BACONIANA

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Portrait of Lady Anne Barnard in this edition

SIR NICHOLAS BACON.

(FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

BACONIANA.

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PROSPECTUS.

THE purpose of this magazine will be to aid in the study of the acknowledged writings of Francis Bacon and the investigation of his supposed authorship of certain works not publicly acknowledged, including the Shakespeare plays and poems. Among its contributors will be the leading Baconians of both hemispheres, and prominent writers on both sides of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy. The advocates of the Bacon theory are still in the minority, but for once in the world's history a minority will be tolerant, and those who uphold the claims of William Shakspere will have full and free access to these pages.

It is intended to make BACONIANA a magazine of general interest by making its scope as broad and comprehensive as its main purpose will allow. Francis Bacon, the philosopher, poet, philanthropist, statesman, lawyer; his character and genius; his personal life and history; his contemporaries, literary and historical; the effect of his own works and of his age on posterity—all of these and other kindred topics, discussed fairly and sincerely, will, we hope, make BACONIANA a publication of value to scholars.

All students of the writings of Francis Bacon, or of the immortal works which are known as the "Shakespeare" Plays, as well as all who may have something to say about the literature of the Elizabethan era,—that remarkable culmination of the Renaissance—the New Birth of Knowledge and of Letters,—are earnestly invited to contribute to BACONIANA. Anything original or of interest in this connection will be given careful consideration.

THE EDITOR.

When reference is made in these pages to the Shakespeare plays and poems, the name will be spelled as it was printed in the Folio of 1623. When, however, the man William Shakspere is referred to, the name will be spelled as he himself signed it to his will.

FRANCIS BACON'S STYLE.

HOW do you describe or discriminate the style of Bacon? Is it possible to distinguish his writings from those of any author of his time by means of their style alone? And what is his style?

These and similar questions are not infrequently asked, and they certainly ought to be answered, for it is becoming more and more certain that we are soon to claim for Bacon the authorship of many works "put forth," "produced," "published" and "fathered" under other names than his. Yet no distinct, satisfactory answer has come to such inquiries.

Bacon's style has been described as "clear," "precise," "pithy," "terse," "ponderous," "learned," "dry," "rich," "imaginative," "poetic," "noble." I could pile up these epithets until you were weary of reading them. I could make each contradict another, but of what use would all this be? No finer criticism of his style or manner of writing could be penned than that of Macaulay, and many other authors have given their various opinions on the same subject. But all said, and all read, do any of these criticisms help us to identify the style of our great master, so that, meeting with a piece of his work, we are able, without hesitation, to declare: "This is Bacon's—we know it by his style"?

And what can be more different in that which we have learned to call *style*—the characteristic manner of expression and diction—than many of the works, or fragments of works, which we know to be Bacon's? Macaulay was fully alive to this great disparity even among the essays, and he attributes it to the difference of age of the author. Always old in judgment and understanding, the *young* man is more peremptory, dogmatic, and consequently prosaic, than the same man mellowed by age, with the accumulated stores of knowledge to sweeten his imagination, and to furnish him with similes, metaphors and axioms drawn from the center of the sciences.

We see in the essays, and, indeed, in the various editions of all his other works, increasing richness in diction, greater depth of feeling, more poetic expression, as years roll by, and as wisdom and the continued working within the author of noble and "heroic" thoughts do their spiriting gently.

Yet after all, if I may judge of the experience of others by my own, we do not feel greatly enlightened as to the particular point in question by any commentaries, hand-books or criticisms which have

been written about Bacon and his style. Quite apart from the discrepancies discussed by Macaulay, upon what general principles does any one propose to harmonize the "styles" of those very essays with the *Novum Organum?* or of the *New Atlantis* with the *Order of the Helmet*, or *The Conference of Pleasure?* or these again with the *Tracts of the Law*, or with the beautiful verses *Life's a Bubble*, or yet again *The Praise of the Queen* with the too-much despised *Translations of Certain Psalms*, *The History of Winds*, or of *Salt, Sulphur and Mercury?*

The only general ground upon which these and many other unlike styles in Bacon's works are to be accounted for, is that pointed out by Bacon himself, when he declared that the *matter* of any piece of writing should determine the style; in short, that a man should use whatsoever style or manner of speech may best suit the subject to be treated of.

