seq.* London, 1891.

than a vision of the practical results which he anticipated from the study of natural history diligently and systematically carried on through successive generations," and that "of it he has told us all that he was yet qualified to tell." [1]

Talbot, Heydon's biographer, gives the date of his birth as 1630, four years after Bacon's death. He represents him as a great traveler, and a man of high character. How came he to use almost the same description of his penetration into the riddle land of Rosicrucianism that Bacon used in his "fable," which Rawley says "he devised to the end that he might exhibit therein a model or description of a college instituted for the interpreting of nature, and the production of great and marvelous works for the benefit of men, under the name of Solomon's House, or the College of the Six Days' Works"? A fair answer seems to be that Bacon used a sketch for his "Atlantis" familiar to the Hermetie Brotherhood, which was limned by him as its head, to exhibit what might be accomplished by wise means for the regeneration of society, making some minor changes to adapt it to a new purpose, and that Heydon, who was a Rosicrucian, unaware of the existence of Bacon's "Atlantis," preserved for the world the original or an accurate copy of it. It is, however, as reasonable to suppose that Heydon becoming acquainted with the "Atlantis," in his admiration of a work in which he discerned the embodiment of the Rosicrucian spirit, adopted it as an exposition of the beauty and strength of the Holy House.

In commenting upon Bacon's "Atlantis," Spedding justly says:—

> Perhaps there is no single work of his which has so much of himself in it. The description of Solomon's House is the description of the vision in which he lived — the vision not of an ideal world released from the natural conditions to which ours is subject, but of our own world as it might be made if we did our duty by

[1] Spedding, preface to *The New Atlantis*, *The Works*, etc., vol. v, p. 349.

it; of a state of things which he believed would one day be actually seen upon this earth, such as it is, by men such as we are, and the coming of which he believed that his own labors were sensibly hastening.[1]

Before dismissing this phase of our subject, let us compare extracts from the "Atlantis" and Heydon's "Voyage."

A study of the two books from which these few and brief extracts are made, in connection with the works of Waite, Wigston, and Hargrave Jennings on the Rosicrucians, opens to us a realm of thought to which so many of us in our less trammeled age are oblivious, and helps in blazing a way to a conception of what has seemed to us a fantastic and futile method for one of the greatest intellects which the world has known, to employ in playing his rôle on the human stage. This conception is reached when we clearly understand that Rosicrucianism meant in the seventeenth century the universal brotherhood of humanity; that it was a society closely allied to Freemasonry; derived its cult through the same channels from the same event — the building of Solomon's House; employed the same symbols, and that the Invisibles, as the Rosicrucians entitled themselves, worked by hidden ways to bring about their proposed reformation of society, and found that the field of literature afforded sure and safe highways to human minds — the highways of Philosophy, Science, and History; Poetry, Romance, and Drama; reached in the one instance by different paths of abstract thought, experiment, analysis, and comparison; in the other by the more alluring byways of imagination and fancy. Reaching this conception, a comprehension of Bacon's literary methods, and even of the cipher mystery, becomes less difficult; in fact, difficulties quite vanish when one reflects that the reformer of our day works in the same way, and uses the same means that the Invisibles did, but with this difference, that he labors in the sunshine of hope, while they wrought in the shadow of fear.

[1] Spedding, preface to *The New Atlantis*, *The Works*, etc., vol. v, p. 351.

From "The New Atlantis":—

The Father of the Family, whom they call the Tirsan, two days before the feast, taketh to him three of such friends as he liketh to choose; and is assisted also by the governor of the city or place where the feast is celebrated; and all the persons of the family, of both sexes, are summoned to attend him. These two days the Tirsan sitteth in consultation concerning the good estate of the family. Then, if there be any discord or suits between any of the family, they are compounded and appeased.

From Heydon's "Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians":—

The Father of the fraternity, whom they call the R.C., two days before the feast taketh to him three of such friends as he liketh to chuse, and is assisted also by the governour of the city where the feast is celebrated, and all the persons of the family, of both sexes, are summoned to attend upon him. Then, if there be any discords or suits, they are compounded and appeased.

From "The New Atlantis":—

And as we were thus in conference, there came one that seemed to be a messenger, in a rich huke, that spake with the Jew; whereupon he turned to me and said: "You will pardon me, for I am commanded away in haste." The next morning he came to me again, joyful as it seemed, and said, "There is word come to the governor of the city, that one of the Fathers of Salomon's House will be here this day seven-night: we have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state; but the cause of his coming is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry." I thanked him, and told him, I was most glad of the news.

From Heydon's "Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians":—

As we were thus in conference, there came one that seemed to be a messenger, in a rich huke, that spake with the Jew, whereupon he turned to me and said, "You will pardon me, for I am commanded away in haste." The next morning he came to me joyfulle, and said—"There is word come to the Governour of the city that one of the Fathers of the Temple of the Rosie Crosse, or Holy House, will be here this day seven-night. We have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state, but the cause is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry." I thanked him and said I was most glad of the news.

THE ROSE CROSS

From "The New Atlantis":—

God bless thee, my son; I will give thee the greatest jewel I have. For I will impart unto thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of Salomon's House. Son, to make you know the true state of Salomon's House, I will keep this order. First, I will set forth unto you the end of our foundation. Secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our works. Thirdly, the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned. And fourthly, the ordinances and rites which we observe.

The End of our Foundation is the knowledge of Causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of Human Empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

From Heydon's "Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians":—

God bless thee, my son; I will give thee the greatest jewel I have; I will impart unto thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of the Rosie Crosse. First, I will set forth the end of our foundation; secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our workes; thirdly, the several functions whereto our fellows are assigned; and fourthly, the ordinances and rights which we observe. The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes and secret motion of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of Kingdomes to the effecting of all things possible.

That the order of the Rose-Cross was a Christian organization these extracts from the Rosicrucian prayer alone prove:—

Jesus Mihi Omnia

Oh Thou everywhere and good of all, whatsoever I do remember, I beseech Thee, that I am but dust, but as a vapour sprung from earth, which even Thy smallest breath can scatter. Thou hast given me a soul and laws to govern it; let that fraternal rule which Thou didst first appoint to sway man order me; make me careful to point at Thy glory in all my wayes, and where I cannot rightly know Thee, that not only my understanding but my ignorance may honour Thee — I cast myself as an honourer of Thee at Thy feet, and because I cannot be defended by Thee unless I believe after Thy laws, keep me, O my soul's Soveraign, in the obedience of Thy will, and that I wound not conscience with vice and hiding Thy gifts and graces bestowed upon me,

for this, I know, will destroy me within, and make Thy illuminating Spirit leave me. I am afraid I have already infinitely swerved from the revelations of that Divine Guide which Thou hast commanded to direct me to the truth, and for this I am a sad prostrate and penitent at the foot of Thy throne. I appeal only to the abundance of Thy remissions, O God, my God. For outward things I thank thee, and such as I have I give unto others, in the name of the Trinity, freely and faithfully. . . . In what Thou hast given me I am content — I beg no more than Thou hast given, and that to continue me uncontemnedly and unpittiedly honest. Take me from myself and fill me but with Thee. Sum up Thy blessings in these two, that I may be rightly good and wise, and these, for Thy eternal truth's sake, grant and make grateful.[1]

If the reader will compare this prayer with the acknowledged and unquestioned prayers of Francis Bacon, we are confident that he will not doubt that this is the coinage of the same brain and the expression of the same heart.

[1] Waite, *The Real History*, etc., pp. 444–61.

XI

SYMBOLISM

It would not be amiss to denominate our era, the Age of Unveiling. Men have become impatient of everything which conceals from them the inscrutable face of Truth, but could they behold it in its nakedness, it would appeal to them far less forcibly than it did when they beheld it through the veils of symbolism. The actor on the Hellenic stage, who assumed the character of the divine Zeus, was wise in speaking through the *persona* which symbolized the great deity, for by so doing he greatly enhanced the impression which he made upon the imagination of his auditors. The modern man contemptuously ignores ancient symbolism, but strangely enough is betrayed into employing a fantastic substitute. Take this passage for illustration, and volumes of a similar nature are being published: "We wander in the mazes of neo-psychological empiricism, and lose ourselves in the mists of subliminal consciousness." These wordy words, masking as they do certain elusive conceptions, appeal, no doubt, to some minds, especially to untrained ones, with a force which their translation into words of plain meaning would fail to exert. Their writer, perhaps, knew that he would fail sufficiently to impress the mind of his reader if he said, — "We are perplexed by the confusions of modern spiritism, and befogged in trying to get beyond the limits of consciousness": hence he embodied his thoughts in less restricted terms, intended to be more suggestive to the imagination than commoner ones, a method far less fruitful in results than that employed by the old symbolists.

Symbolism is to-day receiving the earnest investigation of scholars. Important works upon the subject have been writ-

ten, which reveal its influence upon the intellectual life of the past, and demand the attention of the student of history. That the subject is of deep interest is evinced by the collections in libraries of works relating to it; the Boston Public Library alone having no less than fifty-one titles of works, ancient and modern, treating of the history and use of symbolical emblems, which Bacon declares reduce "conceits intellectual to images sensible." Naturally in our freer and more practical age, we are wont to regard these once precious figures as fanciful and childish, yet they are instinct with the heart-beats of once living men, which could we hear would tell us of struggles and sufferings and hopes like our own.

We are apt to forget that symbolism is vital to intelligent speech, that we cannot express a thought without the use of a symbol. Symbolism in the form of pictorial emblems was especially dear to the hearts of men of the past with whom it partially assumed the place of a common language. We propose to deal in a very brief manner with but a few forms of cryptic emblems found in water-marks, printed head- and tail-pieces, and on title-pages.

WATER-MARKS

The manufacture of paper in Europe seems to have been fostered especially by the "Albigenses," as they were known in France and Spain, or "Waldenses" in the Alpine provinces, one of the purest of Christian brotherhoods appearing in history, as well as the most unfortunate. Claiming to be direct descendants of the early disciples who secluded themselves in the Alpine valleys to escape the fury of Nero and Diocletian, their aim was to exemplify in their own lives the simple truths taught by Christ, and to extend their benefits to others. The Italians called them "Cathari," signifying the pure. They were altruists in the highest sense of the term, making industry and usefulness to fellow-men inseparable rules of life. Had the crusades been successful they aspired to establish their

faith, which they conceived had come down to them from Jerusalem, in the city where it originated. Naturally they came into conflict with ecclesiastical power, and, in the end, were virtually exterminated. In the sack of Béziers alone it is said that twenty thousand of the people were put to death, and that when the Abbot of Citeaux was asked how to distinguish the heretic from the faithful, his reply was, "Kill them all, God will know his own."

In 1545, Francis I destroyed twenty-two of their villages and massacred four thousand persons, and as late as 1655, so brutal were their persecutors that Milton was moved to write his familiar poem, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints." Some who escaped reached England and northern Europe, where, being expert paper-makers, they practiced their art. Here more remote from the central fires of persecution, and scattered among busy communities, they escaped the sharp scrutiny of the ecclesiastical authorities, and lived in greater security, spreading silently the tenets of their faith abroad, thereby preparing the ground for the coming Reformation from which they hoped great things. But the reformation of humanity is not of mushroom growth, but of slow development. We speak of the Reformation and the Renaissance as though they were compassed by narrow and well-defined lines, but they are only convenient terms incapable of exact delimitation.

The Reformation came and disappointed them. For social reformation expands in perfection as slowly as the human hearts in which it finds its roots. They had been deceived in the heaven they expected on earth by a change in outward forms and observances, and soon found that they had only exchanged masters. Had the old rulers possessed but a remnant of that heavenly wisdom which they had received, and, cherishing it as a pearl beyond price, had led men with a gentle but firm hand, instead of driving thousands of their most industrious and well-intentioned subjects to death, — for Torquemada

alone, according to official reports, burned alive 10,220 human beings, and inflicted upon 97,321 the penalty of infamy, confiscation, and imprisonment, the horrors of which are too painful to read, — they would have continued to rule the world; or had the new rulers profited by the mistakes of their predecessors, their cause would have flourished beyond their brightest expectations; but, says Beard, "We are obliged to confess that especially in Germany it [the new order] soon parted company with free learning, that it turned its back upon culture, that it lost itself in a maze of arid theological controversy, that it held out no hand to awakening science."[1] Even Luther declared that when all men possessed the Bible no more books would be written, for that would be enough. Nor did the destruction of human beings cease, for, says Bayley, "the atrocities of witch-hunting ran the Inquisition very close." [2] "In many cities of Germany the average number of executions for this pretended crime was six hundred annually,"[3] and in England, in the reign of Elizabeth, thousands likewise perished, and can we believe that Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" was denounced as heretical and impertinent, and placed on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum? Says Bayley, "A list of English writers who suffered from the baleful effects of Government repression — would include the names of practically all our great writers until the concluding years of the seventeenth century." [4]

To return to the Albigenses: to them is attributed the use of water-marks in paper. These marks exhibit a great variety of forms of rude design.[5] Among them we shall note the chal-

[1] C. Beard, B.A., *The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in its Relation to Modern Thought and Knowledge*, p. 298. London, 1897. Cf. Heckthorne, *Secret Societies*, etc.

[2] Harold Bayley, *A New Light on the Renaissance*, etc., p. 135. London, 1911.

[3] Charles Mackay, *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, vol. II, p. 102. London, 1869.

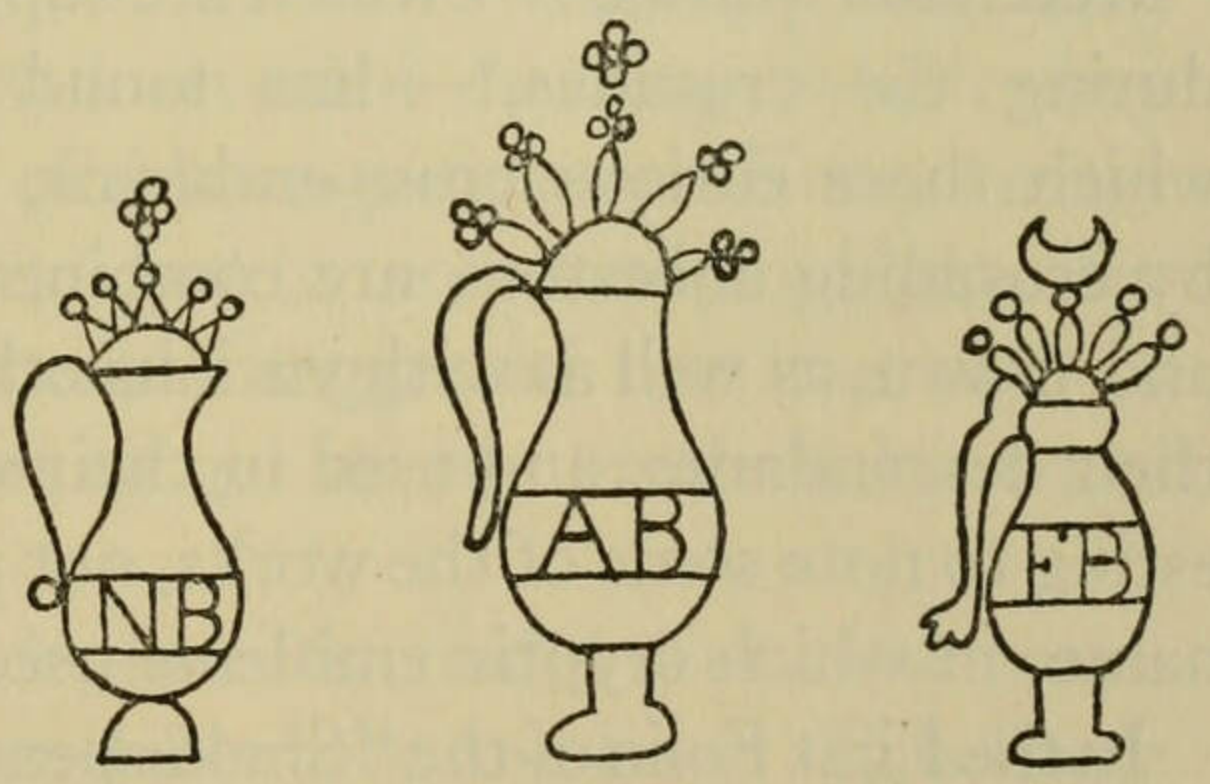
[4] Bayley, *A New Light*, etc., p. 209.

[5] C. M. Briquet, *Les Filigranes; Dictionnairé Historique des Marques du Papier*. London, 1908.

ice, or "pot," as it was vulgarly called, which represented the Holy Grail, from which Christ drank at the Last Supper; the cluster of grapes, signifying spiritual truth; the double candlesticks, bearers of light to dispel the darkness of error; the crescent, symbol of faith; the bugle, to proclaim the gospels to mankind; the hand, signifying, when upright, industry; reversed, benediction; the crown, victory. Even instruments of torture were represented. Combined with these were letters often reversed or diagonally placed, and other peculiarities, the significance of which is lost, but which once were pregnant with meaning, for the emblem of which they were a part served as a vehicle of thought, "A silent parable," as Quarles defines it, in an age when an open expression of opinion, not consonant with that of the ruling power, was a challenge to death. Of their use, Bayley says:—

> It seems to have been a happy thought on the part of the paper-makers to flash signals of hope and encouragement to their fellow-exiles in far distant countries, serving at the same time as an incentive to faith, and godliness in themselves.[1]

We see, then, that anciently water-marks in paper were not simply trade-marks as they are now; indeed, investigation shows that they were used not only in a special way in books, but by individuals in their private correspondence. The Bacon family seem to have held them in especial favor prior even to the reign of Elizabeth, their favorite mark being the grail, or pot, sometimes bearing the initials of the writer. Francis and Anthony used this device, as their letters show. Several other



PAPER MARKS USED BY NICHOLAS, ANTHONY AND FRANCIS BACON

[1] Harold Bayley, *A New Light*, etc., p. 40.

symbols appear in the works of Francis, some used by his faithful friend, Rawley, after his death. In his "Advancement of Learning" of 1605, he uses clusters of grapes. Such clusters are found in the "Shakespeare" Folios of 1623, and in 1632, though printed by different printers. Of their signification Bacon thus speaks: —

> Other men, as well in ancient as in modern times, have in the matter of sciences drunk a crude liquor like water, either flowing spontaneously from the understanding, or drawn up by logic, as by wheels from a well. Whereas I pledge mankind in a liquor strained from countless grapes, from grapes ripe and fully seasoned, collected in clusters, and then squeezed in the press, and finally purified and clarified in the vat. And therefore it is no wonder if they and I do not think alike.[1]

Besides the pot the Bacons used the crescent, fleur-de-lis, double candlesticks, a hand, horns, a shield, and a mirror. It is proper to say that these were sometimes of ancient date, were varied in form, and combined with other symbolic figures according to the fancy of those who used them, and it seems probable were not always used with design. The present writer, who some time ago made a study of the so-called "Merchant Marks," — which are supposed to have originated during the crusades,[2] — has found numerous instances in which these curious cross-emblems, no doubt handed down by crusading ancestors, are combined with the shield, bugle, and crown, as well as with various other emblematic forms, by their descendants, and used in their water-marks. It is interesting to note some of the works, not published under Bacon's name, in which cryptic emblems used by him appear.

In the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" plays appear crowns, clusters of grapes, the fleur-de-lis, and, in the Second Folio, one like that in Bacon's "History of Life and Death." In Marlowe's works, published in 1613, twenty-one years after his

[1] Spedding, *Novum Organum*, vol. VIII, p. 155.
[2] *The Trelawny Papers*, p. 472. Portland, 1884.

death, the water-marks comprise bar and grapes — the same as in the "Shakespeare" Folio of 1623, except a change in letters; — the pot, hand, crown, and crescent.

Ireland tells us that in preparing his forgeries he at length gleaned the intelligence that a jug was the prevalent water-mark of the reign of Elizabeth;

> In consequence of which I inspected all the sheets of old paper in my possession, and having selected such as had the jug upon them, I produced the succeeding manuscripts upon these, being careful, however, to mingle with them a certain number of blank leaves, that the production on a sudden of so many water-marks might not excite suspicion in the breasts of those persons who were most conversant with the manuscripts.

The most striking water-marks, however, appear in "Spenser's" "Faerie Queene" of 1596. Here are the pot and grapes of Bacon, the F. B. *reversed:* B, and A. B. All this is curiously suggestive, but, unfortunately, in our present state of knowledge regarding symbolical emblems, it is unsafe to base theories upon them.

CRYPTOGRAMS

Like paper marks were the head-pieces and colophons which embellished the books of the sixteenth century; they were cryptic, and to the initiated revealed meanings which they regarded as *verbi sapienti* of deep significance. Note, for example, the squirrel and nut, used in more modern devices for mere ornament, which formerly suggested that the shell of the letter must be cracked to get at the precious kernel of truth within.

We reproduce a cryptic device often found with some variations in books of the sixteenth century and later. This headpiece comprises several emblems, the squirrel already mentioned, and the light and dark *A* in whose sheltering curves recline the Asvins, two cherubic figures with a sheaf of wheat between them. These Asvins are said to signify the dualism of creative energy.

It is noticeable that the following device appears in the

"Spenser" Folio of 1611 and in the "Shakespeare" Folios of 1623 and 1632.

We also reproduce a modification of the double *A head-piece* with some of the minor emblems, and the Asvins, or twin children as they are sometimes called, left out; the scrolls somewhat changed, and a vase of fruit, signifying plenty, substituted for the wheat. This is the familiar head-piece found

in the "Shakespeare" Quartos, and first appears in them on the title-page of the "Contention" of 1594, as it is here reproduced. The late Dr. Platt saw in this modified form of the more ornate head-piece the name "F. Bacon." He points out that by turning the device upside down the left curve of the *A*, which then appears at the right, appears to be a long *f*, a sprig forming the clavus; that then turning it half round to the left, *B* is disclosed, and repeating this movement, *A*, the left limb of which is a reversed *C*, which he says the old print-

ers used to indicate the syllable *con*. This gives "F. Ba" or "F. Bacon." [1] Of course, treating an ancient symbolic group in the way seen in the head-piece would be a convenient way of concealing an author's name, and one which an ingenious man might well adopt; but we must not hastily accept Dr. Platt's theory, though the name he shows us appears to be as plain as many of the concealed forms in a modern newspaper puzzle.

If we discard the cryptic features of this head-piece altogether, the fact of its careful use on the anonymous Quartos, and those bearing the name "Shakespeare," seem to indicate that they were by one and the same author, who took pains to conceal his authorship of them from the world of his day, while leaving upon them a secret mark by which they might eventually be identified. It is doubtful if any one would claim that the Stratford actor could have done this. It is certainly a suggestive fact that this head-piece was used in the "Shakespeare" Quartos from 1594 to 1609, as well as in the "Argenis," probably translated in 1623, and that the Quartos were printed by five rival houses, in some cases far removed in point of time from one another, which seems to indicate a directing mind, and not mere coincidence. Of course this head-piece has attracted the attention of students, and Stratfordians were delighted when it was found in a Latin book [2] bearing the date 1563, before Bacon was three years old. Strangely enough, the author, Porta, like Trithemius, was a writer upon ciphers, and this book treats of the art of concealment. Mr. Smedley,[3] however, who has made an exhaustive search to settle the question of the earliest use of this noted head-piece, has discovered that Porta's book was printed in London in 1591, and falsely dated 1563 so as to pass for the first edition, in which the head-piece does not appear. Mr. Smedley con-

[1] Isaac Hull Platt, *Bacon Cryptograms*, pp. 24. Boston, 1905.
[2] Ioan Baptista Porta, *De Furtivis Literarum Notis Vulgo*. Naples, MDLXIII.
[3] William T. Smedley, *The Mystery of Francis Bacon*, p. 134. London, 1912.

cludes "that Francis Bacon was directing the production of a great quantity of the Elizabethan literature, and in every book in the production of which he was interested, he caused to be inserted one of these devices. He kept the blocks in his own custody; he sent them out to a printer when a book was approved by him for printing. On the completion of the work, the printer returned the blocks to Bacon so that they could be sent elsewhere by him as occasion required"; and he gives a list of the works in which the favorite head-piece appears.[1]

In a recent letter to the present writer Mr. Smedley says:—

> The earliest use of the design with a light *A* and dark *A* which I have found is in a work entitled "Hebraicum Alphabethum Jo Bovlaese" published in Paris in 1576. The book ends with the sentence "Ex Collegio Montis-Acuti 20 Decembris 1576." So the date of the publication was probably between January and March, 1576, which according to our present method would be 1577.
>
> I have a copy of this work bound up with a book bearing the title "Sive compendium, quintacunque Ratione fieri potuit amplessimum, Totuis linguæ," published in Paris, 1566. Both are interleaved and altered and amplified in Francis Bacon's handwriting for a second edition. The latter contains the equivalent of the Hebrew in Greek, Chaldæic, Syriac, and Arabic. So far I have been unable to find that a second edition of these works was published. But these manuscripts bear evidence of young Bacon's command of languages in 1576. I believe that just as Philip Melancthon was working for Thomas Anshelmus, the Printer, when at Tübingen University at seventeen or eighteen years of age, so Francis Bacon was employed in Paris as early as 1576.

This head-piece not only appears in the "Shakespeare" and Bacon Works, but those of Marlowe and Spenser, as well as the so-called King James version of the Bible. The King was inordinately proud of his knowledge of Latin, and the translators, when they had completed their work, submitted it to him for criticism, and it remained in his possession for some time. Bacon was then high in his favor, and this has given

[1] William T. Smedley, *The Mystery of Francis Bacon*, p. 139.

rise to the opinion that, knowing his great literary ability, James might have employed him to go over the work of the translators with him. How much the work might have been revised is unknown, but whoever aided in the revision may have added many of the graces with which this remarkable production abounds. Certainly the appearance of Bacon's cryptic mark could not fail to be noticeable in this book as in others, with some of which it is now known he had something to do. Attention was, of course, called to this, and has amused Stratfordians as much as some of their speculations have amused their opponents.



TIME REVEALING TRUTH

That Bacon was associated with Baudoin in his book on Emblems [1] appears in the preface:—

> The great Chancellor, Bacon, having awakened in me the desire of working at these emblems, has furnished me the principal ones which I have drawn from the ingenious explanation that he has given of some fables, and from his other works.

This same Baudoin translated Bacon's Essays into French in 1626. Mr. Smedley says:—

> The first volume of Emblemata in which traces of Bacon's hand are to be found is in the 1577 edition of Alciat's Emblems, published by the Plantin Press, with notes by Claude Mignault.[2]

This edition bears the head-piece which we have been discussing.

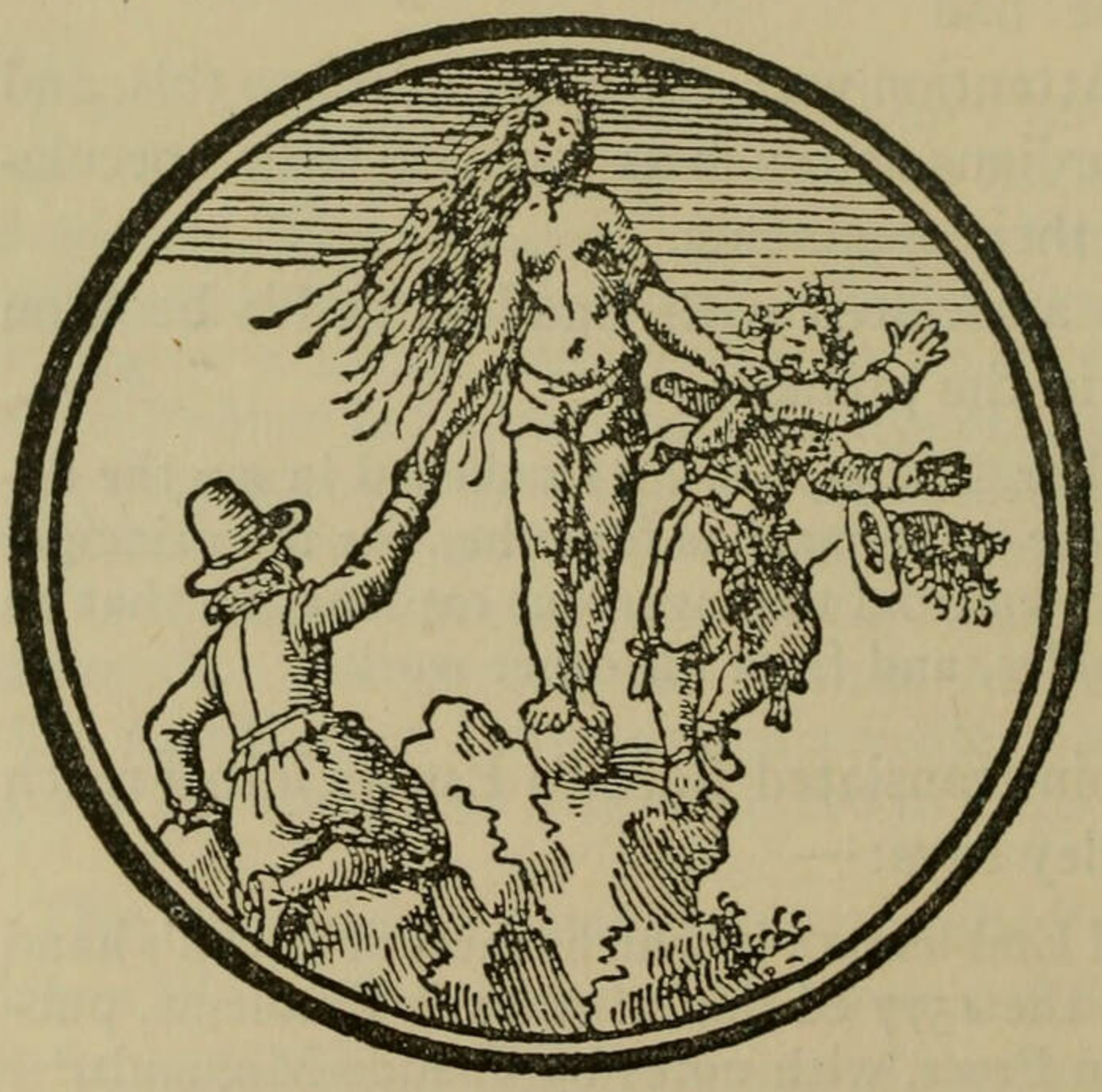
[1] Jean Baudoin, *Recueil d'Emblèmes*. Paris, 1638.

[2] William T. Smedley, *The Mystery of Francis Bacon*, p. 141 *et seq*. Cf. *Dealings with the Dead*, Oliver Lector.

There are several other emblem books interesting to students of Bacon, one by Bonitius of 1659, which we have thus far been unable to consult, but there is not the least doubt that Bacon, among his many literary activities, was personally interested in the publication of a number of emblem books. In these we should expect to find emblems relating to him. We will produce but the following.

In his "New Atlantis" published by Rawley a few months after his death, we find Time drawing from an open tomb a nude woman with the motto, "In time the hidden truth shall be revealed." This puts us in memory of the words of Rawley: —

> Be this moreover enough to have laid, as it were, the foundations, in the name of the present age. Every age will, methinks, adorn and amplify this structure, but to what age it may be vouchsafed to set the finishing hand — this is known only to God and the Fates.[1]



FORTUNE CASTING DOWN THE ACTOR

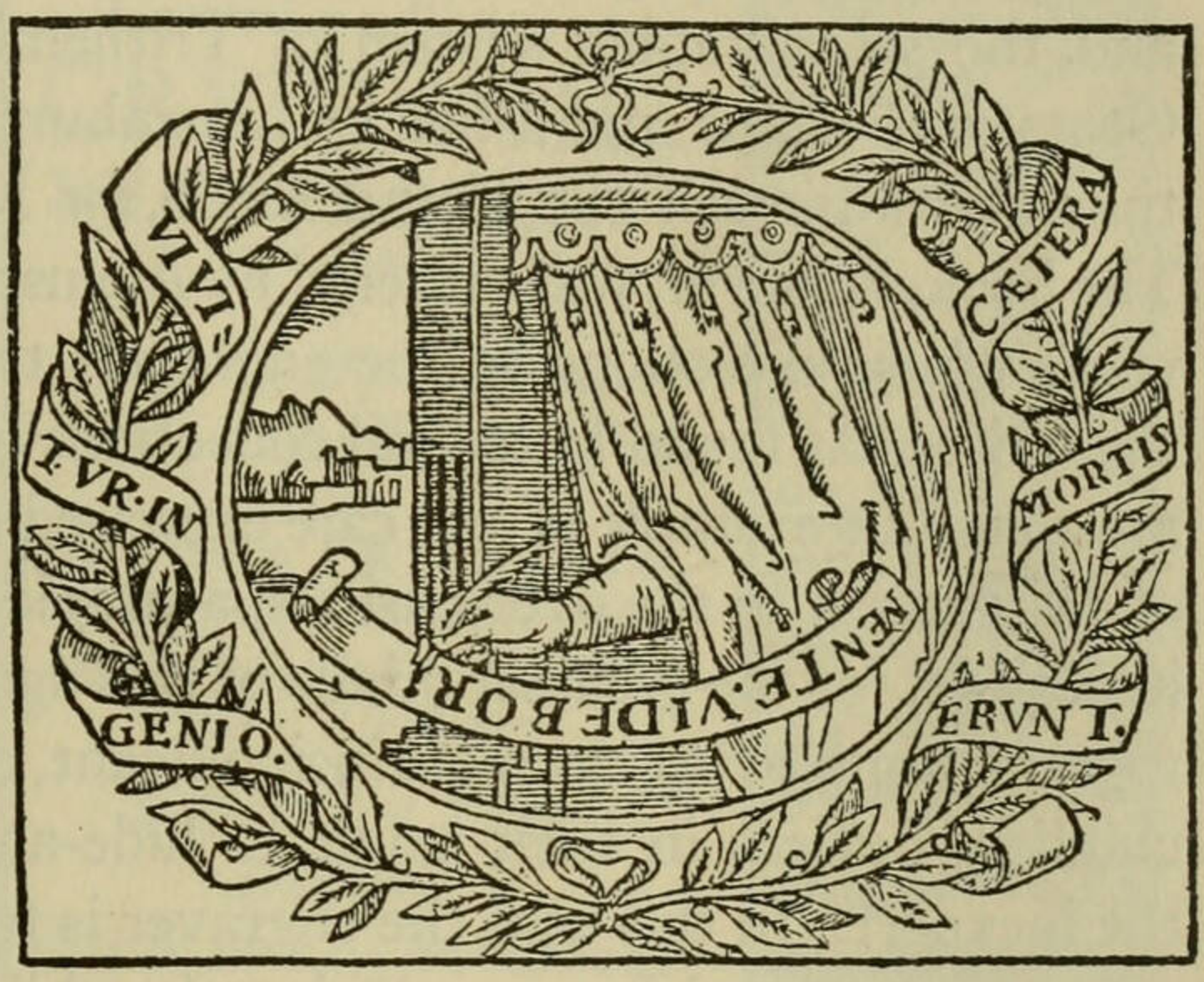
This same figure appears in a book which gives a history of the early years of the reign of King James I, and is entitled "Truth brought to Light and discovered by Time."

In the following we see Fortune standing upon a sphere, and raising with her right hand to the pinnacle of Fame a figure wearing the hat which distinguishes Bacon, as clearly as

[1] *Manes Verulamiani*, Introduction. London, 1626.

the helmet does Pericles; while with the other, she casts down an actor wearing the equally distinguishing buskins.

The "Minerva Britannia" of 1612 presents to us an equally revealing emblem. On page °33, which is the numerical name of Bacon, appears an oval wreathed with laurel, and a Latin motto which translated is "One lives in his genius, other things depart in death," and on the opposite page, "To the most judicious and learned Sir Francis Bacon, Knight." Within the oval is the proscenium of a theater, the curtain supposed to conceal the figure of a man whose forearm only appears, the hand holding a pen which has just written, "By the mind shall I be seen." This finds an echo in the "Attourney's Academy," dedicated "To True Nobility and Tryde learning beholden To no Mountaine for Eminence, nor supportment for Height. Francis Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans."



O give me leave to pull the Curtayne by
That clouds thy Worth in such obscurity.
Stay Seneca, stay but awhile thy bleeding,
T'accept what I receivèd at thy Reading;
Here I present it in a solemne strayne,
And thus I pluckt the Curtayne backe again.

We could show scores of similar emblems and many pages to illustrate Bacon's unwritten life, did space permit. A single contemporary allusion to the Stratford actor of equal sig-

nificance would be hailed as sufficient proof of his authorship of the immortal dramas.

TITLE-PAGES

Quite as interesting a use of cryptograms is found on title-pages. We will examine several the meaning of which is too evident to mistake.

The first title-page is of a book treating of cryptography, and the stenographic system of Trithemius, pseudonym of Gustavus Selenus, published at Lunenburg in 1624. The author styles himself the Homo Lunæ, or Man in the Moon. The book, however, was fathered by Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, whose directions to the engraver, transcripts of which the writer has found in several collections of literary material, are a curious example of the care exercised in having at hand, of easy access to the over-curious, a simple method of turning him aside, for the greatest minds of this age played with cryptograms, employing the most insignificant, and to us seemingly childish, devices in their game of hide-and-seek, to mislead the inexpert. In this case the engraver is told to show Trithemius at a table with a man lifting the philosopher's hat from his head. The man shown, however, is not Trithemius at all, but quite unlike him, as his portrait unmistakably reveals. The question is, why was this change? The most probable theory is that the directions were a simple exhibition of craft. It is just possible, of course, that the Duke, about to begin his book, consulted Bacon — the head of the secret brotherhood to which both belonged — upon the subject, and that he, seeing in it one of those opportunities of which he had before availed himself, arranged to conceal in it the key to the First Folio, at that time in press. This would account more readily to the modern mind for the changes in the figures on the title-page, but a knowledge of the methods employed by the old cryptographers incline us to the view that the directions to the engraver were intended to be misleading. Mr. Bow-



GUSTAVI SELENI

CRYPTOMENYTICES ET CRYPTOGRAPHIÆ Libri IX.

In quibus & planissima

STEGANOGRAPHIÆ

à

JOHANNE TRITHEMIO,

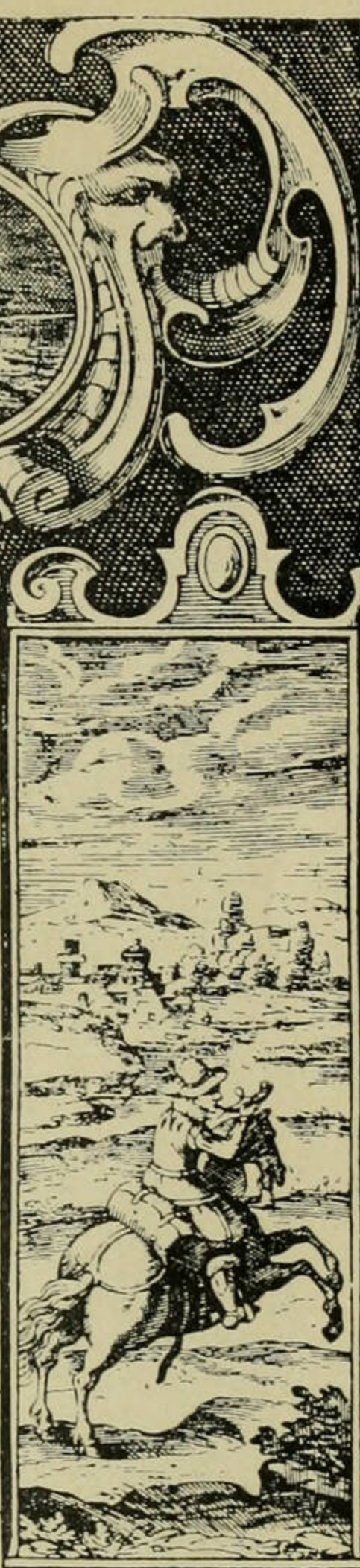
Abbate Spanheymensi & Herbipolensi, admirandi ingenij Viro, magicè & ænigmaticè olim conscriptæ,

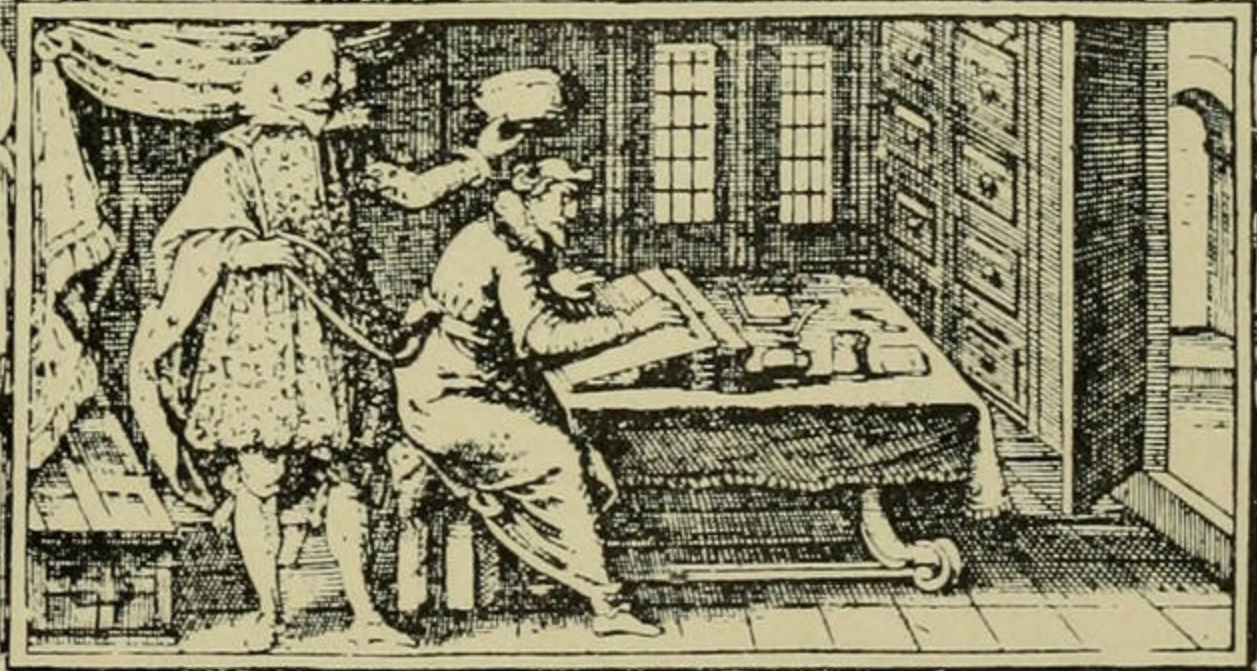
ENODATIO

traditur.

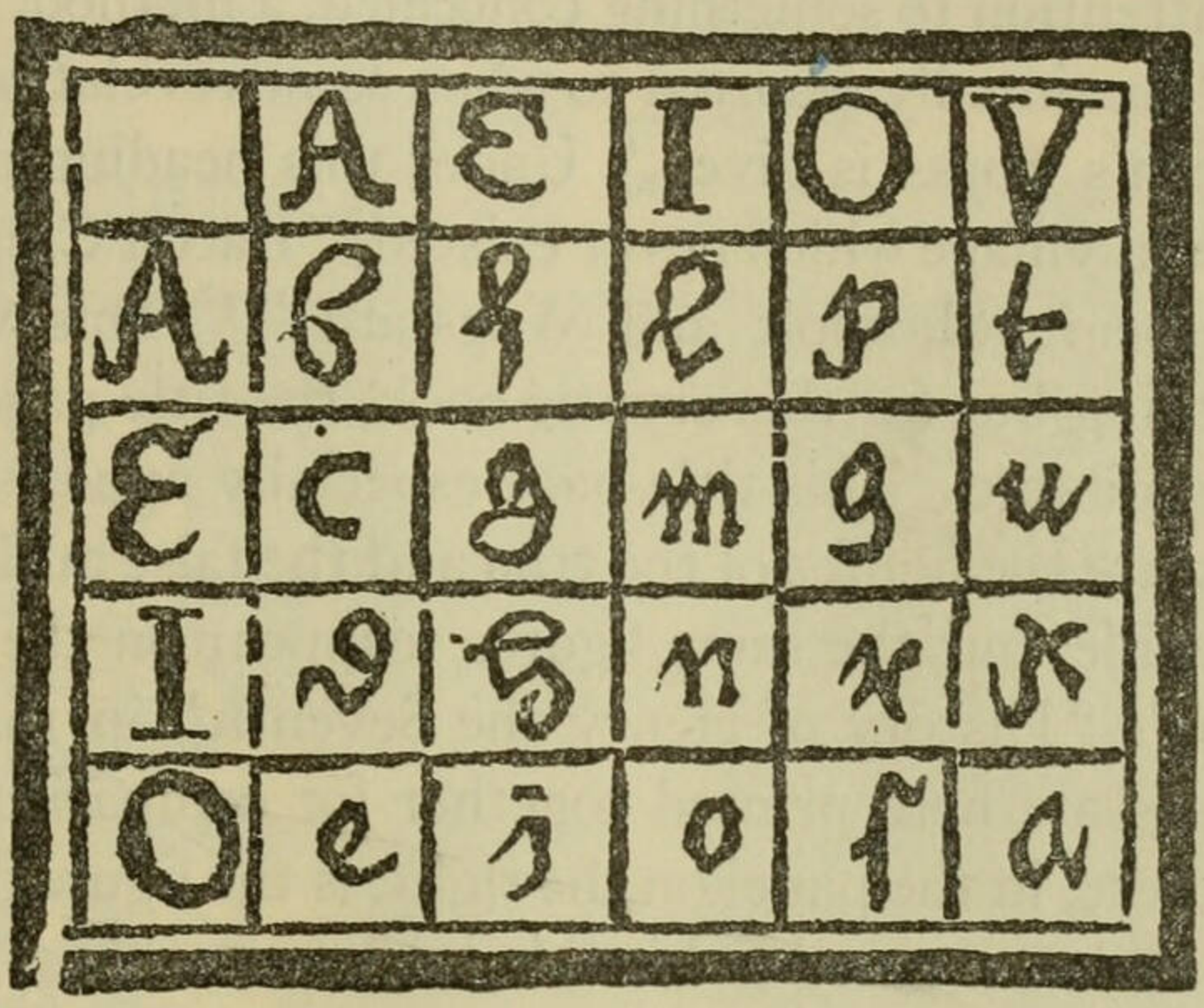
Insperſis ubiquè Authoris ac Aliorum, non contemnendis inventis.

CIↃ IↃ CXXIIII.





ditch[1] seems to have first called attention to this book as an ingenious example of the cryptic art, and he points out the relation which it holds to the Folio, giving examples of the skill of his friend, the late Samuel Cabot, based on a wide knowledge of ancient cryptographs, in discovering Bacon in the plays.



Quarta Tabula, ex Vigenerio, pag. 202. b. *vindicat sibi præcipuum, quod Vocalibus tantùm scribere' hîc liceat.*

THE CIPHER KEY

That the Duke's book, and its pictorial title-page, disclose the true story of their authorship is certain. Even Bacon's cipher key is given in it, a fact of remarkable significance in itself. But still more so is the fact that the author dedicates it, as Maier dedicated his Rosicrucian book eight years earlier, to "Dr. Francisco, Antonio, London, Anglo, Seniori," which fully identifies Francis and Anthony Bacon, of London, England, though to the initiated Francis alone, as Anthony had then been dead twenty-three years. Besides, the author at the

[1] Charles P. Bowditch, *The Connection of Francis Bacon with the First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays, etc., with the Book on Cipher of his Time.* Cambridge, 1910.

outset calls attention to the well-known fact that Bacon assisted Camden in his historical work, and refers to that author's "Remains," published in 1616, where, under the head "Surnames," page 16, appears a head-piece upside down, which would pass as an error were it not a well-known device to call attention to something concealed, a method, says Lawrence, "continually resorted to when some revelation concerning Bacon's works is given." Under this heading appear the names of a village which never existed, "Bacon Creping," and "Shakespeare, Shotbolt and Wagstaffe."[1] This would signify nothing but for this cryptic book, the title-page of which is here produced. This title-page especially appeals to us, for not only are the figures of the true and the false author plainly recognizable, but the same figures reappear on the title-page of Bacon's "History of Henry the Seventh" in 1642. These title-pages are here printed together for comparison. In the first of these, in the panel on the right, is the figure of a gentleman, as he has a sword at his side, and wears a hat. He is giving a book or manuscript to a rustic, with hat in hand, holding a spear in his left hand. The rustic is seen alone walking off briskly with a staff, carrying his spear on his left shoulder with his "fardels on his back," and the book or writings entrusted to him. Near the top of the panel is an eagle, the messenger of Jove, which has possessed itself of the writing entrusted to the careless rustic, and is bearing it to immortality in spite of the bolt intended to arrest its flight.[2]

The figure of the gentleman is a suggestive likeness of Bacon with the conventional hat, and the rustic of the actor, whose face is unmistakably the one which was originally on his Stratford tomb. On the opposite panel he is seen on horseback riding toward a city triumphantly blowing his horn. He is the same figure with the sprig in his hat, and the exaggerated spur on the right heel of his buskin, for he is now a gentleman having a coat of arms. This buskin alone would iden-

[1] *Bacon is Shakespeare*, p. 114. [2] Bowditch mistakes the eagle for a dove.

Franc. Baconi

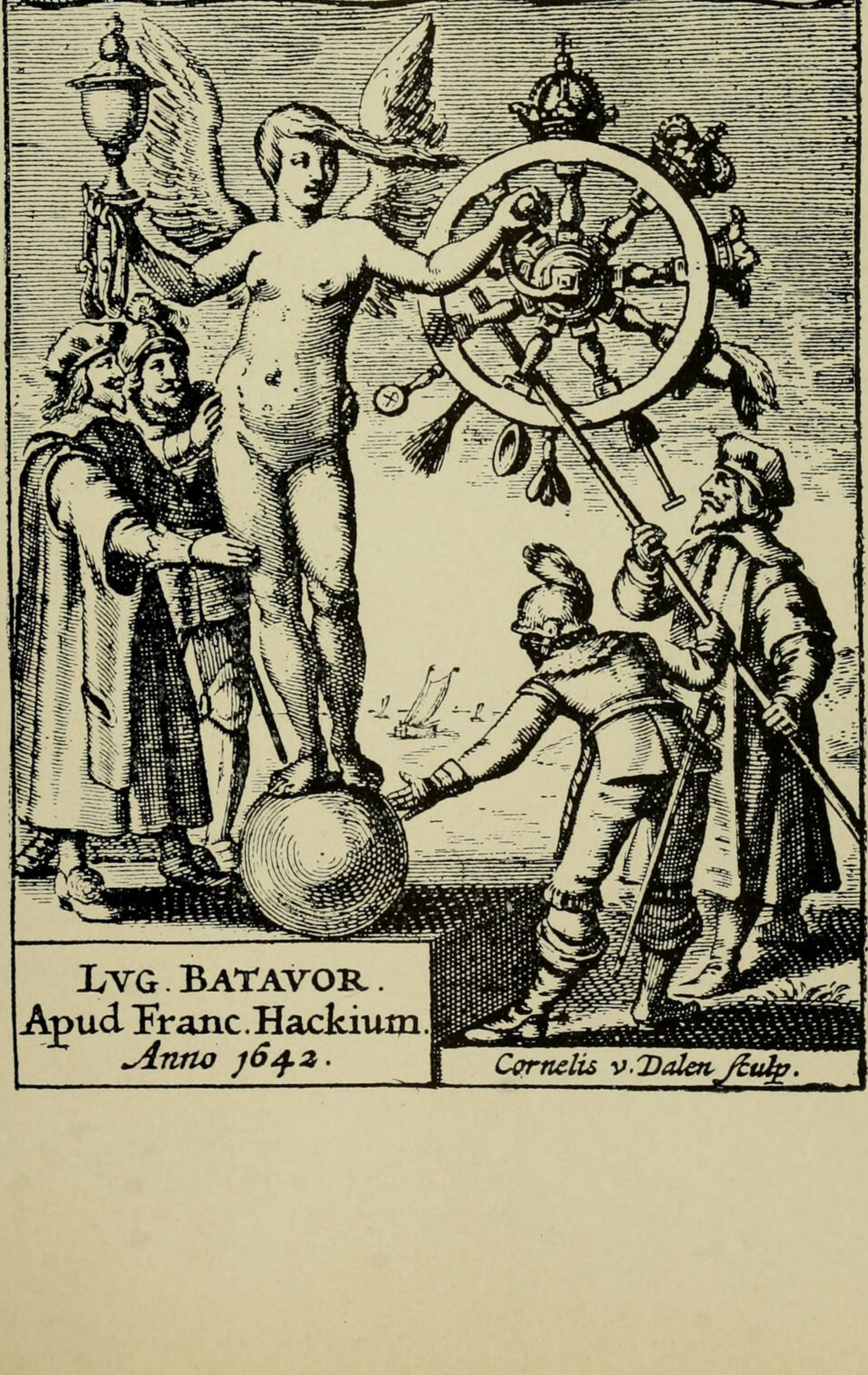
DE VERULAMIO.

HISTORIA REGNI

HENRICI SEPTIMI

Angliæ Regis

OPUS VERE POLITICUM.



LVG. BATAVOR.
Apud Franc. Hackium.
Anno 1642.

Cornelis v. Dalen sculp.

tify his calling. At the top of the picture in an oval panel is a city under a tempestuous sky at night, illuminated by numerous beacons. It is to be noted that in the reign of Elizabeth the letters *ea* in this word were given the sound of long *a*, which led to a play upon Bacon's name, he being called "Bacon," the great "Beacon of the State." This panel is also decorated with conventional masks of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, which are quite out of place in a book of this character. In the lower panel the man who is seen giving the manuscript to the rustic appears seated at a table writing in a massive volume. The rustic, now arrayed in one of the "glaring Satten Sutes," ascribed to actors by the author of "The Return from Parnassus," holds a rope attached to the writer's girdle to show his subservience to him, and is lifting the heraldic Cap of Maintenance from his superior's head, evidently to put this honorable decoration upon his own. The Cap of Maintenance, symbol of nobility, was coveted by the gentry and was finally appropriated by them.[1]

A remarkable title-page is in the edition of Montaigne's Essays published in London in 1632. Montaigne was a friend of Bacon, who has been criticized for imitating him in some of his essays. The Frenchman's work was first published in Bordeaux in 1580, about the time that its author became mayor of that city. In 1601, John Florio, also a friend of Bacon, translated it into English, and it became quite popular among the few who read such works. We are gravely told by a recent orthodox writer that "His essays were diligently read by Bacon and Shakespeare," presumably because the plays and Bacon's Essays are thought to reflect their influence. Florio, it should be remembered, translated Bacon's Essays into French. Let us examine this title-page: Looking at it we see on the right a broken arch, which is a reversed letter *F:* the two open arches in the background, a letter *B*, which is best seen by turning the page half to the right. We thus

[1] Century Dictionary, *in loco.*

have the initials of Bacon's name. To make this still plainer, looking through the arch on the left we see in the distance a beacon. The letters are reversed, presumably to make the puzzle more difficult to decipher. Of course, it might be claimed that the arches were so formed accidentally, but when we carefully read a little poem appended to it, we find ourselves informed that each "leaf and angle" has a hidden meaning, and

If then
You understand not, give him room that can.