No doubt we should all like to be able to do as Bacon airily suggests, and write upon every subject with equal facility, and in the manner most agreeable to our theme; but who is it that says: "*Le style c'est l'homme*"?✓ Words are *images of thoughts;* and we poor commonplace writers can only write on the few subjects of which we understand something, and with a style limited by our little knowledge and great commonplacedness.

Bacon was hampered by none of our clogs and drawbacks. He had, we know, nothing ready to his hand in the way of dictionaries, books of reference, no *Thesaurus* of words and phrases, and our language before his time was very poor; but what was that to him, who had a dictionary and "a mint of phrases in his brain," and who made, as he said, a grammar for himself? His thoughts were very clear-cut, very brilliant, and the words flew to meet them. You will see for yourselves, when you look into the matter, how these things were. But up to this point we seem to be as far as ever from reaching our aim — namely, to be able, by sure and indubitable signs, to distinguish the style of Bacon, so that we need scarcely ever hesitate (excepting, perhaps, in a business document or formal letter) to put a finger on a given page and declare that this is or is not Bacon's writing.

Then are we to give it up as hopeless? Surely not. Since we cannot come to any satisfactory conclusion by arguing only upon what Bacon calls "generals," let us leave these and come to particulars.

The smallest particulars which we have to consider in the pres-

ent case are the *words*, the vehicle of thought; therefore let us look a little into Bacon's vocabulary. Here we are met by a great difficulty. For Bacon found our language poor and empty, deficient in every kind of ornament, totally inadequate to the exposition of his lofty and complete theories, his vigorous arguments and reasoning, his subtle and imaginative ideas. He left this English of ours rich, full, and furnished at all points, a noble model of language, such as he desired to construct by selecting materials from the best of other nations.

What, then, was old, what new? Which words did Bacon import from abroad? Which did he adapt from the Latin and other tongues? Which did he coin in his private mint?

These are far-reaching questions, and they can only be absolutely settled after we have ascertained how many of the works at present ascribed to various authors are truly Bacon's. *It was he who filled up all numbers and did that to which the works of Greece and Rome cannot compare.* Ben Jonson says so, and we are therefore prepared to find a multitude of unrecognized works. Meanwhile there is an excellent concordance to *Shakespeare*, and thereby we may to a great extent gather in what particulars and to what extent the philosopher and the poet differ in their vocabulary.

More than once since I made such matters my study, I have been told by eminent philologists that the difference in "style" between the works of Bacon and *Shakespeare* is so tremendous as to prohibit the possibility of their being produced by the same author. I have asked: Does this observation apply to the vocabulary? and the reply has been: "Yes, assuredly; the vocabulary plays a very important part in the style of any writer." Then I have said: You consider that the vocabulary, the actual *words* used by Bacon, are so manifestly different from those used by *Shakespeare* as necessarily to affect the whole style? Again the answer is: "Yes, certainly." And this, I believe, has been a very common or popular notion.

Now, this is what I have found to be the case in upward of one hundred and thirty chapters, letters, fragments and portions of various works which I have examined word by word, and compared with the *Shakespeare* concordance.

I exclude from the question proper names and absolute technicalities of science and words of learning, such as apogees and perigees, sublimate of mercury, pneumatics, convex lenses, logarithms, acroamatic, or exoteric, or magistral logic, terms which no

one would expect to meet with in the *Shakespeare* plays, and, on the other hand, I discard vulgarisms, oaths and colloquialisms, such as could not find place in scientific writings, or even in letters. The result, then, is that, taking from many pieces, of every two hundred words from the acknowledged works of Bacon there are three words *not* in *Shakespeare;* in *Shakespeare* there are, I think, fewer still which are not in Bacon.

Here I must insert a saving clause. It does not follow that the same part of a verb, the same form of an adjective or adverb, or even of some few nouns, may be precisely the same; but they are near enough to be regarded as close relations, husband and wife, or at least first cousins.

For instance, I find in the poetry *advantageable,* in the prose *dis-advantageable,* each once only. In the one *confinable, uncomprehensive, inexecrable, answerable;* in the other *unconfinable, comprehensive, execrable, unanswerable.* In the poetry *plantage,* in the prose *boscage;* both from the French, and neither repeated; and so with many other words, which, when rare or very exceptionable and peculiar, I have persuaded myself are the very coinage of Bacon's brain, and, when met with in unexpected places, are like the pebbles in the fairy tale, to act as hints or guides to the discovery of his works.

Analysis of his enormous vocabulary is beyond the scope of this paper; but I trust that nothing which I say will be taken for granted, but that readers will test this matter of "words, words, mere words." There are, however, other points more slippery of observation, which, once mastered, seem to afford a still more serviceable touchstone. I allude to the *habitual* words, pet phrases and turns of speech, of which hardly a page or passage in Bacon's writings is entirely barren. To begin with a few nouns:

Advantage.	Inquiry.	Nothing.
Aim.	Instance.	Observation.
Art.	Kind.	Occasion.
Cause.	Knowledge (sometimes plural).	Order.
Character.	Law.	Proportion.
Color.	Man, "*A man* who," etc.	Purpose.
Conclusion.	Matter.	Question.
Contrary.	Method.	Reason.
Defect, or Deficiency.	Nature.	Sum.
Effect.	Note.	Thing.
End.		Time.
Form.		Truth.
Image.		

We see at once that these words are all intimately connected with Bacon's philosophical system, and with things uppermost in his mind. Every new sight or phenomenon, every fresh scrap of information or discovery of error, or popular delusion, set him thinking with Polonius:

> "Now remains
> That we find out *the cause of this effect*,
> Or rather say, *the cause of this defect*;
> For *this effect defective comes by cause*."

In the *Aphorisms* at the beginning of the *Novum Organum*, Bacon says that *where the cause is not known, the effect cannot be produced;* for the *cause* in the process of contemplation is the *effect* in the working; and *the cause of nearly all defects* is that whilst we admire the noble faculties of the mind, we neglect to seek for its helps.[1] If you will be at the pains of examining the 350 cases or so in which *Shakespeare* uses the word "cause," you will, I am sure, be satisfied that the habit of tracing all events, all effects and defects, to their causes, is as confirmed in the Poet as in the Philosopher.

Then the *aim* and *end* of study, the *purpose* with which it was to be pursued, the *characters* to be written on the memory or employed as means of distinction and recognition; the *order* and *method* by which knowledge and wisdom are to be attained and stored up; the sum and conclusion of each argument or theory; the taking of *notes*, and collecting of *instances*, or examples, are brought before the eyes of our mind in looking at this short list of words. The *parts*, *observation*, *questioning* and *reasoning* faculties, necessary for inquiry into the *Forms of Things;* the true *characters* and *nature*, in *Laws of Nature*, which were in *time* destined to prove themselves one with the laws of God—*truth* in its noblest interpretation—all these great thoughts may be seen in embryo in less than three dozen words.

I suppose myself to be addressing "Baconian" students, those, I mean, who have at least read most of the works which they profess to discuss. It may be interesting to them if I add a few references to places in the plays where Bacon uses these very same master-words of his prose (even where he attaches to them a peculiar meaning) just in the same manner and connection:

[1] Bohn's translation of the *De Augmentis* shows the resemblance of Baconian and Shakespearean diction better than Spedding's more picked phrases. Being away from home, without my books, I am unable to quote from either volume.

"My *thoughts aim* at a further matter."—*3d Hen. VI.* iii. 2. *Othello*, iii. 3, etc.

"Let all the *ends* thou *aim'st at* be *thy country's*,
Thy God's, and Truth's."—*Hen. VIII.* iii. 2.

"What is the *end of study?* Let me know."—*Love's Labor's Lost*, i. 1.

"These few precepts in thy memory
See thou *character.*"—*Hamlet*, i. 3.

"There is a kind of *character* in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold."—*Measure for Measure*, i. 1.

Bacon's *Colors of Good and Evil* are seen in such passages as the following:

Nathaniel. As a certain father saith . . .
Holofernes. Tell me not of the father. *I do fear colorable colors.*—*Love's Labor's Lost*, iv. 2.

"I must be unjust to Thurio *under the color* of commending him."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 1.

"My course,
. . holds not *color* with the time, nor does
The course and required office
On my particular."—*All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 5.

"A kind of confession . . . which your modesties have not craft enough to cover."—*Hamlet*, ii. 2, etc.