To show Bacon's connection with Montaigne's "Essays," we have two witnesses; his handwriting in the Bordeaux Montaigne of 1588 and the title-page to the English translation of 1632.

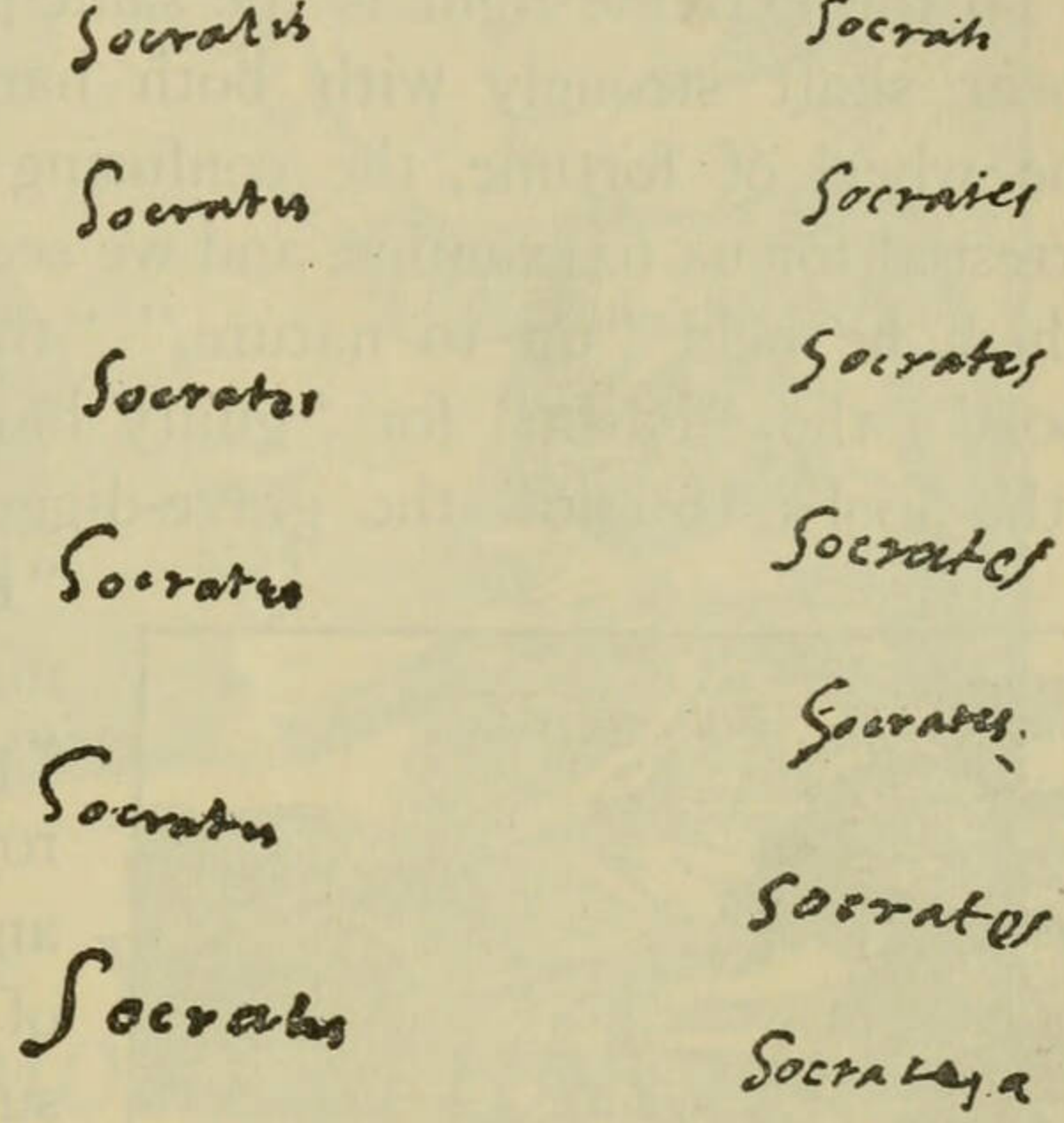
The question of what might have been Bacon's connection with Montaigne's Essays has occasioned some discussion, but more speculation, especially stimulated by the cryptic title-page, which we have described. Professor Strowski[1] has called attention to a copy of the 1588 edition of these Essays belonging to the city of Bordeaux, of which Montaigne was mayor for the period of four years previous to this date. This particular copy of this edition is copiously annotated on its "shining margents" and is "extended by the addition of a third book." In the Gournay edition of 1595, some of these notes were used, but until now they seem to have escaped critical examination. Mr. Smedley has called attention to one of these pages of which he says that "every word of writing . . . is from the hand of Francis Bacon." Latin, as in the case of Montaigne, was his mother tongue, and was the language he usually employed when writing on the margins of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin works. Mr. Smedley selects from this page the words "Socrates" and "Socratique," which he compares

[1] The Bordeaux Montaigne, edited by Fortunat Strowski, has recently been published under the title, *Les Essais de Michel de Montaigne*. Publiés d'après l'exemplaire de Bordeaux, etc. Sous les auspices de la Commission des Archives Municipales. Bordeaux. Imprimerie Nouvelle F. Pech & Cie. 1909. Vol. 2.

THE
ESSAYES
OR
MORALL, POLITIKE
AND MILITARIE
Discourses
of
Lo: MICHAEL de Montaigne,
Knight
Of the noble Order of S. MICHAEL, and
one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary of the French
Kings Chamber.
THE THIRD EDITION
Wherunto is now newly added an Index
of the principall Matters & persones
Mentioned in this Booke
LONDON.
Printed by M. flesher for Rich: Royston
in Iuie-lane next the exchequer Office
M DCXXXII.
Martin Dr. sculpsit

with the same words found in a copy of Plato's works in Greek, similarly annotated by Bacon. With his consent we reproduce his illustration.

Mr. Smedley calls attention to the fact that in each case the three first letters, *Soc*, are never joined together. In the Montaigne the *c* is not joined to the *r*, and the same peculiarity is found in specimens given from the Plato volume. Then in every case *rati* is written without taking off the pen.



NOTES TO PLATO
From Montaigne's Essays, Bordeaux copy, 1588.

Let us now turn to Bacon's acknowledged works, and first the title-page of his "De Verulamio Sermones Fideles." On the title-page we have the figure of a philosopher—Bacon—pointing with his right hand to a female poised upon a globe, and holding a scroll which serves as a sail to bear her along, and if we turn to the "New Atlantis" we find that a virgin with a scroll signifies Poetry. On the table is a doubly clasped book and hour-glass. Presumably this is a volume of poetry which in time will be unclasped. The three persons seated at the table whom he is addressing represent the three orders, the prince, the lord, and the commoner, whose attention he is calling to the genius of Poetry.

Referring to the title-page of Bacon's "Henry the Seventh," we see, standing upon a globe, the figure of Nemesis, her left hand on the wheel of fortune, in her pleasant aspect of the dispenser of equal justice, holding in her right hand a jar of salt

and a bitless bridle.[1] On the left of the page, at the right of Nemesis, stands a Rosicrucian philosopher, as the roses on his shoes indicate, and behind him a knight in armor, and on the left an actor, as his buskins and Roman helmet show, with the left arm extended toward the globe, and his right grasping the shaft of a spear, his sword on the wrong side and entangling his legs, and the single spur on his left heel.

To the extreme right is the same philosopher holding the spear shaft strongly with both hands, its end raised to the wheel of fortune, the confusing whirl of which it has arrested for us to examine, and we see upon it the "mirror," which he held "up to nature," "the rod for the back of fools"; the "basin" for "guilty blood" in "Andronicus"; "the fool's bauble" the grave-digger's "dirty shovel" in "Hamlet"; "the Gentleman's Hat," his own; the "peer's coronet;" the royal crown of England, and the "imperial crown of Henry Seventh," the subject of Bacon's history. The bitless bridle, the broken spear, the staff in his own possession are prophetic, and easy of interpretation.



It may be illuminating to note that Nemesis is also the goddess of retribution, and under this aspect is represented with a forbidding face, and holding a bitted bridle.

The next title-page is that of Bacon's "Augmentis Scien-

[1] Baudoin's *Emblems*, 1638.



Fr. Baconi

DE VERULAMIO

SERMONES FIDELES,

ETHICI,

POLITICI,

ŒCONOMICI:

Sive

INTERIORA RERUM.

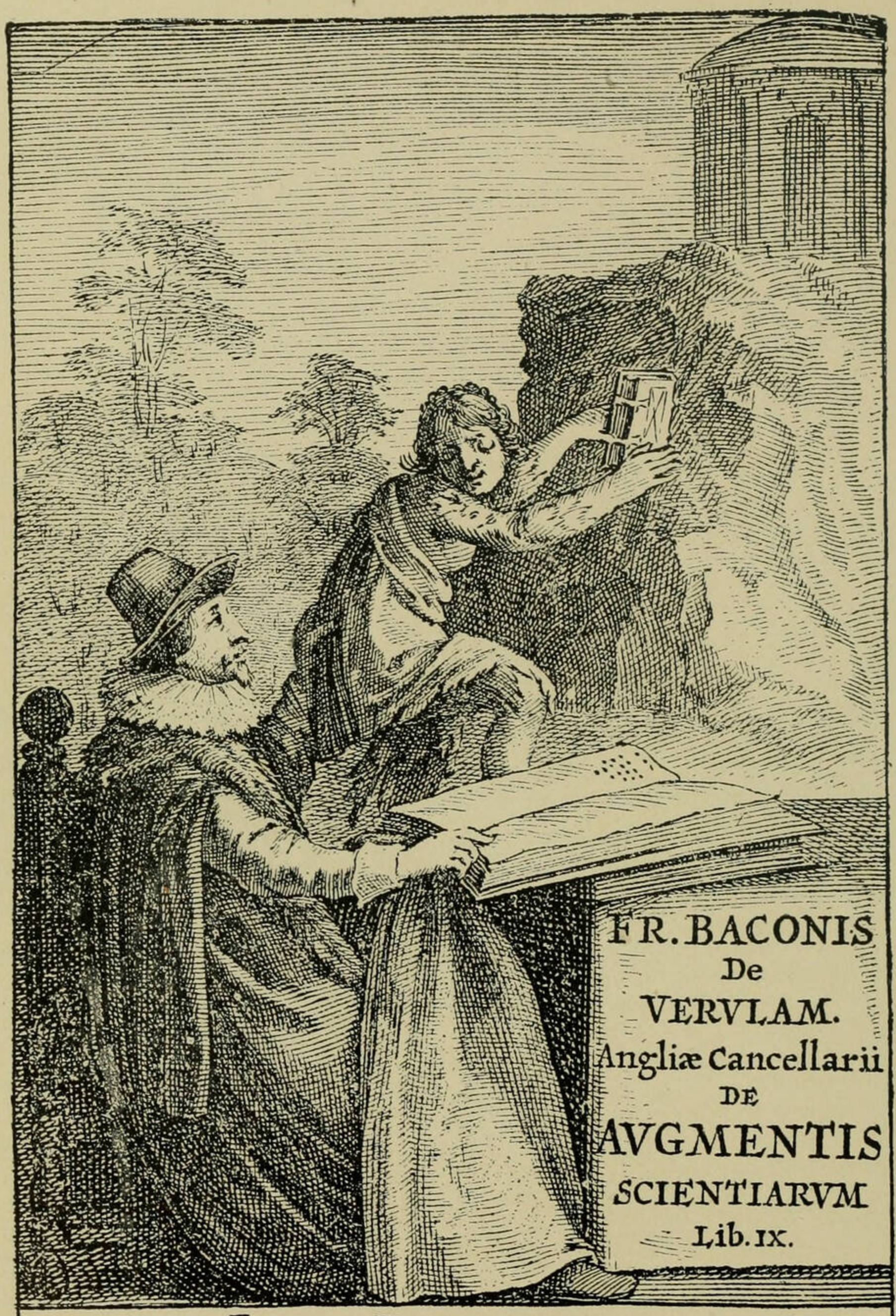
Accedit

FABER FORTUNÆ &c.

C.V. Dalen sculp.

LUG. BATAVORUM,

Apud Franciſcum Hackium. Aº. 1641.



LVGD. BATAVORVM
Apud Franciſcum Moiardum,
Et Adrianum Wijngaerde. *Anno 1645.*

tiarum," published in 1645 in Holland. This pictorial page did not appear in England, which is significant of Bacon's intention, known to Rawley, of concealing from his countrymen his less appreciated work "until that far off rosy day" which should dawn for their acceptance, a day prophetically far off, but doubtless far more remote than he imagined. In this cryptic design, the same figure of the philosopher, whom we see on the former title-pages, is seated before the inaccessible face of a cliff upon which is a mortuary temple. His right hand rests upon the upper of two large folios, while with his left he is boosting up the cliff Tragædus, the goat-clad satyr.[1] In the left hand of the Satyr of Tragedy is a book closed and clasped, while his harsh face is turned toward Bacon:—

> This man's brow like to a *titled leaf*,
> Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
>
> *2 Henry IV*, 1, 1.

These lines sufficiently describe the nature of the volume he holds, and what is to be done with it? The Satyr of Tragedy is reluctantly depositing the precious book in this inhospitable aerie, only to be discovered when Nemesis shall make her just award.

And now our final title-page, in some respects the most interesting of all, which is from the Collected Works attributed to Edmund Spenser, published in London in 1611. It is an elaborate decoration embodying many of the features with which we are familiar in the head- and tail-pieces already treated, the scroll, the little birds, and other devices, together with the masks of Tragedy and Comedy, similar to those to which attention has already been called. What makes this title-page, however, of especial importance is, that it embodies what may properly be called the tragedy of Bacon. And now to describe it.

On the left is the figure of Leicester with the bear and staff, which are sufficient to identify him, and opposite is Elizabeth

[1] Century Dictionary, *in loco*.

with the Lion rampant, and the scepter at her side, suspended by a chain, which, quite as unmistakably, identify her. These figures represent "supporters," in heraldic parlance, and sustain at the height of their heads, between them, a shield bearing the arms of Bacon, a boar. The boar is represented in leash, the end toward the Queen, to represent her connection with his destiny.

In an oval at the bottom we again see the boar, now regarding curiously, but almost defiantly, a rosebush in full flower, the Tudor emblem inherited by Elizabeth from the House of York. Encircling it is a scroll with the legend, "Non Tibi Spiro," "*I smell not thee.*" No, the sweetness of this royal emblem, heightened by the ardent hope of future possession, had been swept away forever, like the first scent of spring blooms by a belated storm. Leicester had been dead twenty-three years, and Elizabeth eight. In their day this revealing title-page would have been an unsafe venture, but now it passed as any merely pictured page would pass, hintless of veiled meaning; or, if it excited comment, it was but a pretty compliment to past greatness, and the boar, shrinking from the sweet-scented, but thorny rose, an amusing conceit. These title-pages, however, should be sufficient proof, to any unprejudiced mind, of Bacon's authorship, both of the "Shakespeare" Works and those contained in the work, the title-page of which we have last considered; and, moreover, that this title-page fully confirms what he has told us in cipher, that he was one of the children of Elizabeth and Leicester, whose existence was so often asserted in the correspondence of ministers of foreign courts, and contemporary annals.

ANAGRAMS

The making of anagrams was also an art much practiced by mediæval scholars. Even Queen Elizabeth, says Green, when discussing the affectation of her literary style, cultivated a "taste for anagrams and puerilities." So esteemed were they

THE FAERIE QVEEN:

THE

Shepheards Calendar:

Together

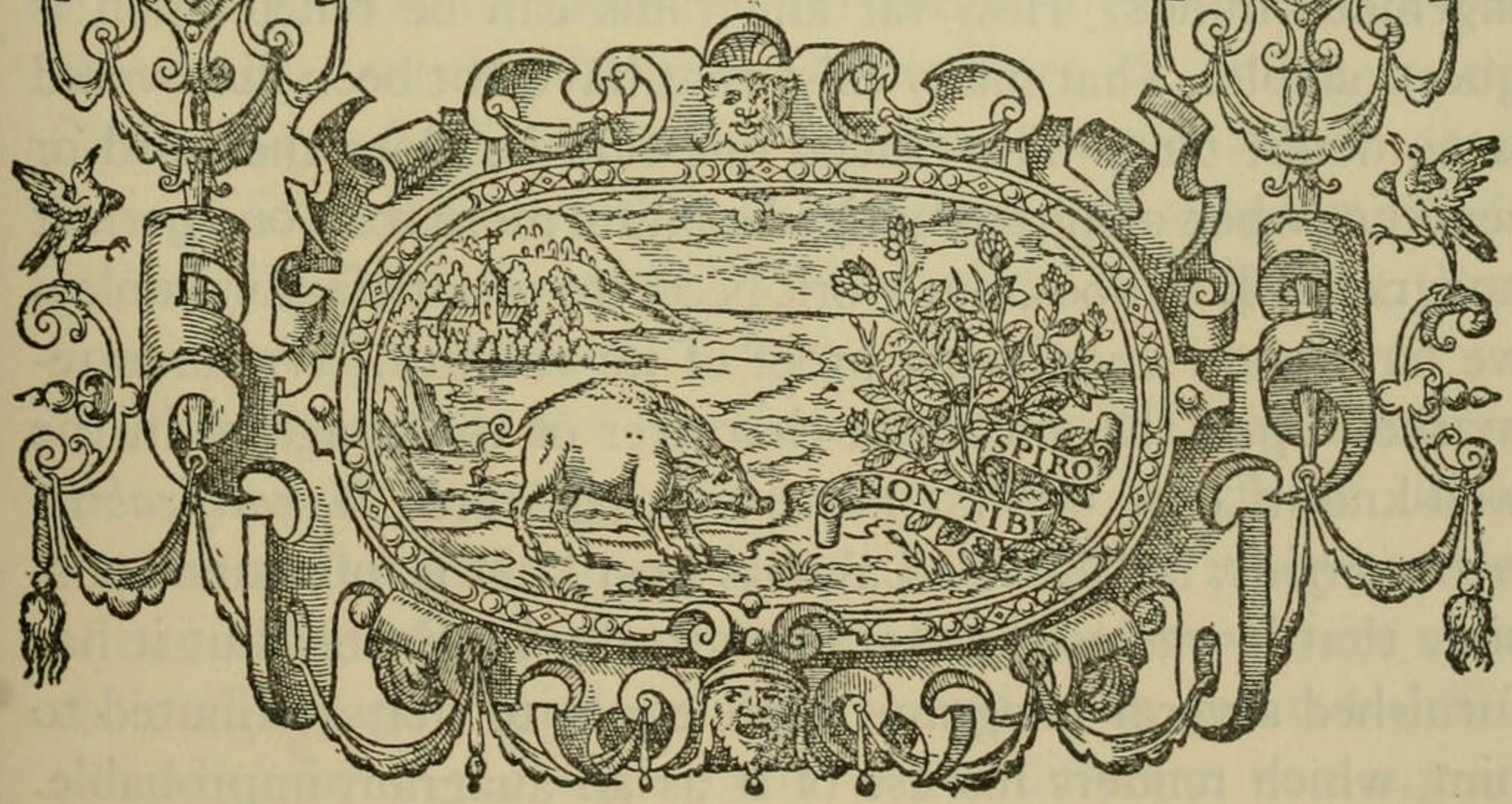
WITH THE OTHER

Works of England's Arch-Poët,

EDM. SPENSER:

¶ *Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected.*

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
Anno Dom. 1611.



at the French Court that Louis XIII maintained a professional anagrammatist at an annual salary of twelve thousand livres.

Anagrams seem to have long occupied a place in the literary life of Europe. Roger Bacon, the thirteenth-century scholar and scientific student, to protect himself from prying enemies, concealed his formula for an explosive in this ingenious anagram: "Sed tamen salis petrae *luru mope can ubre* et sulphuris, et sic facies tonitrum et coruscationem, si scias artificium."

The italics are unmeaning in their present form, but when properly combined make *carbonum pulvere*, or powdered charcoal, and are translated thus, "But nevertheless, take of saltpetre, with powdered charcoal and sulphur, and then you will make thunder and lightning, if you know the mode of preparing them." [1]

In the earliest edition of his "Remains" the staid old Camden concealed his name in these anagrams, "Dum illa evincam," and "Nil malum cui Dea."

Francis Bacon, in common with his contemporaries, seems to have been mildly interested in anagrams. Several have been pointed out, and doubtless many more will be found by ingenious minds. How far anagrams can be relied upon is questionable. That many exist that have not been discovered is no doubt true. The crucial question is, Does the word or sentence when anagrammatized contain more than one perfect anagram? If it does, our work becomes unsatisfactory unless we have some convincing proof of its validity. We have remarked upon the uncertain character of the anagram in the well-known case of that nerve-racking word, *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, in "Love's Labours Lost." It is, of course, possible that it was used anagrammatically by Bacon, but it has furnished several anagrams quite equal to that attributed to him, which renders his use of it as an anagram improbable. Having abundant evidence in favor of our client, we should

[1] *Ency. Brit.*, 8th ed., art. "Gunpowder."

not be too ready to welcome extraneous evidence, especially in this direction.

The futility of anagrams is especially seen in the curious Latin word *Honorificabilitudino* found on the title-page of Bacon's Northumberland Manuscript, and *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, in "Love's Labours Lost." The almost unpronounceable word in the play would have little meaning for the rude frequenters of the Blackfriars or Globe, and for its few more refined patrons it would be a somewhat offensive piece of pleasantry. Why it should be thrust into the play has naturally excited wonder. Mr. Bowditch discussed the shorter word in treating of the Northumberland Manuscript, and Dr. Platt discovered this anagram in it: "Initio hi ludi Fr. Bacone" (These plays originated with Fr. Bacon). Mr. Lawrence evolved this from the longer word: "Hi Ludi F. Baconis nati tuiti orbi" (These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world). From a word containing twenty-seven letters many anagrams may be constructed.

The history of this cabalistic word is curious. It is found in "The Complaynt of Scotland," published at St. Andrews in 1548. It is still older than this, having been used in a charter of 1187, De Gestis Henrici VII, and still earlier in a Latin Dictionary, entitled Magnæ Derivationes, according to the Catholicon of Giovanni da Genova printed about 1500. George Stronach says that it enshrines this anagram: "Ubi Italicus ibi Danti honor fit" (Where there is an Italian, there honor is paid to Dante).

That the author of "Love's Labours Lost" used the word for a purpose is hardly to be questioned, though we doubt that he used it anagrammatically. The literary idiosyncracies of our ancestors who used the names of contemporaries upon their title-pages, misdated books, and even printed different editions of the same book under different names,[1] are

[1] Cf. *The Historie of the Life and Death of Mary Stuart*, etc. Ed. 1624, by Wil. Stranguage. *Ibid.*, ed. 1636, W. Udall.

perplexing. Such books still survive, and their ghostly authors grin at us behind their false masks so nicely adjusted to them by the editors of biographical dictionaries.

ACROSTICS

With acrostics we have surer ground, as they have to be arranged according to method. Etymologically the word signifies "at the end of a row" or "line," which describes the most familiar form of an acrostic, that in which the initial letters at the beginning of each line, when taken successively, form one or more words. Probably Addison's declaration that he could not decide who was the greater blockhead, the maker of anagrams or of acrostics, fairly describes the attitude of the modern mind toward them; yet the acrostic, like the anagram, has a long history. It is found in ancient Greek and Latin authors, long before the Christian era; indeed, as we all know, the one hundred and nineteenth psalm exhibits one form of acrostic, the alphabetical. This pagan toy amused the early Christians, and we find Lactantius and Eusebius exploiting verses, the initial letters of which form the words, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour." This pious example was welcomed in mediæval cloisters, and helped to relieve the routine of monkish life. We see, then, that the acrostic, from an early period, has possessed a charm for certain minds, and when Sir John Davis wrote his twenty-six hymns to Astræa, each embodying the words, "Elizabeth Regina," he had behind him an illustrious line of lovers of this antique bauble, — Hugo Grotius; Gottfried of Strasburg; Rudolph of Ems; Boccaccio; and some of the chief poets of the Italian Renaissance.

Even in our own day the acrostic survives. It so much pleased Edgar Allan Poe that he fashioned a poem containing two names, so arranged as to run diagonally through it. Quite recently Mr. Carleton Brown has published a volume of poems of two of the minor poets of Elizabeth's reign, Sir John Salus-

bury and Robert Chester, which contain a variety of curious acrostics. This is one:—

Poesie III

Tormented heart in thrall, **Y**ea thrall to loue,
Respecting will, **H**eart-breaking gaine doth grow,
Euer Dolobel**i**a, **T**ime so will proue,
Binding distres**s**, **O** gem wilt thou allowe,
This fortune my will, **R**epose-lesse of ease,
Vnlesse thou **L**ed**a**, **O**uer-spread my heart,
Cutting all my ru**th**, dayne **D**isdaine to cease,
I yeilde to fate, and welcome endles **S**mart.

Mr. Brown says,[1] "In printing these poems herewith I have displayed the acrostic letters in bold-face type lest some of them should elude the reader's eye," and of this poem in particular he says that we find in it "the three names Dorothy Cutbert halsall, the last being formed of the terminal letters immediately preceding the cæsura," or comma. That the reader may be relieved from wasting time over this vexatious acrostic, we reproduce it as Mr. Brown does.

To get the name we begin on the capital *D*, the fifteenth letter from the end of the line next to the last, and read upwards on the capitals to the *Y* in "Yea." This yields "Dorothy." We then read upward from the line next to the last on the first initial capitals to *T* of the first line, which yields "Cutbert"; then we read upward again, starting with the *h* in the word "ruth," and taking the letter preceding the comma in each line to the last *l* in the word "thrall." This yields "halsall," and we then have the full name "Dorothy Cutbert halsall," the name of Sir John's sister-in-law, the wife of Cuthbert Halsall, and the last line is signed "J. S," John Salusbury.

Poe gives this acrostic which contains the name "Sarah Anna Lewis." Begin to read on the first letter of the first line; the second letter on the second line, the third letter on the

[1] Carleton Brown, *Bryn Mawr College, Monographs*, vol. xiv. Bryn Mawr, 1913.

third line, and so on until you reach the letter *s* at the end of the word "names" in the last line: —

An Enigma

"Seldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,
"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.
Through all the flimsy things we see at once
As easily as through a Naples bonnet —
Trash of all trash! — how *can* a lady don it?
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff —
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.
The general tuckermanities are arrant
Bubbles — ephemeral and *so* transparent —
But *this* is, now — you may depend upon it —
Stable, opaque, immortal — all by dint
Of the dear names that lie concealed within't.[1]

We give these examples simply to illustrate the complex character of some acrostics, and as an introduction to the question of Bacon's use of acrostics. This question is ably treated in the elaborate work on Acrostics of Mr. William Stone Booth. The following affords both an explanation of principle and an illustration of method.[2]

[1] Edgar Allan Poe, *Works*, vol. III, p. 24, quoted by William Stone Booth, *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon*, p. 74. Boston, 1909.

[2] For criticism of method see Frank A. Kendall, *William Shakespeare and his Three Friends*, Boston, 1911. Also *The Nation*. January 20, February 10, 1910.

SYMBOLISM

For our purposes it may be very briefly stated that the thesis of W. S. Booth is that in a series of corresponding places like that of preface, conclusion; first or last stanza; prologue or epilogue, in a given set of books suspected to have been written by a person other than him whose name is on the title-page, it is very highly improbable that the types will chance to fall so that they disclose the name of the suspected man by the application of any definite, systematic method of using the consecutive letters or pages taken in the given set of books under discussion.

As an instance of this principle, suppose that this page is the first page of a book by one "Jones" and which is for various reasons suspected to have been written by Francis Bacon; and suppose that Jones had written twenty other books. How probable is it that in the *first* page of, say, even five of these twenty books by Jones, we could take the accidental fall of the types on the page (that is the fall irrespective of their meaning), and spell Francis Bacon from one end of the string of types to the other, beginning from the letter at either of the four corners. It is so *un*likely, that if the types are found to disclose the suspected name by the application of this method, in a series of corresponding places in the set of books above mentioned, it is so because the typography has been intentionally arranged to do so.

Authorship is not necessarily proved by the demonstration of intention in the rigging of the types. A signature on a draft is not necessarily authentic because it is accepted by a bank official. But the systematic use of an intentional typographical trick concealing the name of the same man in his own work as well as in that of his supposed alter-ego would put beyond the peradventure of a reasonable doubt the proof that the author himself had played with his own name.

Note that the *first initial letter* of the foregoing is *F;* and that the *initial letter* at the end of the string of types is the initial *N* of the word "name."

Begin to spell at the *initial F*, take the *next initial R*, then the *next initial A*, and so on, taking the *next letter* as it comes next in the string of initial letters, whether capital or not, and spelling FRANCIS BACON. You will find yourself at the end of the string and on the initial N, above alluded to.

How likely is the name of Francis Bacon to appear on the first page of a series of epistles written by the same man by the application of the above definite method of spelling between the ends of strings of type which occupy similar and corresponding places, unless the name has been "rigged" into the page intentionally? It is of course possible, but very highly improbable.[1]

Rawley says that Bacon marked all the plays. In the scene in the "Tempest" where Prospero is about to reveal to Miranda the secret of her birth, appears this acrostic:—

Pros. Sit downe.
For thou must now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

I, II.

One of the most interesting acrostics is found at the beginning of "Lucrece," first edition of 1594:—

FRom the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
Lust breathed Tarquin, leaves the Roman host,
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
Of Colantines fair love, Lucrece the chast.

Here we have the author revealed in a monogram equivalent to *FR. B. LAW*. *AO-ALPHA* and *OMEGA*, or beginning and

[1] Mr. W. S. Booth has kindly furnished me with this example.

end. This cannot be ascribed to chance. It is plainer than most similar acrostic signatures of ancient authors.

The fifteenth stanza of "Lucrece" unmistakably reveals Bacon. We have already spoken of his habit of writing upon the margins of his books, a habit then so unusual as to be virtually unknown. The lines to which we particularly request attention, since they furnish a psychological clue to the authorship of the poem, quite as important as the acrostic in its first stanza, which cannot be ignored, are these:—

But she that never copt with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books,
  She toucht no unknown baits, nor feared no hooks,
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were opened to the light.

The fixed habit of Bacon, alluded to above, furnished him with a constant motive to its exercise, and it was but natural, that when the conception of the hidden secrecies in the eyes of the chaste Lucrece dawned upon him, he should associate it with the secrecies "writ" on the margins of his book. The conception of this simile could only occur to one familiar with the practice of such writing, and this could not possibly have been the actor. To remove all doubt, however, the author has formed from the initial letters of this stanza, as in the former instance, an acrostic B C N W Sh N M, leaving only the vowels to be added to make "Bacon, W. Sh. Name."

This is not coincidence or chance. The care bestowed upon initial and terminal words evidence this. Note the beginnings of lines 939-58 and endings of lines 127–31, 428–34, in the sonnets for instance. This method of leaving vowels to be supplied in a verbal puzzle is no doubt familiar to the reader of the youth's column of the modern newspaper.

XII

ANONYMOUS AND PSEUDONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP

To understand Francis Bacon we must keep in view the dominant motive of his life. It is embodied in these words: "It is enough, son, that I have sown unto Posterity and the immortal God." Truth has ever been distasteful to despotism, hence the men of his day who realized the mental barrenness which prevailed in the world, and desired to enrich it, were obliged to veil their efforts from the jealous eyes of those in power. This was the reason why Rosicrucianism flourished. As its single purpose was to convey knowledge to mankind, it sanctioned some methods which to one who does not realize the dangers which encompassed it seem childish. This is one of the keys to the mystery which shrouded much of Bacon's life. That he employed a large portion of it in writing anonymously, or under the names of real or fictitious persons, cannot be successfully denied.

It is well to keep in view the important facts to which we have alluded: that Spedding, Bacon's indefatigable biographer, could not connect him with the authorship of any important published work for fifteen years after his return from the French Court; that the "Advancement of Learning," published at the age of forty-four, was his first published work of importance, and Rawley's statement that he wrote the majority of his philosophical works during the five closing years of his life. It must have been in the earlier period of his career, then, that many of the anonymous plays, afterwards published under the pen name, "Shake-speare," or "Shakespeare," were written. It is important that we should give due weight to his reputation as a poet and wit, and to the fact that his dramatic talent was always in requisition when a masque was

wanted at Court or Gray's Inn. He had "filled up all numbers," said Jonson, and many others were quite as emphatic in their praise of his poetic genius; besides, we have this positive and unquestionable statement of Rawley, "For very many poems, and the best, too, I withhold from publication; but since he himself delighted not in quantity, no great quantity have I put forth." [1]

Note also these lines:—

> Nor need I number the illustrious works
> Which he has left behind, Some buried lie;
> But Rawley, his "Achates" ever true,
> Has given leave that some may see the light.[2]

Some have endeavored to find a solution for this in his philosophical works, which others characterize as prosaic and dry.

Probably no man of his age was so indefatigable a student as he. We cannot conceive of idleness in Francis Bacon. His dominant purpose was authorship, and, says Rawley, he could not "take the air abroad in his coach or some other befitting recreation, but upon his first and immediate return, would fall to reading again, and so suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present improvement"; and we are told how persistently he dictated his thoughts for transcription to the young men in his service whom he addressed as sons.

He must have done more literary work during the best years of his life than write bright letters or a few masques for the entertainment of the Court, and as playwriting would have ruined his official prospects, to say nothing of sensitiveness to public clamor, he of set purpose concealed his authorship as others often have done. This was made easier by his adoption of the Rosicrucian doctrine of Silence.

Many of the ephemeral scribblers of the day were dissolute and greedy for money with which to "ruffle it," when chance

[1] *Manes Verulamiani* (Introduction). [2] *Ibid.*

offered, with frequenters of the taverns and theaters, so that it was not difficult for a man like Bacon, who was on familiar terms with royalty, to borrow a name from almost any of these men. Others beside the Stratford actor did not object to the use of their names on occasions. Collaboration was common, and works were credited to men who never wrote, or, in any case, had little to do with them.

Discoveries, or supposed discoveries, of concealed authorship must necessarily encounter skepticism and ridicule. Indeed, when the writer first read of Bacon's use of the names of several men of his day, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Burton, and, especially, Spenser, he rejected the statement impatiently. It was a potion too offensive to swallow at once. A careful study of the lives of these men in connection with their surroundings, however, discloses the fact that the claim is not so absurd as it at first sight appears. Take, for instance, the case of one of the most noted men of Elizabeth's reign.

EDMUND SPENSER

The reader will be surprised, after studying his various biographies, to find, upon stripping them of fanciful trappings, not warranted by records, how obscure he was. Oldys ventures an attempt to settle his birthplace by a "tradition" that he was born near London Tower in East Smithfield, but F. F. Spenser, of Lancashire, offsets this tradition by a will, dated 1687, of a John Spenser of "Hurstwood near Burnley," which he is said to have inherited from a great-grandfather of an Edmund.[1] Some later writers have accepted Hurstwood as his birthplace upon this shadowy evidence, but Dr. Grosart says the burial registers of Burnley give the date of burial of an Edmund of Hurstwood November 9, 1577. This Edmund appears first in 1559. In 1564, Edmund and Robert were parties in a suit in the Chancery Court of Lancashire. Another Edmund, almost

[1] London *Notes and Queries*, vol. VII, p. 303; cf. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1842, pp. 141 *et seq.*

certainly one of these two, was buried in April, 1587.[1] As two Edmunds are recorded as being buried so near the proper date, Grosart concludes as follows:—

Edmund Spenser, first of all Spensers, was most probably — a probability next door to certainty in the light of genealogical facts already given(?) — eldest son of John Spenser, who is described as "free journeyman" of Merchant Taylor's Company in 1566, and "gent" in 1571.

With the words of Stubbs in mind, "Every parish must have a history; every parish has a register; every person has a parish," the present writer has searched the registers of births and marriages of London and other parts of England with meager success. Spenser names are found in the Registers,[2] but none whose birth date coincides with that of the Edmund in question. In Musgrave's "Obituaries" is the following: Spenser, "Edm. poet, 1598, æt. 86–88," with several references to sources. This would make his birth date either 1512 or 1510, as it is certain that he died in 1598. Evidently the chronicler was puzzled by discrepancies which he had noticed in the date of his death; hence he tentatively adopted both dates.[3]

In the Register of St. Clements Danes is the record, "26 August, 1587, Florence Spenser the daughter of Edmund." Collier claims her as the daughter of the "poet," though Todd positively asserts that he was a bachelor when he married in 1594.[4]

On October 1, 1569, Edmund Spenser was paid for bringing dispatches from Sir Henry Norris, the Queen's ambassador in France, "VI^{li} XIII^{s} IIIj^{d} and besydes IX^{li} prested to hym" by Norris.[5]

[1] Grosart's *Family of Spenser*, pp. xi, lxiv.

[2] Cf. Kensington, Middlesex; St. Marie Aldermarie; St. Dionis, Back Church; St. Michael, Cornhill, London.

[3] Harleian Society, Musgrave's *Obituaries*, vol. 48, p. 326.

[4] Cf. J. Payne Collier, F.S.A., *The Works of Edmund Spenser*. London, 1862; also cf. Todd's *Spenser*.

[5] Entry in the Office Book of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber.

Collier suggests that this Edmund was the father; but we have been assured that he was a journeyman tailor, and also that his name was John. But why did he think him the poet's father? Evidently by the discrepancies to which we have alluded. In addition to the payment to the dispatch-bearer, he had probably seen a curious rhymed epistle in Hakluyt, under date of 1568, written from Russia by George Turberville, who was attached to the English Embassy, beginning —

> If I should now forget, or not remember thee,
> Thou Spenser might'st a foule rebuke, and shame impute to me.[1]

This was addressed "To Spencer," but Anthony Wood in a sketch of Turberville identifies him in this manner. After speaking of the Embassy of Thomas Randolph to Russia, and the appointment of Turberville as his secretary, he says: —

> After our author arrived at that place, he did at spare hours exercise his muse, and wrote *Poems* describing the Places and Manners of the Country, An. 1568, writing to Edw. Duncie, Edm. Spenser, &c. at London.[2]

As we are endeavoring to find the truth about the age of the Spenser we are in search of, we should discard Wood's evidence. He was anxious to add to his list of notable scholars, and, venturing a guess according to historic custom, inserted "Edm" before Turberville's "Spencer." We are also enabled to eliminate a more important piece of evidence relative to his age.

In a letter of July 14, 1580, to Leicester, Sir William Pelham, Lord Justice of Ireland, wrote that "Spencer," who had "long served without any consideration or recompense, and now *grown into years*, would be glad to taste of her Majesty's bounty." [3] This has long been a stumbling-block to Spenser's

[1] Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*, etc., vol. III, p. 127. London, 1903.
[2] Anthony A. Wood, M. A., *Athenea, Oxonienses*, vol. I, p. 627; reprint of edition, 1691. London, 1815.
[3] Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts.

biographers. Without doubt, however, he refers to James Spencer, appointed Master of Ordnance in 1569. We find that he was Pelham's brother-in-law; in fact, he alludes to him in his correspondence as "his brother Spencer," and as having served as Master of Ordnance, which should be sufficient to identify him. The dispatch-bearer, Edmund, may well have been another of the same name, and we may dismiss both of these men from consideration. Evidence that the present date on Spenser's tomb in Westminister Abbey is incorrect needs no such support. If we refer to the 1679 Folio we find an engraving of this tomb bearing these lines:—

Such is the Tombe the Noble Essex gave
Great Spencer's learned Reliques, such his grave.
How 'ere ill-treated in His Life he were
His sacred Bones Rest Honourably Here.

An inscription above them is as follows:—

Heare lyes (expecting the Second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmond Spencer the Prince of Poets in his Tymme whose Divine Spirit needs noe other witness then the works which he left behind him he was borne in London in the yeare 1510 and died in the year 1596.[1]

The figure 6 we shall show was a mistake of Stow.

This Folio also says that he was

By his Parents liberally Educated, and sent to the University of *Cambridge*, where he continued a student in *Pembroke-Hall;* till upon the vacancy of a Fellowship, he stood in competition with Mr. *Andrews* (afterwards *Lord Bishop of Winchester*) in which he miscarried; and thus defeated of his hopes, unable any longer to subsist in the *College*, he repaired to some Friends of his in the North, where he staid, fell in love, and at last (prevail'd upon by the persuasions and importunities of other Friends) came to *London*.

Reference to the roll of Bishops of Winchester reveals to us that the Andrews above mentioned was Lancelot Andrewes,

[1] *The Works of that Famous English Poet, Mr. Edmund Spenser.* London, 1679. (From Folio in possession of author.)

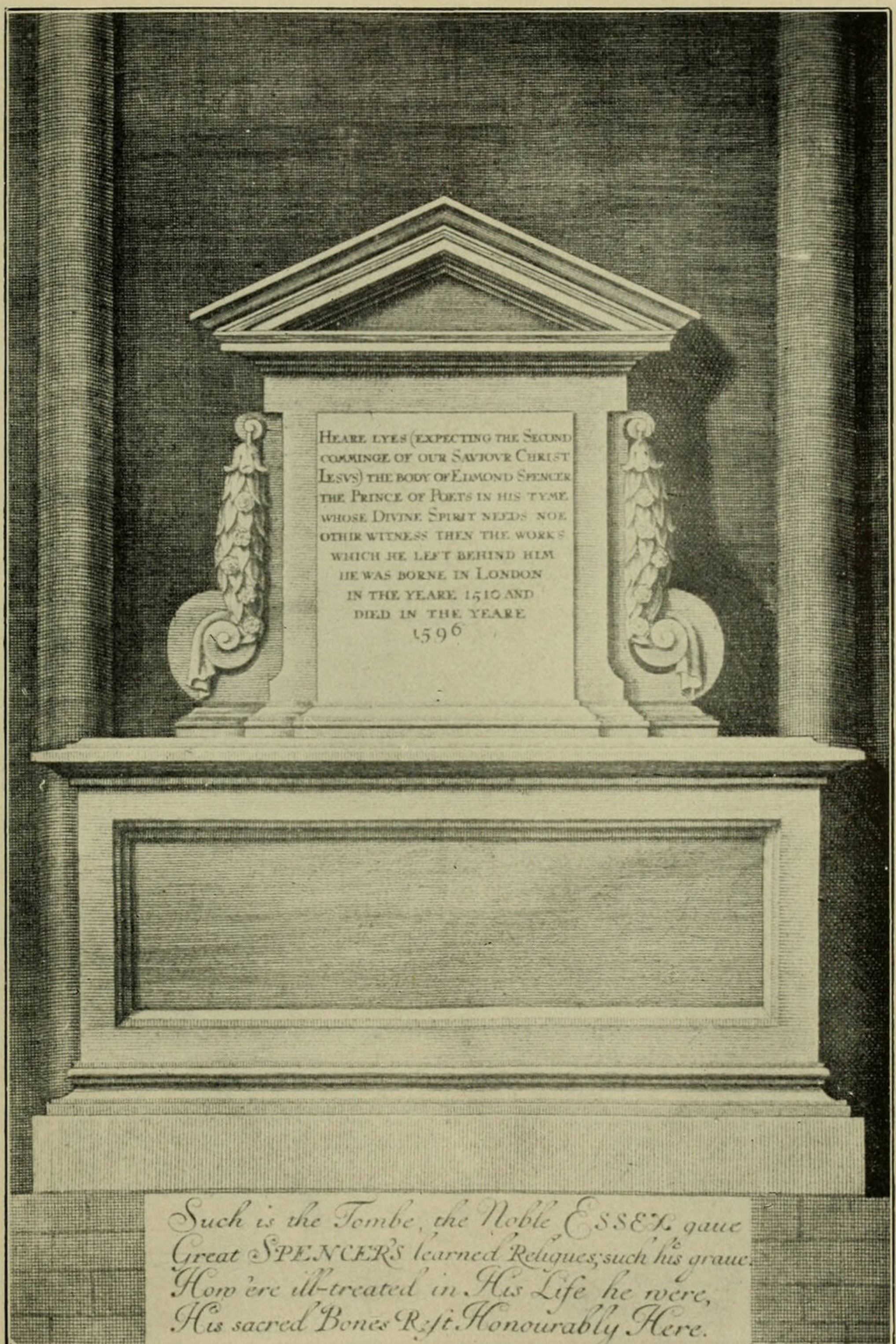
born in 1555; matriculated at Cambridge 1571; became B.A. 1575; Fellow 1576; M.A. 1578; Bishop of Winchester, 1618; and died 1626.

We give these particulars that the reader may have all attainable evidence relative to his age, as a guide in forming a correct judgment, for if the birth date on his monument in 1679 is correct, it will hardly be contended that he was the author of the "Faerie Queene." The monument now in the Abbey, a duplicate of that depicted in the Folio, bears the birth date, 1553, and the death date, 1598.

Whatever view we may take of the age of Spenser, there is no doubt that the birth date, 1510, was placed upon it at an early period. As no attempt has been made by the authors of his numerous fanciful lives to ascertain how early, let us attempt to do so, and we will begin with the engraving in the Folio of 1679, which furnishes an unquestionable starting-point. In doing so we refer to Thomas Dingley, a worthy "Old Mortality" of the reign of Charles II, who indulged himself in the melancholy amusement of haunting the grim shades of ancient churches, and copying therein inscriptions and mortuary emblems; so it happened that being in Westminster Abbey one day he copied the inscription on Spenser's monument, and gives us the correct death date, 1598, as well as the birth date, 1510, though, using a coarse pencil, or making a slip, the last figure looks about as much like a 6 as a cipher.[1] This correct death date, copied so near that of the Folio engraving, shows almost conclusively that the error was that of Stow, whom the editor of the Folio would be likely to follow.

In speaking of the "tomb" of Spenser, many writers, misled by the inscription beginning, "This is the Tomb the noble Essex gave," have supposed it to be the architectural structure shown in the Folio engraving, but this is an error. The writer, having consulted all the authorities on the subject

[1] Thomas Dingley, Gent., *History from Marble*, vol. II, p. 139; pl. 472. London, 1867.



Such is the Tombe, the Noble ESSEX gaue
Great SPENCER'S learned Reliques; such his graue:
How 'ere ill-treated in His Life he were,
His sacred Bones Rest Honourably Here.

back to the very rare edition of "*Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles*" of 1606, in the British Museum, finds in it the following inscription:—

Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facilè princeps, quod eius poemata faventibus Musis & victuro genio conscripta comprobant. Obiit immatura morte anno salutis 1598 & prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur qui fœlicisimè poesin Anglicis literis primus illustrauit. In quem hœc scripta sunt Epitaphia.

Ascertaining subsequently that there were two earlier editions of this work in the Museum, one of 1603, and one of 1600, we had them collated and found the inscription the same in all of them, except that in the edition of 1600, the name was printed Edwardus, and corrected after printing. This settles the status of the inscription which was on the wall over the body of Spencer, and if the present monument were removed, evidence of this is likely to be revealed. We may now ask, when was the monument which appears in the Folio of 1679 erected, and by whom? Essex died on February 25, 1601, and we know from the "Reges Reginæ" that it was not then erected. Allusions, however, to the Countess of Dorset, as having had something to do with it, have been made by several writers without explanation. That it was erected by her in 1620 will be seen from the following, taken from the notebook of Nicholas Stone, a celebrated architect and sculptor of such memorials. This notebook came into the possession of Vertue, and portions of it were copied by Walpole from whom we quote:—

1620 In Suffolke I made a tomb for Sir Edmund Bacon's lady, and in the same church of Redgrave I made another for his sister Lady (Gawdy) and was very well payd for them. And in the same place I made two pictors of white marbell of Sir N. Bacon and his Lady, and they were layd upon the tomb that Bernard Janson had made there, for the which two pictors I was payd by Sir Edmund Bacon 200 l.

I also made a monument for Mr. Spencer the poet, and set it up

at Westminster, for the which the Countess of Dorsett payes me 40 l.[1]

This shows that during nearly the entire year Stone was working for the Bacons, and settles beyond question the date of the erection of Spenser's monument which appears in the Folio of 1679, of which the present one in the Abbey is a counterpart excepting the birth date. Francis Bacon, then, must have known all about this tomb, if he did not have a hand in erecting it. Hoping to find other evidence of an interesting nature, the writer had the records of the Abbey searched, and the following is an extract from the report sent him:—

CHAPTER CLERK'S OFFICE,
THE SANCTUARY WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
20th November, 1913.

MR. BAXTER,—

DEAR SIR: . . . . . .

It seems — more than doubtful whether there was any inscription or tablet over his grave before 1620 when the first Monument was put up by Ann Clifford, Countess of Dorset, — there was no monument until this date. The Monument then put up was made of freestone and fell into such decay that in 1778 it was replaced by the present Monument which is of Marble and is a copy of the former one.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE A. RADCLIFFE.

Mr. Radcliffe is, of course, wrong in his opinion that there was not "any inscription or tablet before 1620," as we have shown. This report is accompanied by the following taken from the Records:—

Chapter 13th, April, 1778.

This day the reverend Dr. Younge acquainted the Dean and Chapter that he had received a Letter from Mr. Mason, who desired that leave might be given for restoring the Monument of Spenser in durable marble instead of the present mouldered Freestone; *and to correct the mistaken Dates of the Inscription.*

[1] Horace Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, vol. 1, p. 241. London, 1862.

We are thus enabled to fix the responsibility upon William Mason, an author of some repute in his day, of altering the date upon Spenser's monument without the least historical authority for so doing. Thus, beyond question, the present birth date was placed upon it a century after that in the Folio engraving, and in Dingley's sketch. As far as we know, this has passed unquestioned except that in Strype's Stow appears this: —

> H. K. in his *Monumenta Westmonest* fills up this Vacancy of the Year of his Birth, and makes it to be 1510. But this does not well comport with the *Latin* Inscription that he dyed morte immatura, i.e., an immature Death and yet lived to near 90 Years.[1]

Who was H. K., and when did he commit this act? A copy of the book we finally found in the National Library. His name was Henry Keepe, a clergyman, who says of Spenser's works: "Pity it was such true Poetry should not have been employed in as true a subject." The date of the book is 1683, and the pious author assures us that he was *careful to copy the inscriptions as he found them, leaving the responsibility of errors to those who made them.* This ought to be sufficient to discredit Stow, if we did not know that the date was there long before Keepe wrote the following: "Hard by the little East door, is a decayed Tomb of grey Marble, very much defaced, and nothing of the ancient Inscription remaining, which was in Latine, but of late there is another"; and he gives us the one we find in the 1679 engraving, namely, 1510.

There was, then, a "Latine" inscription, and Keepe had read it in one of Camden's or Stow's histories. It is certain that Strype, the editor of the "Survey," wrote loosely, for when he edited this edition of Stow the date was there, and Keepe had nothing to do with it whatever. The fact is evident that Strype, finding the date in Keepe, and being unacquainted with the engraving in the Folio, but familiar with Stow's

[1] Strype, *Stow's Survey of London and Westminster*, vol. II, p. 32. London, 1720.

earlier work, inferred that Keepe was responsible for the date he found in his book, and to make a sharp point against him was equally hasty in making "morte immatura" mean that he died at an immature age. This could not be truly said even of the Spenser who entered the Merchant Tailor's School in 1569. What was really meant was that his death was untimely, as it certainly was, for he was the bearer of important news to the Government in a grave crisis of affairs, and his needy family was suddenly deprived of his support.

We have now settled two important facts, namely, that prior to 1620 there was only a Latin inscription over the burial-place of Spenser, and that from 1679 to 1778 there was a birth date of 1510. The pregnant question is, Was this date placed on the monument by Nicholas Stone in 1620, or by some one between that date and 1679? There were three editions of Stow printed before his death in 1604, and several after; one in 1618, which has the same Latin inscription found in the edition of 1600, and one in 1633. The latter has the inscription shown in the Folio of 1679, except the birth date, which is blank: "He was borne in London in the yeere —— and died in the yeere 1596." This raises several queries, Did the editor of the 1633 Stow attempt to copy the dates at an hour when the inscription was in obscurity, and being uncertain left the birth date blank in his notes? He certainly got the death date wrong, which makes this seem probable, for Dingley, who was most painstaking, and an expert in such work, got it right; or was the birth date put on the monument between 1633 and the time when Dingley copied it, presumably a year or two before 1679? No one could have filled the blank without permission from the Abbey authorities, and there is nothing in the Abbey records to show that such permission was requested or granted. That the author of the brief sketch of Spenser's life in the Folio of 1679 got his erroneous death date from Stow seems probable, and quite as improbable that he got his birth date from Dingley's manuscript, which was not in print until

long after. Where, then, did he get it? He might have referred to Stow's work, and accepted the death date, and noticing the blank birth date have obtained it by personal inspection, without thinking it necessary to verify the death date. That the birth and death dates were put on the monument when Nicholas Stone erected it in 1620 seems a reasonable conclusion. If so, and it was wrong, many who knew Spenser should have remarked it. Ben Jonson did not die until 1637, and Bacon until 1626. Jonson must have been especially interested in the Abbey, for he had secured a place there. He had said to the King that he wanted two feet square of land, and when asked where he wanted it, replied, laughingly, in Westminster Abbey. The King good-naturedly granted his request, and he was buried standing, as was proved some years ago, when a burial was made adjoining his grave.