Then, as to "conclusions," the uses are many in the plays; some are almost too well known for repetition:

"I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion."—*Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2.

"The blood or baseness of our natures would conduct us to most *preposterous conclusions.*"—*Othello*, i. 3. *See also Ib.* i. 1. (15).

"O most lame and impotent *conclusion!*"—*Ib.* ii. 1.

The best examples of "contraries" come, like many of the more remarkable expressions, from the *later* plays:

"*No contraries hold more antipathy*
Than I and such a knave."—*King Lear*, ii. 2.

Bacon's lucubrations upon "contraries" are, you will remember, much mixed up with reflections on *sympathies and antipathies.*

"Let *piety* and fear" (says Timon, in his imprecations on Athens),

"Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!"—*Timon of Athens*, iv. 1.

And Gonsalo, picturing to his friends the Utopia which he would establish had he "the plantation of this isle," declares that "In the commonwealth, I would *by contraries* execute all things."[1] His system would have been admirably suited for the production of such a society as Timon desired might be the bane of Athens.

The word *form*, as used by Bacon, has been the subject of some learned discussion, and is evidently considered peculiar if not exceptional. It is concluded to signify the inherent properties of anything, its nature, or characteristic qualities. It does not, in the passages discussed, mean *shape or figure*. Now, in the early and late plays the same difference is found. In *Love's Labor's Lost* the word occurs in both senses:

"In what manner? *In manner and form* following . . . it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; *for the form, in some form.*"[2] (For the sake of natural politeness, with some ceremony.) "A spirit full of *forms*, figures, shapes, objects," etc.[3] "Love is, . . . like the eye, full of strange shapes, of habits, and of *forms varying* in subjects."

In this last sentence, after mentioning shapes and habits (dresses or disguises), the poet would not return to *shapes*—at least so it seems to me—he seems to be using *form* in the sense of *nature*, characteristic or kind. But we get nearer to the sense of *character* or *nature* in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Agamemnon says: "We'll put on *a form of strangeness.*"[4] This seems very like Hamlet's "*assume a virtue*, if you have it not," feign (or disguise yourself in) *a nature or character* which is not your own; he seems to be alluding to the varying *habits* of which love or the spirit of a man is in *Love's Labor's Lost* said to be full.

Again, when Thersites racks his brain for insulting epithets to fling at Menelaus, we see that it is the *nature*, or characteristic qualities of the man, for which he would find parallels. After several contemptuous expressions ending with "a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg," he is still dissatisfied with his own powers of vituperation.

"To what *form* but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice farced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus—I would conspire against destiny."

[1] *Tempest.* [2] i. 2. [3] *Ib.* iv. 2. [4] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3.

Certainly here it is not the shape of Menelaus, but his *inherent nature*, which is so obnoxious to the irritable cynic, and Hamlet's description of his father's picture, "a combination and a *form*,

> "Where every god did set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

seems again to point to the *nature* of the man and not merely to his figure, and the same, I think, in other places where this word is used.

The next word on the list, *instance*, is also a kind of key-note to one part of Bacon's method. Every point of doctrine or teaching should, he says, be illustrated by examples or *instances*. I cannot find that the word was common until he adopted it. But here it is in *Shakespeare*.

We all remember the Justice with his "wise saws and modern *instances;*" [1] then have Touchstone to the shepherd, who says that "courtesy would be uncleanly if the courtiers were shepherds." "*Instance*, briefly," says Touchstone; "come, *instance*," and when an illustration is given by the shepherd, Touchstone answers: "Shallow, shallow; *a better instance*, I say; come." The shepherd tries again without success, and is again required to "*mend the instance*."

This word is sometimes apparently almost synonymous both in the prose and plays with *evidence* or *witness*. As where Troilus exclaims that

> "the spacious breadth of this division
> Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
> As Arachne's broken woof to enter.
> Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
> Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself. [2]

But I must hurry on, and will compress into columns a few verbs, and many more adjectives, adverbs and adverbial phrases. You may observe that in the list of nouns I have omitted nearly all of the immense army of words which are used figuratively, and brought forward, "not single spies, but in battalions." I do the same with the verbs, since nearly the whole of Bacon's language is interspersed with such expressions as to *beget* doubts, *breed* suspicions, *awaken* animosity, *lull* men into security, *nourish* sciences, *remedy* diseases in learning, *cure* disorders; *aim*, *level* at, *hunt* after the truths of things; *frame*, *build up*, *erect* philosophy or science; *furnish* the mind, *sift* truth from error, *call upon* antiquity, *win*

[1] *As You Like It*, ii. 7. [2] *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2.

belief, *tune* the affections, *plant* religion, *water* knowledge, *woo* and *win* truth, and so forth, *ad infinitum*.

The residue of verbs habitually or peculiarly used by Bacon, when all figurative language is taken out, is very small:

To conclude. I conclude. Let it be concluded, etc.
To confess.
To consider.
To define.
To distinguish.
To feign, "*The poets feign.*"
To follow. It follows that, etc.
To grant. I grant some truth in this. Let it be granted, etc.
To incur.
To inquire. Let it be inquired.
To infer.
To insinuate.
To intend.
To make much ado.
To matter. It matters not.
To mean. I mean, etc.
To note. Let it be noted, etc.
To profess.
To protest.
To question.
To relate. They relate, etc.
To report. It is reported.

The phrases, "They say," or "It is said," "I have heard say," etc., are also among Bacon's turns of speech which, in accordance with his own directions for writing or speaking, provide means of honorable retreat in cases where statements are doubtful or to be set forth with caution.

There are also many verbs formed from nouns and adjectives, such as to brazen, to beggar, to dead, to dull, to dog, to horse, to malice, to motion, to lord, to queen, to stomach, to foot, to pen, and so forth.

Now for the adjectives, which may be taken together with the adverbs and adverbial phrases.

A kind of (this is another protective phrase to be found hundreds of times in Bacon and *Shakespeare*).

Absolute. An absolute monarch, etc.

All in all. "Take him all in all"—*Henry VII.*

Amiss. It may not be amiss, etc.

Apt. Aptness very frequent, with the negatives unapt, etc.

As for.

As if.

As is, often the case, etc.

As it were.

By reason of.

Certain, certainly. Of a certainty. It is certain, etc.

Colorable.

Contrariwise, on the contrary.

Corporeal, or incorporeal.

Deformed. Manners, etc.

Empty. Words, minds, etc.

Excellent, excellently, excelling. The latter word expresses the old sense.

Exquisite. Sympathies, etc.

Fit, fitly, fitness. Unfit, etc. Equally habitual in prose and poetry.

Forth. So far forth.

General, generally, generalities, etc.

Idle. For vain, foolish, etc.

If. If it be. If it were, etc.

Lame, lamely. Of works, writings, etc.

Less. No less. The latter is a *Promus* note.

Manifest, manifestly.

Mean, meantime. "In the meantime"—*Promus.*

Mere, merely.

Monied man, etc.

Nay. As the beginning or continuation of a sentence, not as a negative.

Nothing unless.

Not unlike, or *not like.* The former in *Promus.*

Neither, as the beginning of a sentence.

No, not, etc.

Notable, notably.

Peradventure. Promus.

Perpetual, perpetually.

Poor, of abilities, learning, etc.

Pregnant, words, etc.

Proper, properly. "A proper man"—*Promus.*

Questionable. A matter in question.

Rather, the rather.
Reasonable, reasonably, unreasonable, etc.
Real, realty. Promus.
Round, roundly for plainly.
Seasonable-ly-ness, unseasonable, etc.
Sole, solely.
Stiff, stiffly.
Stout, stoutly. A stout ring.
Strange-ly-ness. It is strange. "I think it strange"—*Promus.*
Sure, surely.
True, truly, in truth, etc.
Unquestionably, etc.
Utter-ly.
Vast.
Wholesome. A wholesome method.

Certain adjectives are found with Bacon to run in double harness, and it is the same with the nouns—thus: Flat and dull, dull and dead, flat and dead, vain and idle, vain and empty, vain and fantastic, aim and level, etc. But more often words are coupled (so it seems) in order that the elder word may bring in the little shy new word by the hand. The new word is sometimes pushed in first; at other times the old word speaks for or interprets it; or, when both are newly introduced into polite society, they seem to support and comfort each other—"aid and assist," "base and ignoble," "an ambiguous or double use," "advice drier and purer," "divulged and spread abroad," "extirpated and abolished," "infused and drenched," "piercing and corrosive," "sad and pensive," "renovation and restoration," "unravel and distinguish," "vecture or carriage," "witty and sharp," "talk and discourse," "common and popular," "fire and combustion," and so forth.