We have exhausted all known methods to clear from doubt the question of Spenser's birth date. If it were not placed upon the monument when it was erected in 1620, we trust that evidence may yet be brought forth to show it. This will not be done, however, by pursuing the easy though alluring methods of the past. Thus far the same fashion of building up Spenser's life as that employed by the biographers of the Stratford actor has been resorted to. A few, a very few, incidents have been taken as a foundation, and upon these has been reared an airy fabric of surmises which, to uncritical readers, looks substantial enough, but when critically examined is found to be an illusion.

At this point let us inquire how his father's name and birthplace were determined. Among the many of the name then living in England this record was found, "Edmund Spenser Scoller of the M'chant, Tayler, Schoole, 1569," and the inference was made that his father was a tailor. Search was made for a man of that profession, and one was found named John. Without the least proof that this man was related to this Edmund,—for it should be remembered that children of

fathers not of the tailor's profession were admitted to this school, — John, the tailor, was made to head his genealogy, and as he practiced his humble calling in London, this city was, of course, assumed to be his birthplace, though it might as well have been any other place in the realm. To buttress this assumption resort was had to the poems, and these lines were found in the "Prothalamion": —

> At length they all to merry *London* came
> To mery *London*, my most kyndly Nurse
> That to me gave this Life's first native sourse
> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of ancient fame.[1]

Quite as difficult a problem was his age, as we have already seen. Mason saw this, and, being a lover of the Spenser poems, cast about to solve it. To leave it as it was might ultimately invalidate the Irish secretary's title to the "Faerie Queene." In his reading he found these lines in the "Amoretti": —

> since the winged God his planet cleare
> begun in me to move, one year is spent:
> the which doth longer unto me appeare,
> than al those fortie which my life outwent.[2]

Mason assumed that the date of the composition of these lines was 1594, and adding one year to the "fortie" found in them, subtracted the sum from that date, which gave him the convenient date of 1553. This date he substituted for the ancient date on the monument. Was he right in so doing? Referring to the sonnet the editor of the Cambridge edition of the poems remarks that "al those fourty" is a phrase somewhat too convenient to inspire confidence.[3] In assuming these lines to be personal, Mason after all does not settle the question of the birth date. Dr. Grosart, who has given us our best biography of him, — if it is proper to dignify work so largely constructed of surmises by this title, — takes this humorous

[1] Folio 1611, 8th stanza. [2] Folio 1611, Sonnet 60.

[3] *The Complete Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser*, etc., vol. 1, p. 11. Cambridge ed. Boston, 1908.

view of the method of deducing his age from the expression "al those fourty":—

It is, however, to be noted what the mutilated quotation of the Sonnet hitherto has hidden, that on his Life ("my life outwent") in another line, epexegetical of the other, he characterizes "fourty yeares" as having been wasted in long languishment of love and loving. If we attach precision to the former, equal precision must be attached to the latter; and this being so, it seems needful to allow some limited term of years to have gone before the "fourty." He can hardly have begun to "languish" until he had passed into his early teens at soonest. Yet if "fourty yeares" are to be taken strictly, we have been inaugurating his "languishment" while still "Muling and puking in his nurse's arms."[1]

It is evident that Dr. Grosart had little confidence in the peculiar method of settling genealogical problems adopted by some of his predecessors. The poems having been found to be so prolific in genealogical data, it was surmised that they might conceal other hints, and they did, for to the "Amoretti" and "Epithalamion" we are indebted for his mother's name, the date of his marriage, and the name of his wife. The "Amoretti" and "Epithalamion" present to us a difficult problem. The first consists of eighty-nine sonnets, and the latter of twenty-four strophes, and have been regarded as embodying Spenser's prenuptial and nuptial experiences. Both were entered for publication on the Stationers' Register, November, 1594, and from this fact, and this fact alone, it has been assumed that they were written not long prior to that date. Though containing some of the best poetic lines written by their author, both poems pour forth one long fanfaronade of nuptial passion, and we refuse to believe that their author intended to reveal himself through them to public gaze. It would have been too indelicate, though he might have composed them for a friend or patron. The sonnet assumed to reveal the names of his mother and wife is as follows:—

[1] Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, LL.D., F.S.A., *The Complete Works of Edmund Spenser*, etc., vol. 1, p. 2. London, 1882–84.

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was first desynd
the which three times thrise happy hath me made
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
from mother's wombe derived by due descent
the second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
that honour and large riches to me lent.
The third, my love, my lives last ornament,
by whom my spirit out of dust was raised:
to speake her prayse and glory excellent,
of all alive most worthy to be praised.
Ye three Elizabeths for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.[1]

We will accept, tentatively, the declaration that the author of this sonnet was "derived by due descent from one of the three Elizabeths": Bacon was, if we accept the cipher story. There is, however, an *équivoque* in the verbal form of the declaration. His "being" is said "by kind" to have been "derived by due descent" from one of the Elizabeths. This might be said with propriety by a more remote descendant even than a son. For instance, Charles I, whose mother's name was Anna, might have said that "by kind," that is, by kin or kindred, he was "derived by due descent" from Mary Queen of Scots. The question is, Did the poet intend to be understood as claiming that both his mother and wife bore the illustrious name of his Queen? In considering this question we should remember a peculiarity conspicuous both in the "Shakespeare" Sonnets and the "Faerie Queene." In both the poet, by a deft exercise of literary *finesse*, changes personalities at will. In the case of Elizabeth we have in the latter Belphœbe, Gloriana, and Britomarte, quite distinct personalities, yet they are all Elizabeth under different aspects. We suggest, therefore, that the poet might be addressing Elizabeth under different aspects, though in this case more intimately. We may also inquire if his declaration that his wife

[1] The Folio of 1611 (from Author's copy), p. 489; cf. Francis J. Child, *The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser*, vol. v, p. 278. Boston, 1855.

was "of all alone most worthy to be praised," not excepting his Queen, could have been made without a serious breach of etiquette? It might have been made to his wife in the privacy of domestic life, but to have sent these lines to the jealous and imperious Elizabeth is another matter, and might have made the writer *persona non grata* forever after, if it did not subject him to a charge of *lèse majesté*. Besides, the "Amoretti" and "Epithalamion" contain terms of ecstatic admiration which were her prerogative as is evinced by a careful reading. Think of one of her subjects saying of his wife as publicly as this was said by one whom his biographers claim was a courtier —

that he would ween
Some Angel she had been
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowrers atween.
Her goodly eyes like Saphyres showing bright
Her forehead Ivory white.

It should be noted how faithfully these lines depict the Queen in the exaggerated style of the period. Her rosy cheeks are said to be

Like crimson dyde in grain
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altar do remain
Forget their service and about her fly.

Epithalamion, Folio 1649.

Such terms as the following could hardly have been applied to the poor Irish clerk's wife: —

The soveraigne beauty which I do admire
Witness the world how worthy to be prais'd
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness rais'd
The glorious pourtract of that Angel's face
Made to amaze weak mens confuséd skill.

Amoretti, ibid.

These examples remind one of the manner in which her courtiers were wont to address the Queen. Angel was a term

often applied to her. For a son to have addressed his mother under the aspects of a "bestower of honour," a "lender of riches," and above all a being "most worthy to be praised," would have been a gracious and acceptable thing. By riches the poet, of course, meant mental riches in the sense in which he employed it in his "Astrophel": —

> To her he vow'd the service of his daies,
> On her he spent the riches of his wit.

Let us now inquire how the date of Spenser's marriage was determined. In the "Epithalamion" are these lines: —

> Ring out ye bells, ye young men of the town,
> And leave Your wonted labors for the day:
> This day is holy; do you write it down
> That ye for ever it remember may.
> This day the sun is in its chiefest hight,
> With Barnaby the bright.[1]

The "Amoretti" and "Epithalamion" were entered upon the Stationers' Register, November, 1594, and the marriage is assumed to have taken place six months before on St. Barnabas Day, June 11. It might have been placed six years before with as much propriety. Desiring to ascertain if possible the true date of Spenser's marriage, we have endeavored to obtain from the Church Registers in the County of Cork evidence of the event, but thus far, without result.

We should call attention to two documents discovered by Dr. Grosart; one a petition of Sylvanus Spenser, eldest son of Edmund Spenser, declaring that the petitioner "was seized in his desmene in fee of Kyllcollman, and divers other lands and tenements — in the county of Corke, which descended to your petitioner by the death of his said father," and which came into the hands "of Roger Seckerstone and the petitioners mother which they unjustly detayneth." This was in 1603. The other document is an Indenture of May 3, 1606, between

[1] Folio 1611, p. 480.

"Sir Richard Boyle — and Elizabeth Boyle als Seckerstone of Kilcoran, widow."[1]

We have no disposition to question this, though it seems to conflict seriously with the assumed date of Spenser's marriage, as Sylvanus could not have been over eight years of age at the time he petitioned. It has been "assumed," of course, that he was represented by a guardian or other authorized person, but this nowhere appears, which makes it seem probable that he was of legal age in 1606.

But there is another curious fact connected with the Spenser of the biographers. "At some time after leaving college," we are told, "Spenser went to reside in the North of England, it may be with relatives in Lancashire — and early in 1579 we find him residing in Kent," and on the 16th of October at Leicester House where he was until August, 1580, at which time he received the appointment of secretary to "Lord Grey of Wilton deputed to the Government of Ireland."[2]

Thus in 1580, Spenser went with Gray to Ireland, where with others he was granted land. Here he passed his life until a few weeks before his death in 1598. This date is fixed beyond peradventure by Chamberlain, "London, this 17th of January, 1598, Spenser our principall poet, coming lately out of Ireland, died at Westminster on Saturday last."[3] In 1596, was sent to the Queen his view of conditions in Ireland, in which he related the following incident:—

> At the execution of a notable traytor at Limericke called Murrogh O Brien, I saw an old woman which was his foster mother take up his head, whilst he was quartered, and sucked up all the blood that runne thereout, saying that the earth was not worthy to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and brest, and tore her haire, crying out and shrieking most terribly.[4]

[1] Rev. Alexander Grosart, *The Complete Works*, etc., vol. I, pp. 198, 556.
[2] Grosart, vol. I, p. 2.
[3] *Letters written by John Chamberlain*, p. 41. London, 1861.
[4] Edmund Spenser, Esq., *A View of the State of Ireland, 1596*, in *Ancient Irish History*, vol. II, p. 104. Dublin, 1809.

The date of this execution is thus fixed in a letter of Sir William Drury to Leicester, dated July 8, 1577, in which he says: —

> The first day of this month, I adjourned the sessions for the county of Limerick until a new warning and caused one Murrough O. Bryan — to be executed.[1]

This was more than three years before the departure of our biographers' Spenser for Ireland. How can this and other incidents, described in the "View of Ireland" as taking place before 1580, be accounted for? Spenser's latest biographer admits that

> We have evidence, not altogether conclusive, that in that year (1577) he was with Sir Henry Sidney in Ireland acting as one of his secretaries.[2]

Would this evidence based on Spenser's own statement fail to be conclusive were it not for a preconceived theory?

Dismissing the question of Spenser's age, which, had we raised it two centuries or more ago, would have been as positively affirmed as if we had questioned a favorite dogma, and we should have been curtly directed to his monument for confirmation, let us now pass to a brief consideration of the works now accredited him. The first, the "Shepherd's Calendar," the name of a popular almanac, was published anonymously in 1579. It was dedicated to Sidney, and a prefatory poem followed, signed *Immerito*. That this pseudonym was supposed to be a mask of Sidney is shown by Whetstones, who ascribed the "Calendar" to him in these words: —

> The last Shepherd's Calendar, the reputed work of Sir Phil Sidney, a work of deep learning, judgement and witte, disguised as Shep's Rules.[3]

In 1590 appeared the "Faerie Queene." In this the name, Spenser, first appeared in a letter addressed to Ralegh, dated January 23, 1589.

[1] Carew Papers, vol. II, p. 104.
[2] *Complete Poetical Works of Spenser*, p. xiii. Cambridge Ed., Boston, 1908.
[3] George Whetstones, *Sir Phillip Sidney*, etc., p. 101. London, 1587.

The "Faerie Queene" is a poetical romance of chivalry evidently conceived by a very young man, partly finished, and later added to, but finally left incomplete. It illustrates under a thinly veiled allegory the reign of Elizabeth, and here we have one number of the combination to unlock the secret to the author's personality. As in the "Shakespeare" Sonnets, so in the "Faerie Queene," by a deft transition the personality of a character is changed as the imagination of the poet is flashed upon some quality in it which is needed to round out his artistic scheme, an artifice peculiar to Ariosto; thus Elizabeth — the Faerie Queene — in her rôle of royalty is Gloriana, of Chastity is Britomarte, and in that of a gentle lady is Belphœbe; Essex is Artegal, or Lord Grey, according to the poet's conceit, and he adumbratively entertains us with historic combats between Henry IV and Philip II: besides we have reminders of Mary Queen of Scots, and Leicester's campaign in the Netherlands, and other historic characters and events. The sudden shifting of personalities in the Sonnets has been the despair of theoretical critics. In the "Faerie Queene," however, the glosses assist us in recognizing them. Another number to the combination is furnished by the moral purpose disclosed by the author. His aim is to teach, to contribute to the advancement of learning, by a number of poetical Essays treating of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy; the last on Mutability being left unfinished. This is remarkable, for it fits into the scheme of the "Shakespeare" Works and the Essays of Bacon. We have already referred to the fact that the "Shakespeare" Works are dramatic Essays treating of Revenge ("Hamlet"); Ambition ("Macbeth"); Love ("Romeo and Juliet"); Jealousy ("Othello"); Avarice ("Merchant of Venice"); Envy ("Julius Cæsar"); Hypocrisy ("Measure for Measure"); etc.; and have called attention to the Civil and Moral Essays of Bacon coördinal with them, treating of Truth, Envy, Death, Adversity, etc. It is certainly remarkable that in the "Faerie

Queene" we find precisely the same purpose which culminates in the great philosopher's Civil and Moral Essays. Is it not impossible to believe, that in a day so uncongenial to educational effort, there were three individuals, a poor clerk in a government office, an uneducated actor, and a great thinker who had taken all learning for his province, all inspired by one and the same purpose, namely, of instructing the world by moral Essays, each in a distinct literary form, one employing poetry, another the drama, and yet another philosophy? We leave the answer to our reader.

During the next five years most of the "Spenser" Works appeared in print. In 1611 they were collected and published in folio by some one unknown, with the name "Edmund Spenser" on the title-page. This title-page is so remarkable that we have reproduced it for the particular attention of the reader. The Folio also contained the "Shepherd's Calendar," which had hitherto been anonymous, with its *Immerito* poem. In a collection of works like this we should expect to find a sketch of the author's life, but in this case nothing of the kind appears.

In 1679, however, the folio already mentioned appeared with its meager sketch of Spenser. This has served as a basis for all subsequent writers to build their airy fabrics upon. We have seen what the unknown author of this sketch said regarding the date of his birth. He did something quite as mischievous which succeeding writers have blindly accepted without critical examination. Seeing the *Immerito* poem, and, it would seem, concluding that this was a *nom de plume* of Spenser, and also knowing of certain correspondence of Gabriel Harvey with one *Immerito*, he included in the volume five of these letters, assuming that Harvey's correspondent was Spenser. In these letters, and the evident fact that the "Shepherd's Calendar" unmistakably revealed the work of a young man, we find why in 1778, a hundred and eighty years after Spenser's death, Mason saw the necessity of changing the dates upon the monument. To alter the dates on a man's monument

so long after its erection was certainly a most reprehensible proceeding, but how shall we regard his biographers, who have adopted without question Mason's theory, and have condoned his offense, as well as that of the unknown author of 1679 who foisted the *Immerito* letters upon us?

We have already shown why *Immerito* was supposed to be Spenser's pen-name: Harvey also addresses the same correspondent as *Benevolo*. The question is, Do Harvey's letters identify Spenser, the Cambridge sizar, with the author of the "Faerie Queene"? Says Harvey's editor, "It is curious that Edmund Spenser's name does not occur, and that there is not the slightest allusion to him in any of the twenty-five letters above mentioned." [1]

This certainly opens the door for us to inquire whether they really were addressed to him. There seems to be ample internal evidence that they were not.

The letters of Harvey reveal to us a most conceited and egotistical personality, erratic and quarrelsome to the border line of irrationality. His editor says of him that "being on the one hand the son of a ropemaker, he is a perfect master of all the vulgar slang and homely proverbs of his time; and being on the other hand, one of the most deeply read men of his age, and having, evidently, a most retentive memory, he employs the most out-of-the-way terms, and the most long-winded sentences to express his meaning." Yet allowing this, can we imagine him addressing, in that age of sharp social distinctions, a tailor's son and charity scholar, and, withal, seven years younger than himself, as "So honest a yuthe in ye city"; "so trew a gallant in ye courts"; "so towarde a lawier"; and "so witty a gentleman"; "Il magnifico Segnoir Immerito"; "I presume of our oulde familiaritye"; "Your gracious Mastershippe"; "Your Worship"; "Magnifico Signor Benevolo"; and "I take my leave of your Excellencyes feete"?

It would seem that such terms were more absurd than even

[1] Edward John Lord Scott, *Letter-book of Gabriel Harvey*, p. viii. London, 1884.

Gabriel Harvey in his absurdest moments could possibly apply to one whose social position even he regarded as inferior, for sizars were obliged to perform menial services, which the paid student like himself scorned, and he has expressed himself respecting them by comparing "The raskallest siser in the university with the beggarliest mendicant frier in a country." Not a single term employed by Harvey describes the subject of his obsequious adulation. Certainly he was not a lawyer, toward or otherwise; nor could he have addressed him as "courtier and a gentleman." True, the biographers of Spenser, like those of the Stratford actor, have exhibited him as a favorite figure in Elizabeth's Court, but there is not the least evidence of this; in fact, he was so disliked that Burghley is said to have kept him from her presence, and that worthy old gossip, Fuller, says that the only way he could devise to get a hundred pounds which she had promised to bestow upon him, was to waylay her with "a witty rhyme" when she was making a journey, a very common device for wits out at elbow to employ, as we have observed.

This story which, without reason, has given color to his reception at Court, has its origin in a yarn by one, Touse, to another London gossip, Manningham, and has been considerably enlarged by a third, Fuller. Hales relates a quite different story, but they are not worthy of repetition.[1]

It should be remembered that Harvey, Bacon, and the sizar Spenser, were at Cambridge at the same period, and that it was something worth while for men like Harvey to be on speaking terms with this aristocratic young son of the Great Lord Keeper, favorite of the court, and on familiar terms with the Queen. Such expressions as we have quoted were in the fashion of the times, and, if we may judge from similar examples, did not seem overstrained; but they would have been impossible of application to the tailor's son, a sizar, and espe-

[1] *John Manningham's Diary*, p. 435; Thomas Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 222; R. Morris, *Complete Works of*, etc., vol. 1, p. xiii, *et seq.*

cially by a man in his own class socially. Why, too, should he speak of him as "My yunge Italianate Seignoir and French Monseiur"? We know that Bacon had not long before returned home from his travels in Italy and France, so that Harvey might well have addressed him thus.

Of course the two *Immerito* letters to Harvey, one dated at Leicester House, October, 1579, and the other at Westminster the following April, should be noticed. The writer speaks in the first of a prospect of going abroad on some mission. This is cited as evidence of Spenser's authorship of the letters, because a year after, if he was not in Ireland already, he was sent there by Leicester. To ask us to accept this as evidence is simply begging the question. In the second letter, six months later, *Immerito* does not allude to a prospective journey, but speaks of "my Faerie Queene," "my Calendar," "my Dreames," and other works. In the latter he says are "Many things wittily discoursed of E.K. and the pictures so singularly set forth and portrayed, as if Michael Angelo were there, he could [I think] nor amende the beste, not reprehende the worse." These "Dreams" we should like to see, and what was discoursed of E. K., supposedly the author himself, though an unavailing effort has been made to identify the initials as those of an Edward Kirk, son of a boarding-house keeper.

Harvey, in his reply, omits allusion to the prospective journey in the first letter, but he speaks of "your nine Comedies," which indicates that *Immerito*, in addition to the poems spoken of, was also writing comedies. This is interesting, for comedies were in demand, and worth good money which their author needed. We wonder what became of them. Harvey also reveals in one of his fantastic screeds his correspondent's reasons for concealment in these words: "I take occasion to show you a peece of a letter receyved from Courte written by a friende of mine, that since a Certayn chaunce befallen him, a secret not to be revealed, calleth himself *Immerito*." [1]

[1] Harvey's *Letter Book*.

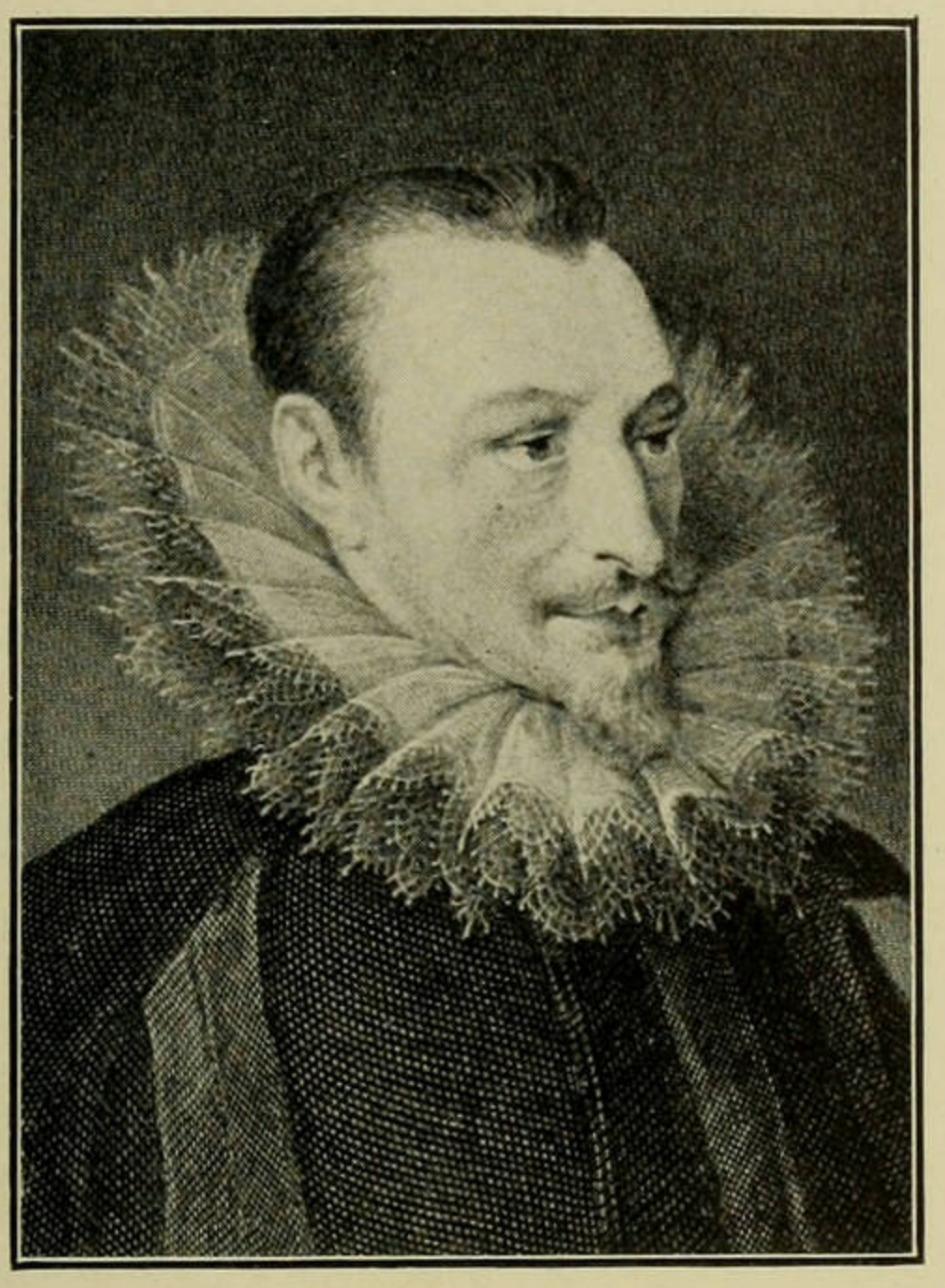
Certainly the poor tailor's son could not have been writing from Elizabeth's Court, nor by the wildest stretch of imagination can we conceive of his having a secret so great as to compel him to conceal his authorship of a poem; but, according to the cipher story, the young *attaché* to the French Court, so praised by Paulet, was then reveling in dreams of power, and possessed a very great secret which could not be disclosed. We may well ask if in this frame of mind he might not have woven into his poetical productions incidents of his own life, irrespective of any ciphers, and if this is not especially evident in the "Shepherd's Calendar" and "Mother Hubbard's Tale"? That he did this has been shown so well already, that to treat this phase of our subject would be a work of supererogation.[1] There are, however, other interesting points to consider.

Any one who looks through Spenser's different biographies will be struck with the portraits which illustrate them. Evidently the old trick of enterprising publishers, who, wanting a portrait, select a promising one from stock, has been resorted to in the case of Spenser. We present three as examples.

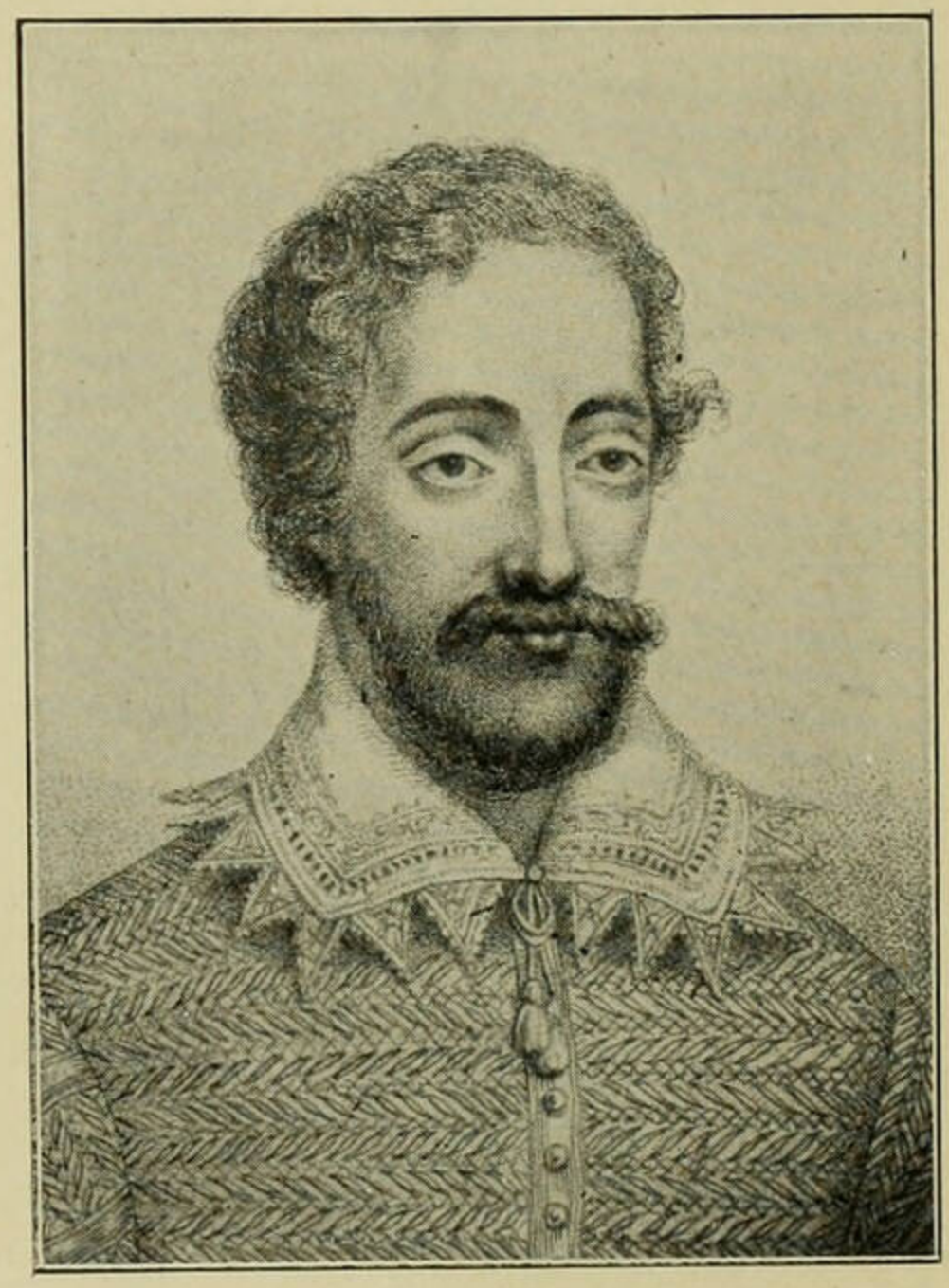
His verbal portrait was drawn by Aubrey in this graphic manner: "He was a little man, wore short hair, little band and little cuffs";[2] which may present him to us in a more lively manner than either of his portraits. The Edmund Spenser who passed his life in Ireland is represented always as a poor man, perhaps because of Fuller's rather pedantic comparison of him with an author of antiquity, who was said to have been more famous for his poverty than his writings.[3]

There is no positive evidence that he ever revisited England. His biographers give us several dates of visits adjusted conveniently to events, as the return of Lord Grey from Ireland, the publication of books accredited to him, and the bestowal of a small pension upon him. It should be noted that the Rolls Office, Dublin, discloses these facts: "August 12, 1580,

[1] See Granville C. Cunningham, *Bacon's Secret Disclosed.* London, 1911.
[2] Aubrey's *Lives*, *in loco.*
[3] Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 220.



THE "KINNOULL"



THE "WILSON"

EDMUND SPENSER

Lord Grey accompanied by his Secretary, Edmund Spenser, arrived." If the latter had been there under Sidney in 1577, he must have been well acquainted with the country.

March 22 (following) Spenser was appointed Clerk of Decrees and Recognizances of Chancery. In respect of his position as secretary to Lord Grey his patent was given "free of the seal." Lord Grey relinquished his office in August, 1582, but Spenser retained his position until the 22d June, 1588, when he was succeeded by Arland Usher.[1] "It is evident," says Hales, "that he did not return with Grey but abode still in Ireland."

Spenser merely changed his office of Clerk of Decrees for the more important position of Clerk of the Council of Ulster. The duties of these offices were exacting, and the salaries small. The incumbent could not safely have left them at any time without imperiling his interests. It was a maxim then well understood by all incumbents of public offices that it was "not safe to leave the stool empty." This office of Clerk to the Council, which demanded his closest attention, he seems to have held until the autumn of 1591, when on October 26, he was granted "the Manor and Castle of Kylcolman with other lands containing 3028 acres in the Barony of Fermoy, Country Cork, also chief rents forfeited by the late Lord Thetmore and the late traitor, Sir John Desmond."[2]

Any one who has studied the history of the confiscation of Irish estates by Elizabeth knows the difficulty which the grantees encountered, rendering *de facto* possession, and constant watchfulness, necessary to protect their grants; hence it was a condition of Spenser's grant that he should remain upon his estate, and he could not, if he would, have left Ireland safely; besides, the records reveal a startling condition of affairs. Colin, the gentle shepherd, when he did "assyne" his

[1] Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart., etc., *A Commentary on the Services, etc., of William Lord Grey*, p. xviii. London, 1847.

[2] *Memoirs*, etc., p. xxxii.

office "unto one Nicholas Courtneys," covenanted that he should be "free in said office for his cawses"; in other words, could prosecute suits at law without cost to himself; "by reason of which immunity," we are told, and the records disclose, he multiplied oppressive suits against many persons to get possession of their estates. Moreover, he showed the harshest spirit against the distracted natives, advocating measures "little short of wholesale depopulation." [1]

Trotter, describing the treatment of his countrymen by the English, thus alludes to him:—

> When Spenser, the poetic, the gentle Spenser, was guilty of these oppressive and unjust proceedings, the reader may easily guess at the conduct of his more ignorant and brutal fellow-planters by whom the country was converted into a desert. For these and other aggressions on the unfortunate natives, the poet soon afterwards felt the full weight of their vengeance.[2]

It is difficult to imagine Spenser amid the engrossing duties of his various offices, oppressed with the details of vexatious lawsuits, and struggling to maintain his estate, setting out for London to publish his poems and dawdle in Elizabeth's Court. In any case, the Spenser who went with Grey to Ireland in 1580 resided there till shortly before his death, and could not have been on a familiar footing at Court as some of the effusions credited to him might imply, nor had his bitter complaint as a suitor at Court any relevancy to him, though it perfectly coincides with Bacon's experiences and utterances.

The wonderful power of pictorial expression in the poems ascribed to Spenser alone finds its counterpart in the "Shakespeare" Works, and it is especially remarkable that as Marlowe is said to have exerted a dominating influence on the earlier works of this author, so it is said that Spenser exerted as marked an influence upon Marlowe. If this is the case, why

[1] James Hardiman, M.R.I.A., *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. 1, pp. 319–21. London, 1831.

[2] *Walks in Ireland.*

not go back to the fountain-head and say that Spenser influenced Shakspere? The important bearing of this criticism upon Bacon's authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works we propose to show by a few of a much greater number of quotations that might be made from not only Marlowe, but from Greene and Peele, the three other *personæ* whom Bacon, it is said, employed to reach the public ear.

> Several small works under no name wonne worthy praise. Next in Spenser's name also they ventured into an unknowne world. When I, at length, having written in diverse styles, found three, who for sufficient reward in gold added to an immediate renoune as good pens willingly put forth all works which I had compos'd, I was bolder.[1]

It is instructive to note how the orthodox Shaksperian critic associates his author with Greene, Peele, and Marlowe. Here is a familiar instance from Dowden:—

> In the Second and Third parts of "Henry VI," he [Shakspere] worked upon the basis of old plays written probably by *Marlowe* and *Greene*, possibly also Peele, and in the revision he may have had *Marlowe* as a collaborator.

If the Stratford actor's biographers had analyzed the works accredited to these men, and had frankly shown their readers the true status of the case, instead of cloying them with pleasant fiction, Shaksperian criticism would occupy a more creditable position than it does at present.

[1] *Biliteral Cypher*, p. 81.

XIII

A LITERARY SYNCRISIS

We propose to show by quotations from works now ascribed to Spenser, Greene, and Marlowe, not only a similarity of style, but the same thoughts and expressions, forcing one to the conclusion that either the men who have been hailed by careless critics as the foremost in England's Renaissance were criminal plagiarists, or the excerpts which we quote from the works accredited them were conceived by a single brain, and written by a single hand, which confirms what Bacon says in cipher, that he sometimes used what he wrote a second time to serve another purpose. Take "Locrine," "Selimus," and "Tamburlaine," and compare them with work attributed to Spenser. In the "Faerie Queene," published in 1590, the story of Locrine is told, but later it was dramatized, as appears by the Stationers' Register, and published in quarto in 1595 as a "Shakespeare" play, and included in the "Shakespeare" Folio of 1664. "Tamburlaine" was published in 1590, and "Selimus" in 1594. This, however, is not proof of the dates of their composition. "Selimus," like many other anonymous works, wandered fatherless until 1866, when Dr. Grosart assumed the liberty of appropriating it, as others had been doing in like instances, and included it in his edition of Greene.

The passages we quote are intended to illustrate our contention, that early poems drifting about previous to 1611, when they were gathered into the "Spenser" Folio of that date, were laid under contribution by their author to serve him in dramatic composition. The reader, knowing by repute the nominal authors of the works from which we quote, but unfamiliar with the works themselves, will be surprised by these comparisons which we make. The "Spenser" excerpts are

from the "Spenser" Folio of 1611, from Grosart's "Greene," and from "Locrine," in the "Shakespeare" Folio of 1664.

Spenser: High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe
Of wondrous length and streight proportion
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon.

Greene: Even as the lustie cedar worne with yeares,
That farre abroad her daintie odore throwes,
Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon.
Locrine, I, I.

Spenser: A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood
Having his hunger thoroughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide.

Greene: A Mightie Lion ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous strength and great proportion, —
Traverst the groves, and chast the wandring beast.
Locrine, I.

Spenser: A hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare.
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht gold,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peare;
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
Which through his entrailes spredding diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst.

Greene: High on a banke by Nilus boystrous streames,
Fearfully sat the Aegiptian Crocodile, —
His back was armde against the dint of speare,
With shields of brasse that shind like burnisht gold —
A subtill Adder creeping closely neare —
Privily shead his poison through his bones
Which made him swel that there his bowels burst.
Locrine, III.

This is from the "Ruins of Time," which it may be well to notice was written at St. Albans: —

Nigh where the goodly Verlame (Verulam) stood of Yore.
Spenser: But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis or stedfast happiness.

Greene: Oh what may long abide above this ground,
In state of blisse and healthfull happinesse.

Locrine, I.

This is from the "Ruins of Rome":—

Spenser: O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe
For to awake out of th' infernall shade,
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this ancient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument
To quicken with his vitall notes accord
The Stonie joynts of these old walls now pent
By which the Ausonian light might be restor'd!

Greene: O that I had Thracian Orpheus harpe
For to awake out of the infernall shade
Those ougly divels of black Erebus,
That might torment the damned traitors soule:
O that I had Amphions instrument
To quicken with his vitall notes and tunes
The flintie joynts of everie stonie rocke,
By which the Scithians might be punished.

Locrine, III, I.

Spenser: To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre
And beating downe these walls with furious word —
Heapt hils on hils to scale the starry skie
And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning overthrowe,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall. —
Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre
In a great mouttaine heapt with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse,
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie.

Greene: Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of warre
Beating downe millions with his furious moode;
And in his glorie triumphs over all,
Moving the massie squadrants of the ground;
Heape hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,
When Briareus armed with an hundreth hands
Floong forth an hundreth mountains at great Jove,
And when the monstrous giant Monichus
Hurld mount Olimpus at great Mars his targe,

And shot huge cedars at Minervas shield;
How doth he overlooke with hautie front
My fleeting hostes, and lifts his loftie face
Against us all that now do feare his force,
Like as we see the wrathfull sea from farre
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise
With thousand billowes beat against the ships,
And toss them in the waves like tennis balls.

Locrine, II, 5.

Marlowe: What means this devilish shepherd to aspire
With such a giantly presumption,
To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter? —
As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove.

Tamburlaine, II, 6.

We will now quote from the "Faerie Queene," Folio of 1611: —

Spenser: As when a wearie traveller, that strayes,
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmfull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, etc.

Marlowe: Even as the great Egyptian crocodile
Wanting his prey, with artificial tears
And feigned plaints, his subtle tongue doth file,
To entrap the silly wandering traveller.

Spenser: Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemed to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinus all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

Marlowe: I'll ride in golden armour like the sun
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring
Spangled with diamonds dauncing in the air,
To note the emperor of the three-fold world;

Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever-greene Selinus, quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
At every little breath that thorough heaven is blowne.

Tamburlaine, IV, 3.

Spenser: To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed.
Greene: And who are these covered in tomb-black hearse?

Selimus, II, 1265.

Spenser: And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Greene: Shall make thy carcase as the outcast dung.

Sel. I, 672.

Spenser: A gentle shepheard in Sweete eventide —
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest.

Greene: And like a shepherd mongst a swarm of gnats.

Sel. II, 2477.

Spenser: As he had travelld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde.

Greene: That hath his steps guided through many lands
Through boiling soil of Africa and Ind.

Sel. II, 2523.

Sel. Now Bajazet will ban another while
And utter curses to the concave skie
Which may infect the aiery regions.

Loc. Where I may damne, condemne and ban my fill, —
And utter curses to the concave skie
Which may infect the aiery regions.

Sel. More bloodie than the Antropophagie
That fill their hungry stomachs with men's flesh.

Loc. Or where the bloodie Anthrophagie
With greedie jaws devours the wandring wights.

Numerous similarities of expression are found in Marlowe's "Dido," "Dr. Faustus," and the "Jew of Malta."

These are but a few of hundreds of examples of the close parallelism in thought and expression which exist in works accredited to Spenser, Greene, Peele, and Marlowe whose

"mighty line" is so conspicuous in them all, as well as in the "Shakespeare" Works, that one theorist, at least, has ascribed the latter to him. Bacon says that he tried to vary his style to fit the names he used, yet was aware of his failure.

> Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> And keep invention in a noted weed
> That every word doth almost tell my name,
> Showing their birth, and where they did proceed.
>
> *Sonnet*, 76.

The claim of the decipherers that Bacon was the author of certain works which have been ascribed to Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and others, as startling as it appears, finds support in their lives, and especially in the character of their work. It is in the works of these three authors especially that Stratfordians claim to find the Shaksperian style of expression, and many of them assert, as we have seen, that the author of "Hamlet" collaborated with them. All were men of corrupt lives, who hung about the playhouses, picking up a living as occasional actors, playwrights, and literary hacks; but are now regarded as pioneers in the English Renaissance.

Our first biography of Peele is by Dyce,[1] but a better has since been written by Bullen.[2]

PEELE

His father, James Peele, a clerk of Christ's Hospital, appears from entries in the Court Book to have been very poor. George is supposed to have been born in 1552-53. By the help of the hospital he received his degree of B.A. at Oxford in 1577. Two years later his father was ordered "to discharge his howse of his sonne — and all other his howsold." Bullen says that "no doubt he had been carrying on high jinks at the Hospital with his roystering companions, and the Court was scandalized." He went to London, where he was living in 1581,

[1] Alexander Dyce, B.A., *The Works of George Peele*. London, 1828.
[2] A. H. Bullen, B.A., *The Works of George Peele*. London, 1888.

and was married in 1583. At college he was regarded as a writer of some merit, and on several occasions assisted in dramatic exhibitions at Christ Church. He was a degenerate, and in a vile book of jests which he wrote, he "figures," says Bullen, "as a shifty, cozening companion, ever on the elert to bilk hostesses and tapsters; and reversing Martial's *lasciva est pagina vita proba*," Bullen concludes, "his verse was honest, but his life wanton." Chambers more mildly remarks that he was not overscrupulous as to the means of relieving his necessities, and places him among dramatists, but not poets of his time. His career was, of course, short, for Meres thus records the end, which might have occurred some years earlier: "As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox";[1] and Bullen adds, "A sad death for one who had sung The Praise of Chastitie."

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

The two plays claimed for Bacon must have been very early productions. "The Arraignment of Paris" was a pastoral published several years after the death of Peele, and was played before the Queen by the Children of the Chapel. The *dramatis personæ* comprise the Gods, Goddesses, Cupids, Cyclops, Shepherds, Knights, and others, among whom are the characters with which we are familiar in the "Shepherd's Calendar," Hobbinol, Thenot, Diggon, and Colin Clout.

The following is from the Prologue of the first edition 1584:—

Enter ATE.

Condemned soule Ate, from lowest hell,
And deadlie rivers of the infernall Jove
Where bloudles ghostes in paines of endles date
Fill ruthles eares with never ceasing cries,
Beholde I come in place, and bring beside
The bane of Troie: beholde the fatall frute
Raught from the golden tree of Proserpine,
Proude Troy must fall, so bidde the gods above,

[1] Francis Meres, *Palladis Tamia*. London, 1598.

And statelie Iliums loftie towers be racet
By conquering handes of the victorious foe:
King Priams pallace waste with flaming fire,
Whose thicke and foggie smoake peircing the skie,
Must serve for messenger of sacrifice
T' appeaze the anger of the angrie heavens.

The play comprises some pleasant pastoral scenes; the meeting of Pan, Faunus, and Silvanus to welcome the Goddesses Juno, Venus, and Pallas to Mount Ida, with a song by Pan: —

The God of sheepeheardes and his mates,
With countrie chere salutes your states:
Faire, wise, and worthie as you bee,
And thanke the gracious Ladies three,
For honour done to Ida.

This is followed by a passage in the loves of Paris and Œnone, in which Paris is warned against faithlessness in love:

Gen. And whereon then shall be my Roundelay:
For thou hast hearde my stoore long since, dare say,
Of Daphne turned into the laurel-tree,
That shows a mirrow of virginity;
How fair Narcissus tooting in his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth fade;
How cunning Philomela's needle tells
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they lived not well, —
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask;
All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have any,
Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Œnone hath not many.
Par. Nay, what thou wilt; but sith my cunning not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.
Œn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's Curse*,
"They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!"
The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.
Par. No better thing; begin it, then: Œnone, thou shalt see
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.

The scene ends, —

Œn. Sweet shepherd, for Œnone's sake be cunning in this song,
And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her wrong.
Par. My vow is made and witnessed, the poplar will not start,
Nor shall the nymph Œnone's love from forth my breathing heart.
I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,
And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkiss'd unkind.
(*Exeunt.*)

Venus, Juno, and Pallas now appear, discover Paris alone, and, giving him a golden apple, bid him bestow it upon the one he considers most beautiful. Juno tempts him with a vision of a golden tree laden with diadems and crowns of gold; Pallas, with a vision of knights in armor, "treading a warlike almain by drum and fife"; and Venus, by a vision of Helen, attended by Cupids, who ravishes him by a love-song. Faithless to Œnone, he bestows the golden apple upon the wily Venus.

Colin Clout, the passionate shepherd, appears with other shepherds, and Colin sings: —

O gentle love, ungentle for thy deede.

This is succeeded by Œnone who fills the woods with her complaint of Paris, which is heard by Mercury who espouses her cause.

In the mean time the jealousy of June and Pallas is brought to bear upon Jupiter, and the arraignment of Paris before the high Court of the Gods is decided upon. Mercury bears the tidings to Venus: —

Mer. Faire lady Venus, let me pardoned bee
That have of longe bin well beloved of thee,
Yf as my office bids, my selfe first brings
To my sweete Madame these unwellcome tydings.
Ven. What nues, what tydings, gentle Mercurie,
In midest of my delites to troble me.
Mer. At Junoes sute, Pallas assisting her,
Sythe bothe did joyne in sute to Jupiter,
Action is entred in the court of heaven,

And me, the swyftest of the Planets seaven,
With warant they have thence despatcht away
To apprehende and finde the man, they say.

The Gods having assembled in Diana's bower, Venus appears with Paris before them, telling him:—

Then bashe not, sheepeherde, in so good a case,
And friendes thou hast, as well as foes in place.

The defense of Paris is perhaps the best part of the pastoral:—

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadful Jove,
And you thrice reverende powers, whom love nor hate,
May wrest awry, if this to me a man,
This fortune fatall bee, that I must pleade,
For safe excusall of my giltles thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the lesse,
That I a man must pleade before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the worldes amisse,
For her, whose beautie how it hath enticet,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.
But sith nor that, nor this may doe me boote,
And for my selfe, my selfe must speaker bee,
A mortall man, amidst this heavenlie presence:
Let me not shape a longe defence, to them,
That ben beholders of my giltles thoughtes.
Then for the deede, that I may not denie,
Wherein consists the full of myne offence,
I did upon commande: if then I erde,
I did no more than to a man belong'd.
And if in verdit of their formes devine,
My dazled eye did swarve or surfet more
On Venus face, than anie face of theirs:
It was no partiall fault, but fault of his
Belike, whose eysight not so perfect was,
As might decerne the brightnes of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men
(Ye gods) to parle with your secret thoughtes,
There ben that sit upon that sacred seate,
That woulde with Paris erre in Venus prayse.
But let me cease to speake of errour here:
Sith what my hande, the organ of my harte,
Did give with good agreement of myne eye,
My tongue is voyde with processe to maintaine.

To this Pluto exclaims:—

A jolly Sheepeherde, wise and eloquent.

The decision is given by Jupiter:—

Goe take thy way to Troie, and there abide thy fate.

The golden apple is given to Diana to bestow upon whom according to her judgment she thinks most worthy to possess it. Venus, Juno, and Pallas appear before her with confidence, each praising her sense of justice in sugared terms. Each vows to accept her decision.

Dia. It is enough, and goddesses attende:
There wons within these pleasaunt shady woods,
Where neither storme nor Suns distemperature
Have power to hurte by cruell heate or colde,
Under the clymate of the milder heaven,
Where seldome lights Joves angrie thunderbolt,
For favour of that soveraygne earthly peere:
Where whystling windes make musick 'mong the trees,
Far from disturbance of our countrie gods,
Amids the Cypres springes a gratious Nymphe,
That honours Dian for her chastitie,
And likes the labours well of Phoebes groves:
The place Elizium hight, and of the place,
Her name that governes there Eliza is,
A kingdome that may well compare with mine.
An auncient seat of kinges, a seconde Troie,
Ycompast rounde with a commodious sea:
Her people are ycleepéd Angeli.

The golden apple is bestowed upon Queen Elizabeth with the approval of the three goddesses.

This may seem a somewhat exaggerated ending, but it is well within the manner of the time. It should be remarked that gentle Colin comes to his end in this pastoral, which is in the line of the masques which Bacon so often presented at Court, keeping himself always in the background. To him we know that Jonson accredits those of which he was supposed to be the author. Of its merits and demerits it is plain to any one of critical judgment that, as a whole, it cannot take rank with

the better handiwork to be found in the "Shakespeare" Works, but averages fairly with much in some of the early plays, and is especially suggestive of the early style of the author of the "Spenser" Works.

DAVID AND BETHSABE

This work has been regarded more favorably than the "Arraignment." The date of its composition is unknown. The following is the Prologue:—

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Archangels 'stilléd from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heaven rain'd on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
And when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse,
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at her feet her iron pen doth use.

BETHSABE *and her maid bathing.* KING DAVID *above*

. . . . . .

The Song

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine sun, burn fire, breathe air and ease me,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.

Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come, gentle zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade (sun proof) is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar their subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, crysolites;
The brim let be embrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower,
Bear manna every morn, instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,

In all the land the Lord subdued to me,
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.

Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab?
David. Go now and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.
Cusay. I will, my lord. (*Exit.*)
David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mixed with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carries pleasures to the hearts of kings.

. . . . . .

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To 'joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lap his golden sceptre on her brows.

Lamb condemns the work as a whole, but speaks with admiration of the line "Seated in hearing of a hundred streams," which Chambers calls, "indeed a noble poetic image," which is almost precisely what Spedding says with regard to the same line in one of Bacon's hymns, while Hawkins, in his "Origin of the English Drama," gives it unstinted praise, quoting especially the lines —

> At him the thunder shall discharge its bolt,
> And his fair spouse with bright and fiery wings,
> Sit ever burning in his hateful robes; —

which he calls "a metaphor worthy of Æschylus."

The opinion that these compositions are above Peele's

mark is hardly questionable, but if ascribed to the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, they rank well with those of inferior merit, for it is beyond question that in these works there are wide disparities, of which "Andronicus" and "Hamlet" are good illustrations.

Of "King Edward First," which is preserved in a mutilated form, and which has been thought by some to belong to the "Shakespeare" historical dramas, it is necessarily unsatisfactory on account of its imperfections. That works of the Elizabethan period have been erroneously accredited to authors cannot be doubted. Bullen says, for instance, of "Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes";—

> I strongly doubt whether it has been properly assigned to Peele, — I suspect that it was written by some such person as Richard Edwards, when Peele was in his teens.[1]

Were it not for the strong individuality stamped in varying degrees upon all the "Shakespeare" dramas, which have found a place in the Canon, it is probable that several would have been discarded.

We have given the reader, who, at the sacrifice of time and patience, has accompanied us thus far, as brief a view as possible of these misprized works of still questioned parentage, in order that he might get a fair understanding of their relationship to the greatest of literary problems. He will have seen by this time that the gist of our thesis is, that they, and the canonized works which we have discussed, are all the work, some of it immature, of one man, who "took all knowledge as his province," and devoted his best energies to an Advancement of Learning which was the crying need of his time. We realize that it devolves upon us to furnish the reader with convincing evidence of this, and we hope to do so should he continue to accord us his companionship.

[1] *The Works of George Peele.* London, 1888.

XIV

MASKS

ROBERT GREENE

Was a boon companion of Peele and a profligate of the vilest type, quite the equal of Peele in evil courses. The date of his birth is not known with certainty. He is said to have been born at Norwich; Dyce places the date at 1550, and Grosart, at 1560. We are told that he entered as a sizar at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1578, leaving, says Grosart, in 1585. He denominates him "a cleric," and "red nosed minister," asserting that he was Vicar of Lollesbury, Essex, in 1584.[1] Foster ("Alumni Oxonienses") records him as being "incorporated at Oxford 1588." He left an autobiographical sketch printed in 1596. In it, after describing some of his villainies he naïvely says:—

> Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was not profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villany as others did in honesty.

A recent biographer, following for the most part Greene's own account, says:—

> That Greene was married is certain, — Dyce thinks in 1586, — and it is as certain, that although on his own authority his wife was a most amiable and loving woman, he ere long forsook her to indulge without restraint his passion for debauchery and every species of self-indulgence. After leaving his wife, he lived with a woman, the sister of an infamous character, well known then under the name of "Cutting Ball," and by her he had a son who died in the year after his father. After leading one of the

[1] A. B. Grosart, *The Life and Complete Works of Robert Greene*. London, 1887.

maddest lives on record, he died a miserable death on the 3d of September, 1592, his last illness being caused by a debauch. On his deathbed he was deserted by all his former boon conpanions except his mistress, and was indebted to the wife of a poor shoemaker for the last bed on which he laid his miserable body — his dying injunction to his compassionate and admiring hostess being to crown his vain head after death with a garland of bays. This request, it seems, the poor woman attended to.[1]

Yet Grosart was influenced by a single passage in "Selimus" to accredit it to Greene. This is his remarkable confession: "One specific passage by itself would have determined me assigning 'Selimus' to Greene." He could have found scores to have warranted him equally in assigning it to Spenser.

A number of works have been assigned him, the authorship of which even his biographers question. Professor Brown declares that "in style . . . Greene is father of Shakespeare"; that "'James IV' is the first Elizabethan historical play outside Shakespeare, and is worthy to be placed on a level with Shakespeare's earlier style"; and he thinks "Shakespeare followed Greene's example in the 'Taming of the Shrew' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream'"; Tieck, who translated the "Pinner of Wakefield" declares it to be "one of Shakespeare's juvenile productions."

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Was, if possible, a greater reprobate than his pot-companions, for to his evil accomplishments was added the temper of the bravo. Even less is known about him than of Peele or of Greene. He is said to have been the son of a shoemaker, John Marlowe, born at Canterbury, February, 1563–64, and granted the degree of B.A. in 1585, and M.A. in 1587, at Benet College, Cambridge; went to London shortly after he became an actor, but, it is said, had to resign, having broken his leg "in a lewd scene." His career was brief, as he died June 1, 1593, a few

[1] *The Works of the British Dramatists*, p. 77. New York, n.d.

months after Greene. The account of his death by Vaughan is as follows:—

It so happened, that at Deptford, a little village about three miles from London, as he (Marlowe) meant to stab with his poignard one named Archer that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables; he (Archer) quickly perceiving it, so avoided the thrust, that withal drawing out his dagger for his own defence, he stabbed this Marlowe in the eye in such sort, that his brains coming out at the dagger's point, he shortly after died.

Another authority says that it was Marlowe's own dagger which Archer turned against him; and from Mere's "Wit's Treasury" we learn that Archer was "a bawdy serving man, a rival of his lewd love." [1]

To Marlowe, as to Peele and Greene, it has been convenient for editors to accredit unfathered works. As "Tamburlaine" was a very early work, to account for its supposed authorship by Marlowe, he is said to have written it before leaving college. In the case of Marlowe we are disturbed by the same clash of opinions that we have seen in that of Peele and Greene. Lee unwittingly delights us by this decisive pronouncement:—

Kyd and Greene, among rival writers of tragedy, left more or less definite impression on all Shakespeare's early efforts in tragedy. It was, however, only to two of his fellow dramatists that his indebtedness as a writer of either comedy or tragedy was material or emphatically defined. Superior as Shakespeare's powers were to those of Marlowe, his coadjutor in "Henry VI," his early tragedies often reveal him in the character of a faithful disciple of that vehement delineator of tragic passion. Shakespeare's early comedies disclose a like relationship between him and Lyly.[2]

Also in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, says Lee:—

There is internal proof that Marlowe worked on earlier plays of Shakespeare. . . . All the blank verse in Shakespeare's early plays bear the stamp of Marlowe's inspiration.

[1] William Vaughan, *The Golden Grove*. London, 1600. Cf. Grosart.
[2] Lee, *A Life of Shakespeare*, p. 61.

Says White:—

The "Taming of the Shrew" is the joint production of Greene, Marlowe, and possibly Shakespeare.

Says Ingram ("Marlowe and his Associates"):—

His words and thoughts are so noble, and his sentiments so lofty, that the mind revolts at seeing his name coupled with the debauched and dissolute desperadoes it has been customary to link it with.[1]

If space permitted we could fill many pages with such utterly misleading opinions, and a volume could be written showing the works unwarrantably attributed to him to be saturated with thoughts which found expression in works of "Shakespeare" and Bacon. While we have already spoken of this, we should call attention to a notable instance of it in the "Taming of a Shrew" published in 1594. This play discloses the fact that it contains passage after passage duplicating parts of "Marlowe's" "Tamburlaine" and "Faustus." We quote but two:—

Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap befall to Pollidor.

Taming of a Shrew, III, 6.

Eternal Heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate.

Tamburlaine, III, 2.

Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,
Enchas't with precious Jewels fetcht from far.

Taming of a Shrew, III, 2.

Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas't with precious jewels of mine own.

Tamburlaine, I, 2.

[1] Cf. Rev. Alexander Dyce, *The Works of Christopher Marlowe*, p. xxv. London, 1850.

The perplexed critics have generally avoided falling into the trap of calling this plagiarism, realizing that contemporary writers for the same audience would hardly venture to copy from each other word for word, and so they have juggled with various theories, one being that Marlowe wrote the "Taming of a Shrew." It should be noticed that this Quarto held public attention until the publication of the Folio in 1623, twenty-nine years after its publication, when the play appeared, like many other of the "Shakespeare" plays, rewritten and improved, as if by the maturer hand of its author, *the* being substituted for *a* in the title. This furnished an opportunity for theorists to call the "Taming of a Shrew" an "old play"; but here they met with difficulties, because the story of Sly and so many other parts of the text of the Quarto are preserved in the Folio. The conclusion therefore is, "Shakespeare" helped another man to rewrite it. This is what White says: "In the 'Taming of the Shrew' three hands are at least traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a co-laborer." [1]

Says Lee: "Evidence of style — the liberal introduction of tags of Latin and the exceptional beat of the doggerel — makes it difficult to allot the Bianca scenes to Shakespeare; those scenes were probably due to a coadjutor." [2]

Since Bacon's authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works has become so widely acknowledged, the impossible theory has been advanced that he and the actor collaborated, but we ask again, is not all this theorizing put to rest by regarding the "Taming of a Shrew," and other early productions, as the less mature work of an author who later improved them, and that some of the "imperfections" are due to playwrights who staged the plays, or actors who indulged in improvisation? With respect to the amusing story of Sly, which is a para-

[1] Richard Grant White, *The Works of William Shakespeare*. Intro. to the *Taming of the Shrew*. 1865.

[2] Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 164.

phrase of a story of Philip the Good, Stratfordians once made a great deal. Even the "inn on the heath" kept by "Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot," was exhibited to the devotee; but alas! the "literary antiquary" has upset even this, and Sly is no more a Warwickshire man and neighbor of the actor. With respect to "Faustus," from which we have quoted, a singular fact has hitherto escaped attention. We find it entered on the Stationers' Register, January 7, 1600, by Thomas Bushell, Bacon's favorite disciple and "servant," and he held the copyright until September 13, 1610, when he assigned it to J. Wright. Bushell was young and needy, and as Bacon was always assisting him, what more natural for Bacon, who was then financially straitened, than to give him the manuscript of one of his early works, on which he might obtain a loan or a royalty? This seems worthy of consideration.

THOMAS KYD

One of the most lawless assumptions in literary criticism of recent years is the introduction to a patient public of the author of the "Shakespeare" Works in the rôle of an understudy to Thomas Kyd. It is an offense that ought to be actionable in any court of good-breeding; yet Lee thrusts "the sportive Kyd" upon our attention with a persistence that finally excites amusement, though our English kinsmen prefer to adjust their monocles and regard the deft showman, as he springs his favorite jack-in-the-box upon them, as they do the perennial suffragette, with evident admiration. Who is Thomas Kyd? Nobody knew a few years ago, but, to get him into line, a genealogy was fashioned for him which would surprise a trained genealogist like Fitz Waters, or Colonel Chester. It is easy to find a name repeated at any period within a comparatively short range of time. We know that in Warwickshire the Stratford actor had several contemporaries bearing his name, and in Scotland the same may be said of Walter Scott. In the

case of Kyd we may anticipate at any time a bulky volume of fatherless works, which for centuries have haunted the limbo of the unknown, brought out and groomed as his offspring, for there is no knowing what may not happen when imaginative minds get to work in a field so attractive as he offers. "Yet," says Boas, speaking of "The Spanish Tragedy":—

> This is the only drama which can be with certainty ascribed to Kyd, except his paraphrase of "Cornelia" by the French writer, Garner. It is possible that he wrote "Seliman and Perseda," whose theme is briefly introduced, as "a play within the play" into "The Spanish Tragedy." The "First Part of Jeronimo" may have come from his hand. It deals with the events preceding the story of "The Spanish Tragedy," and may have been composed by Kyd before the more elaborate work. But this is conjectural, and there is much to be said in favor of the view that "Jeronimo" is an expansion in dramatic form of the opening narrative in "The Spanish Tragedy" of an anonymous playwright, anxious to make capital out of the popularity of the subject.

It will be seen from this that conjectures respecting supposed works of Kyd have already begun. It will be easy for a man like Lee to convert these guesses into certainties. With respect to his genealogy Boas says:—

> It has been recently suggested with great plausibility, that the dramatist may be identified with the Thomas Kydd, son of Francis, scrivener, entered at Merchant Taylor's School, October 26, 1565. In this case Nash's famous reference in the preface to Green's "Menaphon" to "the shifting companions that leave the trade of Noverint whereto they were born and busie themselves with the endeavours of art," probably alludes to Kyd, and not to Shakspere, as has been sometimes supposed.[1]

This is all the grossest speculation, but while Boas is cautious about committing himself too positively, such guesses

[1] See further on this subject *Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis*, by Gregor Sarrazin, chaps. II and V. *Shakspere and his Predecessors*, by Frederick S. Boas, M.A., p. 62. New York, 1910. Cf. Boas, *The Works of Thomas Kyd*. Oxford, 1901.

are already crystallizing into positive statements, and their scope is being enlarged. As the term "noverint," which we have elsewhere explained was intended to signify that the person to whom it was applied was a lawyer, it should alone invalidate this futile specimen of dreary speculation, unless valid proof can be adduced to sustain his connection with the profession. It may be observed that, while they were living, the names of these men were unknown on the title-pages of the books now accredited to them. Would they not have been only too glad to have their names exploited on title-pages, instead of having to content themselves with nominal authorship among contemporaries?

BURTON

The "Anatomy of Melancholy" first appeared in 1621 under the pen-name of "Democritus, Jr.," and contained an "Address to the Reader" of 72 pages and 783 numbered pages ending with "Finis." Bound with it is an "Epilogue" of six pages unnumbered in which are these words, "The last section shall be mine to cut the strings of Democritus' vizor, to unmaske and show him as he is." This is dated, "From my studie in Christ Church, Oxford, December 5, 1620," and signed "Robert Burton." No other edition has these leaves, which do not appear to form any part of the book, but to have been added after printing as an afterthought. Strangely enough in his Address the author makes this startling statement, "I will yet to satisfie and please myselfe, make an *Utopia* of mine owne, a *new Atlantis*, a poetical commonwealth of mine owne, in which I will freely domineere, build cities, make lawes, statues, as I list myselfe"; which is just what Bacon did not long after in his "New Atlantis."

The "Anatomy" seems to have been the only book published under Burton's name, though in his will he left his executor to dispose of "all such Books as are written with my own hand." He also left for disposal "half my Melancholy

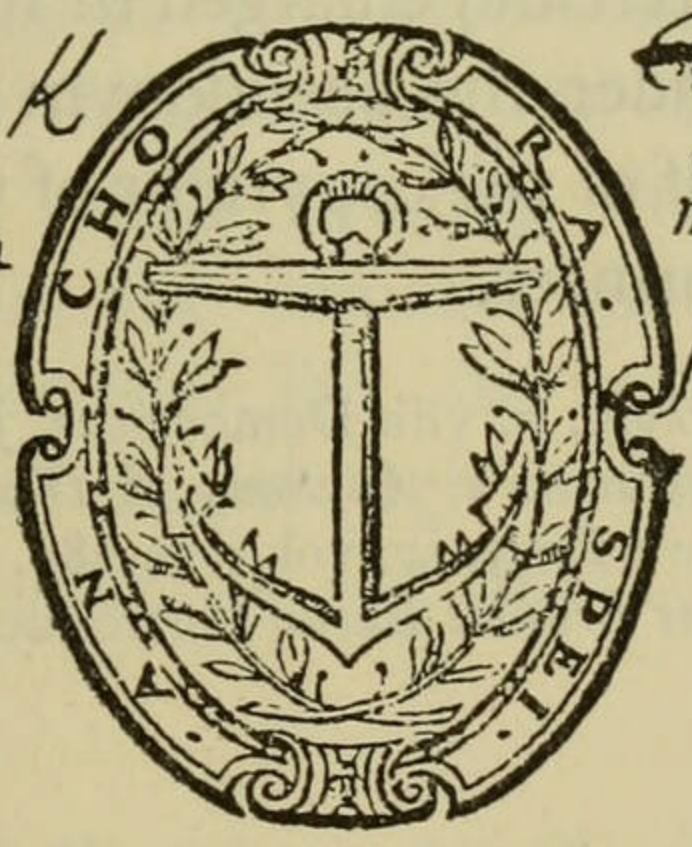
A

TREATISE OF MELANCHOLIE.

CONTAINING THE CAVSES thereof, & reasons of the strange effects it worketh in our minds and bodies: with the phisicke cure, and spirituall consolation for such as haue thereto adioyned an afflicted conscience.

The difference betwixt it, and melancholie with diuerse philosophicall discourses touching actions, and affections of soule, spirit, and body: the particulars whereof are to be seene before the booke.

By T. Bright Doctor of Phisicke.



Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautrollier, dwelling in the Black-Friers. 1586.

Copy for Crips hath the other half." "Crips" was the publisher.[1]

Was Burton the real author of this work? In the British Museum is a copy of a book published in 1586, entitled "A Treatise of Melancholie," by T. Bright. We here give a photograph of its title-page made for us from this particular copy. It is noticeable that Bright, who was a writer as well as an M.D., resided at Cambridge in the earlier part of his life, and was an admirer of Lady Burghley, the sister of Lady Bacon. He died in 1615. Burton in sketches of his life is said to have received his inspiration for the "Anatomy" from him. Burton died in 1640–41. In the "Cipher" we are told that both Bright and Burton were names under which Bacon wrote, and that the different editions contain different (cipher) stories.[2]

At the time the "Treatise" was published, Burton was but eleven years of age. The inference from this would be that the "Treatise" was rewritten and enlarged in 1621, and published as the "Anatomy" under the pseudonym "Democritus" as Burton's work, one half of the copyright of which he owned in partnership with the printer.

[1] *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. viii. Democritus, Jr. Philadelphia, 1853. Cf. Memoir in edition of Burton's *Anatomy* of 1800. Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. III, p. 415. Hearne's *Reliquiæ*, vol. I, p. 288.

[2] *The Biliteral Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon* (Introduction).

XV

THUMB MARKS

THE thumb mark has come to be recognized as infallible evidence of personal identity; in fact, there is no other evidence in our day of equal importance in determining identity; hence our application of the term in an investigation of what we believe to be the thumb marks of Francis Bacon upon the Folio of 1623 and elsewhere.

One who studies the works published under the name of Bacon, and those under the name "Shakespeare," finds himself at the end face to face with an astounding problem. Here are the same thoughts often expressed in the same manner, or modified to suit the occasion; and since he knows the impossibility of two minds thinking the same thoughts, and expressing them in like manner, though subject to different experiences through life, he is forced to the conviction that these works, though published under different names, are the product of one mind. Let us consider a few examples:—

"The Tempest" discloses a familiar acquaintance with seafaring terms, and the handling of a ship. In this play we find the knowledge which Bacon displays in his treatises entitled, "The Sailing of Ships"; "Versions of Bodies"; "Heat and Cold"; "Dense and Rare"; "The Ebb and Flow of the Sea"; and the "History of the Winds." "The Tempest" was one of his last, perhaps his very last drama, and these treatises were the result of his later studies. Bacon was associated with Southampton and others on the voyage which forms the subject of this drama. Two copies of Strachey's "Historie of

Travaile into Virginia" still exist, one dedicated to Bacon, and the other to Sir Allen Apsley.[1]

A scene in "King Henry VI" is laid in the Temple Gardens. In this scene the rights to claimants to the throne are mooted.

Yorke. (Plan) Great Lords and Gentlemen, what meanes this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too low;
The Garden here is more convenient.

The scene ends thus:—

Yorke. Thanks, gentle sirs.
Come, let us foure to Dinner; I dare say
This Quarrel will drink Blood another day.

II, 4.

"This reference to the Temple Gardens," says Edward J. Castle, Q.C., of the Temple, "not saying whether the Inner or the Middle Temple is meant, curiously enough points to the writer being a member of Gray's Inn. An Inner or a Middle Temple man would have given his Inn its proper title."[2] Francis Bacon was a member of Gray's Inn.

Two of the rules handed down for centuries prescribed that members should dine in fellowship of four, and should maintain absolute silence. As the knowledge of these rules was confined to the members, how could the actor be so well informed about them, or why should he be interested in them? They are evidently the unstudied expression of a mind having daily familiarity with them.

In the same play is a dialogue between Joan of Arc and the Duke of Burgundy. The scene discloses Burgundy as an ally of the English, marching toward Paris. He is met by a herald of the King of France, who demands a parley which is granted.

[1] Sloane MSS. No. 1622, Brit. Museum. Ashmolean MSS. No. 1754. Cf. *The Historye of the Bermudaes*. Hakluyt Society, London, 1882.
[2] *A Study*, etc., p. 65.

The French King is accompanied by Joan of Arc, who makes a fervent appeal to Burgundy to break his alliance with the English and espouse the cause of France. This dialogue is especially interesting as it was unknown in history, and was supposed to be a creation of the dramatist's brain until 1780, when a letter was discovered and printed, dated July 17, 1429, written by Joan to the Duke, which makes precisely such an appeal to him as is found in the play, but anticipates his defection from the cause of his ally. It would seem impossible for the actor to know of this secret history, but to Bacon, student and poet at the French Court, it would strongly appeal and leave its impress upon his sensitive memory.

This play was printed twice during the actor's life, and also three years after his death, and in every edition appeared this appeal of Judge Say to Cade, who had captured and condemned him to death:—

> Kent in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
> Is term'd the civelst place in all this Isle:
> Then, noble countryman, hear me but speak,
> I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandie.

Is it not remarkable that in 1623, two years after Bacon's impeachment and six years after the actor's death, this appeal appeared in the Folio with fifteen lines added in which the chief points of Bacon's case are exposed? They are as follows:—

> *Say.* Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:
> Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
> Is term'd the civel'st place of all this Isle;
> Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
> The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
> Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
> I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandie,
> Yet to recover them would loose my life:
> Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
> Prayres and Teares have mov'd me, Gifts could never.
> When have I ought exacted at your hands?
> Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
> Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,

> Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
> And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.
> Unlesse you be possest with divellish spirits,
> You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
> This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings
> For your behoofe.
>
> *2 Henry VI*, IV, 7.

Here we have set forth the points in Bacon's case which, first, are a refutation of the charge of bribery, *which it should be noted is irrelevant, as in the play no such charge is made;* second, reference to his liberality to subordinates; third, to his book, which "preferr'd me to the King";[1] and fourth, how his

> Tongue had parlied unto Forraigne Kings
> For your behoofe.

These lines, too, are distinctively Baconian:—

> And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God
> Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.

How can this be accounted for unless by ascribing the additional lines to the real author of the play when he made his revisal of it for the Folio?

Not long ago Laing and others, finding that Romano was only referred to as a painter, hastily rushed into print with the discovery that the author of "The Winter's Tale" had made "the egregious blunder of calling him a sculptor." Vasari, his contemporary, and the best of authorities, called him only a painter. Even Churton Collins, in the Reprint from the First Folio, classes this allusion to Romano among his author's blunders, which would have passed unquestioned had not a copy of the Italian original of Vasari, published in 1550, been discovered. In this is a Latin epitaph which was upon Romano's tomb in the Church of St. Barnabas, and which lauded him for his achievements in "painting, architecture, and

[1] *The Advancement of Learning*, dedicated to King James.

sculpture." In Vasari's edition of 1568, and all subsequent editions, this was omitted; hence, the discovery.

How, it will be asked, came the author of "The Winter's Tale" to be familiar with such a bit of obscure learning? Professor Elze settles the question by saying that he must have been acquainted with this obscure book, never translated, and superseded by the enlarged work of eighteen years later, or he had been in Mantua and had known of Romano's works. How could the sordid and dissolute actor, living in Stratford when this play was written, have been familiar enough with Romano to use his name in this facile manner?

> The Princesse hearing of her Mother's Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeares in doing, and now newly performed, by the rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly is he her Ape: He so neere to *Hermoine*, hath done *Hermoine*, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer.
>
> *The Winter's Tale*, v, 2.

In this same play occurs the following:—

> (*Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*)
> *Enter* Antigonus, *a Mariner, Babe, Sheepherd and Clowne.*
> *Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
> The Desarts of *Bohemia.*
> *Mar.* I (my Lord) and feare
> We have Landed in ill time; the skies look grimly.
>
> *Ibid.*, III, 3.

Ben Jonson told Drummond that "Shakspere wanted arte"; and that "in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, wher y^{r} is no sea neer by some 100 miles." [1]

All the commentators have quoted this, some for the purpose of fortifying the impossible theory, already noted, that, although ignorant, his transcendent genius was sufficient to account for his authorship of the great dramas. The result is

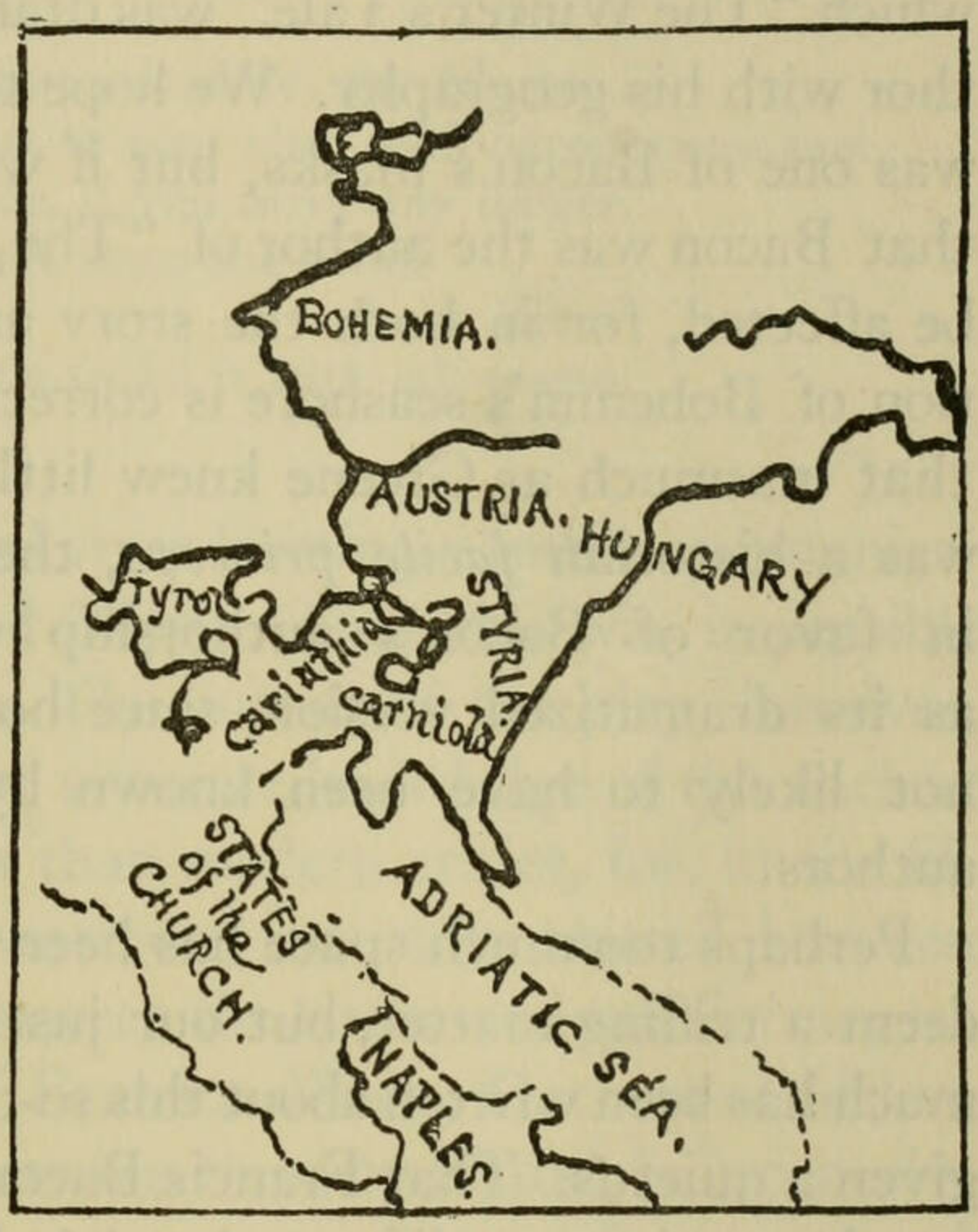
[1] C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., *Centurie of Prayse*, p. 129. London, 1879.

that this apparent slip has been made famous, and the first always quoted by them. It seems unfortunate that in the particular cases they have selected as exhibits, they have been so careless, for there are many errors in the dramas, though perhaps less conspicuous than this seems to be. It is strange, too, that they never undertook to study the obscure and tangled history of Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Austria, and the various petty principalities to the north of the Adriatic; had they done so they would have found that at one time it was quite proper to lay this scene in "The Winter's Tale" on the seashore of Bohemia, and that instead of showing that the author of the "Shakespeare" Works was ignorant, they have given another proof of his remarkable learning.

The history of central Europe is perplexing, owing to continual changes in the boundaries of states caused by conquests and losses of different rulers. It is true, however, that Ottokar in 1253 became King of Bohemia, whose northern shores were then swept by the stormy Baltic. He reigned twenty-five years, when he was defeated and killed on the Marchfeld by Rudolph of Hapsburg, King of Germany. Ottokar had acquired in 1252, Austria; in 1262, Styria; and in 1269, Carinthia; and when the battle of Marchfeld was fought, in 1278, the great Kingdom of Bohemia extended from the Baltic on the north to the Adriatic Sea on the south, thus being a maritime country.

Some time since the present writer, while pursuing the study of the history of central Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, sketching at the same time for his edification a map of the changes taking place from time to time in the boundaries of different states, discovered that for a brief period Bohemia and adjoining states, extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic, were again united under a single ruler. This map, which he then sketched and submitted to a friend in the University of Oxford for verification will show this.

The story which this illustrates is long and obscure, but we will condense it. By skilful policies and fortunate marriages, the House of Hapsburg at an early day managed to unite various principalities north of the Adriatic, and thereby established its rule over an immense territory. In 1491, the Emperor Maximilian I, by marriage with Mary of Burgundy, and the abdication of Count Sigismund, acquired all the Hapsburg possessions. He was then Archduke of Austria, Duke of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, and Count of Tyrol, besides having lands in Swabia and Alsace. He died in 1519. His son, Philip, married the Queen of Aragon and Castile, and had two sons, Charles, who, in 1516, became King of Spain, and Ferdinand, who, in 1519, upon the death of his grandfather, became Archduke of Austria. This Ferdinand, the grandson of the Emperor Maximilian, by marriage in 1521 with Anna, the daughter of Ladislaus II, King of Bohemia and Hungary, and in 1526 by the death of her brother, Louis II, became King of these kingdoms, which again united the various countries bordering on the Adriatic Sea under one ruler, and it might be represented in a romantic tale, without offense to poetic license, that Bohemia again had an outlet to the sea.



It would seem by this that the author of "The Winter's Tale" was better versed in the complicated history of central Europe than Jonson, or the Shaksperian commentators. We

know that Bacon was. But how could, or why should, an obscure actor, writing hurriedly, as his biographers tell us, solely for gain, and ever after indifferent to the fate of his productions, know about the tangled history of the states of central Europe, or the perplexing genealogy of its royal families? It may be objected that Greene, the pseudo author of "Pandosto," from which "The Winter's Tale" was dramatized, furnished its author with his geography. We hope to show later that Greene was one of Bacon's masks, but if we do not, our contention that Bacon was the author of "The Winter's Tale" will not be affected, for in both the story and the play the description of Bohemia's seashore is correct. We suggest, however, that inasmuch as Greene knew little of history, and Bacon was a historian *facile princeps*, the objection should count in favor of Bacon's authorship of "Pandosto" as well as its dramatized version, since both state an obscure fact not likely to have been known by either of their pseudo authors.

Perhaps too much space has been given to what some may deem a trifling matter, but our justification is, that since so much has been written about this so-called blunder it should be given a quietus. That Francis Bacon, whose association with royalty and court life rendered it incumbent upon him to know the intimate history of the royal families of Europe, should know the extent of the realms of Ferdinand I, or of his predecessor, Ottokar, is not at all strange, and the fact that in this fanciful story, which did not demand accurate geography any more than the romances of Anthony Hope, this bit of obscure but accurate knowledge should slip in as though unconsciously, is indeed a strong proof in favor of Bacon's authorship of "The Winter's Tale." It may be suggestive to mention, that Richard II of England, whose family history was familiar to Bacon, was the father-in-law of Anne, daughter of Charles IV of Bohemia, and that a letter in Bacon's own hand to the Queen of Bohemia still exists.

As in the case of Bohemia the critics have harped upon the ignorance displayed in the following passage in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona":—

Verona — a street.

Sp. . . . Saw you my Master?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Millain.

I, 1.

Panth. Launce, away, away; a Boorde: thy Master is
ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares, away asse.
You'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.
. . . I meane thou'lt loose the flood.
Laun. . . . if the River
were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares.

II, 3.

Here is described a tidal river forming a traffic communication between Verona and Milan. That this was impossible has often been declared. The author of the play, however, seems to have had a more accurate knowledge of the ancient topography of the region than modern critics, for, in the fifteenth century, such a waterway not only existed between Verona and Milan, but between the latter city and Ferrara, as appears in the "Life" of Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan, and passengers passed between them by boats. Is it conceivable that the Stratford actor was as intimately acquainted with the ancient topographical conditions of this remote region as the quotation we have made implies? This is a question which will naturally suggest itself to the reader.

In "Hamlet" are two remarkable instances of adherence to erroneous theories, the one philosophic, the other scientific. In the scene where Hamlet upbraids his mother, he says:—

Sence sure you have
Els could you not have motion.

III, 2. Quarto of 1604.

Reference to commentators on the text of this drama discloses the curious opinions they have held on the meaning of

these words. In 1605 Bacon published his "Advancement of Learning," and makes no correction of this theory, which had long been held, that in the absence of sense there can be no motion, but in 1623, when he republished the same work, he had abandoned it, explaining that ignorance

drove some of the ancient philosophers to suppose that a soul was infused into all bodies without distinction; for they could not conceive how there could be motion at discretion without sense, or sense without a soul.[1]

In the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" Works published the same year, the lines above quoted from the earlier "Hamlet" were left out. By whom and why were they canceled if not by Bacon, who was then seeing his "Augmentis" through Jaggard's press?

The other case is disclosed in the following lines:—

> And the moist Starre
> Upon whose influence Neptune's Empier stands
> Was sicke almost to doomsday with eclipse.
>
> 1, 1, *Ibid.*

We here see that in 1604 the author of "Hamlet" held the popular theory that the motion of the tides was caused by the influence of the moon upon the sea, and continued to hold it, as these lines appeared in all the editions of the drama until the Folio was published in 1623, when they were canceled.

It is a significant fact that Bacon's works disclose the same change of opinion respecting this theory. That he held the popular theory to be true for many years, we know, for in a masque written in 1594, after referring to the pole star, he wrote:—

> Yet even that star gives place to Cynthia's rays
> Whose drawing virtues govern and direct
> The flots and reflots of the Ocean.
>
> *Christmas Masque*, 1594.

Some years after this, however, he experienced a change of opinion, and wrote:—

[1] *De Augmentis.* (Spedding, vol. ix, p. 57.)

We dare not proceed so far as to assert that the sun and moon have a dominion or influence over those motions of the sea.

Mr. Spedding, in his Preface to Bacon's treatise on the "Ebb and Flow of the Sea," remarks:—

With respect to theories of the cause of the tides, it may be observed that a connexion of some kind or other between the tides and the moon has at all times been popularly recognized. But the conception which was formed as to the nature of this connexion long continued vague and indefinite, and in Bacon's time those who speculated on the subject were disposed to reject it altogether.[1]

When twenty years later Bacon wrote at Gray's Inn his work on the tides, he changed his opinion, and so we note the remarkable fact that the popular theory holds its place in all the editions of "Hamlet" up to this time, but thereafter is omitted. Who canceled, seven years after the actor's death, the lines embodying this theory, if not Bacon, who at that time had adopted another theory?

In "Hamlet" we find another case of the reversal of a theory. We have already given two such reversals which conform to changes of opinions by Bacon. Is it possible to attribute these to coincidence, or to admit for a moment that the actor was so solicitous of his scientific fame as to make them? This great tragedy was written, as already stated, about the time that the actor left Stratford, but was not printed until 1603. In this edition are these lines:—

> Doubt that in Earth is Fire
> Doubt that the Starres do move. (See Quarto 1603.)

In 1604, another edition much enlarged was printed and these lines were changed to

> Doubt that the starres are fire
> Doubt that the Sunne doth move.

[1] *The Works*, etc., vol. v, p. 238.

The theory that the earth's core was a mass of fire was then and has ever since been held, but in 1604 Bacon wrote his "Cogitations de Natura Rerum,"[1] and in this book advocated the theory that the earth was dead and cold throughout its entire mass, while all the other heavenly bodies were fire. Says Mr. Reed, commenting upon this remarkable incident:—

> Bacon adopted this new view of the earth's interior at precisely the same time that the author of "Hamlet" did; that is to say, according to the record, in the brief interval between the appearance of the first and that of the second edition of the drama.[2]

The change in the second line of "Doubt that the stars do move" to "Doubt that the sun doth move," is equally impressive, as it shows beyond doubt that the author of "Hamlet" always adhered to the Ptolemaic system of the Universe, an erroneous dogma which Bacon also cherished through life, and which has caused him to be harshly criticized.

Many other interesting examples similar to the foregoing and equally significant could be adduced adverse to the Stratfordian delusion, but it may be as well to call attention to others of a somewhat different nature.

It is a most important fact that in the "Sylva Sylvarum," published in 1627, a year after Bacon's death, by Rawley, which he says in the dedication to Charles I, "The late Lord Viscount St. Albans dedicated to Your Majesty about four years past, when Your Majesty was Prince," appears a chapter entitled "Experiments in Consort touching Music,"[3] in which Bacon treats of the subject of Concord and Discord, showing that not long before the publishing of the Folio of 1623, he had been devoting himself to the study of the subject.

That he was familiar with the technique of music, and espe-

[1] Spedding, vol. v, p. 199.
[2] Edwin Reed, A.M., *Francis Bacon Our Shakspere*, p. 16. Boston, 1902.
[3] Spedding, vol. iv, p. 228 *et seq.*

cially with the tritone some time before 1623, when he dedicated the "Sylvarum" to the King, is not to be questioned. It is therefore to note that in the play of "King Lear" appears the following:—

> Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie; my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like Tom o' Bedlam, — O these Eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.[1]

These four notes of the musical scale, doubtless seem to most readers a meaningless addition to the text. They form, however, the tritone, which the Century Dictionary thus defines:—

> In music an interval composed of three whole steps or "tones." The older harmonists regarded this intervale, even when only suggested, as peculiarly objectionable, whence the proverb, *mi contra fa diabolus est.* It was therefore called "The devil in Music."[2]

The humming of these notes was intended, therefore, by Edmund as a subtle illustration of the discordant condition of the realm, which Gloucester had just characterized in these words:—

> Love cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide; in Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd 'twixt sonne and Father.[3]

The introduction of the tritone in "Lear" is rendered doubly significant by the fact that in the two editions of the play published in quarto in 1608, it does not appear. At this time the actor was living at Stratford, engaged in those sordid pursuits which his biographers so frankly describe. It seems hardly reasonable to suppose that at any time he would have troubled himself with such an unprofitable study as that of the tritone. He did not own, when he made his will, a single musical instrument, nor any book on music; nor is there a contemporary hint that he had the least knowledge of the art; but had he possessed such knowledge, how can we account for the

[1] Act 1, Sc. 2.

[2] Cent. Dict., under "Tritone" and "mi."

[3] Act 1, Sc. 2.

introduction of this technical musical interval in the Folio so long after his death, and at the exact time when Bacon dedicated the "Sylva Sylvarum" to the King? We submitted these remarks to Professor Latham True, and take the liberty to quote from his reply:—

I think you have defined the tritone quite correctly, and have made the proper application to the passage you quote. The tritone is the interval of the augmented fourth, or three whole tones, as the name suggests. In the old system of solemnization invented (or rather probably adopted or adapted by Guido d' Arezzo) the letter *B*, which was the third sound of the "hexachordon durum" was called *mi:* and *F*, the fourth sound of the "naturale," was called, as now, *fa*. The interval between the two is the fatal augmented fourth, or tritone. That probably gave rise to the famous old saying, "Mi contra fa diabolus est in musica." In our present system of solemnization *F* remained *fa*, but *B* was given a new name, *si;* and the old quotation became, "Si contra fa diabolus in musica." In all strict counterpoint the use of the tritone is strictly forbidden. Many writers on harmony condemn it just as utterly; but there is a tendency at the present time to use it.

It has been often observed that a youthful author can hardly avoid revealing to his reader the scenes and occupations which hitherto have influenced his life. The drama of "Henry VI" is acknowledged by all to be a youthful work of its author, and it is a significant fact that thirty of its scenes are laid in London, Bacon's birthplace; three in St. Albans, where he was reared; twenty in the French provinces, where he resided for several years after leaving the University; one in the Temple, and one in the House of Parliament, which were so familiar to him. How could the actor have laid the scenes of this play, not long after coming to London, amid scenes so familiar to Bacon's youth, and wholly foreign to himself?

Bacon was familiar with the heraldic devices of the noble families of his time at home and abroad, and we find striking

instances of this in the dramas. Green in his elaborate work on emblems[1] gives many examples to show the curious erudition of their author in this ancient and recondite lore. We will select from "Pericles" the scene in which the six Knights come to honor the daughter of the King.

The *first* is the Knight of Sparta: —

> And the device he bears upon his shield
> Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
> The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.* (Thy light my life.)

— a motto borne by the family of Blount, the name of which, says Green: —

> Being familiar to Shakespeare, the motto also might be; and by a very slight alteration he has ascribed it to the Knight of Sparta.

He also calls attention to Reusner's "Emblems" (Francfort, 1581), which shows the device.

Of the *second* Knight, whose motto is, "Piu por dulzura que por fuerza" (More by gentleness than by force), he remarks: —

> Had Shakespeare confined himself to Latin, it might remain doubtful whether he knew anything of Emblem works beyond those of our countrymen — Barclay and Whitney — and of the two or three translations into English from Latin, French, and Italian. But the quotation of a purely Spanish motto — that on the second Knight's device — shows that his reading and observation extended beyond mere English sources, and that with other literary men of his day he had looked into, if he had not studied, the widely known and very popular writings of Alciatus and Sambucus among Latinists, of Francisco Guzman and Hernando Soto among Spaniards, of Gabriel Faerni and Paolo Giovio among Italians, and of Bartholomew Aneau and Claude Paradin among the French.[2]

This is hardly agreeable reading to Green's fellow Stratfordians, who are striving so hard to prove that the author of the

[1] Henry Green, M.A., *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, p. 156. London, 1870.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 162 *et seq.*

"Shakespeare" Works possessed little learning. We show in the article on "Symbolism" that Bacon was instrumental in publishing several works on Emblemata.

The *third* Knight is of Antioch.

The motto is "Me pompœ provexit apex" (The crown of fame has exalted me), and the device, "A wreath of chivalry." This is found in Paradin's work of 1560.

The *fourth* Knight bears on his shield

A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, Quod me alit, me extinguit. (What feeds me extinguishes me.)

Symeoni, 1561.

The *fifth* Knight shows —

An hand environed with clouds
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides. (So should faith be shown.)

The *sixth* Knight bears —

A withered branch, that's only green at top,
The motto, In hac spe vivo. (In this hope I live.)

These two last devices and mottoes are found in Paradin.

One of Bacon's peculiar literary fads was the threefold expression which he used through life. In this wise he expressed his gratitude to Prince Charles: —

That stretched forth your arm to save me from a sentence;
That took hold of me to keep me from being plunged in a sentence;
That hath kept me alive in your gracious memory, since the sentence.

The same fad often appears in the plays: —

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring;
And how unwittingly I left the ring.

Merchant of Venice, V, I.

This mode of expression is not alone found in the works above quoted, but no Stratfordian would admit that the oft-repeated use of this unusual mode of expression by contem-

poraries, one a great philosopher and the other an humble actor, is a whit more significant than its occasional use by writers of popular literature. We believe that unprejudiced readers will think otherwise.

Browne, the author of "Shakespeare's Biographical Plays," remarks that "His description of Italian scenes and manners are more minute and accurate than if he had derived his information wholly from books"; and his biographer, Knight, referring to the "Taming of the Shrew," "It is difficult for those who have explored the City of Padua to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenius studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play." We quite agree with Browne and Knight that the cities of Italy were familiar to "the poet" who wrote the Italian plays, for he describes them as one who knew them intimately. Lady Morgan says that so correct is the description of the furniture in old Grumio's house, that every article mentioned in the play has been seen by her in the palaces of Florence, Venice, and Genoa. Bacon was familiar with such interiors, and could have described them accurately. Is it supposable that the supposed author of the "Biographical" plays could have done so "by pure and unaided genius"?

The most insignificant points are made by Stratfordians against those who differ with them. In a recent publication the ground was taken that Baconians did not seem to be aware that in claiming the "Shakespeare" Works, so full of anachronisms, geographical and other errors, they were detracting from the fame of Bacon for erudition; indeed, giving their case away. On the contrary, they are well aware that such inaccuracies as they refer to were common among writers of his time, and that Bacon was not exempt from them. Says Reynolds, the editor of the Clarendon Press edition of Bacon's Essays, "For accuracy of detail he had no care whatever.

That he frequently quoted from memory seems certain. We find accordingly that the Essays abound in misquotations of a more or less important kind." Knowing his habit of dictating to amanuenses on all occasions, we can well understand the reason for such inaccuracies. Again it is objected that he could not have been the author of the dramas, because he himself expressly disclaims being a poet. Does he? In the passage alluded to he was explaining his relations with Essex. It is as follows: "Though I profess not to be a poet, I writ a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on Her Majesty's reconcilement to my Lord." He did not say that he was not a poet, but did not "profess" to be one. This is in exact accord with what he shortly after wrote to Sir John Davis, that he was "a concealed poet." Such arguments are hardly worthy of attention, but it is noticeable that permitting them to pass unnoticed has been taken for proof that they were unanswerable.

Perhaps, however, before dismissing the subject, we should mention the fact that the Society for the Study of Modern Languages recently decided that anachronisms do not necessarily indicate ignorance in an author, and in support of this thesis, attention was called to a recent play by members of the French Academy, in which Spain and Italy were made adjoining countries. We are reminded in this connection of the prolepsis made by the author of the "Shakespeare" Works in representing Hector as quoting Aristotle long before his birth. This, however, is no greater than that made by Virgil in representing Æneas as a contemporary of Dido, and becomes insignificant when compared with the "Byron" of Moore, which Macaulay remarks is throughout anachronistic, since even the sentiments and phrases of Versailles appear in the Camp of Aulis.

We claim, however, no immunity for Bacon. While we think that his anachronisms were not the result of ignorance, we must admit that he was inexcusably careless, a fault no doubt arising from his habit of dictating to amanuenses, in

some cases without subsequent examination. It is curious that at the same period, 1594, in several anonymous works since ascribed to Marlowe, Peele, Kyd, and Greene, appear certain coincidences of expression found in "Henry VI" and "Lucrece." These are typical examples:—

Yor. I am farre better borne then is the King:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.

K. Henry VI, v, 1.

Peele: This princely mind in thee
Argues the height and honor of thy birth.
Greene: Selim, thy mind in kingly thoughts attire.
Marlowe: This kindness to thy King, argues thy noble mind and disposition.

O comfort-killing Night, image of Hell,
Dim register, and notarie of shame,
Blacke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nourse of blame.

Lucrece, Quarto, 764-67.

Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Faries maske in hellish troupes.

The Contention, K. Henry VI, 1, 4.

The silence of the Speechless Night,
Dire architect of murders and misdeeds.
Kyd: Night, the coverer of accursed crimes.
The silent deeps of dead-sad Night, where sins do mask unseen.

Stratfordians now deride coincidences of expression, declaring that they were common to the time; yet owing to such coincidences they have assigned anonymous works to Kyd, Peele, and others. Consistency with them is no longer a jewel.

Macaulay relates the episode relative to Bacon's treatment by the powerful favorite of James:—

Having given these proofs of contrition he ventured to present himself before Buckingham. But the young upstart did not think that he had yet sufficiently humbled an old man who had been his friend and his benefactor, who was the highest civil functionary in the realm, and the most eminent man of letters in the world. It is said that on two successive days Bacon repaired to

Buckingham's house, that on two successive days he was suffered to remain in an antechamber among foot-boys, seated on an old wooden box, with the Great Seal of England at his side.[1]

In the drama of "Henry VIII," published in 1623, occurs this counterpart of Bacon's experience. The reader will decide whether this was the result of design or coincidence:—

Cran. . . . for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore; a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes and Lackeyes,
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTS, *at a Windowe above.*

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight,
King. What's that Buts?
Buts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.
King. Body a me; where is it?[2]
Buts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Pursevants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

V, 2.

This scene correctly embodies the incident related by Macaulay which occurred in 1621, five years after the actor's death.

The editor of the "Cambridge Spenser," in interesting reflections upon the Puritanism of Spenser, which space will not permit us to quote in full, remarks:—

To what extent Spenser may have held with the Puritans is nevertheless a somewhat perplexed question. One could wish that the allegory of the three eclogues were clearer — except for a brief passage upon the intercession of saints, the thought of which is broadly Protestant, there is hardly a glance at dogma.[3]

[1] For original see Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Character of King James*. London, 1651; or *Secret History of Reign of*, etc., vol. 1, p. 440. *Ibid.*, 1811.

[2] One of King James's favorite expressions.

[3] *The Complete Works*, etc., p. 2 *et seq.*

Bacon, who was unmistakably a religious man, was tolerant in an intolerant age of all faiths, and it seems somewhat remarkable that writers have been puzzled in precisely the same manner with regard to his dogmatic beliefs, and those of the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, as the Cambridge editor has been with respect to those of Spenser.

Words employed by W. S. in "Locrine," and by Spenser in the "Calendar" and "Faerie Queene," were obsolete at the time their authors used them, and it is suggestive that Bacon in the same manner effectively made use of obsolete words to garnish his discourses after the manner of Livy and Sallust, with whose works he was familiar.

Stratford is never mentioned in the plays and poems attributed to the actor. Were he their author this would seem strange, for here he lived from infancy to manhood. Warwickshire is almost ignored, though special pride was taken by the townsman in his county. St. Albans, the favorite residence of Bacon, is often brought into the plays, and Kent, the county of the Bacons, still oftener. If Bacon were their author he might well have made the allusions to Warwickshire, for he had relatives there whom he visited. Stony Stratford is once named, but it is in the county of Bucks.

In Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" he translates an opinion of Aristotle to the effect that "young men are no fit auditors of *moral* philosophy." The same sentiment appears in "Troilus and Cressida":—

> Young men whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
>
> II, 2.

The word "moral" has been called a mistranslation of the Greek word, *politikes*. But the actor was said to know "little Latin and less Greek," and this "*only strengthened his claim*

for the authorship of the play." How strange, though, that Bacon, whose recently discovered library, we are told, shows him to have been an accomplished Greek scholar at fourteen, should also mistranslate this word.

An examination of Bacon's work, however, shows that he made an unusual but, in this case, apt translation of the word, to meet the requirements of his thesis. But where did the actor get this "mistranslation," and how should he be so familiar with this unusual use of *politikes* as to use it in a play? This can be explained only by one of the pernicious theorists who are claiming that Bacon and the actor collaborated.

The affection existing through life between Anthony and Francis Bacon was flawless. They were educated together, possessed similar literary tastes, and the elder was ever ready to sacrifice his wealth to forward the interests of the younger man. That Anthony was highly esteemed for his ability is shown by his correspondence, upon which Birch founded much of his historical work. It is said that he contributed to some of the literary productions of Francis, and was passionately fond of the drama, so much so that he went to reside at Bishopsgate to be near the theater where the "Shakespeare" plays were enacted. It is a most suggestive fact that Anthony's name so repeatedly appears in these plays:—

J. Cæsar, I, 2.	He loves no plays as thou dost Antony.
Tempest, I, 2.	Did Antonio open the gates?
Two Gent. Verona, II, 4.	Know you Don Antonio?
Much Ado, II, 1.	You are signior Antonio?
Mer. Venice, I, 1.	To you, Antonio, I owe the most.
Ant. Cleo., II, 7.	Good Antony, your hand.
All's Well, III, 5.	That is Antonio the Duke's eldest.
Taming of the Shrew, I, 2.	Antonio, my father is deceased.
Love's Labours Lost, I, 1.	I am Antony Dull.
Romeo and Juliet, V.	Antony and Potpan.
Henry V, IV, 8.	Antony, Duke of Brabant, the brother.
Richard III, I, 1.	Man of Worship, Antony Woodville.
Mer. Venice, V, 1.	Brother Antony.

Thus it will be seen that in twelve plays there is an Antony, or Antonio, the equivalent of Anthony. We select these from the two hundred and sixty-nine allusions to the name in the "Shakespeare" plays, which we find in Mrs. Cowden Clark's Concordance. We have already spoken of the fact, that shortly before the appearance of the "Merchant of Venice," when Francis Bacon was arrested for debt by Sympson, a Jew of Lombard Street, Anthony came to his relief, as Antonio did to Bassanio's when persecuted for debt by Shylock. There is good reason why Francis Bacon should introduce in plays which he was writing the name "Anthony" his "comfort and consorte," but none why it should be of such absorbing interest to the actor that he should iterate, and reiterate it almost tediously. We should call especial attention to this in the author's greatest drama which affords us several clues to his identity.

Lady Bacon was the governess to Prince Edward, the brother of Mary and Elizabeth, and Sir Anthony Cooke, her father was his tutor; so that during her life she was associated intimately with the family of Henry VIII. Francis, we are informed, was endowed with a remarkable wit, which was recognized in an age when wit was practiced as a fine art. In him it was spontaneous, and, from the evidence of contemporaries, must have been phenomenal. In early youth he was under influences which fostered the development of this inherent talent. It was in the family of the King that John Heywood occupied an exceptional position as Court Jester. Of his relations with Queen Mary, his rare humor so lightened the sadness which frequently oppressed her, that it is said, "His pleasantries often acceptable in her privy chamber, helped to amuse her even on her death bed." [1]

This man "of most excellent fancy" was of good birth, and made himself useful in arranging Court entertainments, con-

[1] Doran, *History of Court Fools*, p. 132. London, 1856. Cf. *Dict. National Biography, in loco.*

tributing to the wit of the table, and singing a humorous song when called upon; in fact, he occupied a position much like that of the modern social secretary. That he was musical we know, for he says of himself, —

> Long have I bene a singinge man,
> And sondrie partes ofte have I songe.

Being a stanch Catholic, some time after the accession of Elizabeth he left England and ended his days in Malines, "the yeare that Sir Nicholas Bacon dyed." This particular association of his death with that of Sir Nicholas indicates their relation in life. It was in the family of Sir Nicholas that this man "of infinite wit" was certain to find welcome, and the two boys of the household would not be the last to hail his coming or to appreciate his witty sayings.

The first Quarto of "Hamlet" entered on the Stationers' Register, July 26, 1602, under the title of "The Revenge of Hamlet," was published in 1603, and as all authorities agree, and internal evidence reveals, was printed surreptitiously from an early and incomplete manuscript of the play, as it had been exhibited as far back as 1590 or earlier. Evidently to set the matter right, this unsatisfactory publication was superseded by another quarto, printed for the same publisher, "According to the true and perfect Coppie." This complete and corrected work, the preparation of which for the press had probably been begun not long after the announcement of the former work in 1602, appeared early in 1604. It is a remarkable fact that among the corrections of the text is that of the length of time that Yorick is said to have "lain in the earth," and that this change of dates clearly identifies Heywood with the "Yoricke" of the grave-digger.

It was quite correct to say in the play, written in 1590 or even somewhat earlier, "a dozen years"; but when the play was revised in 1602–03 it was more correct to say "23 yeares."

We have mentioned Heywood to call attention to the fact

that Francis Bacon could well have ridden on Yorick's back, and shared the gambols of this "man of most excellent fancy," as Hamlet described him. We quote from the Quarto of 1604:—

Clow. Heer 's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23 yeares.
Ham. Whose was it?
Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?
Ham. Nay I know not.
Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renith on my head once; this same skull sir, was Sir Yorick's skull, the King's jester.
Ham. This?
Clow. Een that.
Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lippes that I have kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that.

The Stratford actor had gone to London years after Yorick had died in a foreign land and passed from memory. How unreasonable to think that he wrote this scene, and cared enough, even if he remembered, to change in a later edition of a play the number of years that Yorick had been buried, in order to fix more accurately the date of his death. It is unthinkable! The boy, however, who had shared in the gambols and songs of this merry friend of his childhood, had "kist" him, "I know not how oft," and been borne on his "back a thousand times," would be sure to remember that the date of his death was the same as that of his beloved father — for so he always called him — and do so spontaneously. We must distinguish Heywood, the Court Jester of Henry VIII, from Will Somers, his Court Fool. One was a witty gentleman whom it would be proper for an inferior to address as "Sir"; the other a professional clown.

We have mentioned Bacon's library, containing, we are told, many of the works upon which the plays were founded, with his notes, "Writ in the glassie margents of such bookes." One of these is Buchanan's "Historia Scotica" (1588), which contains the story of Macbeth. On one of the pages he has written "Macbethi, Macbetho," and "Macbethus Tyrannus," and "Bancho rigiæ cædis." Many of the words, which one engaged in writing upon the subject would have been likely to use, suggestively or otherwise, are carefully underlined, showing that he was especially interested in the subject. Writers have supposed that the author of "Macbeth" was confined to Holinshed's "Chronicle," but in Bacon's library, Mr. Smedley informs us, is a copy of "Bæthius" (1575), also annotated by him, showing that he also was familiar with the original story of Macbeth. In this book Bacon has written the genealogy of the Scottish Kings descended from Banquo to, and including James V, comprising seven kings; but turning to the play, which appeared first in the Folio of 1623, Macbeth is shown these descendants of Banquo by the weird sisters. Each appears until the last in Bacon's genealogy is exhausted:—

> A seventh? I 'll see no more;—
> And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
> Which shows me many more; and some I see
> That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry.
> Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;
> For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
> And points at them for his.— What! is this so?
>
> IV, I.

The eighth king is James I, who wielded "treble scepters," claiming to be monarch of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. The author of "Macbeth" was familiar with Scotland, and in the witch scenes shows that he derived his local color from personal observation, *and the records of the witch trials at Aberdeen.*

It is interesting to note, in "As You Like It," how Jacques, a courtier, chafing at the restrictions upon the liberty of speech,

petulantly exclaimed that it were better to be a fool, as he could then say what he liked:—

Jaq. O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have:
And they that are most galléd with my folly,
They most must laugh.

How suggestive this is of Bacon.