Then there are the *antitheta.* We see how Bacon prepared himself for these from his youth, and some of his antithetical he publishes in his last work, not only because he still thinks them good, but (so I believe) in order to draw attention to this very marked characteristic of his mind and consequently of his style. Since he was capable of *thinking* all round a subject, mentally seeing all its aspects, he was capable of treating the same subject in many different ways and of expressing the opposite opinions on both sides of the question. The majority of these antitheta are combined with metaphors, and they will start up under your eyes at almost every turn of the page: Good, evil; rich, poor; dark, light; fair,

foul; disease, remedy; substance, shadow, etc. "A little *poor* in admiring *riches.*" "Her *flame extinguished,* and her *fame lit up* in death."

Already this paper is too long and the subject hardly broached, yet if any care to make use of these hints and hear more, I will hope to pick up the threads and spin another yarn in a future number.

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

CERTAIN FRIENDS OF THE BACONIANS.

IN a careful search throughout the writings of the luminaries of English literature, especially since the revival of enlightened criticism in the past one hundred years, numerous expressions of opinion, doubtless, could be found affecting the Shakspere–Bacon controversy, not heretofore made the subjects of special comment.

Those which are instanced in this article appear of special value, contributed to the discussion as they are by names which, of themselves, constitute landmarks in the literary field.

There is Jeffrey, gifted with a judicial mind. There is Hallam, the historian of literature. There is Bulwer, himself a poet, and the possessor of acknowledged powers of observation and analysis.

Jeffrey, Hallam, Bulwer: a triumvirate to whom might well be intrusted the destiny of the republic of letters!

Jeffrey's testimony to the brilliancy of Bacon's star is peculiar. It occurs just where it should fittingly be found, in his justly admired article in the *Edinburgh Review* on the progress of English literature. In this extraordinary article, three times (the sacred number) does he mention the name of Bacon, in the first two instances the mention being in connection with Shakespeare, in the last without him. The first, after the expression of his opinion that the stars of Pope, Swift and Addison had lost a portion of their original brilliancy, holds this language: "Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakespeare still shines in undecaying brightness, and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honors during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors."

In his second mention he expresses the opinion that the writers whose supremacy held for a time have been eclipsed by writers of our own day, and he gives voice to his surprise that, for nearly a century, writers of sense and polish, but not of genius, should have maintained themselves at the head of a literature which had produced "a Shakespeare, a Spenser, a Bacon, and a Taylor."

The third mention is in connection with the name of Hume, who, although "by far the most considerable" in the period in which he wrote, he finds had a French, rather than an English, style, and a cold fancy, and possessed nothing of that eloquence and richness which characterize the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon.

Hallam, in his great work on the literature of Europe, takes occasion to declare his disappointment at the almost utter blank which confronts every explorer into the question of the personality of Shakespeare. He intimates, in a note to a later edition, that for this remark he has been scolded by the Shaksperean devotees, and takes occasion to say that he adheres to his remark, and intimates that the scoldings have only confirmed him in his opinons, and in his doubts, and that he is still in search of "the man who wrote *Lear.*"

Bulwer, in the introduction to his *Zanoni*, says that "people make the adoration of Shakespeare the excuse for attacking everybody else," and in the same connection intimates that the characteristic realism of the dramas suggests as their author a mind of wide information and a gift for the faithful limning of historical portraits.

We may ask, after these intimations from these great authors, what, if interrogated, if desired to give fuller expression to their meanings, would be their further outgivings.

Let us see.

"Why is it, Jeffrey, that in your *résumé* of the relative values of literary names, you never mention Shakespeare but in connection with Bacon?"

"I incline to the opinion that Bacon was as great a light as Shakespeare, or even a greater."

"Was your threefold mention of Bacon accidental or intentional?"

"It was intentional. His is the greatest name in our literature, and I gave it, *ex industria*, the benefit of the classic number, the trinity of ancient and modern poetic and religious dispensations."

"Why did you leave Shakespeare's name out of one of the mentions?"

"Because I designed to do peculiar honor to Bacon."