He had been forced, in order to reach the apprehension of the common people, to assume "the dispised weed" of an actor, then regarded with contempt. The plays are crowded with such suggestive incidents as this. Note also how he later adds: "I do now remember a saying 'the Fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.'" The same year that "As You Like It" was printed, Bacon published in Latin his "De Augmentis," in which appears this very sentiment, translated thus: "If you be wise you are a Fool, if you be a Fool you are wise."

"Venus and Adonis" was licensed for printing by Bacon's old teacher and friend, Whitgift, then Archbishop of Canterbury. Is it at all probable that such a poem, especially if known as the work of an actor, would have secured a reading, much less a sanction to print, from this stern censor? With Bacon, his star pupil, the case would be altogether different, and a point might be stretched in his favor.

In "Love's Labours Lost," the scene of which is laid in Navarre at the Court of which Bacon passed some of the happiest years of his life, appear the characters Biron, Boyet, and Dumayne. These men were well known to him and Anthony

Bacon, and on the latter's passports, preserved in the British Museum, the names of each appear.[1]

We have called attention to the scene in the drama of "Henry VIII," in which the fall of Lord Chancellor Wolsey in 1529 is depicted, and how closely it parallels that of Bacon in 1621. The most remarkable fact is, that contrary to history, four persons are represented as being sent to Wolsey to demand from him the Great Seal, while there were but two. These four persons were the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain and Earl of Surrey, the persons who were really sent to Bacon to demand the Seal from him.[2] This shows that the author of this scene drew his description from Bacon's case and not from Wolsey's. It can hardly be claimed that the actor was its author, as the event described in it occurred five years after his death.

Mr. Smedley is our authority for the following.

Among the books in Bacon's library is a copy of Alciati's "Emblems" annotated by Bacon, and the remarkable fact disclosed by the discovery of this book is, that not only has Ben Jonson "incorporated in his Discoveries the translation of a portion of one of the Emblems," but he "*has also incorporated a portion of the annotations from this very book.*" [3]

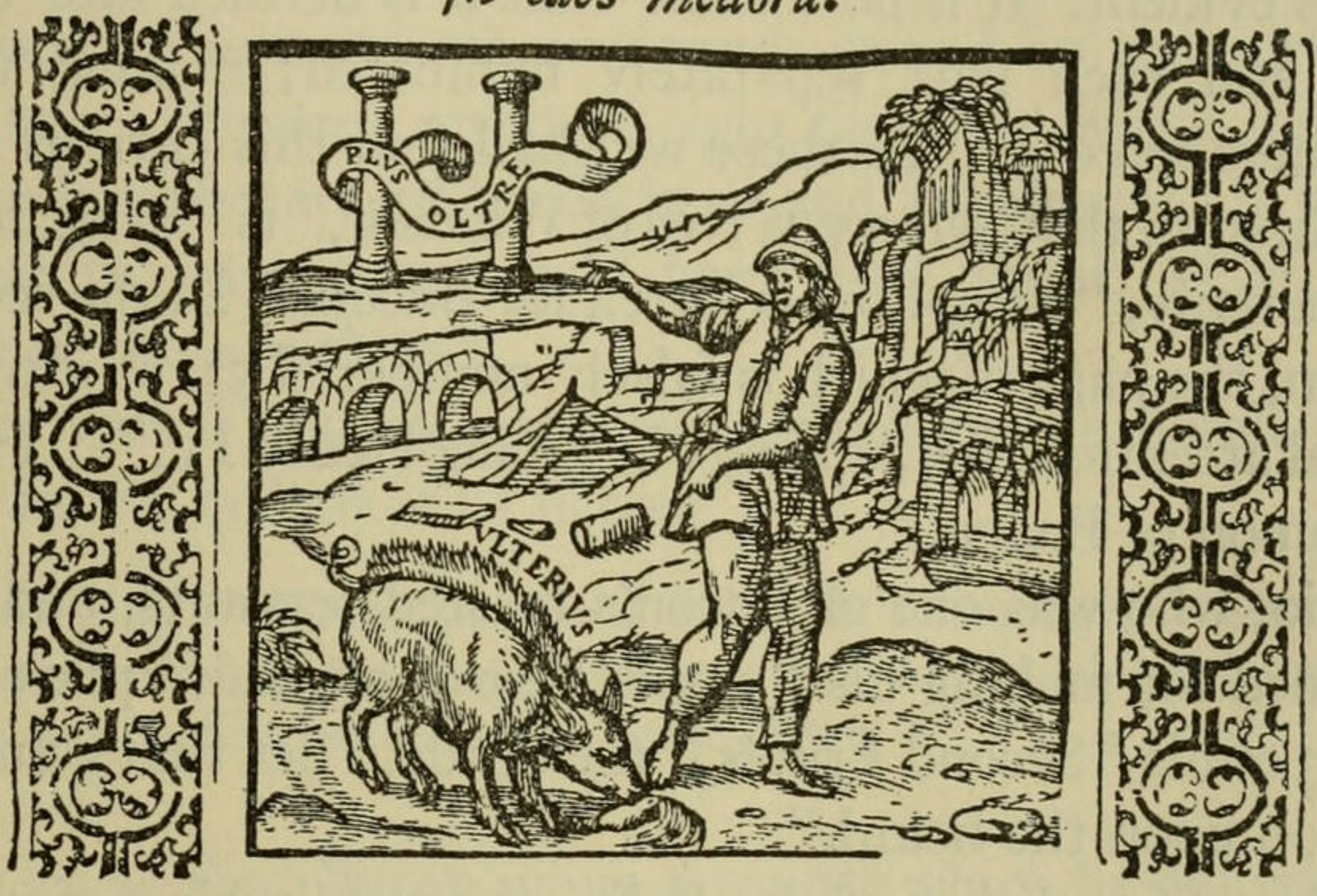
Any one acquainted with ancient manuscripts, especially government correspondence, is aware that numbers are often used in them, being substituted for names. This, for instance, is an example: A writer, who signs himself 67, writes this to 82: "I am satisfied that if 60 had given a decisive order to 19 the result would have been different." To mislead one who might possess himself of correspondence, two, or even more, numbers,

[1] Add. MSS. No. 4125.
[2] Lodge, *Sketch of Wolsey in Portraits of Illustrious Personages*, etc., vol. 1, p. 9.
[3] Smedley, *The Mystery of*, etc., p. 160.

were used on different occasions. Bacon, as we know, had two numbers, 33 and 53, which he often employed. Both are his numerical names, using the ancient alphabet as numerals, *a* for 1, *b* for 2, and so on. The numbers in Bacon aggregate 33.

As 33 might by over-frequent use attract too much attention, he varied it by using 53, the numerical value of the Latin

In dies meliora. 53



THE greedie Sowe ſo longe as ſhee dothe finde,
Some ſcatteringes lefte, of harueſt vnder foote
She forward goes and neuer lookes behinde,
While anie ſweete remayneth for to roote,
Euen ſoe wee ſhoulde, to goodnes euerie daie
Still further paſſe, and not to turne nor ſtaie.

form "*F. Bacono.*" That he did this is revealed in Whitney's "Emblems," page 53, published in 1586, when he was making emblem literature, one of "the little works of my recreation." The position of the emblem on page 53 would identify it beyond question with Bacon if the emblem itself did not. A glance at it, however, shows us the letter *F* in the broken arch reversed, as in the Montaigne title-page, and beneath it the double arch, which, turned half around to the right, discloses *B*. In the middle is the dark and light *A* so often used in his

head-pieces, and in the foreground surmounted by the word *ulterius* is a "Greedie Sow" by which stands a swineherd pointing to pillars of Hercules, bearing a scroll upon which is inscribed *plus oltre*, and over them the words *In dies meliora ;* in other words, the swineherd standing by the embodiment of stupid greed points to the hopeful words, "In better days more beyond."

That the number 53 plays an important rôle in the First Folio is evident. It is noticeable that it is divided into three parts, and each part separately numbered; making three pages numbered 53. In these we shall find this curious fact: in the first, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," is "hang, hog," and the reply, "hang-hog, is latten for Bacon." In the second division, the page of which is falsely numbered 53, as if to call especial attention to it, appears in "King Henry IV," "I have a Gammon of Bacon."

Florio, who was one of Bacon's trusted servants, and was pensioned for making his "works known abroad," placed on page 53 of his "Second Frutes," the words, "Set that gammon of bakon upon the board."

In the 1664 edition of the Folio, the publication of which Bacon's friend, Rawley, is believed to have promoted, we shall hardly expect to find this revealing number, but an examination shows that two pages are numbered 53 placed opposite each other, and on both are found "S Albans," the name he often employed as a signature. There are many similar instances which clearly show design; their number and character making them beyond the bounds of coincidence. The curious exploitation of the Bacon crest was no doubt suggested by the somewhat threadbare but witty anecdote of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who, when a criminal by the name of Hogg appealed to him for a light sentence on the ground of relationship, replied, "You and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Says Max Müller:—

A well educated person in England who has been at a public school and at the university, seldom uses more than about 3000 or 4000 words. Shakespeare, who probably displayed a greater variety of expression than any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words.[1]

A recent writer on this subject says that the number is much larger than this, and that Murray's Dictionary shows that seven thousand are new words coined by the author of the plays. Between seven or eight thousand words only are said to have been used by Dickens and Thackeray. Is it supposable that the actor could have used double as many as either of these authors?

This verbal opulence is thus noticed by Furnivall in his notes in the quarto of "Lucrece":—

In turning over the pages of Schmidt's Lexicon, I have been fairly surprised at the large proportion of his words and senses of words which Shakspere used only once.

We know that Bacon wrote a sonnet which he delivered to Elizabeth as a plea for forgiveness of Essex. The brilliant critic, Begley, has pointed out in Portia's address in the "Merchant of Venice" what he regards as this sonnet:—

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than the crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and power of kings.
It is our attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

IV, I.

[1] *Science of Language*, vol. I, p. 378. 1899.

We have spoken of the fact that Bacon was married habited in purple. Curiously enough, when he rode in procession to be inducted into the office of Lord Chancellor, he was robed in the same royal color, which excited criticism. The state which he assumed annoyed the vain monarch, who regarded this display of the purple as a petty exhibition of vanity, but it may seem to some — and this seems to have escaped observation — that he availed himself of these opportunities to bequeath to the future suggestive evidence of his right to wear it. If so, could the irony of fortune be more forcibly, perhaps we might say pathetically, displayed?

XVI

CIPHERS

The use of the cipher in court and camp, to which originally it had been confined, appears to have attained its highest efficiency in the seventeenth century, when, escaping the limits of authority, it found more popular fields for expansion. Could we but read, beneath the commonplace phrasing of many documents which we study in public archives and historical collections, the secrets which they enshrine, history would have a new meaning for us. Formerly people who exercised power maintained decipherers, whose business it was to translate the secret messages which the correspondence of their employers contained. We know that Walsingham, the Queen's Minister in Paris, once ventured to leave his post, and journey hot foot to London, to communicate personally with Elizabeth, as he was unwilling that her decipherers should know what he desired to say to her. Spedding says that Francis and Anthony Bacon employed a number of writers, "receiving letters which were mostly in cipher," and that these passed through the hands of Francis "to the Earl of Essex deciphered."

In one of Anthony's letters directed to Francis at Court, September 11, 1593, he says that his servant Edward Yates having lost his letters, it was impossible for him to recover his cipher that night.[1] Spedding's allusion to writers employed by the Bacons in their Scriptorium, begun at Gray's Inn, and later removed to Twickenham, we have mentioned before as much like the typewriting office of to-day. It was convenient for their official and literary work, and served also to increase their income.

Bacon speaks of six ciphers, in a manner which implies that

[1] Thomas Birch, D.D., *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. I, p.121. London, 1754.

he made use of them, of which the biliteral seems to have been the principal one, and for several years students of ciphers have been attempting to discover and apply them to his works, especially, the "Shakespeare" Works. The first was Ignatius Donnelly, who endeavored to elucidate one of them. His work is a marvel of patient study, and has attracted wide attention. That he was perfectly honest in his application of his theory, and fully believed in it, no one can reasonably doubt. Unfortunately, he died without leaving sufficient data to enable any one, thus far, to continue his work, and we now hear little about it except abuse.

We have given elsewhere the inscription on the stone which covered the actor's grave, as it was originally, viz.: —

Good Frend for Jesus SAKE forbeare
To diGG T-E Dust Enclo-Ased HE.Re.
Blese be T-E Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares T.Es Stones
And curst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones.

The remarkable, and, we venture to say, the unique manner in which this inscription is written is inexplicable by any known rules. The word "SAKE" in capitals, when if any word on the first line should have been so written it was the word "Jesus"; the capital *GG* in "diGG"; the dash and capital *A* in "Enclo-Ased"; the period in the middle and at the end of "HE.Re." have discouraged attempts at explanation. But one man, Ignatius Donnelly, who not only possessed a never-flagging spirit of research, but a mathematical mind of unusual clearness, attempted it, and this is his interpretation: "Francis Bacon wrote the Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare Plays." He did this by the biliteral cipher found in Bacon's "De Augmentis," by reading it through and reversing the process where the peculiarities we have named occur. Space will not permit a full explanation of the method, and we refer the reader to Donnelly's book, from which the above epitaph is taken.[1]

[1] Ignatius Donnelly, *The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone.* Minneapolis, 1899. Cf. *The Great Cryptogram.* Chicago, 1888. C. A. Montgomery, *Shakespear's Anagrams.* New York, 1910.

CIPHERS

THE WORD-CIPHER

Dr. Orville W. Owen claims to have discovered Bacon's word-cipher, and by it has "translated" from his philosophical works, and others bearing the name of Shakspere, Spenser, Green, Marlowe, Peele, and Burton, several volumes of prose and poetry hitherto unheard of; indeed, they greet us like strange visitants from those far-off days, when Elizabeth and James thought themselves essential to the existence of our forefathers. Translated, however, is hardly the proper word; constructed would be better, for they are composed of detached lines taken from a large number of works according to certain guide- and key-words, which reveal where such excerpts should begin and end. The works which Dr. Owen introduces to us are remarkable, not only for intrinsic merit, but for their bearing upon history. In them not only Bacon's early life is disclosed, but secrets of state as well.

We give a single brief example of the method of the word-cipher. To apply it extracts are taken from various works, and brought together to form a continuous chain of thought; the decipherer being guided by certain guide- and key-words, which we shall explain more fully hereafter:—

The Prelude to a Storm

The day is clear the welkin bright and gay
The lark is merry and records her note (*Peele*)
The thrush replies the mavis descant plays
The ousel shrills the ruddock warbles soft
So goodly all agree with sweet content
To this gladsome day of merriment. (*Faerie Queene*)
(*Marlowe*)
Fair blows the gale
From the South furrowed Neptune's seas
Northeast as far as the frozen Rhine (*Greene*)
The bright sun thereon his beams doth beat
As if he nought but peace and pleasure meant (*Faerie Queene*)
A solid mass of gold (*Anatomy of Melancholy*)
As a mirror glass the surface of the water (*Bacon*)
Reflected in my sight as doth a crystal mirror in the sun (*Peele*)

This method of joining lines so as to make sense is not unknown, but has never been attempted on a large scale, or by following hidden guides. What makes this, however, unique in the history of literature is the revelation it makes, and the ingenious method which it displays.

The first volume of Dr. Owen's work begins with this remarkable letter:—

Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the decipherer

LONDON, 1623.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Thus leaning on my elbow I begin the letter scattered wider than the sky and earth:—

> And yet the spacious breath of this division,
> As it spreads round in the widest circle,
> Admits the mingling of the four great guides we use,
> So that we have no need of any minute rule
> To make the opening of our device
> Appear as plainly to you as the sun. . . .
> And for fear that you would go astray from our design
> Before you had your powers well put on,
> We have marked out a plan in this epistle
> To communicate to you how our great cipher cues combine.

This letter which is really a dialogue between the author and his future decipherer, covers forty-three pages, and in it we are told the works in which a cipher is used.

The writer says:—

> We will enumerate them by their whole title,
> From the beginning to the end; William Shakespeare,
> Robert Green, George Peele and Christopher Marlow's
> Stage Plays; The Fairy Queene, Shepherd's Calendar,
> And all the works of Edmund Spenser;
> The Anatomy of Melancholy of Robert Burton, — and all the
> other works of our own.

Certainly this sets forth a formidable task for any one to attempt. Dr. Owen calling attention to some of the difficulties of his undertaking, remarks:—

Bacon's Philosophical Works were written in Latin, and we have the translations only to study; thus a second party's render-

ing of the original thoughts, which from the nature of the case would not be exact. Then from the Plays and other works, which have come down to us in the old English of 1623, and from these translations of the Latin text has to be extracted the connected Story through the means of the Cipher Keys. The student, on reflection, will admit it would be impossible to so fit and join the words and sentences, as to make all smoothly read in the exact metre, rhythm and measure of the highest literary productions of the nineteenth century.

Mr. George P. Goodale makes the following comments upon Dr. Owen's work:—

> The existence of a cipher by use of which these stories are revealed is an indisputable fact. The stories are not Dr. Owen's inventions. He did not compose them, for the reason that neither he nor any man that lives is gifted with the surpassing genius to do it. Nobody has the right to pass judgment on the discovery who has not first read the book.

And he makes an extract from Bacon ending thus:—

> It is not probable that a man that is slavishly bent upon blind, stupid and absurd objections, will bestow time and work enough upon this to make trial of the chain. Such a man is not entitled to judge and decide upon these questions.

Besides the account of Bacon's early life and various secret matters of history, Dr. Owen gives us several dramas, namely: "The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots"; "The Spanish Armada"; the story of Sir Francis Bacon's life, in blank verse, and the tragedy of Essex. Of these the Spanish Armada is the most to be admired, though it contains lines open to criticism, no more so, however, than some in the "Shakespeare" Plays. Perhaps we should quote here Owen's own words:—

> The first book of the deciphered writings of Sir Francis Bacon has had an unusual experience. It was published and sent forth without preface or word of explanation, with the desire that the public should form its own judgment upon the matter contained in it.

Dissatisfaction has been felt by readers that some parts of the deciphered material are not equal in literary power, poetic thought, nor artistic construction to the known efforts of Shakespeare or Bacon. This is doubtless true, especially in those parts of the story in which the necessities for concealment were so great as to make the difficulties of the cipher serious, and artistic reconstruction impossible.

This, he tells us, Bacon himself realized, quoting in evidence from cipher in the "Novum Organum," and "As You Like It." [1]

> . . . . . And for the sake of
> Our own safety, we executed the work in short
> And scattered sentences, linked together in rude lines,
> And any reader of moderate sagacity
> And intelligence should see our manner of writing
> This history (as it actually and really is)
> Is such that it could not be compounded and divided,
> Composed, decomposed, and composed again in manifold ways,
> And made to mingle and unite by fits and starts,
> And be in verse. It will be found the feet are
> Weak and lame, even in the blank verse.

We hold no brief for Dr. Owen, but deem it proper, in a comprehensive work of this character, to give a fair explanation of his method. The results he has achieved are startling, and the reader will be repaid by examining the several books which he has published. While he may have made a serious mistake in his Quixotic attempts to discover relics of Bacon by excavations on the banks of the Wye, a mistake which has evoked a tempest of ridicule, it is but just to say that he has devoted many years of his life to the most exacting labor under discouraging conditions, in order to give the world what he conceives to be an important discovery, which, if his method is sound, it assuredly is. The writer has been unable to give Dr. Owen's work the exacting study which it demands, and is therefore incompetent to pass judgment upon it worthy of

[1] Orville W. Owen, M.D., *Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story*, vol. 1, p. 1. Detroit, 1894.

critical attention, but some unbiased mind should give it careful study, and bestow upon the reading public the benefit of his labor. No more useful work could be performed by a writer than an authoritative exposition of the validity or invalidity of Dr. Owen's work.

METHOD OF APPLYING THE WORD-CIPHER IN THE PROLOGUE TO ANNE BOLEYN

The "Argument" shows that the scene opens at the palace, when the King first comes under the spell of Anne's beauty, but the keys preceding Henry VIII make it clear that there is something given, before the opening scene of the play — this would necessarily be a Prologue.

In searching for the keys, King Henry VII, Katherine, Prince Arthur, Spaine, etc., one sees that the story of Katherine's marriage was the introduction to the tragedy of Anne Boleyn — the key to the situation, we may say.

The original form of the Prologue is indicated by the ease with which the passages, by a simple change of tense, are made to fall into the verse of the opening lines.

"Truth" points to Burton, that is the "Anatomy of Melancholy," where on page 488, line 47, of the 3d edition, — or part 3, section 2, mem. 3, line 1252, — is the name and title, Ferdinand, King of Spaine. The name and place are all that are required, because all that follows merely suggests that the Moores — one in "Othello," the other in "Titus Andronicus," will lead to some part of the Prologue. The notes should show this.

To recapitulate, and illustrate further: —

The Key — KING HENRY THE EIGHTH (*Title, p. 205*)
The joining words — PRESENT, & THOSE THAT COME TO SEE A SHOW = SPECTATORS
The Guide — TRUTH = BURTON
The Key — SPAINE (*A of M., p. 488*)
The 1st joining words — PRESENT & SPECTATORS
The 2d joining words — END, FERDINANDO, & DANGER

The Guide — TIME =BACON
The Key — SPAINE (*Henry VII, p. 196*)
The 1st joining words — END, FERDINANDO, & DANGERS
The 2d joining words — SUCCESSION, & BLOUD
The Guide — ENVY =SHAKESPEARE
The Keys — HENRY THE SEVENTH, & HENRY THE EIGHTH (*Henry VIII, p. 212*)
The 1st joining words — END, BLOUD, & SUCCEEDING
The 2d joining words — EDWARD, & STATE
The Guide — TIME =BACON
The Keys — HENRY THE EIGHTH, KATHERINE, & PRINCE ARTHUR (*Henry VII, p. 196*)
The 1st joining words — EDWARD, & STATE
The 2d joining words — PART
The Guide — ENVY =SHAKESPEARE
The Key — RAGE (*equivalent of fury*) — (*Othello, p. 320*)
The 1st joining word — PART
The 2d joining words, FORGET, & FOLLOWING
The Guide — TIME =BACON
The Key — PRINCE OF WALES (*Henry VII, p. 205*)
The 1st joining words — FOLLOWING, & FORGOTTEN
The 2d joining words — YEARES — *sent further on in* BACON *by* TIME, *and to* SHAKESPEARE *by* STARRES
1st — The Guide — TIME =BACON
The Keys — KATHERINE, & PRINCE OF WALES (*Henry VII, p. 207*)
The 1st joining words — PART, FOLLOWING, & YEARES
The 2d joining words — PROVIDENCE =FATE
2d — The Guide — STARRES =SHAKESPEARE
The Key — MINION *one meaning of which is* AGENT =NUNCIO (*Richard III, p. 196*)
The 1st joining word — FATE
The 2d joining words — HIGHES (=HIES), MURTHER, & VILLAINE
The Keys — KING & GOVERNORS (*Henry VI, p. 137*)
The 1st joining words — CREPT, MURTHER, & VILLAINE
The 2d joining words — OUR KING, & REVENGING
The Key — FACTOR =AGENT =NUNCIO (*Richard III, p. 196*)
The 1st joining words — HARRIE (*name of our king*) & REVENGE
The 2d joining words — MOTHER, WIFE, GOD
The Key — KING HENRY THE EIGHTH (*Henry VIII, p. 231*)
The 1st joining word — GOD
The 2d joining word — SPEAK
The Key — ROME (*Titus Andronicus, p. 51*)
The 1st joining word — SPEAK
The 2d joining words — FATALL & MAN

CIPHERS

The Keys — TOWER, & FRANCE (*I Henry VI, p. 100*)
The 1st joining words — SPEAK, FATALL, & MEN
The 2d joining words — PLAY
The Key — FRANCE (*Henry VI, p. 101*)
The 1st joining words — MEN, & PLAYED
The 2d joining words — PRAISE
The Keys — KING, & FRANCE (*Love's Labours Lost, p. 130*)
The joining word — PRAISE

Note: — The 1st joining words point to the passage preceding: the 2d joining words, to the one following.

It is evident that the task of selecting from a large number of books, some perhaps in Latin, lines that will make a connected narrative when joined together, would be formidable. It would require not only critical discrimination of a high character, but unflagging persistence worthy of a great cause; indeed, without a method, the task would seem to be a hopeless one. This method is disclosed in the letter to the decipherer. It consists of two large cylinders upon which is rolled a thousand feet of cloth, about twenty-six inches wide, and upon which is pasted the leaves of the books to be deciphered. Upon the cylinder farthest from the decipherer the cloth is wound, the end being secured to the cylinder directly in front of him, which being turned toward him brings the leaves of the books directly before his eyes. The guide-words are first found and a line drawn under them. Associated with these are key-words, and sentences containing them are enclosed. These sentences are then read to typists who print them upon sheets of paper and head them with the key-words for convenience in selecting. As the guide- and key-words are numerous, the task is no easy one.

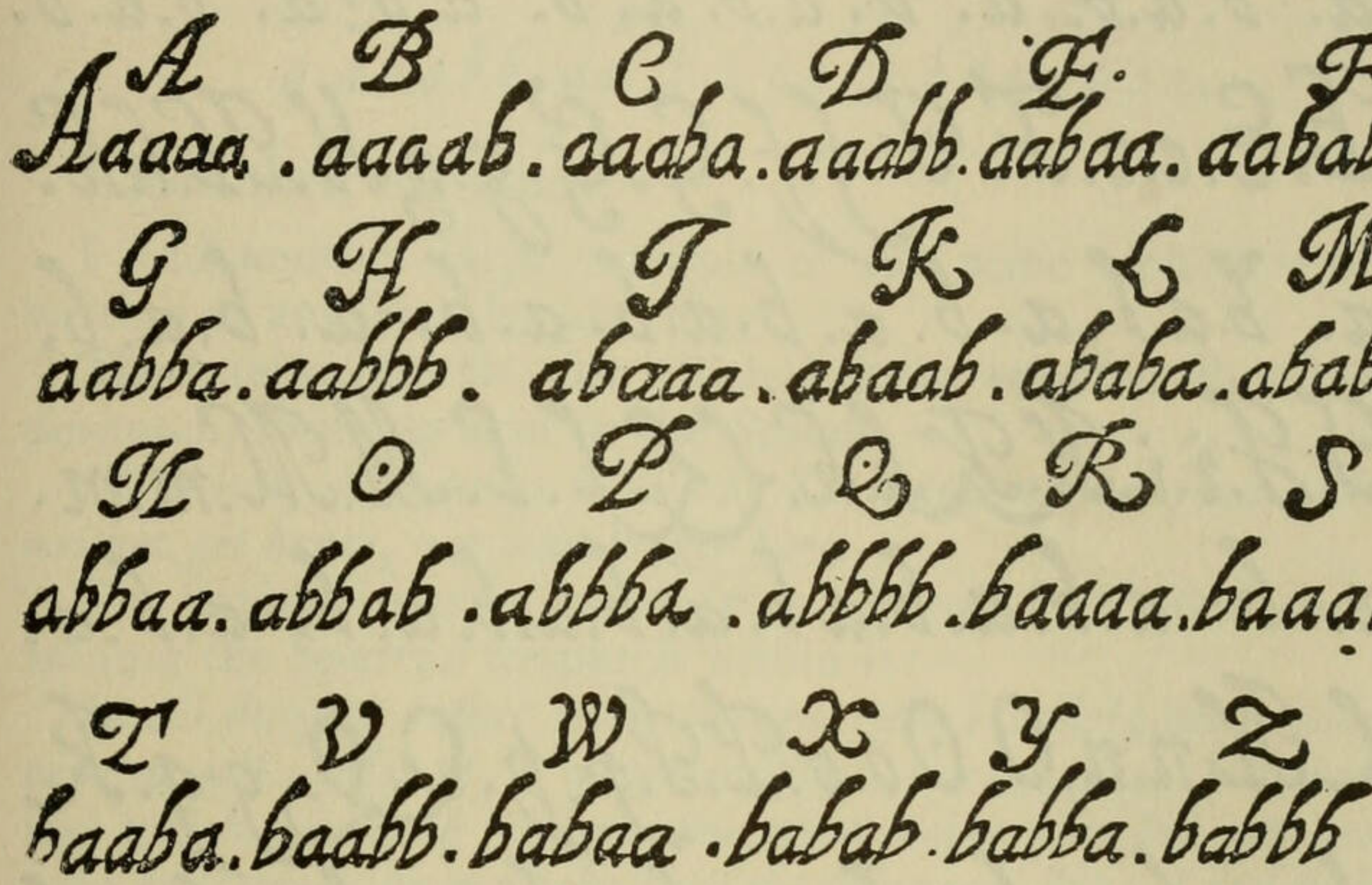
Dr. Owen worked upwards of seven years to learn how to unravel the mysteries of his discovery. By instructing assistants he was finally able to leave the work of deciphering to them. It would be strange if errors in Dr. Owen's work were not made, and it is likely to require a more critical study than has thus far been bestowed upon it to clear it of errors.

THE BILITERAL CIPHER

While at the French Court, Francis Bacon invented the cipher now known as the biliteral which he describes in his "De Augmentis." Though we would gladly avoid duplicating what has already been quoted by Mrs. Gallup and several others, it seems necessary to do so. This is Bacon's explanation of this, the most interesting of all ciphers: —

> As for Writing, it is performed either by the common alphabet — or by a secret and private one, agreed upon by particular persons, which they call *ciphers* — Of these there are many kinds: simple ciphers; ciphers mixed with non-significant characters; ciphers containing two different letters in one character; wheel ciphers; key ciphers; word ciphers, and the like.
>
> It is requisite, he continues, that they be easy and not laborious to write; that they be safe and impossible to be deciphered; and such as not to raise suspicion. For if letters fall into the hands of those who have power either over the writers, or over those to whom they are addressed, although the cipher itself may be safe and impossible to decipher, yet the matter comes under examination and question; unless the cipher be such as either to raise no suspicion or to elude inquiry. Now for this elusion of inquiry, there is a new and useful contrivance for it, which, as I have it by me, why should I set it down among the desiderata, instead of propounding the thing itself? It is this: let a man have two alphabets, one of true letters, the other of non-significants; and let him enfold in them two letters at once; one carrying the secret, the other such a letter as the writer would have been likely to send, and yet without anything dangerous. Then if anyone be strictly examined as to the cipher, let him offer the alphabet of true letters for non-significants. Thus the examiner will fall upon the exterior letter; which finding probable, he will not suspect anything of another letter within. But for avoiding suspicion altogether, I will add another contrivance, which I devised myself when I was at Paris in my early youth, and which I still think worthy of preservation. For it has the perfection of a cipher, which is to make anything signify anything; subject however to this condition, that the infolding writing shall contain at least five times as many letters as the writing infolded; no other condition or restriction whatever is required." The way to do it is

this: First let all the letters of the alphabet be resolved into transpositions of two letters only. For the transposition of two letters through five places will yield thirty-two differences; much more twenty-four which is the number of letters in our alphabet. Here is an example of such an alphabet: —



EXAMPLE OF AN ALPHABET IN TWO LETTERS

Nor is it a slight thing which is thus by the way affected. For hence we see how thoughts may be communicated at any distance of place by means of any objects perceptible either to the eye or ear, provided only that those objects are capable of two differences; as by bells, trumpets, torches, gunshots, and the like. But to proceed to our business: when you prepare to write, you must reduce the interior epistle to this biliteral alphabet.

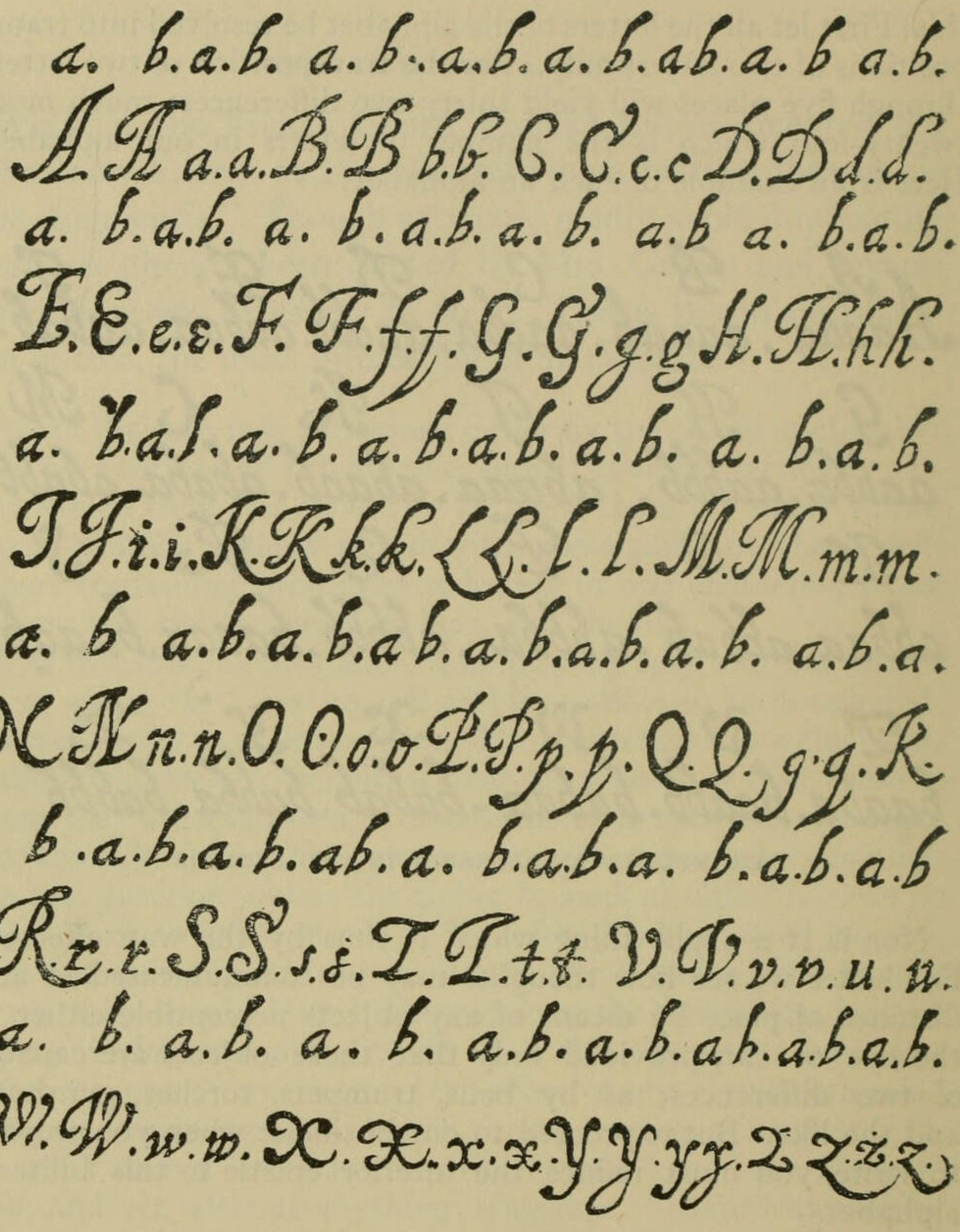
He then gives us the alphabet containing letters from two different fonts,[1] and taking the following message, "Do not go till I come," encloses in it the instruction "Fly."

To do this he divides the message into groups of five letters thus:

Do not/ go til/l I com/e.

aa bab. ab aba. b abba.

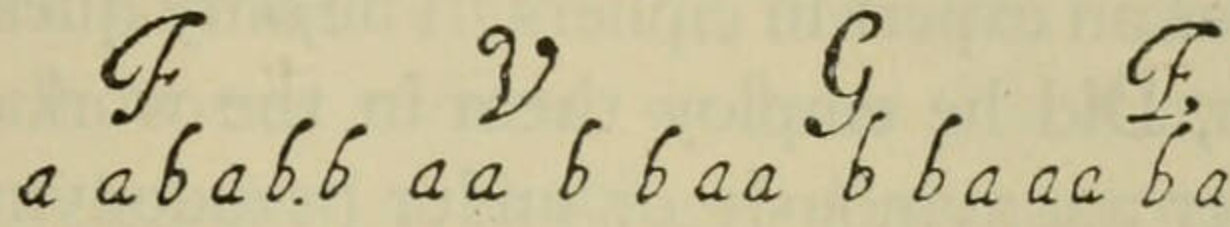
[1] See p. 532.



In the exhibit above shown, it will be noticed that the third and fifth *b* indicates *F*, the second and fourth, *l*, and the first, third, and fourth, *y*. All, then, that is necessary is to make the third and fifth letter in the first group slightly different to indicate that it is *F;* the second and fourth in the next group to indicate that it is *l*, and the first, third, and fourth in the third to indicate that it is *y*.

This cipher can be written and put in type, with rapidity

and ease when the letters for the second font are marked. The "De Augmentis," from which Bacon's instructions are taken, is in Latin, hence the word "Fly" is "Fuge," which necessitates a change. This is as it appears in the original.



Bacon then continues: —

I add another large example of the same cipher, — of the writing of anything by anything.

The interior epistle; for which I have selected the Spartan despatch, formerly sent in the *Scytale:* —

All is lost. Mindarus is killed. The soldiers want food. We can neither get hence, nor stay longer here.

The exterior epistle, taken from Cicero's first letter and containing the Spartan despatch within it: —

In all duty or rather piety towards you I satisfy every body except myself. Myself I never satisfy. For so great are the services which you have rendered me, that seeing you did not rest in your endeavours on my behalf till the thing was done, I feel as if life had lost all its sweetness, because I cannot do as much in this cause of yours. The occasions are these: Ammonius the King's ambassador openly besieges us with money; the business is carried on through the same creditors who were employed in it when you were here, etc.[1]

The doctrine of Ciphers carries along with it another doctrine, which is its relative. This is the doctrine of deciphering, or of detecting ciphers, though one be quite ignorant of the alphabet used or the private understanding between the parties; a thing requiring both labour and ingenuity, and dedicated, as the other likewise is, to the secret of princes. By skilful precaution indeed it may be made useless; though as things are it is of very great use. For if good and safe ciphers were introduced, there are very many of them which altogether elude and exclude the decipherer, and yet are sufficiently convenient and ready to read and write. But such is the rawness and unskilfulness of secretaries and clerks in the court of kings, that the greatest matters are commonly trusted to weak and futile ciphers.[2]

[1] From translation of Gilbert Watts.

[2] James Spedding, M.A., *The Works of Francis Bacon*, vol. IX, pp. 115–20. Boston, 1864.

We quote at length because it is so common for people when the cipher is mentioned to exclaim, "Lee, Collins, and the best Shaksperian scholars long ago exploded that fraud." It therefore seems necessary to set such objectors right by showing that Bacon was an expert in ciphers. The only question, then, to consider is, Did he employ them in the works which he wrote, whether anonymously or under pseudonyms, for reasons of safety or policy?

The biliteral cipher has been applied by Mrs. Gallup both to Bacon's philosophical works and the plays with interesting results. As we have familiarized ourselves with it, let us use it for an experiment; and first we will examine the adulatory address of I. M. in the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" Works, which is especially quoted in favor of the actor's authorship, and therefore furnishes us with an excellent example.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-speare.*

VVEE wondred (Shake-speare) *that thou went'st so soone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

To get at the secret message which this address contains we must remember that the letter *a* indicates the first, and the letter *b* the second font which carries the cipher.

By referring to the biliteral alphabet it will be seen that when I. M.'s address is divided into groups of five letters, if the first and fifth letters, whether capitals or not, are from

the second or *b* font, we have *S;* if the third in the next group, *E;* if none of the letters in the next group are from the second font, we have *A;* if the first letter in the next is, we have *R;* if the fourth in the next, *C;* and if the three last in the next, we have H. We now have the word "Search." If we apply this process to the entire address, we have this startling message: "Search for keyes the headings of the comedies. Francis Baron of Verulam." This will be seen in the following paradigm:—

```
  S     E     A     R     C     H     F
Tothe meNor ieofM WShak espea reWFF wondr
  O     R     K     E     Y     E     S
edSha kespe areth atTho uwent stsos ooneF
  T     H     E     H     E     A     D
romth eWorl dsSta getot heGra uesTy ringr
  I     N     G     S     O     F     T
oomeW eetho ughtt heede adbut thist hypri
  H     F     C     O     M     E     D
ntedw orthT elsth ySpec tator sthat thouw
  I     E     S     F     R     A     N
entst butfo rthTo enter witha pplau seAnA
  C     I     S     B     A     R     O
ctors ArtCa ndyea ndliu etoac tease condp
  N     O     F     V     E     R     U
artTh atsbu tanEx itofM ortal itieT hisaR
  L     A     M
eentr ancet oaPla udite.

                                    I.M.
```

The First Folio of 1623, printed by William Jaggard, and the Second of 1632, by Thomas Cotes, reveal the remarkable fact that fonts of type of the same forms appear in both. A comparison of the introductory poem by Leonard Digges, for instance, plainly discloses this. There is also a difference in the spelling of several words, as well as a different placing of the second or *b* font letters. The purpose of this rearrangement of letters, it is explained, was to enfold a different message in the later issue which Rawley was instrumental in

publishing. It should be noted also that the two fonts may be used interchangeably; in other words, to add to the difficulty of deciphering, the *a* font can be used for the *b* font on a message or part of a message.

The complete cipher message in Digges's poem in the First Folio is as follows:—

Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and of the twenty-two now put out for the first time. Some are alter'd to continue his history. Fr. St. A.

The message in the same poem in the Second Folio by Rawley begins thus:—

Many old poems of Sp. and Sh. at a due time (will) shew mayhap, w'ch MSS. F. hid. But such nere won great praise — look'd, men now say, so faire, etc.

This is but a part of a longer message by Rawley beginning with the poem "Upon the Effigies." The abbreviations and elisions, made in it for brevity, render it somewhat obscure. Not only were the same emblematic head-pieces and colophons used by Bacon in various works, but the same type, and this practice was continued by Rawley after his death.

It occurred to us that the best test of Mrs. Gallup's trustworthiness as a decipherer would be to enfold in the body of the "I. M. Poem" a combination of German words, and submit it to her. We therefore had a photograph, many times enlarged, made of the poem, from which the letters were cut, and an alphabet made of the two fonts of type in which it was printed. Though time and patience had been devoted to distinguishing between the letters *t*, *n*, *e*, *o*, *u*, and *r*, the proper ones were selected as nearly as possible, pasted upon a large sheet of cardboard, and then photographed down to the original size as found in the Folio. This we mailed Mrs. Gallup requesting her to favor us by deciphering it. In due time we received, with an apology for her "rusty German," the following:—

Search Kaiser Kultur Krieg Tod gemachten Macht ist Rachen of Verulam.

While this contained several errors, we regarded it as a remarkable exhibition of Mrs. Gallup's skill, for we found that we had misplaced some letters. To make our test more difficult the words comprising the hidden word "Search" were left unchanged, and were followed by our strange combination of words which *used up* all the letters in the word "Baron" in the Folio but the last letter *n*. This stray letter, however, was not the stumbling-block which we expected it to be, for Mrs. Gallup recognized and included the meaningless letter in her exhibit. We then corrected the work as carefully as possible and returned it for revision. To our great satisfaction it proved to be correct, and we here give her reply:—

Regarding the biliteral example I have examined the corrections and find them quite right. Everything else being as before, it reads — *Search Kaiser Kultur Krieg und Schlachten Macht ist Recht, n of Verulam.* Her solution and the poem follow.

```
 S     E     A     R     C     H     K
Tothe memor ieofM WShak espea reWEE wondr
 A     I     S     F     R     K     U
edSha kespe areth attho uwent stsos ooneF
 L     T     U     R     K     R     I
romth eWorl dsSta getot heGra uesTy ringr
 E     G     U     N     D     S     C
oomeW eetho ughtt heede adbut thist hypri
 H     L     A     C     H     T     E
ntedw orthT elsth ySpec tator sthat thouw
 N     M     A     C     H     T     I
entst butfo rthTo enter witha pplau seAnA
 S     T     R     E     C     H     T
ctors ArtCa ndyea ndliu etoac tease condp
 N     O     F     V     E     R     U
artTh atsbu tanEx itofM ortal itieT hisaR
 L     A     M
eentr ancet oaPla udite.
```

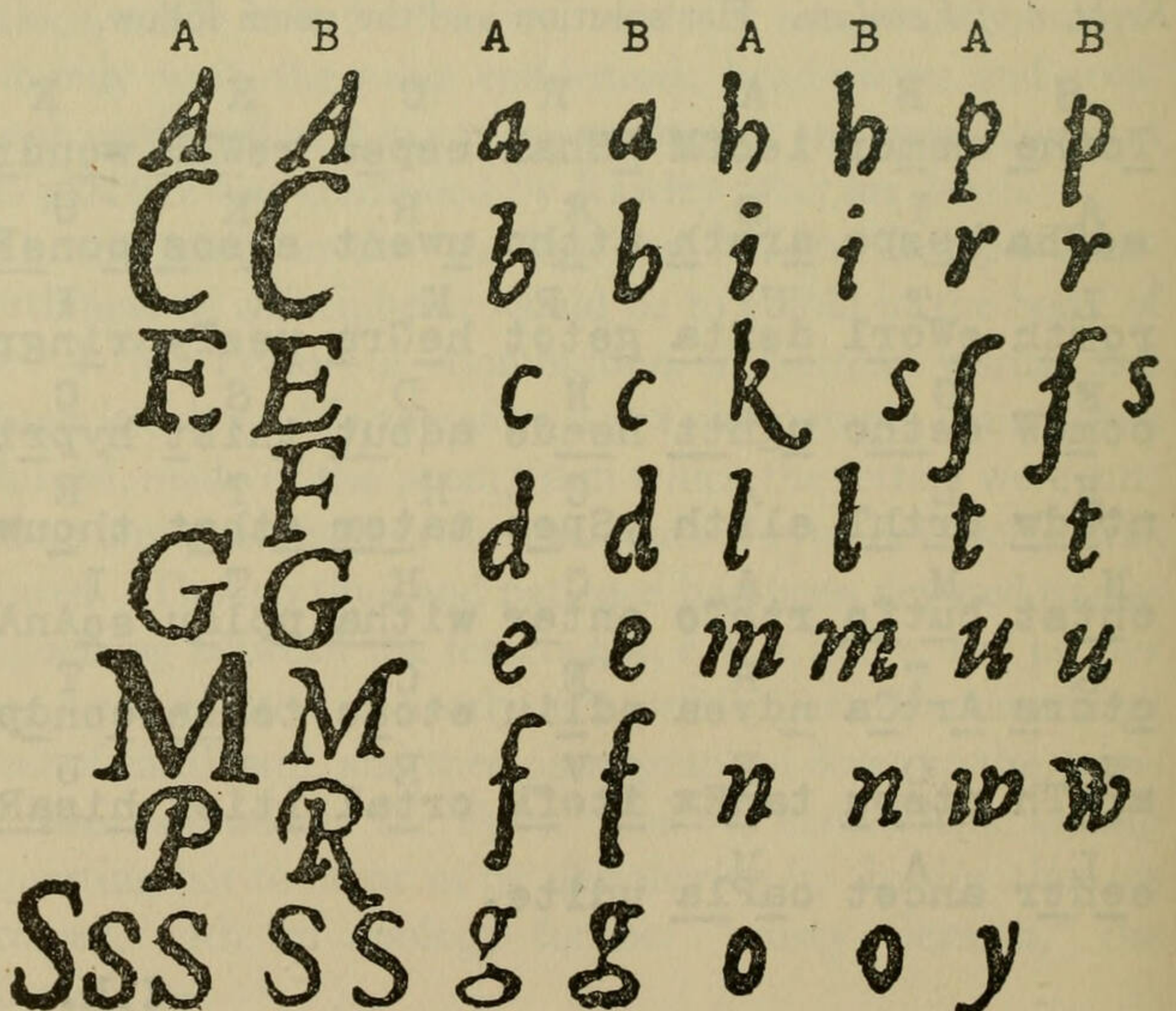
I.M.

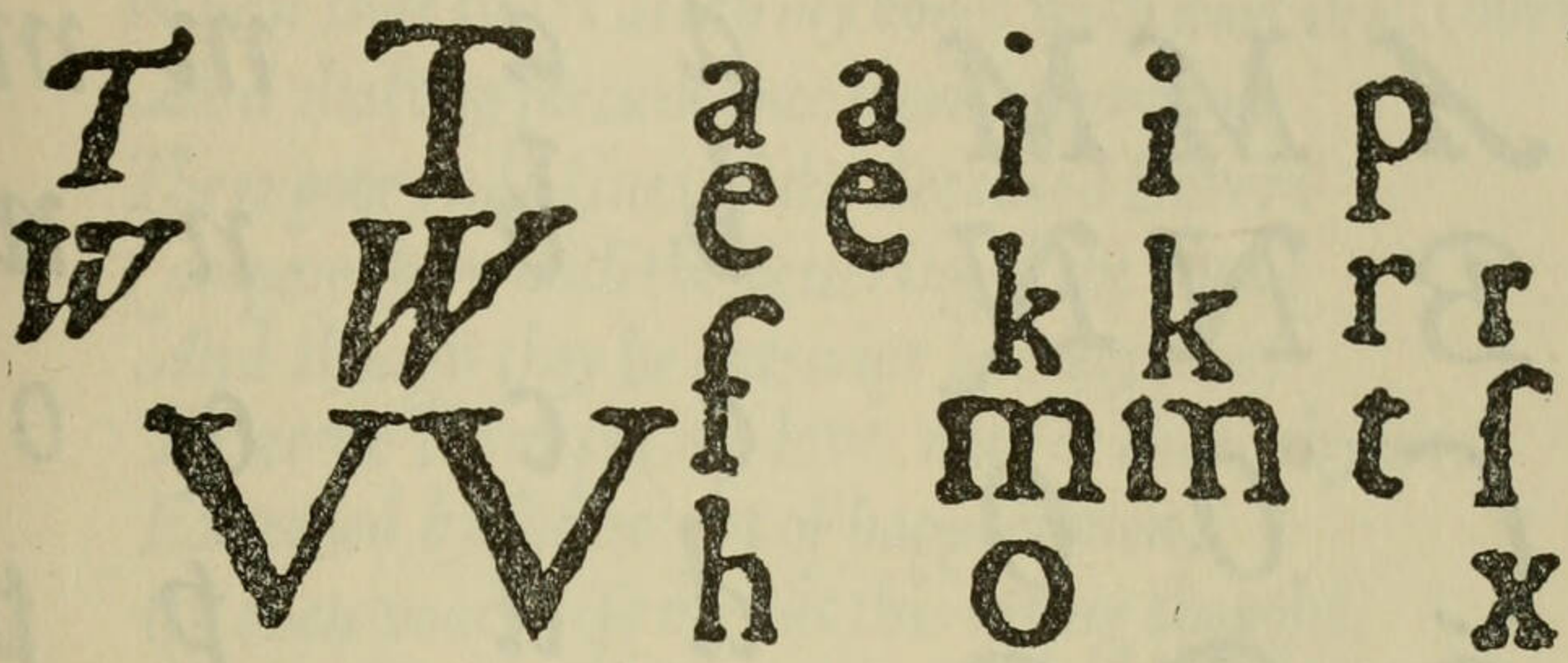
To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-speare.*

VVEE wondred (Shake-speare) *that thou went'st so soone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

ALPHABET OF ENLARGED ITALIC AND ROMAN LETTERS IN THE "I. M. POEM," WITH ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM FIRST FOLIO NECESSARY TO COMPLETE GERMAN WORDS CONCEALED IN IT:—





This example should satisfy one whatever his preconceived opinion may be, that the claim of those who have studied Bacon's biliteral cipher that he made use of it, is not unreasonable. So much has been attempted to controvert this claim, that our success in the test given impelled us to go farther in testing the validity of this particular cipher, especially as many Baconians still decline to admit it to discussion; only, however, by discarding several valuable additions to Baconian literature which they have adopted, can they be quite consistent. As already stated we do not wonder that so many are skeptical regarding the existence of ciphers in works ascribed to Bacon, because of the difficulties which present themselves to every one who attempts to study them, but we believe that any one with good eyes and an ambition to master these difficulties can do so by persistent labor, as much labor, for instance, as would be required in mastering a difficult foreign tongue.

A CIPHER IN THE SECOND FOLIO

To test the validity of a cipher in the Second Folio we offer a more lengthy experiment; and, first present an enlarged alphabet of the two fonts, found in the adulatory poem of Leonard Digges; and taking Sonnets XXXII, XXXVI, XXXVIII,

A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B
A	A	M	M	a	a	m	m
B	B	N	N	b	b	n	n
C	C	O	O	c	c	o	o
C	C	P	P	d	d	p	p
D	D	Q	Q	e	e	e	q	q
E	E	R	R	f	f	r	r
F	F	S	S	g	g	ſ	s	ſ
G	G	T	T	h	h	t	t
H	H	V	V	i	i	u	u
I	J	W	W	k	k	v	v
K	K	Y	Y	l	l	w	w
L	L					x	x
						y	y
							z

XXXII.

If thou survive my well contented day,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey:
These poor rude lines of thy deceased Lover:
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,
Had my friends Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and Poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subiect to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days;
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Yet he seems to set the greatest store by his work.

and following Bacon's directions, we enfolded in them a poem of our own, adding a prose line to contain the signature, which was then photographed down to the proper size so as to show a facsimile of the sonnets enfolding the poem in the bi-formed alphabet given on pages 538, 39. This we mailed to Mrs. Gallup, which reached her two days later, and was returned to us by next mail with the poem correctly transcribed without a single error. The title was "The Library," but we left it out to avoid furnishing the decipherer with a clue to the subject of the poem.

Sonnet XXXII. and part of XXXVI., containing first stanza of poem by author as marked by Mrs. Gallup using letters from poem of Digges in second Folio (page 543).

T H O U G H T
Ifthe usurv ivemy wellc onten tedda yWhen
O M B S T H E
thatc hurla eathm ybone swith dusts hallc
D U S T O F M
overA ndsha lthyf ortun eonce morer esurv
E N O F G E N
eyThe sepoo rrude lines ofthy decea sedLo
I U S C L A I
verCo mpare themw ithth ebett ering ofthe
M T H E Y S T
timeA ndtho ughth eybeo utstr iptby every
I L L S U R V
penRe serve themf ormyl oveno tfort heirr
I V E I M M O
hymee xceed edbyt hehei ghtof happi ermen
R T A L I Z E
Ohthe nvouc hsafe mebut thisl oving thoug
D B Y F A M E
htHad myfri endsm usegr ownwi ththi sgrow
H E R F W I T
ingag eAdea rerbi rthth anthi shisl oveha
H T H E M T H
dbrou ghtTo march inran ksofb etter equip
O U M A Y S T
ageBu tsinc ehedi edand Poets bette rprov
H O L D C O M
eThei rsfor their style illre adhis forhi
M U N I O N S
slove Letme confe sstha twetw omust betwa
T I L L A N D
inAlt hough ourun divid edlov esare oneSo
O F T H E I R
shall those blots thatd owith merem ainWi
W I S D O M F
thout thyhe lpbym ebebo rneal oneIn ourtw
R E E L Y D R
olove sther eisbu toner espec tThou ghino
I N K T H Y F
urliv esase parab lespi teWhi chtho ughit
I L L
alter notlo vesso.

This is the entire poem enfolded, to test the decipherer's skill, which was marked as shown in above partial exhibit.

Though tombs the dust of men of Genius claim,
They still survive immortalized by Fame;
Here with them thou mayst hold communion still,
And of their Wisdom freely drink thy fill.

But what is learned that must thou wisely do
If thou wouldst reap, for this is ever true,
Who learns and learns but does not what he knows
Is one who plows and plows but never sows.

JAMES P. BAXTER.

These examples, one from each Folio, ought to be worthy of the attention even of Stratfordians.

Of course, when the statement was made that a cipher existed in the "Shakespeare" plays, as well as in Bacon's philosophical works, and, especially, the claim to a more extended authorship, there was a storm of protest, which for a time drowned all attempts to obtain a hearing. "Mrs. Gallup was a fraud, and the cipher story an invention." She had "falsified history," and translations of the "Odyssey" and "Iliad," purporting to have been found in "Edward II," "Anatomy of Melancholy," and "De Augmentis," showed that she had "cribbed from other translators, especially Pope." But if she was an impostor, would she have been so unwise as to make her thesis so preposterous at the outset as to render it impossible of acceptance?

These translations purported to be found in cipher in works which the literary world believed belonged to three different authors. Granted that Bacon might put cipher stories in his own books, how could he do so in the books of others? No wonder the claim was regarded as nonsensical. The over-enthusiasm of these critics led them to hasty conclusions and mortifying confutations.

It is certain that one of the most remarkable disclosures of the cipher is the English translation of the "Odyssey" and "Iliad" of Homer; the "Eclogues" of Virgil and other poems,

the declared product of Bacon's youthful brain, which the decipherer says she was surprised and disturbed at finding in her way when tracing the story of Bacon's life. To give an adequate idea of these remarkable translations would require a volume, hence we must confine ourselves to a few brief excerpts from the "Iliad."

Incited by Minerva, Pandarus wounds Menelaus: —

She sought brave Pandarus amidst the band
That follow'd him from the Æsepus' streams;
And, standing near him, spake in wingèd words:
"Wouldst thou now Pandarus, Lycaön's son,
Lend ear unto the counsels that I give,
No longer would thy bow, its strong cord slack,
Hang idly. Thou a bitter shaft wouldst aim
At Menelaus, winning endless fame,
And thanks and favor, — golden gifts as rare
As prince or king can offer unto one
Whom he delights to honor, — for indeed
All Trojans would rejoice, could they behold
Brave Menelaus laid upon the pyle,
Slain by an arrow from thy mighty bow.
Especially shall Paris' heart be glad;
No limit shall there be to gratitude,
Nor to the treasure in rich store for thee.
Come now, I pray thee, send thy mighty shaft
Into their midst, and vow unto Apollo
A splendid hecatomb of firstling lambs."
So saying, his unthinking mind she won,
In haste, straightway, his polished bow he took,
That from the wild goat's branching horns was fashioned.
Once from the ambush on a mountain side,
Lying in wait, he saw that noble pair
Proudly uplifted, and the bounding goat
Emergèd to the light. There clear he saw it
Against the cavern's mouth, and taking aim,
His wingèd shaft that square white breast did pierce,
And on the rocks supine the creature lay.
These horns, polished and golden tipped, became
The bow Lycaön's son, most masterful,
Did bend. The point he rested on the ground,
And from his quiver taking off the cap,
Fitted an arrow's notch unto the cord,
While, round about him, shields were closely ranked,

By his companions, lest the watchful Greeks
Espying him should take away his life,
Ere martial Menelaus should be slain, —
The leader brave of all the Grecian hosts.
So Pandarus drew back the tough hide string
Until his head did rest against his breast,
While the shaft's barb nigh to the bow was brought
A moment, ere the impatient arrow sped
In swift flight thro' the camp, on deadly quest.
Ah! Menelaus, then thy hour had come,
Had not blue-orbèd Pallas at thy side
Repelled that shaft. Even as a watchful mother
Would brush a fly from her fair, sleeping child,
Minerva's hand the sharp point turned aside,
And firm infixèd in his girdle's clasp.
Its course thus silently and swiftly stayed,
That wicked arrow little harm might work,
Yet did its point break through the tender skin;
And the white columns of those ivory thighs,
The sturdy knees, and the fair feet below,
Were bathed in blood, black as the sacred Styx.
Then began that heroes heart to quail with fear;
But, looking down, the cord outside he saw,
And once more gathered courage in his breast.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, across the plain, the Trojan hosts
In warlike guise advancing, might be seen.
Then would you not surprise brave Agamemnon,
Nor see him hesitate nor shun the fight;
But hastening forth, he bad Eurymedon,
The son of Ptolymaeus, to be nigh
With steeds and chariot against a time
That, wearied with the labors of the field,
He might gain respite. Many hurried on:
To these he spake swift words of cheer, thus saying:
"Argives! remit not any of your ardor,
For Jove will not of falseness be the abettor;
The flesh of all false Trojans shall be food
To cormorants. Ay, and their wives and children
(Since they this solemn league did violate,
And first did offer injury), for this,
Shall hence within our sable ships be borne,
As we return to our dear native land
Triumphant conquerors. Then shall fair Troy,
And all that mighty band, lie low in the dust."

. . . . . .

Like wintry mountain torrent roaring loud
That frights the shepherd, in the deep ravine
Mixing the floods tumultuously that pour
From forth an hundred gushing springs at once,
Thus did the deafening battle din arise,
When meeting in one place with direful force,
In tumult and alarms, the armies joined.
Then might of warrior met an equal might;
Shields clashed on shields, the brazen spear on spear,
While dying groans mixed with the battle cry
In awesome sound; and steeds were fetlock deep
In blood, fast flowing, as the armies met.

The translations from Homer especially drew the fire of critics. What appeared to be at first sight the most serious charge, cribbing, Mrs. Gallup promptly met. We will briefly quote from her reply to Marston's attack in the "Nineteenth Century":—

Any statement that I copied from Pope, or from any source whatever, the matter put forth as deciphered from Bacon's works, is false in every particular. . . . Knowing that Pope's was considered the least correct of several of the English translations, yet, perhaps, the best known for its poetic grace, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that I should have copied his, had I been dependent upon any translation for the deciphered matter. Bacon says his earliest work upon the Iliad was done under instructors. There were Latin translations extant in his day, which were equally accessible to Pope a century later. A similarity might have arisen from a study by both of the same Latin text.

Any one who reads and compares Bacon's translations with Ogilby's and Pope's, as the present writer has done, will be fully convinced that the decipherer was not their author. If they were youthful work, they must have been written before Bacon went to France in 1576, and were in manuscript near forty years before being put into cipher. There is no reason why Ogilby, who not far from this time was about Gray's Inn, may not have seen them before making his translation. We find that Pope was familiar with Ogilby. Says Spence: "The perusal of Ogilby's Homer and of Sandy's Ovid

filled him with delight." [1] His "Iliad" in manuscript is still preserved in the British Museum, and is interesting as showing variations from the printed work. From Lord Bolingbroke it passed to Mallet who bequeathed it to the Museum. We find Pope thus describing his method of working which is illuminating:—

> In translating both the Iliad and the Odyssey, my usual method was to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original text, *then by other translations;* and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only.[2]

This seems to have been overlooked by Marston and other critics, and we call attention to it in support of the decipherer's contention.

So eager were Mrs. Gallup's critics to discredit her that they wrote much of which doubtless they are now ashamed. This we will pass, and speak only of some of the indictments urged against her, a prominent one being the use in the deciphered writings of "Americanisms" unknown in Bacon's day, forgetting that many so-called Americanisms were everyday English in the seventeenth century. Bacon never could have written "Brittain," nor "Ended now is my great desire to sit *in* the British throne; nor honor for honour." Of course the critic showed his gross ignorance of Bacon's philosophical works, as well as of the dramas, for Bacon did write "Brittaine" in the "Advancement of Learning," and he often used the phrase "in" instead of "on" the throne; in fact, this peculiar use of the word by Bacon, and its frequent appearance in the "Shakespeare" Works, is extremely significant. Bacon also used "honor," and in the plays it often occurs.

Lee, as usual, settles the question of the biliteral cipher, if positive declaration is sufficient to settle it. He declares that he has collected twenty-five copies of the Folio, and "no

[1] Joseph Spence, *Anecdotes, Observations*, etc., p. 270. London, 1820.
[2] Rev. Alexander Dyce, *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*, vol. 1, p. xli. Boston, 1853.

cipher exists in it"; and of the use in books of different fonts of type, "Nothing is more frequent than such mixtures in books." This last statement is too well known to mention. If the use of several fonts of type had not been common in Bacon's time, he would never have ventured to use his biliteral cipher. If Lee had soberly examined the subject, he would have seen that it was not a question of the use of different fonts of type which was involved, but the method of such use, and so would have avoided his irrelevant declaration.

The numerous verbal criticisms exploited by correspondents of publications considered authoritative, are remarkable for their display of ignorance. Mrs. Gallup has answered many of them, and were it worth while it could be easily shown that hardly a verbal criticism thus far adduced possesses validity. The only effect which they can have is to strengthen the Baconian argument. The same may be said of the historical criticisms of Mr. Rait in the "Fortnightly Review." He says:—

> No reader of Mr. Froude can forget this brilliant, if somewhat brutal, description of the scene at Fotheringay Castle, or his picture of the doomed Queen standing "on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot." Mr. Froude had some authority for his phrase; one contemporary writer does remark that she was executed "tout en rouge." But the majority of contemporary accounts go to show that her costume, after she had disrobed for the block, consisted of brown velvet and black satin, and their statement is confirmed by the contemporary picture, painted to commemorate the Queen's death. We must therefore grant the "tout en rouge," though Bacon could scarcely have seen the manuscript of the Frenchman who wrote it; but the picturesque "blood-red" bears the unmistakable mark of Mr. Froude, and when the cipher tells us that Mary "stood up in a robe of blood-red," we can only conclude that Francis Bacon was the real author of a "History of England from the Death of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," hitherto attributed to James Anthony Froude. Any remaining doubt on this point will be removed when the reader finds, on page 312, the words "our colonies in all the regions of

the globe, from remote East to a remoter West." It is as likely that Bacon wrote Pope's Homer and Froude's History as that he penned these words in the reign of King James I. For where were the colonies?

Yet Lingard, the Catholic historian, who would have been only too glad to differ with Froude, with whom he was at odds, and delighted to expose a flaw in his work, says:—

> She wore a mantle of black printed satin, lined with black taffeta, and faced with sable, with a long train, and sleeves hanging to the ground. Her purpoint was of black figured satin, and under it a bodice, unlaced at the back, of crimson satin, with the skirt of crimson velvet.[1]

In this he is supported by the most reliable contemporary accounts.

Mr. Rait takes up the story of the ring, an engraving and pedigree of which we shall produce, and dismisses as a romance this oft-repeated tradition which is quite as well authenticated as most of the history we possess.

The word "curricula," applied to courses of study, greatly amuses him. Bacon never used this modern word; "it could only mean race-courses" in his day. Again Mr. Rait makes a hasty conclusion. We find this word applied to courses of study in Scotland certainly before 1633, and Bacon, who was deeply interested in applying words to new uses, would have known this.[2] Perhaps Mr. Rait would not admit that he might be the author of its application to courses of study.

Mr. Rait's crowning discovery, which is intended to give the *coup de grace* to the Baconian heresy, is the study of Davison's connection with the execution of the Queen of Scots. The account says, what is unquestioned, that "th' haplesse prisoner must needs chuse from the counsell of her foe to obtaine any defender." Then took place the interview between Burleigh and Leicester

[1] Lingard, *History of England*, vol. VI, p. 466.
[2] *Munimenta*, University of Glasgow, III, 379.

to which was summoned the Queen's Secretary who was so threaten'd by his lordship — on paine of death, et cetera, — that hee sign'd for the Queen, and affixed th' great seale to the dreadful death-warrant. The life of the Secretarie was forfeit to the deede when Her Majesty became aware that so daring a crime had become committed, but who shall say that the blow fell upon the guilty head; for, truth to say, Davison was only a feeble instrument in their hands, and life seem'd to hang in th' ballance, therefore blame doth fall on those men, great and noble though they be, who led *him* to his death.[1]

The life of Davison certainly shows that he lived twenty-one years after Mary's death, and died peacefully in his bed. A critical examination, however, of the cipher story does not conflict with this. A correction of a slight error, a change of "his" for "her" before the last word, so as to read "her death" sets the matter right.

By law the life of Davison "was forfeit" in legal parlance, and the life of not only Mary "seemed" but did "hang in the ballance," which minimized his responsibility, as he knew that Elizabeth, Burleigh, and Leicester were determined upon her execution, and guilty in leading "him to her death."

The fleer at the mention of English colonies East and West in the reign of James seems unfortunate. The strenuous efforts of the English to obtain a foothold in the East began early. The East India Company was chartered by Elizabeth in 1600, and the establishments of "factories" or trading posts which resulted in the domination of India began at once. Lancaster set up a "House of Trade" at Bantam in 1603. In 1607 the English "settled agencies" in Siam, and in 1612 captured Swalley in Surat, and, holding it, established trade with settlements in the Persian Gulf.

Previous to 1619 the English had established commercial posts in Japan, on the island of Amboyna, at Mocha, and other Eastern points, and in 1619 "exercised sovereignity" in the island of Great Banda, with thirty officials and a military

[1] *Biliteral Cipher*, etc., p. 165.

establishment of two hundred and fifty. In the West the Bahamas were annexed to England in 1578, Raleigh settled his colony at Roanoke in 1587. Barbados was "annexed" to England in 1605, and colonized in 1625. The colony of Jamestown, Virginia, was established in 1607, the Popham Colony at Sagadahoc in Maine the same year, and the Plymouth Colony in 1620. No doubt Englishmen of Bacon's time complacently regarded all these ventures East and West, as the beginnings of English colonial power, as they proved to be, and to speak of them as such should hardly subject Bacon to animadversion. It should be remembered that he was a friend of Southampton and Pembroke,[1] members of the Virginia Company, and in 1610 was a patentee in a colonial project in Newfoundland; so that he must have been familiar with the colonial ventures of his time.[2]

Evidently Rait, when he wrote his criticism of Mrs. Gallup, believed that she invented the allusion to colonies, or he would not with happy confidence have declared: "We have surely heard the last of the biliteral cipher." More marvelous, indeed, than the abused cipher is the fact that men like Marston, Rait, Lang, Lee, Robertson, and their *confrères* should venture to deal with historical questions in this amorphous manner.

Mrs. Gallup, speaking of the philosophical works of Bacon, tells us that the biliteral cipher

> is found in the Italic letters that appear in such unusual and unexplained prodigality in the original editions of Bacon's works. Students of these old editions have been impressed with the extraordinary number of words and passages, often non-important, printed in Italics, where no known rule of construction would require their use. There has been no reasonable explanation of this until now it is found that they were so used for the purposes of the cipher. These letters are seen to be in two forms — two fonts of type — with marked differences. In the capitals these

[1] William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the "W.H.," as most Stratfordians fancy, who was the begetter of the Sonnets.

[2] H. J. Robinson, *Colonial Chronology*. London, 1892. Cf. Hakluyt, *Voyages of the English Nation*. Hazard's State Papers.

are easily discerned, but the distinguishing features in the small letters, from age of the books, blots, and poor printing, have been more difficult to classify, and close examination and study have been required to separate and sketch out the variations, and educate the eye to distinguish them. From the disclosures found in all these, it is evident that Bacon expected this Biliteral cipher would be the first to be discovered. . . .

The plays of Shakespeare lose nothing of their dramatic power of wondrous beauty, nor deserve the less admiration of the scholar and critic, because inconsistencies are removed in the knowledge that they came from the brain of the greatest student and writer of that age, and were not a "flash of genius" descended upon one of peasant birth, less noble history, and of no preparatory literary attainments. . . .

The remarkable similarity in the dramatic writings attributed to Greene, Peele, Marlowe and Shakespeare, has attracted much attention, and the biographers of each have claimed that both style and subject matter have been imitated, if not appropriated by the others. The practical explanation lies in the fact that one hand wrote them all. . . .

To doubt the ultimate acceptance of the truths brought to light would be to distrust that destiny in which Bacon had such an abiding faith for his justification, and which, in fact, after three centuries, has lifted the veil, and brought us to estimate the character and accomplishments, trials and sorrows of that great genius, with a feeling of nearness and personal sympathy, far greater than has been possible from the partial knowledge which we have heretofore enjoyed.[1]

Bacon informs us in the cipher that he and Robert Essex were children of Elizabeth and Dudley, who were married secretly in Lord Pembroke's house; that owing to the Queen's pride and conceptions of state policy, the marriage was kept secret, but being discovered by him he was sent with Paulet to France, and there acquired an affection for Marguerite of Valois which lasted him through life. His residence at the Court of France, where he had reveled in the poetic atmosphere which pervaded it, inspired him to undertake the creation of a similar literature for his own country.

[1] *The Biliteral Cipher*, etc., p. 4.

Spenser, a needy clerk of Leicester, and several others in similar circumstances, were not averse to the use of their names; hence most of his poetical works passed as Spenser's, and his dramatic works as Greene's, Marlowe's, Peele's, and Shakspere's, all actors, while he made an early venture in philosophy under the names of Bright and Burton. There were other works which we will not enumerate. Dominated by the expectation that he would be recognized by Elizabeth as her son, but obliged to conceal the secret of his birth, he labored hopefully in his beloved profession of literature, confiding his dangerous secret only to his cipher.

THE CIPHERS IN BACON'S WORKS

We will make a few extracts taken at random from the translation of the biliteral cipher made by Mrs. Gallup from the "Shakespeare" and Philosophical Works of Bacon, modernizing the sixteenth-century spelling, in which the translation appears, to render it more acceptable to modern readers, realizing at the outset how well-nigh impossible it is for any one living in an age like ours to give the subject a patient hearing; yet convinced that by so doing one will be amply repaid. Of course, well-settled beliefs may be disturbed, and prejudices rudely aroused, but upon calm reflection it will be found that the revelations made by the cipher illumine many obscure passages in the tortuous labyrinths of sixteenth-century history, hitherto meagerly explored, but into which we will later make a brief excursion.

By the cipher the student of sixteenth-century literature will find questions which have confused his predecessors made unmistakably plain. Let us listen to the author of the cipher.

Directions to his decipherer [1]

Take, read! it is sore necessity that doth force me to this very dry and also quite difficile Cipher as a way or method of transmission. . . . My stage plays have all been disguised (to wit,

[1] From the *Advancement of Learning*, 1605.

many in Greene's name or in Peele's, Marlowe's, a few, such as the Queen's Masques, and others of this kind, published for me by Jonson, my friend and co-worker) since I relate a secret history therein, a story of so stern and tragic quality, it illy suited my lighter verse in the earlier works.

It surely must prove that they are the work of my hand when you, observing this variety of forms, find out the Cipher so devised to aid a decipherer in the study of the interior history. By the use of this biliteral Cipher, or the highest degree of Cipher writing, I may give not merely simple rules for such matters, but also some hint that may be of use, or an example.

And then these words of encouragement, vibrant with hope yet with a suggestion in them of fear:—

It is fame that all seek, and surely so great renown can come in no other study. If, therefore, you commence the study, the laurel must at some future day be bestowed upon you, for your interest must daily grow, and none could win you away.

From "Twelfth Night":—

My keys were formed before one of my plays was put together, and all was very well planned. Old men might fail to see a curious, or rather a peculiar commingling of letters in the printed pages sent out, but young eyes might note it, therefore there are some marks employed for signs to my decipherer — yours would see in truth more quickly — and so no evils hap from so daring an experiment. In my History of Henry the Seventh, this is explained. Omit Finis Actus. It may add to your confusion in the beginning, but you can understand my other Cipher must have occasionally a few more letters. These having been used in your former work, as you remember, will have moved inquiry. If you inquired of anyone except myself how should it bring a reply? This is for yourself, None but he that holdeth my keys should make attempt to make Ciphers, and one who hath a key should rest not till he hath searched out all hidden matters. It is to man's glory to find out secrets. The wise have the fruit of much labor of other men, and do more profit thereby than they themselves. Thus shall you reap where we have sown if you weary not before nightfall.

When Henry the Seventh is joined with the six stage plays first set forth in this name, that Cipher, we now would fain see wrought out, can be discovered.

The Birth Secret [1]

Whilst my mother, the Queen, lay prisoner in London Tower she wedded the Earl, my father — Robert Dudley — and he that addresseth you in these various Ciphers was born a prince of our mighty country.

Another son was in due time born, whose spirit much resembled, in the main qualities, that of our mère, but who, by the wish and request of our father bore his christian name, Robert. He, reared by Walter Devereux, bore naturally that name, after a time coming into the titles of Earl of Essex and of Ewe.

The desire of our father, who remained a simple Earl although he was wedded to a reigning queen, was to make these affairs so well understood that the succession should be without question. To our mother no such measure was pleasing. By no argument, how strong soever, might this concession be obtained, and after some time he was fain to appeal the case for us directly to Parliament to procure the crown to be entailed upon Elizabeth and the heirs of her body. He handled everything with greatest measure, as he did not press to have the act penned by way of any declaration of right, also avoiding to have the same by a new law or ordinance, but choosing a course between the two, by way of sure establishment, under covert and indifferent words, that the inheritance of this crown, as hath been mentioned here, rest, remain and abide in the Queen, and as for limitation of the entail, he stopped with heirs of the Queen's body, not saying the right heirs, thereby leaving it to the law to decide, so as the entail might rather seem a favor to her — Elizabeth — and to their children, than as intended disinheritance to the House of Stuart. It was in this way that it was framed, but failed in effect on account of the ill-disposition of the Queen to open and free acknowledgment of the marriage. But none could convince such a wayward woman of the wisdom of that honorable course.[2]

Disclosure of Bacon's birth [3]

The earliest shows of favour of this royal mother, as patroness rather than parent, were seen when she honored our roof so far as to become the guest of good Sir Nicholas Bacon — that kind man we supposed to be our father then, as well we might, for his

[1] From Bacon's *Parasceve*.
[2] This is confirmed in a quotation from Camden; see *ante*, p. 11.
[3] From *The Mirror of Modesty*, 1584.

unchangeable gentle kindness, his constant carefulness for our honor, our safety, and true advancement. These became marked, and the study that we pursued did make our tongue sharp to reply when she asked us a perplexing question, never, or at least seldom, lacking Greek epigram to fit those she quoted, and we were often brought into her gracious presence. It liveth, as do dreams of yesternight, when now we close our eyes, the stately movements, grace of speech, quick smile, and sudden anger, that oft, as April clouds come across the sun, yet as suddenly are withdrawn, filled us with succeeding dismay, or brimmed our cup immediately with joy.

It doth as often recur that the Queen, our royal mother, sometimes said in Sir Nicholas' ear on going to her coach: "Have him well instructed in knowledge that future station shall make necessary." Naturally quick of hearing, it reaching our ears, was caught on the wing, and long turned and pondered upon, but we found no meaning, for all our wit, no whispered word having passed the lips of noble Sir Nicholas on the matter.

The Disclosure

We were in presence — with a number of ladies, and several of the gentlemen of the court, when a silly young maiden babbled a tale, Cecil, knowing her weakness, had whispered in her ear. A dangerous tidbit it was, but it well did satisfy the malicious soul of a tale-bearer such as R. Cecil, that concerned not her associate ladies at all, but the honor, the honesty of Queen Elizabeth. No sooner breathed aloud than it was heard by the Queen, no more, in truth, than half heard then it was avenged by the outraged Queen.

He is sent abroad [1]

Elizabeth had rested content with the marriage ceremony performed in the Tower, and would not have asked for regal, or even noble pomp — with attendants and witnesses; nor would she have wished for more state, because being quite bent upon secrecy, she with no want of justice contended, "The fewer eyes to witness, the fewer tongues to testify to that which had been done."

As hath been said, Earl of Leicester then foresaw the day when he might require the power this might grant him, and no doubt this proved true, although we, the first-born son of the secret

[1] From the *Planetomachia*, 1585.

union, have profited by no means therefrom, — since we unfortunately incurred his great and most rancourous ill will many years back. As you, no doubt, are cognisant of our summary banishment to beautiful France, which did intend our correction, but opened to us the gates of Paradise, you know that our sire, more even than our royal mother, was bent upon our dispatch thither, and urged vehemently that subsequent, artfully contrived business — concerning affairs of state — intrusted to us in much the same manner, we thought, as weighty affairs were laid upon Sir Amyas, with whom they sent us to the French Court.

By some strange Providence, this served well the purposes of our own heart; for, making cyphers our choice, we straightway proceeded to spend our greatest labors therein, to find a method of secret communication of our history to others outside the realm.

His love of Marguerite of Valois [1]

Bacon often refers to the idyllic story of his love of Marguerite of Valois — the Daisy of the Valley, the Rosalinde of the "Shepherd's Calendar" — and this is one of the allusions: —

Since the former issue of this play, very seldom heard without most stormy weeping — your poet's commonest plaudit — we have all but determined on following the fortunes of these ill-fated lovers by a path less thorny.

Their life was too brief — its rose of pleasure had but partly drunk the sweet dew of early delight, and every hour had begun to open unto sweet love, tender leaflets, in whose fragrance was assurance of untold joys that the immortals know. Yet it is a kind fate which joined them together in life and in death. It was a sadder fate befel our youthful love, my Marguerite, yet written out in the plays it scarce would be named our tragedy since neither yielded up life. But the joy of life ebbed from our hearts with our parting, and it never came again into this bosom in full flood-tide. O we were Fortune's fool too long, sweet one, and art is long.

This stage-play in part will tell our brief love tale, a part is in the play previously named or mentioned as having therein one pretty scene, acted by the two. So rare (and most brief) the hard won

[1] From *Romeo and Juliet.*

happiness, it afforded us great content to relive in the play all that as mist in summer morning did roll away. It hath place in the dramas containing a scene and theme of this nature, since our fond love interpreted the hearts of others, and in this joy, the joy of heaven was faintly guessed.

We will now pass to the affair of Essex deciphered from the Folio of the "Spenser" Works, 1611:—

Two parts of my book, which I set before my last works, may be placed behind every other as you arrange the whole to decipher your instruction. I speak of Prosopo. and the Fairy Queene, but the other parts must stand thus, as here you find them. Let all the remainder be worked first, as they aid in the writing of my brother's history which was begun in the second part, or book, that doth commence one of my great [1] works of Science, and, — continued in the little work styled The Wisdom of the Ancients, and taken up in this poetical work that is republished for this purpose, — maketh a complete abridgment of the history given fully in the great Cipher.

As hath been said, many important papers having been destroyed by the Earl, many features of their plot were never brought out, E. Essex himself saying, "They shall be put where they cannot tell tales." But evidence was sufficient to prove the guilt both of my brother and Earl of Southampton. Essex, his plea, that he was not present at the consultation that five treason-plotting noblemen held at Drury-house, aided him not a whit, for his associates incriminated him, and such of their writings as had not been destroyed were in the handwriting of my lord of Essex, as was shown at the trial, and they were acting as he directed.

How like some night's horrible vision this trial and awful torture before his execution must ever be to me, none but the Judge that sitteth aloft can justly know. All the scenes come before me like the acted play, but how to put it away, or drive it back to Avernus, its home, O, who can divulge that greatest of secrets? None.

This thought only is fraught with a measureless pain, that all my power can do nought for his memory. If he had but heard my advice, but he heeded his own unreasoning wishes only. Whilst succeeding barely in this attempt to so much as win a

[1] That is, large.

hearing, yet did the true love I bore so move me that, from my care of Essex, I took a charge that greatly imperiled my personal pretensions, as I did occupy my utmost wit, and even adventure my own fortunes with the Queen, to attempt the reintegration of his. . . .

Vantages acompted great, simply as the uncertain dreams or visions of night seem to us in after time. Ended now is my great desire to sit in British throne. Larger work doth invite my hand then majesty doth offer: to wield the pen doth ever require a greater mind then to sway the royal scepter. Ay, I cry to the Heavenly Aid, ruling oer all, ever to keep my soul thus humbled and content.

From Henry VI, Part I

Crowns must be as of old, night and daytime well attended, or some wild rout, waiting in ambush Rapin's black, opportune time, without a warning steal the glory of the land, leaving behind them merely desolation. This was narrowly averted in England, securely as her crown is watched, nor did these empty headed tools do ought but obey a superior mind, — that of my brother Essex. The rebels might do his bidding merely — that was the limit of their power or ability — and he alone did lay his plan.

Had it not met the overturn deserved, the younger of the sons would inherit ere the elder. By law this could occur only when the rightful, or, as we may name him in our country, heir-apparent, hath waived his rights. . . .

Essex nere did ought in a spirit of revenge, but simply that he might win the due rewards of courage or of valor, if this doth in any manner better term such virtue. His nature was not small, petty, or even dwarfed in development. It was larger in many directions than any, who now censure and decry him, possess. Among millions a voice like his reached our listening, most attentive ears. Wanting that sound, no other is sweet and this silence is a pain.

That he did wrong me now is to be forgot, and wiped from the mind's recollection in my thoughts of the evil that hath come to us (chiefly to myself) by this rebellion of the Earl, but the love and tender regard, that marked all our first sunny young days when we were not oft to be found out of harmony, hath sway. Those hours still live in my memory, more than our first very open and sore disputes.

The Cipher in the First Folio[1]

Any person using here the biliteral Cipher, will find a rule to be followed when writing the hidden letters in which are Histories, Comedies, Tragedies; a Pastoral of the Christ; Homer's epics and that of Virgil, which are fully rendered in English poetry; the completion of my New Atlantis; Greene's Life; Story of Marlowe; the two secret epistles (expressly teaching a Cipher now for the first time submitted doubtfully for examination and study by any who may be sufficiently curious, patient, or industrious); part of Thyrsis (Virgil's Eclogues); Bacchantes, a Fantasie; Queen Elizabeth's Life (as never before truly published): a Life of the Earl of Essex, and my owne.

The Greek Poems from Titus Andronicus: —

At first my plan of Cipher work was this: to show secrets that could not be published openly. This did so well succeed that a different (not dangerous) theme was entrusted to it; and after each was sent out a new desire possessed me, nor left me day or night until I took up again the work I love so fondly.

Some school verses went into one, since I did deem them good — worthy of preservation in my truly precious casket studded thick with hours far above price. Even my translations of Homer's two immortal poems, as well as many more of less value, have a place in my Cipher, and the two our most worthy Latin singer left in his language I have translated and used in this way — Virgil's Eneid and Eclogues. Only a few of those I have turned from most vigorous Latin were put out. Most of the translations, as I have just said, appear in the work, and must not be held of little worth, for assuredly they are my best and most skilled work.

This from "De Augmentis" accounts for what has been heretofore an insoluble mystery; namely, the appearance in the so-called "Shakespeare" plays of hundreds of lines found in writings ascribed to others, especially Spenser. According to this Bacon simply used some of his literary material over again: —

I masqued many grave secrets in my poems which I have published, now as Peele's or Spenser's, now as my own.

[1] From the address of the nominal editors, Heminge and Condell.

Then again:—

To Robert Greene did I entrust most of that work — rather his name appeared as author; therein you may find a large portion that, belonging truly to the realm of poetry, would well grace verse, yet it did not then seem fair matter for it. As plays some parts were again used.

In 1632, the memorable year of the Second Folio, William Rawley published Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum," prefacing it with these words in cipher:—

Illy his lordship's works succeed when he is dead, for the Cypher left incomplete I have now finished. As you must note, the Court papers told the world no secrets, yet I have stumblingly proceeded with it and unwittingly used some letters wrongly.

In this work Bacon gives us a glimpse of his diligence; he says:—

One must give as great a portion of time as seven days in the week can furnish, and must not use many hours for recreation, would he leave aught of any value to men, for life is so short. It is for this cause that I use my time so miserlike, never spending a moment idly, when in health.

Of the difficulties in the Queen's marital situation, he says, speaking of the suit of one of her rejected lovers:—

The royal suitor, however, was angered, and, great ado making, did so disturb our great men, — who, as birds are amidst hawkes, were thereat cowering with fear of public disgrace, — that many saw this. As it influenced State affairs, it was admirable. If no act made the heirs of Elizabeth rightfully bastard, it was proper some means to show legitimacy, that will in no way cause tumult throughout England, be offered. Any such measure found no kind of regard in the sight of vain minded Queen Elizabeth, whose look traineth men as vain as her own self. This would-be idol of half the great princes of Europe, — concluding it would be less pleasing in a few years to have all the people know that she is the wife of the Earl of Leicester, than suppose her the Virgin Queen she called herself, — both props and shields alike despised, nor did she at any subsequent time reverse her decision. For such a trivial, unworthy, unrighteous

cause was my birthright lost. . . . I for dear life dare not to urge my claim, but hope that Time shall ope the way unto my rightful honors.

As he muses upon his hard fate he utters these thoughts:—

Our light hath burned low, the beams of morning now burst upon our longing gaze and put to flight the black night's dragons of brooding gloom. For ourself the future bringeth surcease of sorrow. Had we no secret labors to perform, gladly would we listen to the footfall of Death, the somber herald; yet our wish is not as might afford our own life pleasure, till it, our work, be complete, inasmuch as this is more truly good and important, we do nothing doubt, than the works which our hand openly performeth. . . .

Old men have been laid in the tomb and children have become men, yet this matter is in its feeble condition. 'T is still in the cradle, nor can I have great hope to see the maturity of this dearly loved, long cherished dream, promise — I might use a still stronger or truer word, since it is sometime — expectation. Then, too, sometimes the prize doth seem quite near — the bow in all the clouds doth give me most trust in the Divine Eye watching the course of human life, guarding, guiding every footstep, and sharing our many woes.

At times a divinity seemeth truly to carve rudely hewed end into beauty, such as God must plan when we are shaped in His thought, inasmuch as He can, aye, He doth, see the whole of life ere we draw the first trembling breath. This doth aid us daily to climb the heights of Pisgah, where, crossing over, our souls do see the land of our longing desire.

'T is not of others that I write so much, as of experiences uncommon, and I hope to most, impossible, but this hath been a means of achievement of a labour for our fellows few could perform. If my selfishness hath impelled me more than was proper, I trust somewhat to knowledge of like errors in their conduct; these teach men to judge his brother leniently. A man must observe all sorts of form or ceremony in his outer life, but the heart hath its own freedom, and hath no human ruler. However, himself is but meagre end to a man's seeking when it is made first and chief, so also is he a poor middle point, center, and axis of least action. His soul is little akin to things celestial, if like the earth he standeth fast on his center, for things that have affinity with the heavens, move on the center of another. If he

would not be too earthly, akin to the dust, let him go forth in quest of knowledge, sow wide this true seed which may bear fruit to give glad harvests in the Eons to come. . . . Long years ago, when the Cipher in use at the present — in the works we publish as those of authors that we named some times past, together with all published with the name by which we are now known put upon title pages, — gave such a good assurance that secrets of great value might safely be entrusted to its keeping, a strong wish to make it so carry our invention itself to other times, also made constant employment of it a necessity. Although the resolution grew ever stronger, 't is a thing rare, as you well know, this keeping of a purpose unaltered through every change of a man's life, — so difficult as to seem impossible; yet are we so firmly fixed now in the resolve, it would be impossible for us to yield it up.

This to his decipherer: —

You are to get eleven old plays, published in the name I have used lately at the theatre, and many much valued by scenic Cesars. . . . And therein you will find the beginning of many stories, both in dramatic form (also in that raw unfinished form) and in Iambic verse. But the haste with which some parts were completed, will explain this. When these plays may come forth, for many reasons cannot now be determined, but I promise you it shall be soon. "Wisely and slow," is a proverb oft on my lips, and as oft unheeded even by myself. But an axe that cutteth well must be well sharpened — then it doth become us all to look well to our instruments: —

For you must cut apart my various books,
Spreading them out upon a marked scrutoire,
Which, as the chart or map the sailor hath
Doth point out every country of the world,
In fair, clear lines, this great expanse doth name,
So fair and beauteous the bound I set,
Though 't is at risk of this secret design.
Then separate each part, to join again
According to your guide hereby discloseth,
In rich mosaics, wondrous to behold,
To be admired by all the sons of men.
Here is a crown, gem-starred, and golden scepter,
A cross and ball — insignia of rank,
Even of royalty, so pure and high
No blur is on it, but like to frost flowers,

CIPHERS

January's blossoms icy white,
It gleameth in the light of each fair morn.
Oh let not man forget these words divine:
"Inscrutable do hearts of kings remain."
If he remark a pensive dying fall
In the music of these strains, let him forbear
To question of its meaning. List again, —
As hath been, is, and evermore shall be —
Ages retard your flight and turn to hear —
Cor regis inscrutabile. Amen.
Yet 't is the glory of our Heavenly King
To shroud in mystery His works divine,
And to kings mundane ever shall rebound
In greatest compass glory to the names
Of such as seek out Nature's mysteries;
Fortune may aid him; Honor may attend;
Truth waits upon him; as we look, cramped Art
Doth reach forth to fair light, undreamed of lore;
While Reputation soundeth through the world
Unto Time's close, glory in (highest) measure,
To him that to the depths doth search wide Seas,
Did deep into the Earth, unto the Air
And region of the Fire climb fearlessly,
Till he the World, the Heavens and even the Universe, —
With human eyes that better can discern
Than mountain eagle, gazing at the sun, —
Doth find out secrets hid from humankind
Since the foundations of the earth were laid,
Stamped with the impress of the Heavenly Hand;
And in grave music deep to deep did call,
While morning stars together sang a hymn
Time lendeth to Eternity for aye.

And of the proposed First Folio: —

The new arrangement is not less weighed, studied, and carefully balanced, for I aimed only to write with truth in every part, and to set that one gem above other treasure, that no man shall say in any time to be, "The fruit is as the apples that, turning to ashes, drove olden heroes to curse Sodom's deceitfulness." In due time a strength, far reaching thought greatly hath increased, cometh to your eye in this latter work, that also must be known to many by reading any such work as my drama entitled First Part of King Henry the Fourth. The Second Part of the same, and one entitled Othello, reveal knowledge of life wanting in

the common plays that had this pen-name on title page. These are, as I many times have said, the crowning glory of my pen, even though there be degrees, as surely you must know, of excellence therein; but the cause you may as well have learned since it was clearly shown to depend upon times, and likewise upon the nature, as well of the hidden as of the open story.[1] Therefore some will be omitted from my Folio, but some retained for causes now given.

To fix my rules well in your mind is the most essential thing at the moment, and many were put within those which one must acknowledge possess little value. As half the number I shall assemble have already appeared in Will Shakespeare's name, I think that it will be well to bring out the Folio, also, by some means in the same name, — although he be gone to that undiscovered country from whose borne no traveler returns, — because our king would be prompt to avenge the insult if his right to reign were challenged, and the sword of a king is long and where 't will not extend thither he darteth it. And as concerneth the plays, the truth cometh forth more quickly from an error than from confusion, and therefore it is most certain that it would by far be more the part of wise and discerning minds to let this name of a man known to the theatre, and his former gay company of fellow-players, stand thus on plays to him as little known, despite a long term of service, as to a babe. I, thinking expedient so to do, now obey the Scripture, and cast my very bread to the winds or sow it on the waters. How shall it be at the harvest? Fame it may chance for the works shall come, tho' not to the author who hid with so great pains his name that at this writing 't is quite unguessed. And the time I am given to spend upon the work is as gold, princely gems, or purple robes.[2]

As some of the plays are histories they are not always mentioned as dramas, but I will now make out a table naming all you are to decipher. There are five Histories as follows: The Life of Elizabeth, The Life of Essex, The White Rose of Britain, The Life and Death of Edward Third, the Life of Henry the Seventh; five Tragedies; Mary Queen of Scots, Robert the Earl of Essex, (my late brother) Robert the Earl of Leicester (my late father) Death of Marlowe, Anne Bullen; three Comedies: Seven Wise Men of the West, Solomon the Second, the Mouse-Trap.

[1] The "Doubtful Plays" so-called, and those assigned to Peele, Greene, and others.

[2] *Biliteral Cipher*, p. 157 *et seq.*

Of "Much Ado About Nothing," he says: —

We place as great value upon this play as we shall any we can write, for it is our own father, his life, a theme so much in my own dark memory that I must needs think of it often, and thus its wrongs moving strong indignation within me, my tongue and pen are fired to eloquence. And the scenes do show the fury of the heart within them — the words burn with a celestial light, for to my soul it lent its ray divine, even as I wrote.

Don John alone reflects the character of Leicester. Says Brandes: —

In the person of Don John, the poet has depicted mere unmixed evil, and has disdained to supply a motive for his vile action in any single injury received, or desire unsatisfied. . . . There is little to object to in Don John's repulsive scoundrelism; at most we may say that it is strange motive power for a comedy.

Coleridge says: —

"Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn."

And Mabie: —

Brilliant, spirit charged with vivacity, and sparkling with wit; it is a master-piece of keen characterization, of flashing conversation, of striking contrasts of type, and of intellectual energy, playing freely and buoyantly against a background of exquisite beauty. . . . The gayety and brilliancy of the great world as contrasted with the little world of rural and provincial society are expressed with a confidence and consistency which indicate that the poet must have known something of the court circle, and of the accomplished women who moved in it.

Of Elizabeth's character the cipher gives this graphic picture: —

Elizabeth, who thought to outcraft all the powers that be, suppressed all hints of her marriage, for no known object if it be not that her desire to sway Europe had some likelihood, thus, of coming to fulfilment. Many were her suitors, with whom she executed the figures of a dance, advancing, retreating, leading, or following in sweet sympathy to the music's call. But ever was there a dying fall in those strains — none might hear only she

or my father — and the dancer's feet never led to Hymen's lofty altar thereafter.

A fear seemed to haunt her mind that a king might suit the mounting ambitions of a people that began to seek a New Atlantis beyond the western seas. Some doubtless longed for a royal leader of the troops, when war's black eagles threatened the realm, which Elizabeth met in two ways — by showing a kingly spirit when subjects were admitted into the presence chamber, and by the most constant opposition to war, as well was known to her council. Many supposing miserly love of gold uppermost in mind and spirit, made but partial and cursory note of her natural propension, so to speak, or the bent of the disposition, for behind every other passion and vanity moving her, the fear of being deposed rankled and urged her to a policy not yet understood.

The wars of Edward, called The Third, — but who might be named the first amongst heroes, — and of his bold son, known as Edward the Black Prince, of brave Henry Fifth, and her grandsire Henry Seventh, as well as one of her father, his short strifes, were not yet out of memory of the people. Many pens kept all these fresh in their minds. She, as a grave physician, therefore, kept a finger on the wrist of the public, so, doubtless, found it the part of prudence to put the Princes, — my brother, the Earl of Essex, and myself — out of the sight of the people.

Yet in course of time the Earl of Leicester, our subtle father, handled matters so that he came nearer to obtaining the crown for my brother than suited my tastes and fitness for learning. Stopping short of this irreparable wrong, my father took but slight interest in the things he had been so hot upon, and the trouble regarding his wild projects was at a time much later — subsequent to the death of our father.

Though constantly hemmed about, threatened, kept under surveillance, I have written this history in full in the Cipher, being fully persuaded, in my own mind and heart, that not only jesting Pilate, but the world ask: "What is truth?" and when they read the hidden history of our times, and of that greatly renowned maiden-queen, Elizabeth, — it shall appear misplaced when you put my work, as you here shall find it, into a form readily understood.

Bacon realized that the question might be asked, Why he should employ a cipher in writing of events in Elizabeth's reign? He says:—

The reason is not far to seek; 't is this: the many spies employed by our mother, the constant watchful eyes she had upon us, marking our going out and our coming in, our rising up and all our movements from the rising of the sun, to his rising upon the following morning; not a moment when we could openly write and publish a true, accurate history of our times, since nought which Her Majesty disapproved could ever find a printer.

Of Dudley's character he says: —

It is, I doubt not, well remembered that he suffered imprisonment because he was in a measure concerned in the attempt to enthrone Lady Jane Grey; yet, being at length released, his sun of prosperity rose high, for his union with Elizabeth, afterward queen, made him first in this kingdom, next to this royal spouse. But not being acknowledged such, publicly, nor sharing in her honors, my poor father was but a cipher, albeit standing where he should multiply the value of that one.

For the space of nineteen or twenty years, my father, gay court-idol as he was, guarded his secret and basked in the sunshine of royal favor. By degrees he was given title and style suiting so vain a mind better then would the weight of government, were that conferred on him. He was first made Master of the Horse; this gave him control of the stables, and gave him such place in the royal processions, as he very truly desired next Her Majesty; also, she conferred upon him the Order of the Garter, and divers other marks of favor, whilst to bear out their stage-play until their parts should be done, Her Majesty, most like some loud player, proclaimed Baron Dudley, Earl of Leicester, suitor to Mary Queen of Scots, and at all admonitory protests which the haried husband uttered, this wayward Queen went on more recklessly.

Therefore we must marvel to see him later claim advantage of Her Majesty's bold mood to take another partner to his bosom, rightly divining that she would not show cause why such an union could not be fitly considered or consummated, but venturing not upon full confession thereof. However, Her Majesty dwelt not for long in ignoble inaction — the force that she gave to her angry denunciation affrighting the wits of this poor earl, until he was again turning over expedients to rid her of this rival. Suspicion again fell on the misguided man, of seeking to murder the partner of his joys, but Heaven brought his own doom suddenly upon him. So doth this act end.

Considering the character of Elizabeth and Dudley as here set forth, much that might seem to us strange in the cipher story vanishes. Elizabeth is said to have taken pride in resembling her father, Henry VIII, whom history represents as having marked his reign by an exhibition of selfish passions, and the exercise of an imperious will. Having been thrown into the Tower in 1554, she escaped death by a hair's breadth, as a warrant for her immediate execution was sent to the governor of that bloody prison, which he would have promptly obeyed had not his friendship for her impelled him to apply to Mary for its confirmation. There this young and headstrong girl had the joy of finding Robert Dudley, a youthful friend, supposedly awaiting death. At this time the prisoners of state were permitted considerable liberty, though not long after, attention being drawn to the subject, it was abridged, and it would not be strange if Dudley, whose way with women is a subject of history, formed a liaison with this neglected girl. The conditions surrounding them were disheartening, and in themselves would tend to promote sympathetic relations. Nor is it strange, when Elizabeth in 1558 unexpectedly came to the throne, and Dudley was free from his marital bonds, that he should seek to advance his fortunes by a legal marriage with his former mistress, the so-called ceremony in the Tower being, perhaps, a mock affair. Such a popular clamor, however, was raised at the suspicious taking-off of his wife that a public marriage was out of the question: hence a secret one was prudent.

Elizabeth, now a queen exercising almost unlimited power, was in an embarrassing position. To acknowledge openly her marriage with a subject as unpopular as Dudley might imperil her throne, which even her infatuation for him would not permit. In this dilemma there was but one course open for the present, which was to keep silence and let affairs drift.

To pacify him she loaded him with favors, and kept him beside her, while he, enjoying almost regal power, contented

himself as best he could, watching for a change in the current of events which might eventually land him on higher ground, while the sometimes fickle but ever imperious Elizabeth happily pursued her course, smiling upon her many suitors, who pampered her vain soul with flattery, and guiding with silken reins, more or less successfully, the Car of Empire. If we take this view of the subject, which history warrants us in doing, the cipher story is not strange; indeed, far less strange than many facts in orthodox history.

This is what Bacon says of his purpose of continuing the anonymity of a portion of his works to another age, a purpose in accord with the plan disclosed in his philosophical works.

Some might not trust a labor of years to oblivion, and hope that it may one day be summoned to take upon it, one happy sunlit morning, its own form; yet doth some thought uphold me, — so hopefully my heart doth cling to its last desire, I write on each "Resurgam," believing they shall, even like man, arise from the dust to rejoice again in newness of life.

In "Henry VII," Bacon tells his decipherer: —

If you leave searching out the keys and putting apart the materials for the building of the palaces, you will be as a beggar going from door to door without a wall that can keep off tempestuous winds, or a roof to shelter you. Yet if you shall, as I direct, patiently collect the blocks of marble, which are already polished and prepared, —

> Like to a king's the shining walls shall rise,
> While high upon the lofty gleaming towers
> The golden roof may outbrave Illium's.
> No sound shall come of any instruments,
> As any iron tools, or ax, or hammer;
> As in the beauteous temple, as we read,
> In silent grandeur stone on stone was reared,
> So noiseless, so inaudible shall be
> The building of my glorious palaces.
> Let no conspiracy to make you leave
> For idol Fancy's noble Truth's fair realm,
> A moment w'n you, but for this assay
> Break cressive love, throw off the filmy band!
> Nor in the mazes of a winding way

Is risked a foot of him that would out-go
In fleetness steps of wingèd Mercury;
Then stray not in, or, ere one is aware,
The entrance to the labyrinth 's quite lost —
The unmarking eyes nor see nor read the signs
Which of the strait and narrow way do make,
A shining pathway to the golden mount.
The purposes, like to a weather-cock that chang'd,
Turning ere lazy eyes had noted it,
Ne'er made one master of the Grecian art, —
. . . . . .
I eke in verse, sing of my one great theme;
In verse we told the story of our birth.
If one or other should on halting feet,
Limp on apace, lenify easily,
And oft undo parts never justly given
So that at best this shall by iteration,
Show its full use.

In the "New Atlantis," published also in the same year, Bacon again recurs to the past. Of Marguerite of Valois, his early love, he says: —

Even when I learned her perfidy, love did keep her like the angels in my thoughts half of the time — as to the other half she was devilish, and I myself was plunged into hell. This lasted during many years, and, not until four decades, or eight lustres of life were outlived, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married the woman who hath put Marguerite from my memory — rather, I should say, hath banished her portrait to the walls of memory, only, where it doth hang in the pure undimmed beauty of those early days — while her most lovely presence doth possess this entire mansion of heart and brain.

He thus again addresses his decipherer: —

Labour, I do entreate thee, with all diligence to draw forth the numerous rules for use in writing out these secret works. It is now the only desire that hath likelihood of grand fulfilment. . . .

Unto God do we lift up our souls imploring of Him aid, blessing, and light for the illumination of the works we leave.

Objectors to the cipher ask two principal questions; the first, Why did Bacon want to hide his identity behind a

cipher? the second, Why, since he described ciphers, was it not discovered that he used one in his books? The first he so completely answers himself that we need not concern ourselves with it; the second is best answered by the question, Why is it that even now with the keys before them men do not study and apply the cipher sufficiently to discover whether it does or does not exist? The reason is the difficulty of doing so. It requires trained eyes and the severest application; in fact, as much exacting labor as to learn to read Greek. But few so far have been willing to devote to its study the labor required to master it, and then endorse it. Prominently among these is Mr. W. H. Mallock, whose testimony alone should entitle it to serious consideration. We will quote him now not as a Baconian but as a student:—

> Of all the critical paradoxes that have ever been seriously advocated, few have been received with such general and derisive indifference as that which declares Bacon to have been the author of the dramas ascribed to Shakespeare, and which couples this declaration with another — more startling still — that these dramas are not dramas only, but are besides a series of writings in cipher, whose inner meaning bears no relation whatever to the ostensible meaning as dramas, but which consists of memoranda or memoirs concerning Bacon himself, and secrets of Queen Elizabeth. The mere theory that Bacon was the real author of the plays, though the mass of Shakespeare's readers still set it down as an illusion, does not, indeed, contain anything essentially shocking to common sense. On the contrary, it is generally recognized that on purely *à priori* grounds there is less to shock common sense in the idea that those wonderful compositions were the work of a scholar, a philosopher, a statesman, and a profound man of the world, than there is in the idea that they were the work of a notoriously ill-educated actor, who seems to have found some difficulty in signing his own name.[1]

Mr. Mallock could hardly dismiss the subject in this manner. He continued, as some others have, to study it more deeply. In 1903, over a year later, he wrote an interesting ar-

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1901.

ticle, in which he gave the results of his labor.[1] He had found by this time the difficulties which one who attempts to acquire proficiency in the decipherer's art is certain to encounter, but with the true spirit of research, these only nerved him to more effort. He says: —

One of Mrs. Gallup's most remarkable contentions is that a Bacon cipher exists in the italic preface to Spenser's "Complaints," edition 1591. The printing of the preface is exceptionally fine, and Mrs. Gallup gave, in her book, an excellent photographic facsimile of it. To this preface, moreover, she appended her own interpretation of it, deciphered letter by letter. Now, amongst the letters here used there are five the employment of which in two forms is so clear that no human being can doubt about it. We will confine our attention to these. They are the capital *G's*, of which two examples occur, six capital *I's*, two capital *P's*, seventeen small *p's*, and twenty-eight small *w's*. The differences between the two forms are as marked as in the following equivalents: —

G G, I ℑ, P P, p p, w ẇ,

We have here twenty-five letters in all, and, except in the cases of three small *p's*, Mrs. Gallup's rendering, beyond any possibility of doubt, accords with the differences which exist between the two forms of each. That is to say, she has, if her work be not genuine, at all events so constructed and manipulated a fictitious rendering that at fifty-two points, scattered over two small pages, it accurately fits in with corresponding peculiarities in the text. Let any of Mrs. Gallup's critics try to perform a similar feat, even on so small a scale as this, and they will realize something of the extraordinary labour and ingenuity which Mrs. Gallup must have expended on her work, if we suppose it to be a mere imposture. The facts just mentioned give us some ground, at all events, for supposing that her work may possibly have some foundation in reality.

This test, made by a man who at the outset was an utter skeptic, and his testimony to the validity of the cipher, as far as he had then proceeded, is the best proof in its favor that possibly could have been produced. But Mr. Mallock

[1] *Pall Mall Magazine*, 1903.

zealously continued his tests, and this is another of his experiments:—

I selected at random an italic passage from the First Folio—Lady Macbeth's Epistle to her Husband; and got Mrs. Gallup to send me her rendering of it letter by letter. I then had the passage photographically enlarged from four different copies of the original. I marked the letters according to Mrs. Gallup's directions, thus separating them into what she alleges to be two alphabets; I compared each letter which she alleges to belong to one fount with the corresponding letter which she alleges to belong to the other, and endeavored to see how far there was any real difference between them. The result of this examination, as stated by me in the "Nineteenth Century," was to show that such a difference certainly does exist in the case of almost two thirds of the letters, whilst, in the case of the rest, I myself failed to detect it.

When, however, I wrote in the "Nineteenth Century," I had made my comparisons merely by juxtaposing the letters, and examining them side by side. Since then I have employed a more accurate method. Taking an enlargement of the passage, the letters of which are half an inch in height, I placed the sheet on a transparent glass desk, such as is used by photographers for the purpose of retouching negatives, and carefully traced in red ink, with a drawing pen, the letters which Mrs. Gallup allocates to the A fount, filling in the outlines with a thin wash of red. I then placed each of these letters in order over the corresponding letters which she allocates to the B fount and made a tracing of the outlines of the latter in black ink, so that it is seen at once how the outlines of the two forms differ. The results agree for the most part with, but here and there differ slightly from, the results of my previous examinations. I here reproduce my tracings of thirteen letters of the alphabet. They comprise those whose use is most frequent in English, and which would make up about two-thirds of an average English paragraph. Next to six of these letters, used in the First Folio, I have placed copies of the letters drawn by Bacon himself, as examples of bi-formed letters for use in a bi-literal cipher.

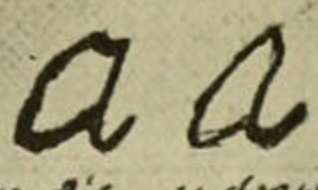
The letters from the Folio, when magnified, as the reader will see, are very ragged. This, as a comparison of various copies shows, is due to irregularities in the inking, and kindred causes; but, in spite of these obscuring accidents, the reader will see

that the shape of the shaded letters — those allocated by Mrs. Gallup to the A fount, differ systematically from the outlined letters — those allocated by her to the B fount. In the case, moreover, of the letters in which Bacon's own drawings are given, it will be seen that the differences between the two forms occurring in the Folio are of precisely the same kind as the differences in the drawings of Bacon. For instance, the "a" of the A fount in Bacon's drawing is hump-backed. So are the "a's" which Mrs. Gallup allocates to the same fount in the Folio. Again, the two forms of "m" and "n" in Bacon's drawings are distinguished by the fact that the final curl in the B form sticks out rather than the final curl in the A form. The "m's" and "n's" in the Folio, as discriminated by Mrs. Gallup, differ in precisely the same way. A similar observation applies to the "e's" and "i's."

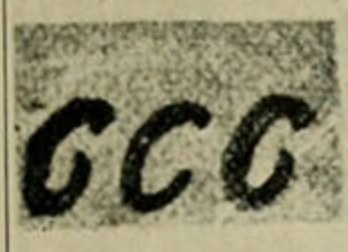
The other letters, as drawn in two forms by Bacon, are in forms peculiar to manuscript, and are not comparable with printed letters at all. Of the Folio equivalents of these other letters, the tracings of which are here given, the "f's," "g's," "u's," "p's," "y's," and "w's," may be left to speak for themselves, but it may be well to call special attention to the "e's" and "h's." The shaded "e's" A fount — are all more upright than the outlined "e's" — B fount; and the shaded "h's" are all narrower than those given in outline. I have given a number of examples of these letters in order to show that the differences are not fortuitous. The remaining letters, especially the "b's," "d's," "o's," and "t's" present no differences in form that I myself have been yet able to discover; and certain differences which I once thought I had perceived disappeared under the ordeal of the double tracings. Such differences may exist — it rests with Mrs. Gallup to show us what they are. Meanwhile, speaking of the writer from a purely typographical point of view, we may say that her alleged "cipher" has a considerable basis in typographical facts, but that a large portion of the evidence that would be necessary to prove its reality is thus far missing.

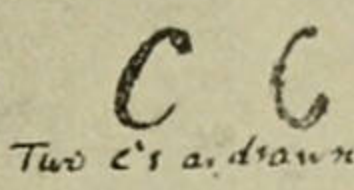
There remains, then, the following question. Because this evidence is missing, are we forced to conclude that it cannot possibly exist? In other words, does the fact that to the ordinary eye the forms of certain of the letters appear to be all the same, show that they may not possess some obscured and elusive differences, such as the requirements of the cipher would demand, and which were intended to play a part in it?





Two d's, as drawn by Bacon



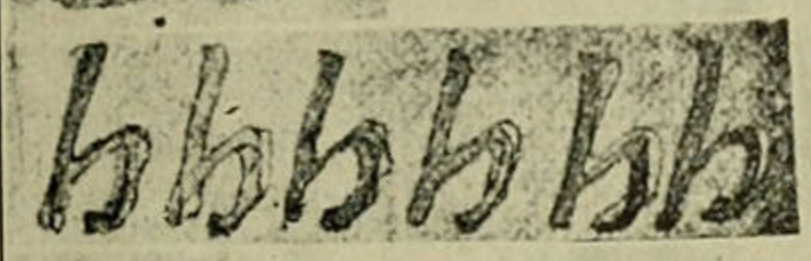


Two c's as drawn by Bacon

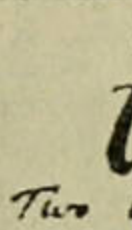






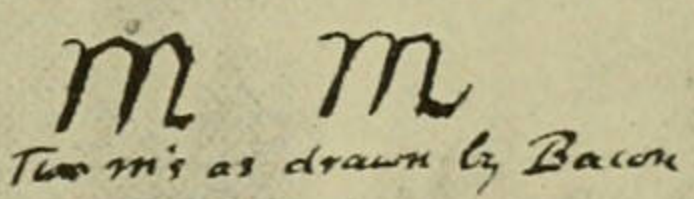






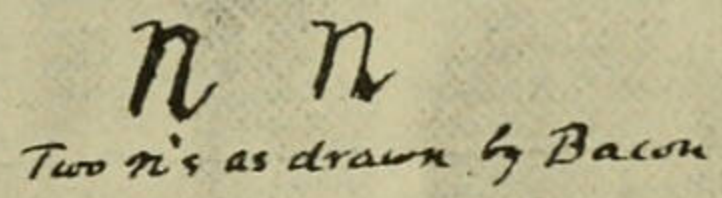
Two i's as drawn by Bacon





Two m's as drawn by Bacon





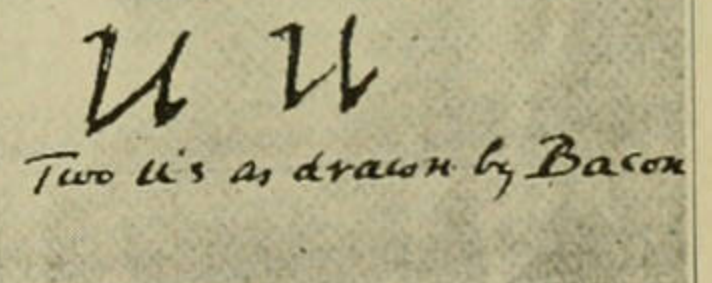
Two n's as drawn by Bacon











Two u's as drawn by Bacon

One of the most persistent and inconclusive opponents of the cipher is Herbert Thurston, S.J., of whose contention Mr. Mallock thus kindly disposes: —

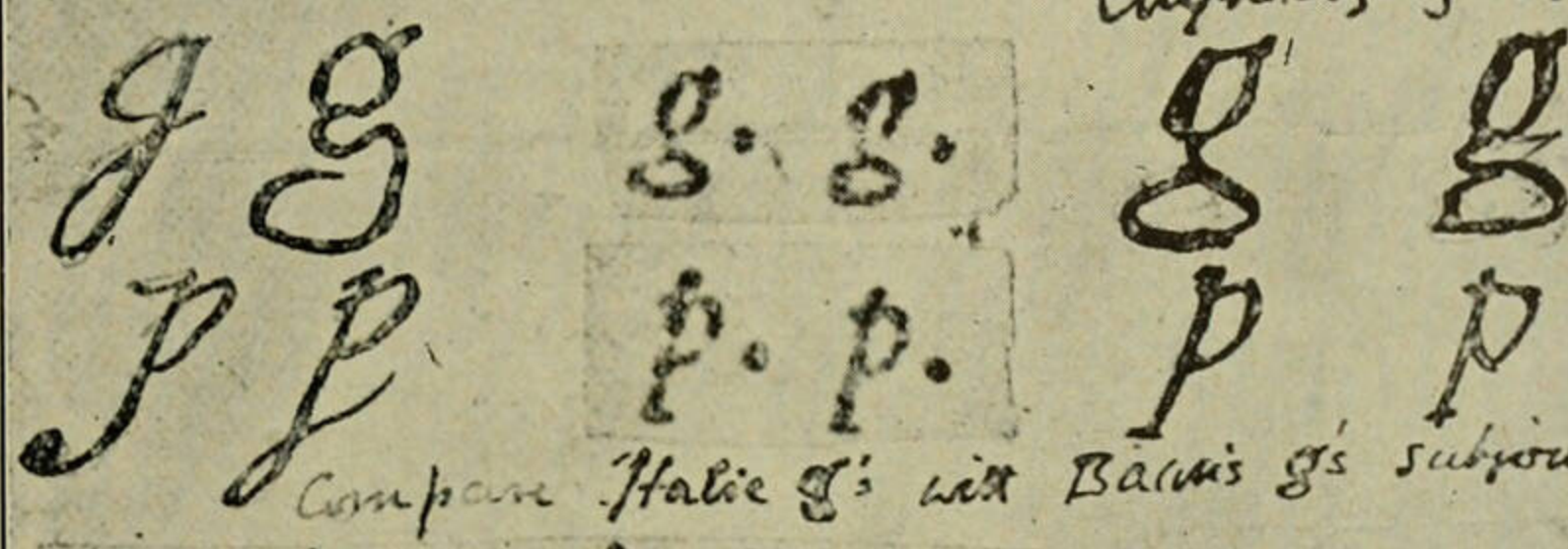
I gave, in the "Nineteenth Century," from the Dutch edition — 1662 — of the "De Augmentis," an enlargement of the page in which Bacon explains his cipher by an example of a bi-formed alphabet, followed by a passage from Cicero into which the cipher is avowedly printed. Here the alphabet and passage are not reproduced, as in earlier editions, by means of a block-facsimile of Bacon's own handwriting, but two alphabets of italic type are substituted; and I showed from this specimen how illegible such a cipher may be, even in a case where we know certainly that it exists — how easily the differences between some of the letters are obscured, how hard it is, in the case of some of them, to see where the differences lie, and how easily printers' errors creep into the text. Hence, I urged, if the cipher exists at all in such volumes as the First Folio, that much of it will be very difficult, and some of it impossible to read, is only what we shall have been led beforehand from the nature of the case to expect; and the cipher's existence is very far from being necessarily disproved by it.

These facts and observations the reader may verify for himself, and form his own opinions with regard to them. But with regard to the last point — namely, the example of a bi-literal cipher, as it actually appears in the italics of the seventeenth century — I have something more to say; and this is something which will introduce us to another aspect of the question. I have mentioned that the credibility of Mrs. Gallup's cipher has been denied not only on the *à posteriori* ground that the letters of the volumes with which she deals are not really bi-formed in the manner which the cipher would require, but on *à priori* grounds also, which are likewise connected with typography. I will begin with a contention which has been put forward with the utmost confidence by a scholarly writer, Father H. Thurston, in The Month. Father Thurston makes much of the point, which no one in his senses can doubt, that the bi-formed alphabets, as Bacon himself designed them, were drawn with a pen, and in the early editions of his works were reproduced on a block in facsimile as pen drawings, and were not represented by printers' type at all. Hence, Father Thurston argued, it is perfectly evident that Bacon never entertained the remotest idea of his cipher being used elsewhere

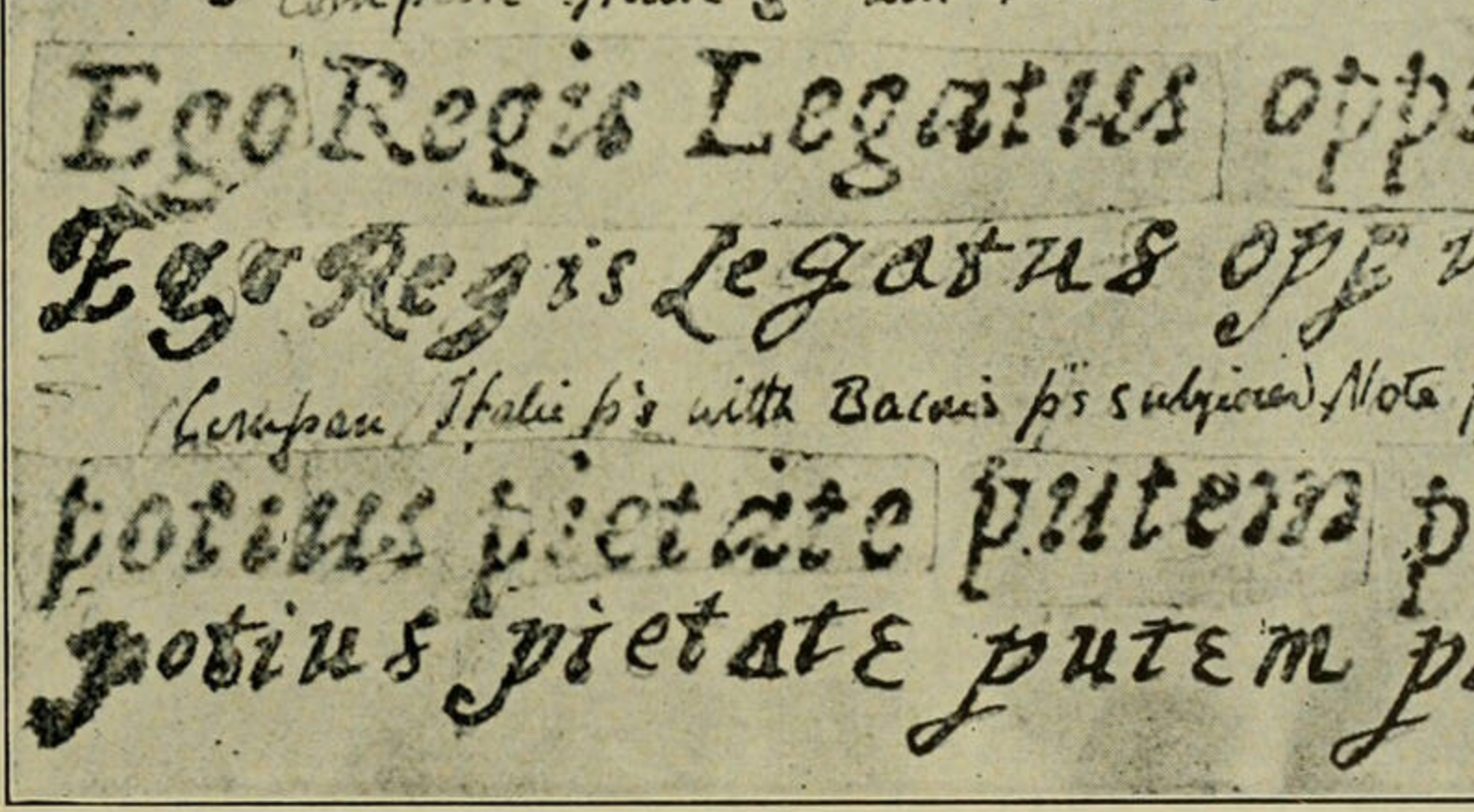
than in private manuscript; and that to impute to him even the bare idea that it might be used in print is an absurdity. He accordingly went on to declare, in a letter written to myself, that on the page from the "De Augmentis" of 1662, which I reproduced in the "Nineteenth Century," the two italic alphabets are merely the same alphabet duplicated; and he paid me the handsome compliment of asking whether the delusions of the Baconians could be wondered at, when an intelligent person like myself was so led away by their folly, as to persuade myself that there were differences in two alphabets which were obviously the same.

Since Father Thurston expressed these views to me, I have had the page in question enlarged on a much greater scale. I have examined also four other editions — all of them printed in Holland, as was the one just mentioned. They are the editions of 1645, 1694, 1696, and 1730. The two last are merely reprints of the second. We need therefore consider the first and the second only, together with that just mentioned, of 1662. These, though they are all of the same minute size, have been set up separately, each in its special type. No one who compares carefully the passage now in question, as it appears in these three editions, will be able to doubt for a moment that Bacon's illustration of his cipher is there reproduced in two separate italic alphabets. The letters are so small, that most of these must be studied with a magnifying glass before the precise differences between the two forms are visible, but the differences between certain of them are apparent to the naked eye; and these alone are enough to show that the deliberate intention of the printers was to employ two forms of type. This is specially apparent in the edition of 1694, the printing of which is beautiful — sharper and more delicate than that of the others. The delicate duality of the two forms of small "s" and "x" may be specially noted. I am unable here to give an enlargement from this volume, but must content myself with falling back on my largest and latest reproduction of the corresponding page in the edition of 1662 — the edition in which Father Thurston declared that both alphabets were alike. I will deal here with two letters only — the "g's" and the "p's," and I will exhibit them as they appear both in the alphabetical table, and in the passage from Cicero which Bacon, in his own handwriting, gave as an example of his cipher practically applied. I first give the letters as Bacon himself wrote them, and next to them I place their italic equivalents, reproduced from the edition of 1662. Then I give

Barnes Letter. Italic 9/1662 Exaggerated drawing of letters, emphasising difference.



Compare Italic g's with Barnes g's subjoined.



Ego Regis Legatus oppugnat.

Ego Regis Legatus oppugnat

Compare Italic p's with Barnes p's subjoined. Note p's in "oppugnat."

potius pietate putem parati

potius pietate putem parati

certain words from the Cicero passage as Bacon wrote them, in which his use of the different forms is evident; and I place above these the same words in printed italics, as the edition of 1662 presents them to us. The differences between some of the other letters are as plain as those between the "g's" and "p's," and show plainly the intentional use of two forms though the printers have made many blunders. In the beautiful edition of 1694 the whole is much plainer.

I do not consider this matter of much importance myself; but as a scholar like Father Thurston lays so much stress on his own contention, I have thought fit to call attention to and expose his error, as an example of the kind of arguments to which orthodox Shakespearians, of the most cultivated kind, will resort, in order to bring Baconian heretics to the stake.

Mr. Mallock gives us a curious example of another bilit-eral cipher antedating Bacon's:—

As I have said already, one of the most frequent of the *à priori* objections which critics have raised to Mrs. Gallup's theory rests on the alleged difficulty of printing it, and the extreme unlikelihood that the printers of Bacon's time would have had the means of executing so difficult a piece of work. Now, as far as the mere use of two founts of italic is concerned, this difficulty is altogether imaginery. A bi-literal cipher might be printed with perfect ease, and without the compositor being in any way admitted into the secret.

And calling attention to Porta's book already mentioned, in which appears a curious cipher, he says that Bacon's device "was of a kind neither inapplicable nor even strange to the printing and to the printers of the time."

Mr. Mallock's critical study of the biliteral cipher, should satisfy skeptics of its existence in the "Shakespeare" Works.

The internal evidence of its truth, however, cannot fail to impress itself upon the mind. A dominant note is heard con-tinually, finding an unexpected echo in every theme; varied, yet ever pathetically insistent — the strange story of Bacon's birth. The world must not fail to hear of this secret for lack of

repetition, however monotonous it may sound. It was a secret of vital import to a young and ambitious man, but one which to whisper abroad would mean death sure and swift; and so it is repeated with what may seem undignified iteration. No fabricator of a plausible fiction would spring this Jack-in-the-box so continually upon a reader. Again some of the expressions in the cipher revelations regarding the literary work of their author might sound like vanity; but when we consider this man, conscious of his intellectual superiority to those about him, such expressions hardly trouble us; they become almost impersonal.

We have given this extended review of Mr. Mallock's work because of its importance to our subject. It is almost our precise experience in studying the cipher. His example of magnifying the letters in the different fonts of type has recently been followed by Mrs. Fiske, whose sumptuous work contains the alphabets sufficiently enlarged to make many of their differences plain to ordinary vision. The author says in her Preface:—

> When Francis Bacon's "Cipher Story" was first brought to my attention, I spent much time in endeavoring to work out the cipher, but without success. Later, I was so fortunate as to meet Mrs. Gallup, and have had the privilege of receiving instruction from her in deciphering. Believing that what I have learned will be interesting to many, I have endeavored to show in this book in as simple a manner as possible the laborious way in which the hidden message is brought to light.
>
> In order to make this book helpful to those who wish to decipher the bi-literal, I have also collected together examples from several books showing different italic alphabets. All those books contain cipher messages, and all were printed in the different years, and in different alphabets. These italic letters are the shapes and sizes used generally in the books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to conceal the cipher messages. Besides these there are several sizes of Roman letters in facsimile which are also described.[1]

[1] Gertrude Horsford Fisk, *Studies in the Bi-Literal Cipher of Francis Bacon.* Boston, 1913.

This book is an important contribution to cipher literature which promises to play a considerable part in the future consideration of the greatest of literary problems. Of course, when fully elucidated it will solve it beyond question; though without it, as we have said before, the proofs of Bacon's authorship of the "Shakespeare" Works, which we have here presented, should be ample to satisfy an unprejudiced mind.

Unfortunately for the biliteral cipher it was placed in the hands of a committee to examine and pass upon its validity. The work fell principally upon Mr. George C. Bompas, one well fitted for the undertaking, and of undoubted integrity, but who had strongly expressed his opinion against it. Mr. Bompas pursued his task amid other distracting affairs, and made an adverse report which was published. His death prevented a revision of his work, and it has been accepted by many Baconians as a correct statement of the case. The very conditions under which Mr. Bompas undertook his task were sure to result in failure. The writer began in the same manner. He had examined the two fonts of letters in the "De Augmentis," made by Bacon to illustrate his method, and expected to find in the Folio the same, or approximately the same, marked differences which he found in Bacon's alphabets. When, however, he examined the First Folio, and endeavored to find, in the poems of Digges and others, the deciphered messages which he was told they concealed, he was disappointed. He took a magnifying glass and studied the letters and was disgusted. He saw differences in a few letters, but he knew that the old printers sometimes used several fonts of type in their work; that their ink was thicker at one time than at another, and their registering imperfect; so he impatiently dropt the task. After reading the cipher revelations he gradually became convinced that they could not be fabrications, and wrote Mrs. Gallup stating that he could make nothing out of the cipher, and propounding various questions, some of which he now sees were hardly worthy of a reply. Mrs. Gallup, how-

ever, answered them so frankly and lucidly, that he again took up the study of the cipher, and learned a number of important truths; for instance, — there are numerous errors in the cipher as there are in the text; these errors require similar emendations; an *a* font is sometimes found in the place of a *b* font letter, which is confusing; words in the cipher are abbreviated; bad registering is another troublesome obstacle. The "cipher story" now compressed into a single volume was written at different periods during more than forty years of its author's life, and scattered through many volumes, therefore could not always be printed in the same form of type; besides, the author to avoid discovery sometimes thought it necessary to mystify a decipherer. Added to this we are doubtful if any man past middle age has a sufficiently keen vision to become a successful decipherer. To become expert requires keen sight, close application, as long practice as to learn Greek or Hebrew, and enthusiasm sufficient to preserve interest in the work. Why should we wonder, then, that Mr. Bompas failed in his desultory work? Yet even Baconians, not being able to read the cipher offhand, or with a superficial study of it, cast it aside as unworthy of attention. After our experience with the biliteral cipher we frankly admit that there are a number of letters which we cannot yet properly place and never expect to; but though we know Mrs. Gallup only through a long-distance correspondence, we are convinced that, by years of enthusiastic study of her favorite subject, she has become sufficiently expert to read anything submitted to her which contains the biliteral cipher, however obscure it may be. The two tests to which we have subjected her, made as difficult as we could make them, we think warrant us in this opinion. Had Mr. Bompas undertaken to acquire proficiency in a difficult language, he would never have expected to accomplish his purpose unaided by a competent teacher. Here is the crux of the matter. He should have had Mrs. Gallup to explain difficulties when encountered. In one

instance, Mr. Bompas speaks of the sequence of the introductory poems, etc., varying in different copies of the First Folio. Each was a separate part of the cipher message, concluded with a signature of Bacon's name or title. The order of arrangement could make no difference. Mr. Bompas made his notes upon "Henry VII." A copy of Mrs. Gallup's entire work upon this book was sent to the Bacon Society, one to Mr. Mallock, and one to her London publishers. The work speaks for itself.

A vast field of labor, however, still lies before students of the subject. A Bacon concordance similar to the truly monumental work of Mary Cowden Clarke is a necessity. Students also should be supplied with separate plays, printed in the type of the original Folio, illustrated with examples to guide them in the work of deciphering.

Mrs. Gallup seems alone qualified to supervise such an undertaking; indeed, she owes it to herself to make her work available to students and so plain that no one may reasonably doubt it. To all the works in which the cipher occurs, the various guides should be given, and in those in which the biliteral is employed, the obscure letters should be noted, and enlarged examples reproduced to elucidate them. This might disarm opposition.

THE "ARGENIS"

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, we venture to express the opinion that the cumulative evidence that Francis Bacon was the author of the "Shakespeare" Works is to reach its culmination in the biliteral cipher, for the disclosures made by it are constantly finding confirmation. Other works besides those attributed to Spenser, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Burton are being brought to light, and excellent evidence produced, that he was interested directly or indirectly in their authorship. Canon Begley has devoted himself to a study of several puzzling works of Bacon's day, his object being to

identify him with their authorship. His treatment of the "Arte of English Poesie," published anonymously in 1589, which has been accredited to both George and Richard Puttenham, neither of whom, he shows, could by any possibility have been its author, is a splendid piece of literary criticism.[1] While we consider it worthy of all the space requisite to here set forth his acute arguments, space forbids. With respect, however, to John Barclay's "Argenis," we deem an exposition of it necessary to the proper treatment of our subject, since it so remarkably confirms the secret of Bacon's birth as related in the cipher story. The "Argenis" was first published in Paris in 1621 under the name of John Barclay, an author of some repute, who, it will be remembered, appears as one of the Councillors in the Great Assizes at the head of which was Bacon. In 1629 it was published in an English translation by Sir Robert Le Grys, Knight. This work has been ably treated by Mr. Cunningham to whose work we direct attention.[2] We shall here consider an earlier version which purports to have been translated from a Latin version of 1622 by "Kingsmill-Long."

Ben Jonson, two years before, it is said, by request of King James, had entered for publication a translation of the "Argenis." This was in the busy year of the "Shakespeare" and Bacon Folios, which were driven through the press with feverish haste, for Bacon was anxious to get the works he had already written, and those he was writing, printed, as he felt that he was nearing his end. We know now that Jonson had a good deal to do with the Folio, and was helping Bacon with other work which may have delayed the publishing of his translation of the "Argenis." What finally became of it we are not informed; hence, writers upon the subject have supposed that it was destroyed. We do not agree with this opinion, and believe that the edition of 1625 under the name of Kingsmill Long, was this translation. There are several reasons for this

[1] Rev. Walter Begley, *Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio*. London, 1905.
[2] Granville C. Cunningham, *Bacon's Secret Disclosed*, etc. London, 1911.

belief. First it would have been more than unwise for an unknown author, when a work was ready for the press by a man whose reputation as a Latin scholar was so well known as Jonson's, to translate and publish the same work in competition with him. Then there are reasons why the translation of Jonson "stayed at the press." James, who was an over-timid man, after acquainting himself more fully with its character, may have reconsidered his approval of a work containing not only a dangerous state secret, but sentiments at variance with his own. Jonson himself, too, who was then at the height of his fame, may well have hesitated to publish it, loyal as he was to Bacon who undoubtedly had a hand in the matter, for not only was he personally interested in it as a leading actor, but must have known Barclay, who had lived in London for ten years, being one of that little coterie of writers in which Bacon was so prominent. Did Jonson's work have a key to its contents? It would seem probable, as such a key would have greatly helped the sale of the book, and at this time we may well suppose would have been agreeable to Bacon, and quite disagreeable to James and "Steenie." There was a call, however, for the "Argenis," and in 1625 it was published in folio under the name of "Kingsmill Long," without a key, which rendered it innocuous. This seems to be a fair explanation of the case, as we think will more clearly appear as we study the book.

A key, however, was wanted, and in 1629, James and Bacon both being dead, the translation by Le Grys was published in quarto, this time with a brief key, sufficient, however, for any one who cared to use it. We are told by the translator that it was "commanded" by the King, and he apologizes for errors, "and would have reformed some things in it, if his Majesty had not so much hastened the publishing of it." We may well ask why Charles should thus interest himself in Barclay's book. Evidently it was because of the key. He was a young man, quite unlike his father, and knowing that the story of

Bacon's birth could do no harm at that time, and reminiscent of the harsh treatment of his grandmother, the Queen of Scots, by the "Virgin" Queen, might well have cherished an unholy delight in the revelation of her enemy's secret history, as not only a partial offset to that of his ancestress, but also a graceful offering to her manes.

The second edition of the "Long" translation which we are considering was published in quarto, "Beautified with Pictures, Together with a Key Præfixed to unlock the whole story." This key goes into minute details, crowded into twenty-seven closely printed pages, and bears Bacon's familiar head-piece, the light and dark *A*. The title-page shows Henry IV of France (Poliarchus) and Marguerite of Valois (Argenis) standing upon opposite pedestals before pillars supporting an open pediment, in the center of which is seated a veiled female represented, after the delicate manner of the time, as *enceinte*, holding aloft in her right hand a heart, symbol of love. It is from our own copy of the edition of 1636 that we shall quote. First, however, let us say that the "Argenis" is to the modern reader a confusing tangle of events, impossible to unravel without a key, though Cowper flatly contradicts us by saying that it is "free from all entanglement and confusion. The style, too, appears to me to be such as not to dishonour Tacitus himself"; and Hallam,—"His object seems in great measure to have been the discussion of political questions in feigned dialogue." In this Hallam is correct, but fails to comprehend the bearing of these "discussions" upon Elizabethan history. Had the "Argenis" been published in Elizabeth's reign, those who had a hand in it would have had a free ride to Tyburn or the "Bloody Tower."

In "The Epistle Dedicatorie" we are at once introduced to Marguerite of Valois and Henry IV in these words:—

> When first I viewed the Faire and Princely *Argenis*, and her Royall Lover *Poliarchus*, in a curious *Latine* Habit, I was taken (as, I thinke, all other men are) both with admiration and delight;

there being both variete to please the minde, and Learning to embetter the Judgement.

We now come to the key, and seek for what it discloses, a rather troublesome matter since its author cunningly discusses pros and cons respecting the identity of the persons who are masquerading under fanciful Greek names, before he discloses it to us in this way:—

> That by Hyanisbe is not to be understood Queene Margaret, sister to Henry the third, and wife to Henry the fourth, from whom she was afterwards divorced; but Elizabeth, Queene of England.

Thus we are plainly informed that by Hyanisbe is meant Queen Elizabeth. We shall find, however, as we pursue the narrative, that the author, Nicopompus, intended to so mix events as to prevent the reader from understanding the story. This he himself tells us in these words:—

> I will circumvent them unawares, with such delightfull circumstances, as even themselves shall be pleased, in being taxed under strange names. . . .
>
> I will compile some stately Fable, in manner of a Historie; in it, will I fold up strange events; and mingle together Armes, Marriages, Bloodshed, Mirth, with many and various successes. The Readers will be delighted with the vanities there shewne incident to mortall men; and I shall have them more ready to reade me, when they shall not find me severe, or giving precepts. I will feed their minds with divers contemplations, and as it were, with a Map of places. Then will I with the shew of danger stirre up pittie, feare, and horrour; and by and by cheere up all doubts, and graciously allay the tempests. Whom I please, I will deliver, and whom I please, give up to the Fates. I know the disposition of our Countrei-men: because I seeme to tell them Tales, I shall have them all: they will love my Booke above any Stage-Play, or Spectacle on the Theatre. So first, bringing them in love with the potion, I will after put in wholsome hearbes: I will figure vices and vertues; and each of them shall have his reward. While they reade, while they are affected with anger or favour, as it were against strangers, they shall meet with themselves; and find in the glasse held before them, the shew and merit of their

owne fame. It will perchance make them ashamed longer to play those parts upon the Stage of this life for which they must confesse themselves justly taxed in a fable. And that they may not say, they are traduced; no mans Character shall be simply set downe: I shall find many things to conceale them, which would not well agree with them, if they were made known. For, I, that bind not my self religiously to the writing of a true History, may take this liberty. So shall the vices, not the men, be struck; neither can any man take exceptions, for such as shal with a most shamefull confession discover his own naughtinesse. Besides, I will have here and there imaginary names to signifie several vices and vertues, so that he may be as much deceived, that would draw all in my writing, as he that would nothing, to the truth of any late or present passage of State.

After reading this we shall be prepared to find the author introducing into his narrative, anomalies, anachronisms, confusing incidents, and cunning devices of all kinds, to prevent the uninitiated from separating truth from fiction. We have already learned from the key that Argenis means Margaret of Valois; Poliarchus, her consort, Henry IV, from whom she was divorced; and Hyanisbe, Queen Elizabeth. We shall find as we proceed that Mauritania signifies England; the Moors, Englishmen; Sicily, France; Gallia, Navarre; Radirobanes, Philip II; Hyempsal, Queen Elizabeth's son when at home; but when traveling abroad, *incognito*, Archombrotus; and Syphax, "the Chiefeman" in England whom she married. This is the description of England:—

> Now were they come within view, not onely of Africa,[1] but also of *Lixa*, the chiefe Citie of Mauritania. . . . The River, also called *Lixa* so gentle mingled it selfe with the unresisting Sea, that where both the Waters met, neither the noise nor the foame made any difference, but onely their colour. . . . The Citie was great; and by the traffique of Merchants, wealthie and populous. . . . On your right hand, as you passe from the shore to the Citie, was a Hill, the pleasantest in all *Africa;* and on the same, a faire Countrey House, which they called the Queenes Mannour. There,

[1] Both Africa and Mauritania are used to signify England; one it would seem in the sense of Great Britain, the other of England, as still used.

when she was oppressed with cares, would she usually sojourne; and after some refreshment, by solitude taken in turnes, to returne more chearfully to the trouble and broyle of business.[1]

We are told that Hyanisbe

had succeeded her Brother *Juba* (Edward VI.) three and twentie yeeres agoe in the Kingdome: that before she was Queene, shee was married to one *Syphax*, the chiefe man in *Mauritania*, next to the King, who dying of a sicknesse, when King *Juba* dyed, had left her with childe: that the Queene not long after was delivered of a Sonne, whom she called Hyempsal, who, by the favour of the gods, had by his owne towardlinesse farre out-gone even the wishes of his Subjects: but that now in quest of honour amongst strangers, he was in private habit travelled, none, but the Queene, knowing into what Countrie.[2]

The introduction of Juba and the death of Syphax at the same time was intended to confuse the narrative.

The defeat of the Armada is thus clearly related in the key:—

The overthrow of Radirobanes in Africk, when he went to invade the Kingdome of Hyanisbe, doth note that notable overthrow of that huge and monstrous Spanish Armado; which being disperst and scattered, he was never, after that, able to make any great and dangerous designe neither against France nor England.

This is the account of the meeting of Argenis (Margaret of Valois) by Archombrotus (the Queen's son *incognito*). It is headed "Archombrotus falleth in love with Argenis":—

The evening came on, and Archombrotus, as he was wont, went into the Kings garden. There, as hee was walking alone, among the rankes of Trees, he fell into remembrance of that night, when Poliarchus and hee were guests at Timoclea's house. Among other things, it came to his minde, how Poliarchus changed his lookes and speech, being questioned any thing of Argenis. For, when Archombrotus had drawne that to a signe of love, presently, with the weight of ensuing thoughts, he forgets it; and so much the easier because he did not imagine it mutuall love, but

[1] *Argenis*, p. 174.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 183.

rather a youthfull amorousnesse in Poliarchus.—What could be thought more excellent than Argenis? Who had ever attained to such good qualities, so great parents, so many vertues? If shee had no prerogative of birth, but choice were to be made amongst all the Virgins, none before Argenis should be called to be Queene. Her wisdome, her modestie, her language did excell all of her Sexe: and her forme more than mortall. After this, Archombrotus returnes to thinking of himselfe; neither did hee conjecture his owne birth unworthy of so great hopes; a ready fewell (no doubt) to his new fires: and this, at first, not as thinking to love, but as having in his head some idle, yet not unlikely fancies. By little and little hee was caught, and with a kinde of doubtfull pleasure held close to these Chimerae's; not knowing, that if hee would conquer and be free, hee had need of all his fortitude against these first motions of love: The dearer hee held Argenis, abated so much of his friendship, which had bound him to Poliarchus; first, assaulted by Envie; next, by Jealousie. So hee goes out of the Garden love-sicke, and captive, that a little before entred free and happie. It was an addition to his misery, to asswage this tempest by solitarinesse; hee supped alone: For, when in silence and solitude, nothing but love presented it selfe to his thoughts, he yeelded himselfe to those cares, which within few dayes did exceedingly torment the young Lover, with never till now experienced maladies.[1]

But Archombrotus is to be disappointed in his love, since Argenis is bound to Poliarchus who has been long absent. Anxious for his return she would persuade Archombrotus to go in search of him. She thus discusses her plan with her friend Selenissa (Catherine de Medici):—

I am not the first, O Selenissa, which have loved unfortunately. Why doe wee yeeld to fortune? Death shall be the last remedie, which I can never be hinderd from. May I not goe my selfe, changing my habit, in search of Poliarchus? Alas, that I dare not be so bold, void of cunning, and having no face to frame a Lye. And perhaps also (but that is my least feare) I might dye in the labour of travell. Besides, thou couldst not follow me, nor staye behinde, without being called into danger, if I should slip away without the Kings privitie. Hearke, what I take to be the best course. Archombrotus, you know, is a most especiall friend of

[1] *Argenis*, p. 130 *et seq.*

Poliarchus; hee defended him, in his absence to the King, and was the chiefe perswader, to call him backe: I shall easily perswade him to seeke out Poliarchus, and bring him back to Sicily (France): yet hee shall not know what the cause is, I desire to see him; somewhat else may be devised: Neither will our faction want the colour of truth, when both of us shall enforce his beliefe. Selenissa praysed her wit: whether the cunning did please her, or being wearie, desired some respit from griefe to her selfe and Argenis, for the rest of the night: which Argenis having spent without sleepe, calls for her Chamberlaine; — and commanded him openly, to aske of Archombrotus, if that night had any thing eased him of his wounds (for hee had received many, but they were light;) for shee studied how to flatter him, having dangerous imployment for so deserving a Gentleman.

Archombrotus, as if hee had been caught up into Heaven, and almost confident that hee was beloved, answered her Chamberlaine: If Meleander (Henry III) and Argenis were well, (for upon their safetie hee wholly depended) hee himselfe was well enough. O the mindes of men! for the most part fearing their delights, and loving their miseries. The Youngman, now full of joy, and ignorant of Argenis device, tyred his minde with vaine thoughts, and stood by her Chamber doore, to present his service, as shee came out. Neither came shee unwelcome; and all the way talking with him, as shee was going to Meleander, yet said shee nothing of Poliarchus; for, as yet the business was not ripe, and secrecie was requisit for that discourse.[1]

The book ends with the return of Archombrotus, or Hyempsal, where he is received into the favor of Elizabeth his mother, and was present at the destruction of the Armada. In the cipher story Bacon tells us that he was present, which is not improbable, but from this point the author gives us an exhibition of the wildest fancies. He had disclosed the most important incidents in Bacon's life as related in the cipher story, — Elizabeth's marriage to "Syphax" (Leicester), "a man of most eminent qualitie," according to Le Grys; the birth of a son; his journey to France, where he fell in love with Marguerite of Valois, a passion which dominated his life. That Bacon had a hand in this there can be little doubt, for in

[1] *Argenis*, p. 281 *et seq.*

"The Epistle Dedicatorie," the hand of which is Long's, the voice is his. The book contains much uncensored history.

Having placed the "Argenis" on file as an exhibit in the claim of the Queen's child reared by Lady Bacon, we offer one of equal importance in that of the child reared by Lady Devereux.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX

The layman whose faith has been shaped by the stately histories of the past will, of course, be disturbed at any attempt to show that the authority which he has so long revered may be deficient; but the sources accessible to the historian of a century or so ago were meager, and since his day private and public correspondence, state papers and documentary materials of many kinds have been drawn from their crypts and coffers, and published or docketed for use. So it comes about that the student, finding that much of the popular history of the past was based upon books written within the purlieus of despotic governments, reflecting the interests of the Court, and more or less inspired by those in power, seeks documentary evidence with which to test its statements.

Even now we have hardly escaped from such influences. It was the knowledge of this that prompted Thomas Wentworth Higginson to declare, in an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, that our histories would have to be rewritten; indeed, a book has been thought necessary to guide us in distinguishing between false and true historic evidence, though we think it a futile work, since a critical judgment and not a rule must ultimately determine the question. The cipher story of the execution of Essex prompts us to examine Camden's and Howell's accounts of that tragic event, to ascertain, if possible, whether there is anything in them to warrant it.

But first let us make a brief study of his life preceding that event. The date of his birth is said to have been November



ROBERT DEVEREUX, (ESSEX)

From Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

The added hat accentuated the resemblance to Dudley

10, 1567, at Netherwood, Herefordshire, but the historian of the Devereux family says:—

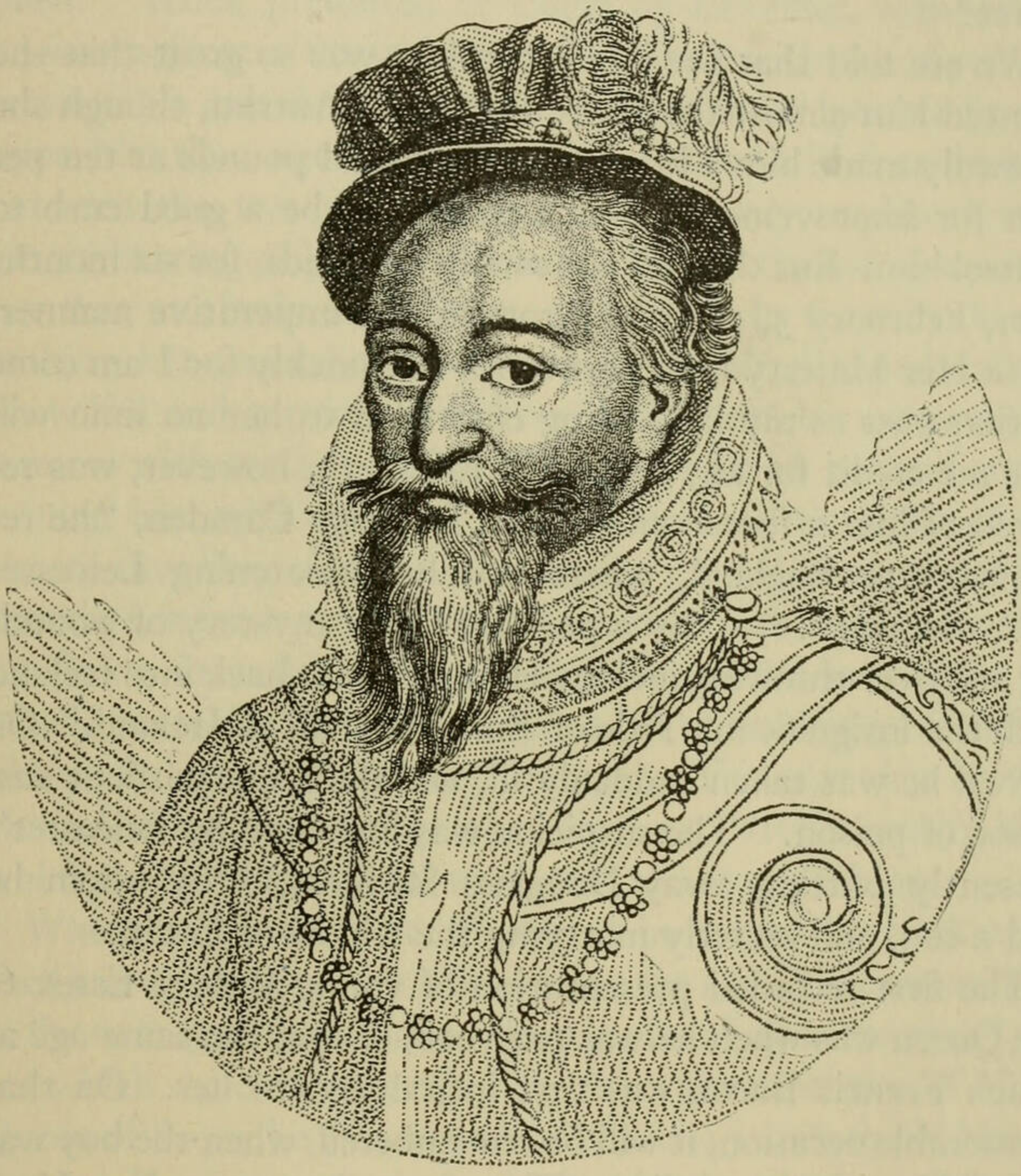
Although I have followed the general report of former writers in making Netherwood the birthplace of Robert Earl of Essex, I must observe that it is more than doubtful, for the register of Thornbury, in which Netherwood is situated, makes no mention of the fact.[1]

At Chartley where the family residence was situated, all the children of Sir Walter Devereux are registered except Robert. We are further informed by Sir Henry Wotton, who was conversant with the life of the family, that Sir Walter did not regard him as a father would naturally regard an elder son, but "died with a very cold conceit of him; some say through the affection to his second son, Walter." [2] In the cipher we are told that Robert was named for his father, Robert Dudley. As it was more fitting that the head of a house should bestow his name upon the eldest son, who was to succeed him, the light that Wotton throws upon Walter Devereux's treatment of Robert suggests the question, Was Robert really his son, and may not Walter have really been his eldest son? If it is objected, that if the cipher is true it shows that Dudley bestowed his name upon Essex, though he was his second son; the reply to this is, that the question of legitimacy could not be successfully raised in the case of Essex, while it might be in that of Francis Bacon, whose constant asseveration that he was born "in holy wedlock" shows that he was sensitive upon that point, as he possibly had reason to be.

In August, 1575, Elizabeth made a visit to Lady Devereux, young Robert being then eight years of age. Sir Walter, grasping and avaricious, was then absent, and importuning the Queen for large grants of land. From there she wrote him a letter in which occur these pregnant words, "The search of

[1] Walter Bourchier Devereux, *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex*, vol. 1, p. 8. London, 1853.

[2] *The Characters of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, p. 21. Lee Priory, 1814.



ROBERT DUDLEY, (LEICESTER)

From Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

your honour with the danger of your breath hath not been bestowed on so ungrateful a prince, that will not both consider the one and reward the other." What could she mean by the danger of his breath if he were not the repository of some great secret?

We are told that her interest in him was so great that she granted him almost the entire County of Antrim, though she shrewdly made him a loan of ten thousand pounds at ten per cent for improvements, which proved to be a good curb to control him. But this did not satisfy his needs, for six months later, February 5, 1576, he wrote in this imperative manner, "But Her Majesty is to resolve for me quickly for I am come to that pass as my land being entangled to her no man will give me credit for any money." Elizabeth, however, was relieved of him a few months later, for, says Camden, "he returned into England, where openly threatening Leicester . . . he was . . . by a peculiar Court-mystery of wounding and over-throwing men by Honours, sent back into Ireland with the insignificant Title of Earl Marshall of Ireland." On arrival he was taken suddenly ill, and died, not without suspicion of poison. "The suspicion was increased by Leicester's presently putting away Douglass Sheffield,"[1] by whom he had a son, and secretly marrying the widow of Essex.

The first recorded presentation of young Robert Essex to the Queen was when he was ten years of age, the same age at which Francis Bacon was first introduced to her. On that memorable occasion, it will be remembered, when the boy was asked his age, he replied, "Two years younger than Your Majesty's happy reign," greatly to the delight of the Queen. The bearing of the young eagle, Essex, was quite different, for, when she impulsively attempted to kiss him, he drew back and rejected the proffered favor.

Both these boys had been trained by the same tutor, Whitgift, but the one was as engaging as Elizabeth in her happy

[1] Camden, *Elizabeth*, p. 217 *et seq.*

moods, and the other as imperious as she in her less propitious ones. When at Cambridge he seems to have been under strict instructors, for he complained to Burghley, his guardian, of the slenderness of his wardrobe, which was "scantily supplied." When presented at Court by Leicester, with whom he was a greater favorite than Francis, the Queen showed a remarkable attachment to him, and bestowed greater favors upon him than upon Ralegh, which created a lifelong enmity between the two young men. The bravery, rashness, and kingly bearing of Essex appealed to Elizabeth, and aroused in her that motherly instinct so common to the feminine heart, making her constantly solicitous for his health and safety. As wilful and capricious as herself, she bore his extravagant humors with strange patience, keeping him by her and entertaining him with cards and games in the little circle of her chosen favorites. On one occasion she gave Blount, one of her courtiers, a favor to wear upon his arm, which, being observed by Essex, incited his displeasure which ended in a duel. On another occasion he boldly accused her of insulting a friend to please Ralegh, and left her in anger. The next day he was about leaving the country when she sent Carey to pacify him, which, with difficulty, he succeeded in accomplishing.

When in one of his fits of temper he turned his back upon the Queen, she gave him a blow upon the ear which caused him so far to forget himself as to clasp his hand upon his sword, an act which she ever remembered. After the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, he was so rash as to write James to aid him in getting Davison, whom she had unjustly imprisoned in the tower, restored to favor. No son in the line of succession could have carried affairs with a higher hand, and writers have often spoken of the Queen's patient treatment of him as that of a mother toward a headstrong but beloved son. His house became a center of correspondence with foreign courts, which made him obnoxious to the Cecils, and paved the way to his final downfall. So reckless of consequences was he, that

on one occasion, Elizabeth exclaimed: "By God's death! it were fitting some one should take him down, and teach him better manners, or there were no rule with him." This brief glimpse of Essex will make plainer the reason of his ruin.

We realize that it is likely to jar one, who has adjusted himself to a certain historic perspective, to be told that he has been regarding things from a wholly wrong angle. To learn, for instance, from the cipher story, that Francis Bacon and Robert Essex were the sons of Elizabeth Tudor and Robert Dudley, sounds strangely enough, though we are prepared to believe from evidence that has come down to us that she had children by Dudley. Of course it may be said that if Sir Nicholas Bacon, Pembroke, Burghley, and Cecil knew who these children were, and if the story is true they certainly must have known, it is remarkable that the secret did not leak out. The answer to this is evident. It was a secret of state which they were bound to hold sacred by every dictate of self-interest. That it did leak out we know, for several persons were punished for discussing it, probably many more than we know. The two to whom the children most naturally would have been entrusted were Lady Bacon and the wife of Walter Devereux, two of Elizabeth's close friends. This friendship we know with the one was never broken, though it subsequently was with the other. At Walter Devereux's death, Burghley, whose wife was the sister of Lady Bacon, became the guardian, and later, Dudley, the titular stepfather of Essex. These are two points not unworthy of notice.

But it will be said that when Essex was on trial, and his brother occupied the anomalous position of prosecuting him in behalf of the Crown for the crime of treason, would not Essex, brave and bold as he was, have been likely to confound his judges with the declaration that he was the Queen's son, and his brother, the rightful heir to the throne, his prosecutor? This is as strong as this objection can be stated.

The reply is, that at the trial he had no witness to whom to appeal. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Pembroke, and Burghley, the three to whom he could have appealed as witnesses in his favor, were dead, and Bacon says the evidence of Elizabeth's secret marriage had been destroyed by her long before. He had not the least chance of a favorable hearing. The Queen was old; his arch enemy, Robert Cecil, was then all-powerful; indeed, the announcement of his birth would only have hastened his ruin; besides, he held the Queen's ring, if we are to believe the tradition, which would probably secure his pardon; but were this wanting, had she not shown so much affection for him that it must have seemed certain that she would exercise clemency in his behalf? There can be no doubt that he so believed.

But it will be said, granting this, when he reached the scaffold, would he not at the last moment have made the announcement of his relation to the Queen, or, before that event, have communicated it to his spiritual adviser? This would seem likely. But what were the conditions surrounding him from the close of his trial to his execution? Would not the crafty Cecil, "the Fox," be sure to prevent any declaration from him becoming public, for if Essex were permitted to live it might be fatal to him. He was already plotting for the succession of James, which, if known by the Queen, though she might be thinking of it herself, would have caused his head to "hop" from his shoulders, to use one of her striking expressions, for though this imperious woman could be influenced by an appeal to her fears or passions, she could brook no interference of a subject in the question of the succession. Cecil was at the crisis of a dangerous game, and Essex had small chance of being heard, once the door of his dungeon was closed upon him. The Queen in the mean time, we are told by Camden, "wavered in her Mind concerning him — and she sent her command by Sir *Ed Cary* that he should not be executed." This would never do; "His Life would be the Queen's

destruction"; and "shortly after she sent a fresh Command by *Darcy* that he should be put to death."

On the morning of the 25th of February, the execution took place. This is the simple story we are told by Camden, but how the warrant was obtained is not mentioned. The cipher story informs us that during the preceding night his eyes, at the instigation of Cecil, were destroyed by one of those monsters who haunted the prisons ready to commit any atrocity demanded of them. While we know from the history of Henry VI, Richard II, and others, that similar horrors occurred in these infernal dungeons where cruel men immured their victims, and that Cecil may have been capable of sanctioning such a crime, we are impelled to impatiently exclaim, with our Stratfordian friends, Impossible! If the eyes of Essex had been destroyed it would have appeared at the execution, of which we shall see, according to Camden, there were witnesses.

The question for us to consider, if the story of the royal parentage of Essex were true, is, Would he have been given by Cecil opportunity to make it public, and had he suffered mutilation as described, could it have been concealed? To ascertain this we must know whether the conditions surrounding him between his condemnation and death would have permitted such concealment and mutilation? To do this we must go afield, outside of the formal parterres of history, for such stray scraps of evidence as we may find, and bring them together, which, strangely enough, no one has hitherto thought it worth while to essay; for Camden, complaisant old chronicler of royalty, has given a circumstantial account of the whole affair, which carries the inference that he was an eyewitness of the execution. When critically examined, however, we find that he is very careful to state that he was present at the trial, but avoids saying that he was at the execution, which, had he been, he certainly would have done. Camden's account after the commitment of Essex to the Tower is precisely what authority would have sanctioned. First he states

that Essex "desired that he might suffer privately within the tower." In his account of the execution, however, he states that "Thomas Mountford and William Barlow, Doctors of Divinity, with Ashton, the Minister of the Church, were sent unto him early in the morning to administer Christian Consolation unto his Soul"; and that seven noblemen and several aldermen and knights were present, the noblemen sitting "near unto" the scaffold. Ralegh is said also to have "beheld his Execution out of the Armoury." [1]

That the greatest pains were taken by Cecil to make it appear that Essex insisted upon having his execution take place privately is evident. Barlow, one of the discredited transmitters of the story of his last hours, loudly proclaimed that it was private at the Earl's request, "Lest the acclamations of the citizens should hove him up." [2]

Oldys is responsible for publishing the absurd story that Essex told "the Queen that her condition was as crooked as her carcase." [3] Says Lingard, "Many believed that this was the real cause of his execution within the Tower." This story, coupled with his alleged request, was a convenient method of extending this belief; indeed, frequent evidences appear of Cecil's anxiety to impress the public with the belief that the private execution of Essex was granted him as a favor. He further says: "There is indeed something suspicious in the earnestness with which Cecil instructs Winwood to declare in the French Court, that Essex had petitioned to die in private." [4]

To justify himself, Cecil called particular attention to what he described as "the written confession on four sheets of paper *in his own hand*." If such a holographic confession ever existed, it would have been preserved most carefully we may be sure, but we have only Cecil's word for it.

[1] Camden, *The History of Elizabeth*, etc., p. 621 *et seq.*
[2] Birch, vol. II, p. 482.
[3] William Oldys, *The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh*, vol. I, p. 329. London, 1829.
[4] Lingard, vol. VI, p. 619.

Referring to the privacy of the execution, Jardine remarks that it was:—

> Inconsistent with his declaration at his trial; but the fact is rendered suspicious by the eagerness of the Council to declare it. Then Cecil in his letter to Winwood, having already directed the ambassador respecting the report he was to make of the Earl's conduct to the French King, adds in a postscript, "You must understand that he was an exceeding earnest suitor to be executed privately in the Tower." It is expressly mentioned in all the dispatches, and forms a distinct article in the paper signed by the three clergymen. The King of France, however, appears not to have believed the story, and to have had some information on the subject previously, for on Winwood's relating to him the circumstances of the confession of the Earl, and stating his wish for a private execution, the King interrupted him, saying, "Nay rather the clean contrary, for he desired nothing more than to die in public." [1]

The secrecy with which the execution was conducted, and the methods resorted to in order to prevent him from talking, attracted attention, and the "divines" were sharply criticized, being called "the mere tools of the Government." Ashton, who seems to have been appointed as a sort of death-watch to him, is spoken of as "base, fearful and mercenary." It is to these men that we are indebted for all that was made public concerning his last hours. The so-called confession, we are told,—

> provided plentiful materials for Proclamations, Sermons and Declarations. The auditors of what he said on the scaffold consisted of such, and so many persons only, as the lieutenant had instructions to admit within the gates; and that to all intents and purposes an audience picked and prepared by the Privy Council.[2]

So much were the clerical attendants of Essex discredited, that Ralegh when he went to the Tower was cautioned not to

[1] David Jardine, Esq., *Criminal Trials*, vol. I, p. 369 *et seq.* Boston, 1832. Cf. Sir Ralph Winwood, Knight, *Memorials of Affairs of State*, etc., vol. II, p. 372. London, 1725.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 371.

have such "divines" about him. Of his appearance at the execution, the original account says: —

All the tyme of his beinge on the Scaffold the Erle never uttered worldlie thought, takeing no notice of anie person more than another.[1]

Lingard says: —

It was remarked that he never mentioned his wife or children or friends.[2]

He had said at the close of his trial, —

Before his death he would make somethinge knowen, that should be acceptable to her Majestie in point of State.[3]

But, says Jardine: —

The most pressing instructions had been previously given to the officers and divines to prevent him from speaking of the nature of his affairs, or of his associates, and to confine him to a simple declaration of sorrow for his treason.[4]

Essex, after sentence had been pronounced against him, petitioned

the Lord Highe Steward that he might have his owne preacher; it was answeared that it was not so convenient for him at that tyme to have his owne Chaplein as another.

His reply was: —

Yf a man in sicknes would not willinglie commit his bodie to an unknowne phisition, he hoped it would not be thought but a reasonable request for him at that tyme to have a preacher which hath been acquainted with his conscience.

Finally, however, Ashton, who is said to have been the preacher he desired, and the two others we have mentioned, were assigned him. These men subsequently furnished Cecil a convenient channel by which to reach the public ear. Particu-

[1] Stephen, *State Trials*, vol. III, p. 87.
[2] Lingard, vol. VI, p. 620.
[3] H. L. Stephen, *State Trials*, vol. III, p. 79. London, 1902.
[4] Jardine, p. 374.

larly well did Barlow, the ablest of the trio, serve him, for —

> The Sunday after Essex's death, he preached at St. Paul's Cross, following Cecil's instructions very precisely in publishing Essex's confession. He subsequently received abundant preferment, culminating in the bishoprie, first of Rochester and then of Lincoln.[1]

We may well ask why was Cecil so solicitous to make the world believe that a private execution was granted Essex at his own request, and why so anxious to prevent him from "speaking of the nature of his affairs," and to so "precisely" instruct his pliant agents what to deal out to the public? The account given of the execution is certainly "precise." We have a pathetic acknowledgment from the scaffold of the victim's sins, and of the justice of his punishment; indeed, the tragedy is so well staged that one can hardly doubt its truth; and yet, it is not improbable that it is all a fiction made to fit the occasion by Cecil, Barlow, and Ashton. If there was nothing to conceal, no secrecy was necessary. There was nothing of the kind when Ralegh went to the block, nor when the companions of Essex followed him. Why all this effort at secrecy in one instance, and publicity in another? No wonder it excited suspicion.

We have seen that Essex before death intended to make something known of public importance; what was this, and why did he not disclose it to his "spiritual" confidant? The declaration must have excited curiosity enough for Ashton to be questioned with regard to it, and it seems that he was. We have a letter from a correspondent of Anthony Bacon, dated May 30, 1601, which is suggestive. The writer appears to have known Ashton, and to have drawn from him certain admissions. The italics are in the original. He describes him as "a man *base*, *fearful*, and *mercenary*, but such a one as by *formal show of zeal*, had gotten a good opinion of the earl, who that way, being himself most religious, might easily be deceived."

[1] H. L. Stephen, *State Trials*, vol. III, p. 81. London, 1902.

In the account given to the public, Ashton says that Essex first told him something which he declared he did not believe. The writer of the letter to Anthony informs us that when Essex told his story, Ashton retorted, "Your end was an ambitious seeking of the crown." What could Essex say to Ashton that could possibly elicit from him an expression of disbelief, and the opinion that it was an ambitious seeking of the crown? This appears to have been discussed, for Spedding says that "his change in what he was to disclose was imputed to the influence of Mr. Ashton, a Puritan preacher who attended the Earl in the Tower."

The writer of the letter describes the violent terms which Ashton professed to apply to the helpless man, "words of gall and bitterness," and says:—

> The Earl was much amazed with this style, his expectations being so exceedingly deceiv'd as looking rather in his case for a comforting than so bitter and slanderous accuser, and after a sad and silent pause answered him: "*Mr. Ashton*, you have laid grievous things to my charge of which if I *could* not with truth free and clear myself, I might justly be holden one of the most unworthy creatures on earth."

How foreign to this are the words now put into the Earl's mouth, that his object was to "procure access to her majesty, with whom I assured myself to have had that gracious hearing, that might have tended to the infinite happiness of this State, both in removing evil instruments from about her person, and in *settling the* succession for the crown," which, Ashton says, was "by act of parliament of the King of Scotland, as the true and immediate heir after her Majesty of this Kingdom." [1] This, Ashton claims, being a "great matter," gave him the opportunity of bringing in Cecil, the Lord Admiral, the Lord Keeper, and Treasurer, the bitter enemies of Essex, to hear his "confession." The introduction of the succession of the Scotch

[1] This letter to Anthony Bacon may be found in full in Camden's *Elizabeth*, Hearn's Notes, pp. 957–61.

James was no doubt inspired by Cecil to divert attention from himself, and seems to have served his purpose, though it makes his infamy still blacker, as he was sending a fellow being to death for what he himself was doing for a prospective reward, which in due time was paid in full. It is doubtful if the Queen's pardon would have saved Essex after the death-warrant was signed. He was in the power of enemies, resolved upon his destruction, not the least of whom was the Lord Admiral, Nottingham, who, after the death of Essex, in a letter to Montjoy describing the "confession," said:—

> He even charged his Sister with sharing his treason, and spared not to say something of her affection of you. Would your Lordship have thought this weakness and this unnaturalness in the man? [1]

Montjoy was one of the bosom friends of Essex, and in love with his sister. His star also was foreseen to be in the ascendant; hence the mean insinuations of Nottingham, who was so instrumental in the death of Essex, were intended to mitigate the effect of his doings upon Montjoy, the bosom friend of the unfortunate Earl. Nottingham's harsh and cruel character renders his evidence of little moment. He had served under Essex in the Cadiz expedition, and they had afterwards quarreled. It was chiefly by Nottingham's persuasion and influence, says Davison, Elizabeth's conscientious but unfortunate Secretary of State, that Elizabeth signed the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots.

Of the confession Spedding says this, which throws light upon the manner in which it was prepared for the public palate:—

> The discretion of the Queen (it would have been better to have said Cecil and his confederates) obliged her to leave a portion of the story half told, and some of the most important confessions unpublished, *for the narrative could not be so managed as not to involve allusions to matters of which proofs could not be pro-*

[1] Tanner MSS. 76, Fol. 22.

duced.[1] Of these suppressed depositions some are lost, probably beyond recovery, among them the four sheets of confession made by Essex himself.[2]

Vague mention is made of the "Confessions of Irish servants and retainers . . . that Essex had discussed the probability of his becoming King of England." But how could a mere subject without royal blood think for a moment of such a thing? Certainly Essex, who was a brave and able man, versed in affairs of state, could never have discussed such a question, unless he was conscious of having some right to the succession. Rash as he undoubtedly was, he was not so rash as to do that.

The whole matter relating to the treason of Essex is confused and open to grave differences of opinion. Bruce, the editor of the "Correspondence" of Cecil with the Scotch King, is wholly in sympathy with Cecil. One, however, who is free from the social and hereditary influences which colored the view of Bruce, is likely to take a different view of the evidence. Two vital points are submitted to us to sustain, both involving the charge of treason, and had these not existed, it seems doubtful if his enemies, powerful as they were, could have convicted him; in fact, Bruce admits that "the criminal facts of which Essex was ultimately convicted, the treasonable conferences at Drury House, and the consequent London outbreak — to which the depositions were principally applied — constituted but a very small portion of the plot." But even Mr. Bruce does not give us anything else which is tangible, and satisfies himself by saying of these assumed facts, "They did not come in question, legally, at his trial, and the little information we find respecting them in the proceedings — is altogether unsatisfactory, and inconclusive. What there appeared in reference to them *rather slipped out than was made known intentionally*." He concludes, however, that this unused

[1] Does not this accord with Bacon's declaration relative to proofs which he tells us were destroyed, that he and Essex were children of the Queen? (The italics are ours.)

[2] Spedding, *Letters and Life*, vol. II, p. 325.

evidence "was purposely kept back because it implicated persons not before the court." There seem, then, to be left but two points of evidence sufficiently vital to bring him within the scope of the Act making it treasonable to discuss the succession to the throne of England of one, not the legitimate offspring of the reigning monarch, and Cecil's noisy reply to Essex at the trial, "I have said that the King of Spain is a competitor of the Crown of England, and that the King of Scots is a competitor, *and my Lord of Essex is a competitor, for he would call a parliament, and so be king himself.*" [1]

These two points, conspiring to place another upon the throne, or himself, were treasonable acts, and either one furnished a sufficient reason for his legal condemnation. As to the first, not a single letter is in existence, nor is there any valid evidence in the vague confessions of Southampton and others associated with him that Essex ever conspired to place James VI upon the throne. Of course he was fully aware of the political exigencies of the time, and realized that Cecil was vitally interested in the Scotch succession upon which alone his retention of power could rest. In political circles there was more or less coquetting with James by Montjoy, Southampton, Davis, and others of the Essex party, and perhaps by Anthony Bacon, his able secretary, in order to counteract the efforts of Cecil which Essex himself must have been anxious to accomplish; but the declaration of Cecil that he was scheming for his own advancement to the throne utterly invalidates the charge that he was seeking it for James, and it may properly be dismissed from consideration. As for his own advancement, as we have already said, it would have been sheer madness for a simple subject in the position occupied by Essex to think of such a thing. If he did, he must have thought that he possessed some

[1] John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., *Correspondence of King James VI of Scotland*, etc., pp. xvii *et seq.*, xxxiii. London, 1861.

In these letters names are not mentioned but numbers are employed. We have, however, the key to them. Thus 0 was Northumberland; 3 Howard; 10 Cecil; 24 the Queen; 30 James, etc.

moral or colorably legal claim to it. Think of a mere subject addressing the old Queen in this strange fashion — the letter is dated Ardbracken, August 30, 1599: —

To the Queen, From a Mind delighting in sorrow, from Spirits wasted with passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care and travail, from a man that hates himself and all things else that keep him alive. It is your rebel's pride and successes must give me leave to reason myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body.[1]

This was from a young man, gallant, self-reliant, and ambitious. Was this wholly inspired by aversion to the command of the Irish expedition?

Bruce dilates upon "a little black taffeta bag," which Essex always wore about him, and which he frankly told the officer who stripped him naked, contained about a quarter of a sheet of paper, and that this, "a book of his troubles," and papers in two small iron chests, he burnt in the presence of his wife and certain friends.[2] It would be interesting to know what the paper in this little taffeta bag and "the book of his troubles" contained. What troubles could this young man have, who, if we accept the testimony of his friends, was of a studious and joyous nature, to put down in a book which he so carefully preserved until he knew that his person and premises were about to be searched by pitiless enemies? If they were political troubles, troubles at Court, or arising from his life in the world, they could hardly have been dangerous enough to make such unusual secrecy necessary.[3]

We are told that the paper was "probably" a letter from the Scotch King, but this is a mere guess; Cecil had a bundle of more dangerous letters at Hatfield. The fact is, the story of Essex, as we have it, is a fiction emanating from his enemies, and never correctly told. It has been a case of following the

[1] This is from Birch. An edited version is in the *Lives and Letters of Devereux*, vol. II, p. 68.

[2] Bruce, *Letters to James VI*, pp. 80, 81.

[3] Again we refer to the Cipher Story, *ante*, p. 559.

leader by every one who has written upon the subject, even by Devereux, who repeats the cut-and-dried story of the confession and execution of the most noted of his past kinsmen. None of them has ever attempted to subject this inspired story to a critical analysis, and a brave and gallant gentleman has come down to us a hair-brained and turbulent fool. If, however, he was really the son of Leicester and the Queen, his attitude toward her appears no longer strange, and his "troubles" are readily accounted for.

In the trial of Essex there is a reasonable probability that the position of the Queen and Bacon was misunderstood. Essex had headed a dangerous uprising, and it was necessary to the integrity of the throne that he should be suppressed, no matter how dear to the Queen or to Bacon he might have been. There was but one way open to Essex, namely, to frankly confess his error and throw himself upon the Queen's mercy, and this was just what Bacon urged him to do. It is probable that this was what the Queen ardently desired, as it left her an opportunity to pardon him, but the proud rebel resented every suggestion of the confession which Bacon urgently pressed upon him, no doubt with the hope of saving his life. Even after his conviction there is evidence that he would have been pardoned if the Queen could have had her way. This may be no more than a plausible deduction from the account of the trial as we have it, but it seems worth considering.

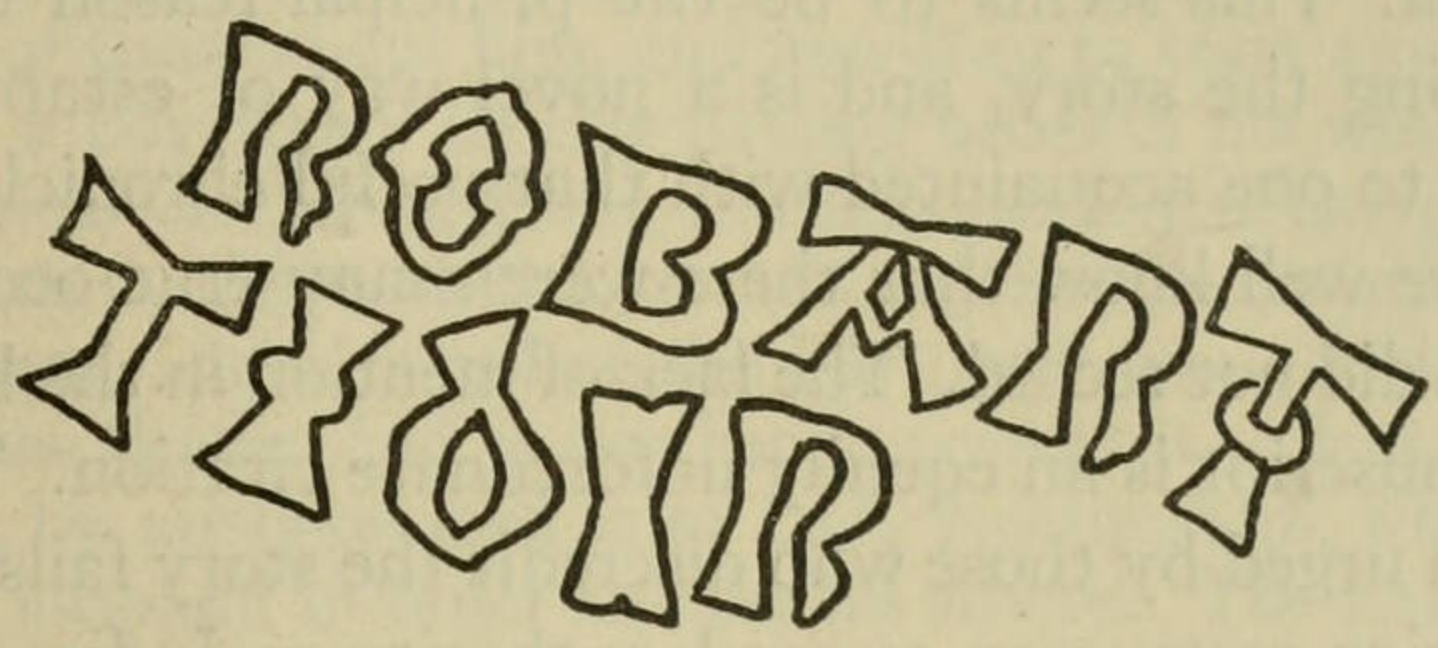
Among the silent memorials left by prisoners in the Tower is one presumably made by Essex, which is pregnant with significance. We quote from the official hand-book of the tower: —

> Over the doorway of the small cell, at the foot of the stairs, is the name Robart Tidir.[1] (See *facsimile* on next page.)

Tidir or Tidder is an obsolete form of Tudor, that royal family of which Elizabeth was the last representative, and it is a remarkable fact that Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis,"

[1] W. R. Dicke, *A Short Sketch of Beaumont Tower*, p. 11. London.

published after his death by his chaplain, contains these words in cipher, "My name is Tidder, yet men speak of me as Bacon."



We leave it for the reader to decide if the conditions surrounding the execution of Essex are not precisely such as would have existed if the cipher story were true. It should, however, be borne in mind that, while the cipher story suggested this study of the case of Essex, all that is here adduced rests upon historical data. This will be denied by prejudiced critics, who will call our citations scraps of fiction raked from the muck-heaps of ancient scandal, but they are just as reliable as the "well-filed" orthodox history of the time.

In addition to the authorities quoted we direct the student to others, with full confidence that if he critically studies that part of English history in which Elizabeth Tudor and Robert Dudley played such conspicuous parts, he will conclude that they rationally fit into and accord with it.[1]

THE QUEEN'S RING

The story of the ring, said to have been given by the Queen to Essex as a pledge to help him in his last extremity, has been retold by many writers to the present time, but recently has been declared to be a fiction. In seeking reasons for this it

[1] *Vide* Samuel Haynes, *Collection of State Papers*, etc., 1542, 1570. London, 1740; *The Hardwicke and Tytler Papers; Historic Memoirs of Sir James Melville; Throckmorton MSS.;* especially the *Burghley Papers*, noted in *Calendar of MSS. of Marquis of Salisbury*, under heads of "Elizabeth" and "Leicester"; and Gregorio Leti's *Vie d'Élizabeth*, founded upon the manuscript collections of Lord Aylesbury, now unfortunately lost. Leti's failure to quote his authorities *verbatim* is nearly as unfortunate as their loss.

appears that the story has been told of two rings, and that neither Howell nor the Helmingham manuscript mentions the ring at all. This seems to be the principal reason urged for discrediting the story, and is a novel way of establishing a negative to one acquainted with that useful chronicler, Howell, for we well know that there were many true occurrences which he did not record. The lack of mention in the Helmingham manuscript is an equally unfortunate citation. That the objection urged by those who discredit the story fails to settle the question rests upon as good authority as Judge Stephen, who firmly expresses his confidence in the truth of the tradition in these words:—

> There is at Helmingham a portrait of Essex's daughter, Lady Frances Devereux, wearing the jewel in an earring, and in case this does not convince my readers, I may add that the jewel itself, a ring with a lock of hair, which may once have been red, hanging from it, is now at Ham House, the property of the Earl of Dysart.[1]

Let us endeavor to trace the story to its source.

The first recorded account of the ring is given by Aubery de Maurier, French Ambassador to Holland, who had it from Sir Dudley Carleton, the English Ambassador there under Elizabeth's successor. Carleton returned from his embassy in 1618.[2] That the story was in circulation at an early date appears from an allusion to it by Clarendon in a book supposed to have been written while at Magdalen College, where he matriculated in 1621.[3] The best account is by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, the great-granddaughter of Sir Robert Cary, who attended upon Queen Elizabeth during her last days. She says:—

> When the Countess of Nottingham was dying, she sent to entreat the Queen to visit her, as she had something to reveal before she could die in peace. On the Queen's coming, Lady Notting-

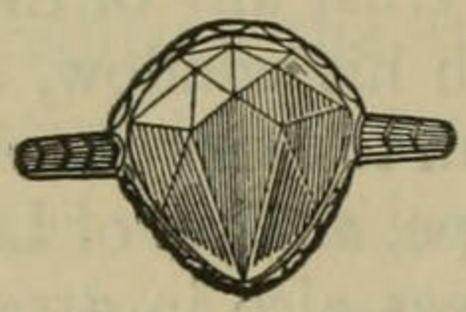
[1] H. L. Stephen, *State Trials*, vol. III, p. 81. London, 1902.
[2] *Mém. pour servir à l'Histoire d'Hollande*, p. 269. Paris, 1688.
[3] *Disparity between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham.*

ham told her that when the Earl of Essex was lying under sentence of death, he was desirous to ask Her Majesty's mercy in the manner she had prescribed during the height of his favour. Being doubtful of those about him, and unwilling to trust any of them, he called a boy whom he saw passing beneath his window, and whose appearance pleased him, and engaged him to carry the ring, which he threw down to him, to the Lady Scrope, a sister of Lady Nottingham, and a friend of the Earl, who was also in attendance on the Queen, and to beg her to present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, took it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband in order to take his advice. The Earl forbade her to carry it to the Queen, or return any answer to the message, but desired her to retain the ring. Lady Nottingham, having made this confession, entreated the Queen's forgiveness; but Elizabeth, exclaiming, "God may forgive you, but I never can!" left the room in great emotion, and was so much agitated and distressed that she refused to go to bed, nor would she for a long time take any sustenance.

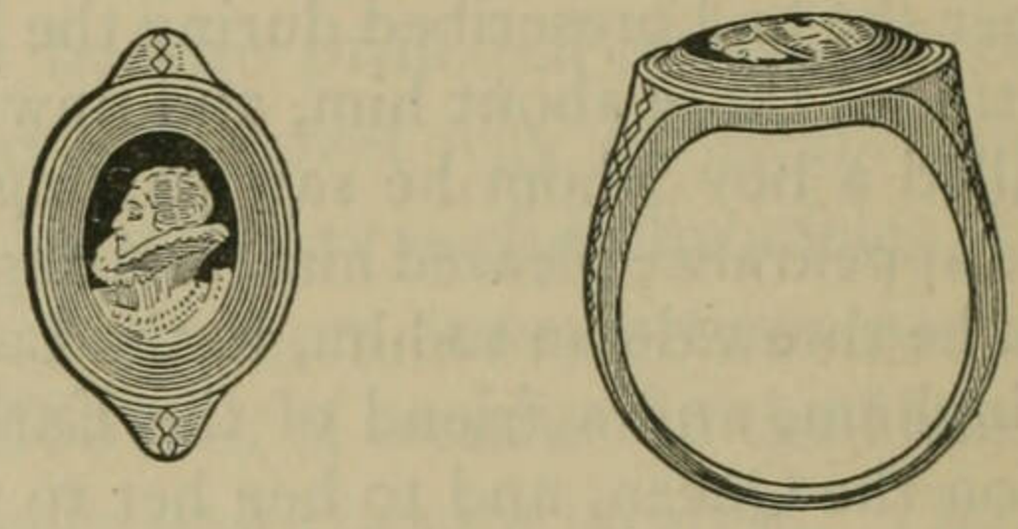
The ring has descended in one unbroken succession to the Reverend Lord John Thynne from Lady Frances Devereux, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, who was the daughter of the Earl of Essex. It bears the head, in relief, of Queen Elizabeth, engraved on a sardonyx; the sides are chased and the under side of the seal is blue enamel. That it was not mentioned in the will of the Duchess of Somerset is no proof against its genuineness, as doubtless it had been given already to her daughter, Mary, wife of the Earl of Winchelsea, who passed it on to her daughter, Frances, wife of Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth.

That there is another ring which has been called the Essex ring is not strange; it would be strange if there were not several. This ring is said to have belonged to the Queen of Scots, who gave it to Queen Elizabeth. In some unexplained way it is said to have passed into the possession of Charles I, who, its owner claims, gave it to Sir Thomas Warner, a West India adventurer. Its present owner is one of his descendants. Its title to validity is too shadowy for serious consideration, but

as a matter of curiosity we give an accurate representation of it.



THE WARNER RING



THE QUEEN'S RING

When the cipher story appeared, which mentioned the ring, one of the first things seized upon by Stratfordians was this, and they hastily raised the objections which we have cited. Even should the cipher story be disproved, we believe that the reader will conclude that the story of the Queen's ring has sufficiently clear evidence in its favor to keep it out of the obscurity of merely popular tradition.

EPILOGUE

A SUMMARY OF WHAT IS RECORDED OF THE WHEREABOUTS AND DOINGS FROM TIME TO TIME OF

FRANCIS BACON AND WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

1560 (O.S.)

FRANCIS BACON, born January 22, at York House, London. His early education could not have been in better hands. Nicholas and Lady Bacon were distinguished for character and scholarship.

1564

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, baptized at Stratford, April 26, 1564; born of illiterate parents. Despite Lee's positive statement to the contrary there is not a shred of proof that his father could write his name. In all cases he made his mark.

1572–1577

Francis Bacon, phenomenally precocious, was reared amid intellectual surroundings. His attainments were such that before twelve his bust was made, and before eighteen his portrait was painted and inscribed "Could we but behold his mind." At this time he had "run through the whole circle of the liberal arts," and, dissatisfied with the methods of education then practiced, was devising means for improving them. It is said that he had acquired a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French. He was sent in 1577 with Sir Amyas Paulet, the British Ambassador, to the Court of France, where he mingled with the most exalted statesmen and wits of that brilliant period, and acquired knowledge of

foreign courts and politics. Such proficiencies are freely displayed in the "Shakespeare" Works.

Shakspere is supposed to have attended the Grammar School for a short time. Is supposed to have been removed from this school and apprenticed at the age of thirteen to a butcher, his father being in financial distress.

1579

Bacon called home, Sir Nicholas Bacon having died, bequeathing his property to Anthony and other children, but Francis virtually unprovided for. Lady Bacon provides him a home at Gorhambury, St. Albans; studies law "*against the bent of his genius.*" Evidence that he was on the Continent some time in 1580–81.

1582

Bacon admitted to the Bar. Between 1579 and this date Reed assigns production of "King John," "Henry V," and "King Lear."

Shakspere marries, November 28, Anne Hathaway, an illiterate, under disreputable circumstances. Traditions of poaching and drinking-bouts survive. Six months later (May 26) daughter Susanna born.

1584

Bacon, well versed in law and state affairs, writes letter of advice to the Queen, who accepts it "graciously." Between this date and 1582, Reed assigns "Pericles," "Titus Andronicus," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

1585–86

Bacon writes "Greatest Birth of Time," forerunner of "Advancement of Learning." Malone assigns "The Contention, or Henry VI," to this period; its author's "earliest complete drama," says Phillipps. The play is cast in the province

of France, where Bacon had resided, and in England. Its scenes are laid in localities especially familiar to him — Westminster Abbey, Temple Grafton, Parliament House, and *Saint Albans*.

Shakspere's children, Hamnet and Judith, born.

1587

Bacon assists in presenting, at Gray's Inn Revels, an anonymous play, "The Tragedy of Arthur," a reminiscence of "King John," containing many extracts found in his notebook, the "Promus." Between 1585–87, Reed places "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew," and "Comedy of Errors"; in 1588, "Love's Labours Lost." Furnivall agrees; Staunton thinks 1587–91. The scene is laid at the Court of Navarre where Bacon passed the romantic springtime of his life in close intimacy with the brilliant men and women who composed it. Anthony Bacon, attached to the foreign diplomatic corps, residing in Italy, was in constant correspondence with Francis. During this period Italian plays were produced; actors in four of them named Antonio, Italian for Anthony. The scenes where these plays were laid, Rome, Venice, Padua, Milan, Vienna, etc., were familiar to Anthony and Francis.

Shakspere, forsaking the trade of butcher's apprentice, wife, and children, flees on foot to London to escape prosecution for stealing deer and rabbits. Reaching London, a rude peasant speaking the "patois" of Warwickshire, says Phillipps, he finds employment in Burbage's stable. "Hamlet," an anonymous play then on the stage, the same play that the best critics now admit is in the canon.

1588–89

Bacon in Parliament. He writes "Advertisement Touching the Controversies of the Church"; is given reversion of clerkship in Star Chamber yielding no immediate salary. Delius assigns this date to "Venus and Adonis"; others even earlier.

Shakspere "a servitor" in the company of Burbage. Is mentioned in a bill of complaint against John Lambert of Stratford.

1591

Bacon residing at Gray's Inn with intervals at Gorhambury and Twickenham. During four years, though a man never idle, he published no works under his own name. He writes Lord Burghley that he has "vast contemplative ends," but "moderate civil ends," and that "philanthropia is so fixed" in his "mind that it cannot be removed." The Queen visits him at Twickenham and he presents her with a sonnet. To this period is attributed "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and by some "Henry VI." Anthony Bacon returns from abroad.

1592

Francis and Anthony secretaries to the Earl of Essex, whose extravagance leaves salaries unpaid. Francis, who has given bond for "two months" to a Jew, is sued and imprisoned. Anthony relieves him by mortgage on his property. The faithful friend in the play of the "Merchant of Venice" is another Antony, a good likeness of the Anthony whom Spedding depicts.[1] Delius assigns "Romeo and Juliet" to this date. "Henry VI" acted by "Lord Strange's men."

Shakspere's personal description, comporting with what is hitherto known of him, is given by Greene.

"Venus and Adonis," is published with name William Shakespeare on the title-page. In the dedication to Bacon's friend, Southampton, the author says, it is "the first heir of mine invention," which would carry it back to a much earlier date. Bacon publishes reply to attack upon the Government, and espouses popular cause, to displeasure of Burghley and the Queen. Obliged by plague he leaves Gray's Inn, suspend-

[1] See Lee's attempt to connect this play with the well-known Lopez incident (*Life*, etc., p. 68). And Dictionary National Biography, *in loco*.

ing his lectures there, and takes refuge at Twickenham, "not to play and read, but to pursue philosophy, and to discuss the laws of thought."

Shakspere's name, for the first time since coming to London, appears in a list of actors in a Christmas play before the Queen.

1594

Bacon's "Promus" begun, December 5. It contains 1560 phrases, poetical expressions, quotations, and proverbs from various languages for use in literary composition. These are found scattered throughout the "Shakespeare" Works, as well as Bacon's philosophical works, especially after this date. The Christmas Masque at Gray's Inn proves a failure, and Bacon is solicited for aid "in recovering" its "lost honour." Lady Bacon is greatly disturbed at the connection of Anthony and Francis with dramatic performances. "Lucrece," dedicated to Bacon's friend, Southampton, is published. "Richard II" and "Richard III" appear and "II Henry VI." Bacon, "poor and sick working for bread." Essex, in debt to the Bacons for salary, asks the Queen to appoint Francis Solicitor-General. Angered by him, she refuses, and Essex conveys to him land adjoining Twickenham valued at eighteen hundred pounds. The Queen forgives Essex, who entertains on the Queen's Day. Bacon composes "The Device of an Indian Prince" for the occasion. He writes in notebook, "Law at Twickenham for ye merry tales"; writes Essex that "Law drinketh too much time — dedicated to better purposes."

1595

After "a great consultation for the recovery of their honour," carried on in amusing manner, on January 3, an entertainment, "one of the most elegant, that was ever presented to an audience of statesmen and courtiers," entitled the "Order of the Helmet," is produced, and the lost honor of Gray's Inn is saved by Bacon. "Midsummer Night's Dream," "All's

Well that ends Well," and "The Merchant of Venice" presumably were written. "III Henry VI," published; Collins says, "'All's Well' perhaps produced in 1593 or 1594, under title 'Love's Labour's Won.'"[1] In this play we find "the law for ye merry tales," which greatly impressed Lord Campbell by the author's accurate knowledge of law.

Shakspere listed on subsidies tax list in St. Helens, Bishopsgate.

1596

Bacon writes "Colours of Good and Evil" and "Meditationæ Sacræ."

The Lord Chamberlain's Company before the Queen. She pays Burbage, Shakspere, and Kempe the sum of twenty pounds. Shakspere returned as defaulter in subsidy tax in St. Helens. His son, Hamnet dies August 11.

1597

Bacon speaks in Parliament against enclosures January 30. Writes his friend Mathews, of "Works of his Recreation," and that "Tragedies and Comedies are made of one Alphabet." His Essays, dedicated to Anthony, published. "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II," and "Richard III," the two latter partly rewritten and published anonymously.

Shakspere is recorded living near "Bear Garden, Southwark." Buys New Place, Stratford. Is taxed at St. Helens. Is returned as householder in Chapel Street, Stratford, and as owner of ten quarters of corn.

1598

Bacon is embarrassed by the Queen's anger because of a pamphlet by Hayward based upon the play of "Richard II"; "I Henry IV," and "Love's Labours Lost" published; the latter, first drama bearing name "William Shake-speare."

[1] *The Complete Works*, etc. Porter & Clark, p. g., vol. IV. London, n. d.

EPILOGUE

Says Lee:—

"Love's Labour's Lost" embodies keen observation of contemporary life in many ranks of society, both in town and country, while the speeches of the hero, Biron, clothe much sound philosophy in masterly rhetoric, contemporary projects of Academics for disciplining young men, fashions of speech and dress current in fashionable society; recent attempts on the part of Elizabeth's government to negotiate with the Tsar of Russia; the inefficiency of rural constables and the pedantry of village schoolmasters and curates, are all satirized good humour.[1]

Lee here summons before us the personality of Bacon, not of the Stratford actor.

Bacon proffers Burghley a masque at Gray's Inn; he writes, —"It happened that Her Majesty had a purpose to dine at Twickenham Park at which time I had prepared a sonnet, directly tending, and alluding to draw on Her Majesty's reconcilement to my lord (of Essex)."

Shakspere is "supposed" to have played in Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour"; "supposed" part Old Knowell. Again taxed in St. Helens. Bought stone to repair his house. Is written to by friends about buying some odd yardland at Shottery and loans of money.

Phillipps says:—

It is certain . . . that his thoughts were not at this time absorbed by literature, or the stage. So far from this being the case, there are good reasons for concluding that they were largely occupied with matters relating to pecuniary affairs. He was then considering the advisability of purchasing an "odd yard land or other" in the neighborhood.

1599–1600

Bacon busy with his literary work and a scriptorium which he and Anthony are carrying on. Employs Ben Jonson and others writing for it. Shakspere fraudulently obtains confirmation of coat of arms, formerly applied for by his father, which

[1] Lee, *A Life of*, etc., p. 50.

causes protest to be made to the Herald-at-Arms, and excites ridicule among the wits and writers of the metropolis. Essex is prosecuted for treason. Bacon endeavors to placate the Queen. Drafts letters for Essex to that end. Bacon writes the Queen about the condition of Lady Bacon, who is lapsing into insanity, a subject so well treated in "Hamlet" and "Lear," that alienists have admiringly commented upon it. "Henry V"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Merchant of Venice"; "Much Ado," and "Titus Andronicus," published. Shakspere recovers debt of seven pounds of John Clayton, London.

1601

Bacon, studying in his "poor cell" at Gray's Inn, removes to Twickenham. By command of the Queen he conducts the prosecution of Essex. Essex is executed. Anthony dies.

Furnivall assigns "Julius Cæsar" to this date and cites this contemporary allusion: —

> The lesson of Julius Cæsar is that vengeance, death, shall follow rebellion for insufficient cause, for misjudging the political state of one's country and taking unlawful means to obtain your ends.[1]

1602

May 1, Shakspere purchases 107 acres of land in Old Stratford, and September 28 a cottage and garden near New Place; plants an orchard.

1603

Elizabeth dies. Everybody about Court anxious to be brought to the notice of James, their living depending upon his favor. Bacon writes Sir John Davis, known as a poet, then on his way to meet the King, desiring him "to be good to concealed poets," and remember him with a good word when

[1] John Weever, *Mirror of Martyrs*. London, 1601.

at Court. His "Valerius Terminus" published. In Parliament Bacon speaks against abuses in weights and measures, and in favor of repealing superfluous laws. Writes "Certain Considerations Touching the Better Pacification of the Church of England," and the beginning of the "Advancement of Learning." "Measure for Measure" is played for the first and only time, until after publication twenty years later, when it was played at Pembroke House, Wilton, to entertain the King who was attending the trial of Ralegh at Winchester. In this play we meet Bacon face to face, and hear again what he has said about "absolute" and "sleeping" laws: the "law's delay," "judicature," abuses of weights and measures, etc. It has been suggested that Isabella's speech was introduced in Ralegh's behalf to incline the King's heart to mercy. "Merry Wives of Windsor" is also published.

1604

Bacon writes "Apology in Certain Imputations concerning the Late Earl of Essex," and four Drafts and Acts of Proclamations: appointed a member of the "Learned Counsel," and chosen spokesman for Committees of Conference with House of Lords. "Othello" is attributed by Delius to this year, and "Lear" by others.

Shakspere is listed with other actors as licensed by the King; "supposedly" acts in Jonson's play of "Sejanus"; walks in procession from the Tower to Westminster with other actors, and is allowed four yards and a half of scarlet cloth to deck himself withal. Sues Rogers, a neighbor, for one pound, fifteen shillings and ten pence, for malt delivered him on several occasions; is listed as holding a cottage and garden in Stratford.

1605–06

Bacon publishes two books of "Advancement of Learning." Spedding says, prorogation of Parliament gave him best part

of year for literary work. Proposes to Lord Chancellor to write history of Great Britain. Marries daughter of Lady Packington; third edition of Essays published by Jaggard who printed the Shakespeare Folio. "A Lover's Complaint" written about this time; Sonnet XII reveals thoughts on youth and age.

Shakspere buys moiety of the tithes of Old Stratford and adjoining parishes for four hundred and forty pounds. Is bequeathed "a thirty shillinges peece in goold" by Phillips, a fellow actor. The company to which he belongs performs "King Lear" and "Macbeth," at Whitehall, December 26, 1606, but his name is not mentioned. Is engaged in trade and agriculture; listed in Stratford as holder of copyhold estate.

1607

Bacon is promoted to the office of Solicitor-General. Is interested in founding colony in Virginia; comparatively free from public business this year.

Shakspere's daughter, Susanna, marries Dr. Hall at Stratford.

1608–09

Bacon is near nervous breakdown affecting his "imagination" seriously. His good friend, Sir Tobie Matthews, becomes a Roman Catholic, is banished. Bacon secures suspension of decree, and, subsequently, befriends him; is abused therefor. "Pericles" and "A Yorkshire Tragedy" on the stage. Bacon in correspondence with Matthews to whose critical judgment he submits his manuscripts; speaks of his scientific and historical works, and of "other writings" and "the little work of my recreation." "Troilus and Cressida" published, also the Sonnets, dedicated to Bacon's lifelong friend, William Herbert.

Shakspere recovers suit against John Adenbrook for seven

pounds, four shillings, and, upon failure to pay, sues his bondsman. Godfather to son of William Walker, a neighbor. Purchases twenty acres of pasture land of Combe. The company to which he belongs is at the Blackfriars, but his name not mentioned.

1610–12

Bacon begins a history of Great Britain. "Cymbeline" and "Winter's Tale" attributed by Delius to this date. The latter contains Bacon's horticultural observations. Is member of the Virginia Company with his friends, Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, who send Sir John Somers to West Indies; his ship wrecked on Bermudas; the "still vexed Bermoothes." To this voyage is due "The Tempest," written soon after, which embodies so many of the results of Bacon's studies as to distinctly fix its authorship.[1] It was played before the King, November 1, 1611. Shakspere's name was not mentioned as present. Bacon is made Secretary of State; takes principal part in masque at Gray's Inn.

Shakspere's estate, bought of the Combes, fined. His name appears in a lawsuit, and he is also engaged in litigation over his share in the tithes bought on speculation seven years before.

1613

Bacon appointed Attorney-General. Wrote masque which he presented at Gray's Inn in honor of the Earl of Somerset, which cost him two thousand pounds; refused to permit others to contribute, though Yelverton desired to subscribe five hundred pounds. "Henry VIII" ascribed to this date.

Shakspere is still at Stratford engaged in petty trade according to Phillipps; attentive to business, growing in estate, pur-

[1] Cf. Bacon's *Heat and Cold; Ebb and Flow of the Sea;* the *Biform Figure of Nature;* exhibited in Ariel and Caliban; *History of the Winds;* the *Sailing of Ships; Dense and Rare.*

chasing farms, houses, and tithes in Stratford, bringing suits for small sums against various persons for malt delivered, money loaned, and the like; carrying on agricultural pursuits, and other kinds of traffic. The best evidence we can produce exhibits him as paying more regard to his solid affairs than to his profession. It seems that he must have practically deserted the stage shortly after the purchase of his Stratford home. June 29, the Globe Theater is burned; his name is not mentioned. Burbage is employed by Lord Rutland's steward to paint his master's cognizance, or "impresso," as it was called, for a celebration at the castle of Belvoir. This was a coat of arms with coarse mantlings gaudily painted on canvas or boards to impress the gaping mob with the importance of their lord. His former associate residing in the vicinity, Burbage procures his assistance, and Shakspere is paid for his services forty-four shillings. Buys with three others house near Blackfriars in London for one hundred and forty pounds; mortgages it back for sixty pounds; "was unpaid at his death." [1]

1614–15

Bacon is returned Member of Parliament for Cambridge University; engaged in the trial of Earl and Countess of Somerset, *et al.*, for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury.

Shakspere, at Stratford, shrewdly secures an agreement to indemnify him from loss in his old investment in the tithes. John A. Combe dies and leaves Shakspere five pounds; is said to have composed an epitaph for his benefactor, which Phillipps discredits, as he may well do for one he supposes to be the author of the "Shakespeare" Works. Shakspere conspires to acquire certain common land in the purlieus of Stratford by enclosure. Correspondence and notes in Greene's diary reveal the actor's interest in this unjust proceeding. April 26, 1615, a petitioner with others to Chancellor Egerton to compel

[1] Lee, *A Life*, etc., p. 267.

Mathew Bacon to deliver up certain papers relative to title of the Blackfriars property.

1616

Bacon is made Privy Councillor. Projects a compilation and revision of the laws of England.

Shakspere dies after an illness superinduced by having "drank too hard," leaving will covering his minutest belongings, cutting off his wife with "second best bed." His children were reared in profound ignorance, yet his partisans ask us to believe that he wrote that

> Ignorance is the curse of God;
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

He was never a manager of a theater, and the particulars concerning him in this summary may all be found in Rowe, Malone, Knight, Phillipps, Furnivall, Lee, and other authors of biographies of him, and of Bacon in Rawley, Montagu, and Spedding.

With respect to the "Shakespeare" Works, it is proper to here repeat that seven years after the actor's death, they were collected and printed in a volume — the First Folio, by Jaggard, Bacon's printer, and that this volume contained, of the fifty-two dramas since attributed to the author of the "Shakespeare" Works, thirty-six, twenty of which had never before been published, and several never before known. Many of these had been enlarged by additions after the actor's death, unmistakably by their original author, and all of them are found to contain hundreds of extracts or expressions found in Bacon's notebook, and his other works. This is so significant that to escape a fatal dilemma some critics have adopted the impossible theory that the actor and philosopher collaborated.

We have endeavored to embody in this summary every fact and tradition recorded relative to the Stratford actor. The reader will see that, despite Mr. Lee's dogmatic assertions to the contrary, not a single fact of importance in its bearing

upon his life and authorship has been added to the common stock of knowledge regarding him which existed when Nicholas Rowe wrote his misleading "Life," and we ask, Does not what we have here recorded point unmistakably to the conclusion, that when he purchased his home in Stratford in 1597, he took up his permanent residence there, making an occasional visit to London, as Phillipps has suggested, and that from about this time till his death he was engaged in trade as his father had been, dealing in land, and other local products, especially wool, as the wool sack upon his original monument indicated? Every possible effort has been made to show that he continued his titular profession, but beyond the enrollment of his name in two or three instances with other actors, without assignment of parts, which might have been done if he were a shareholder, nothing appears. Phillipps, impressed by the absence of knowledge respecting his theatrical employment, laboriously traced for a period of twenty years, ending with the date of his death, the movements of the company with which he had been connected in London — "his company" — and though he gathered the records of its performances in all the principal towns which it visited during that period, he was obliged to acknowledge that his name nowhere appeared among the names of his former associates; indeed, Greene's description of him as a "factotum," or man of all work, seems to have been an accurate one, which his subsequent employment by Burbage in arranging the decorations for the show at Belvoir Castle in 1613 accentuates. He had acquired by some means a few hundred pounds, and would hardly have had an incentive to remain in a profession in which "the top of his performance was the ghost in Hamlet," and according to John Davies, "kingly parts in sport." Even Oldys's story of his impersonation of an old man, Phillipps dismisses as containing "several discrepancies," without "a glimmering of truth." [1] Though forced to make this important admission, that "there

[1] *Outlines*, vol. 1, p. 188.

is no reason for believing that he was ever one of the royal actors," he has to console his readers with the suggestion that "we may be sure that he must have witnessed either at Stratford or London some of the inimitable performances of the company's star, the celebrated Richard Tarleton."[1] Such consolation would be funny were it not pitiable. The same may be said of the oft-repeated story that he wrote the "Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Queen's command; there is nothing to sustain it. The wonder is that so many towering fabrics have been reared upon such flimsy foundations.

FINAL WORDS

As we have not related in our sketch of Bacon the calumnious stories of his enemies, ignorance of them may be imputed to us, as it has been undeservedly to Spedding; since, with the exception of a salacious bit of court gossip about Mary Fitton, which requires too great a strain upon the imagination to connect it with Bacon, they emanated from men notoriously envious and malicious, like Wilson, Weldon, and the self-righteous D'Ewes, who measured others by his own insufficient standards. The burden of testimony is all against them. Böener, his physician; Rawley, his chaplain; Bushell, his disciple; Matthew, his *alter ego;* Pierre Amboise, Fuller, and a score of others all testify to his indefectible Christian character. A man who after the triumph of his enemies could write to Buckingham, "I thank God I have overcome the bitterness of this cup by Christian resolution, so that worldly matters are but mint and cumin," and who at the same time could make the prayer elsewhere produced, which Addison declared to be "more like the prayer of an angel than a man," cannot be harmed in the estimation of fair-minded men by the cryptic story of a court gossip, or the unsupported calumny of such men as we have named, many of whose other utterances have been discredited and condemned by the best writers since

[1] *Outlines*, vol. I, p. 92.

their time. Well may it be said of Francis Bacon, *Virtus vincit invidiam.*

The letter "S" placed at the end of this book as a colophon is especially interesting as having been used by Bacon for the initial letter of the dedication of the French Academie of 1586, and the dedication of his Essays in 1625. Mr. Smedley, who calls attention to this curious fact, asks the pregnant question: "*Did Bacon mark his first work on philosophy, and his last book, by printing the first letter in each from the same block?*" — for the block used in 1586 is the very one used thirty-nine years later, and is not a duplicate. Since Mr. Smedley does not explain the significance of the design, we will do so.

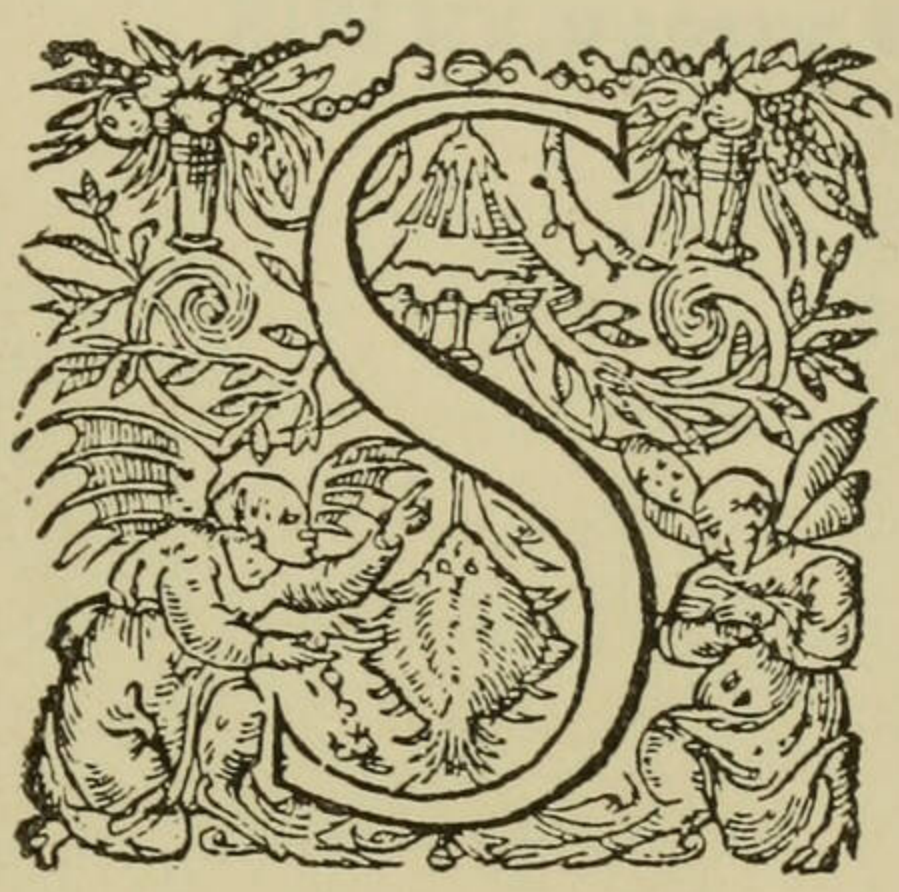
We have already mentioned the use made of emblems as vehicles to convey instruction to simple minds long before Bacon's time, and of the use he made of them in marking his books, and recording, though not revealing, to the uninitiated the false rôle of the Stratford actor. Recognizing in emblems humble aids to advance knowledge, he employed and popularized them. A glance at Green's book shows their extensive use in the "Shakespeare" Works.

The reader will observe that this rude letter "S" is wreathed with flowering vines supporting vases of fruits and flowers: —

"*As the vine brought I forth pleasant savour,*
and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches.
I am the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge and hope."

At the base, on the right, is Pan, the gross deity of Nature, with butterfly wings all too light to lift him from earth; on the left a man wearing a robe and girdle (emblem of righteousness), while above each shoulder is a strong wing (emblem of knowledge); "*For knowledge is the wing by which we fly to heaven.*" Between them is a fish, the Christian symbol. The man on the left, pointing to this emblem, is earnestly exhorting the man before him; above them is a bell to arouse atten-

tion. The meaning of this rude and simple emblem is evident; namely, the instruction of the animalized man in spiritual knowledge; the work to which Bacon's life was devoted from the beginning to the end of his career. This interpretation is in exact accord with ancient emblem lore.



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Note to Bibliography

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As I have already said I will thank the reader for freely expressing to me his opinion of the views herein unfolded.

The above note is printed in facsimile letters taken from Bacon's own biformed alphabet on page 532. By following his rule there given, any one can easily decipher the message which the author has concealed in it. It is a pretty experiment, and will repay the reader for the few moments he may devote to it. The simple rule is to copy it, separate the letters in groups of five, and place a dot or mark under each letter found in the *b* or *second* font. The first group will be found to signify B, the second A, and so on to the end. The fact that the letters in which this note is printed are *facsimiles* of those used by Bacon himself in his De Augmentis to illustrate his biliteral cipher proves beyond question its employment by him.

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