"You speak of new honors coming to Bacon? What of these?"

"Bacon has heretofore been known as an essayist and a natural philosopher. He is beginning to be recognized as a profound moral philosopher, of extraordinary insight into character and the bearings of history."

"Do you think that he had anything to do with the preparation of the dramas attributed to Shakespeare?"

"The question lacks development, lacks light, but we should remember that Bacon's mind was one of infinite grasp and versatility. Literature and taste are progressive. They advance and improve with time and experience."

The interrogatories addressed to Hallam might run in this wise:

"Hallam, why do you adhere so persistently, in repeated editions, to the declaration that nothing is known of Shakespeare, except that he was an indifferent player, without personal literary relics or traditions, and of low morals?"

"Because this fact has very frequently impressed me. I cannot imagine it as usual or natural that the author of such productions should have so contemptible a personality."

"How do you account, then, for the plays—their origin?"

"He must have had a collaborator or collaborators."

"Do you think Bacon's hand is seen herein?"

"I think, as I have said elsewhere, that Bacon is eminently the philosopher of human nature and of civil and political wisdom."

"Would your mind yield to proof that Bacon was the man who wrote *Lear?*"

"Yes; willingly."

Let us turn now to the honored shade of Lord Lytton.

"Your lordship does not think, then, that a blind idolatry of Shakespeare should justify violent denunciations of others not inclined to such idolatry?"

"No. You may have observed that an unreasoning devotion is apt to betray its entertainers into excessive violence. It is the wild devotion of religious zealots which makes religious wars so bloody."

"Why do you doubt the justice of this unreasoning devotion to Shakespeare?"

"Passion and party spirit are always more violent in the absence of facts and arguments."

"Have you given attention to what is called the Baconian theory?"

"Only slight. I am prepared to think, however, that Bacon was capable of any achievement."

And these great shades, having thus announced, from their assured elysium, their opinions, we may be safe in supposing that, with their rare equipment of intellect and learning, they would abide by such opinions, and not abandon them; and that they would

all the closer abide by them if summoned to their abandonment by assertion and ribaldry, forces to which have succumbed certain of their literary successors. JOHN A. WILSTACH.

SUNSHINE EVERYWHERE.

ONE of Bacon's frequently recurring axioms is to the effect that philosophy or knowledge must be like sunshine, which visits sewers and dunghills as well as palaces, but it is not thereby defiled. So the student of nature or the governor of men must know evil as well as good. Only by those who are conversant with evil arts can evil be combated.

Thus, in the *Novum Organum*, i. 120, Bacon vindicates for science the right, and duty, to investigate even filthy things. "And for things that are mean, or even filthy — things which, as Pliny says, must be introduced with an apology — such things, no less than the most splendid and costly, must be admitted into natural history. Nor is natural history polluted thereby. For the sun enters the sewer no less than the palace, yet takes no pollution. . . . Moreover, as from certain putrid substances — musk, for instance, and civet — the sweetest odors are sometimes generated, so, too, from mean and sordid instances there sometimes emanates excellent light and information. But enough, and more than enough of this, such fastidiousness being merely childish and effeminate."

Again, as to the practical necessity for those who enter into human affairs to know the evil arts of bad men, as well as the pure arts of good men, in the third of the *Meditationes Sacræ* this same principle is well expounded. "For men," he says, "of corrupt understanding, that have lost all sound discerning of good and evil, come possessed with this prejudicate opinion, that they think all honesty and goodness proceedeth out of a simplicity of manners, and a kind of want of experience and acquaintance with the affairs of the world." Therefore he infers that those who aspire to a "fructifying and begetting goodness, which shall draw on others," should know "the depths of Satan," — should be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." "There are," he adds, "neither teeth, nor stings, nor venom, nor wreaths and folds of serpents which ought not to be known, and, as far as examination doth lead, tried. Neither let any man here fear infection or pollution; for the sun entereth into sinks and is not defiled."

Thus it is evident that the maxim that knowledge should be universal is always coupled in Bacon's mind with the universality of sunshine, which is equally pure whether it lights on sweetness or carrion.

These ideas are clearly reflected in Shakespeare. Thus, the axiom that everything must be a subject of knowledge, evil as well as good, is used in justification of the wild young Prince Hal, who associates with low companions for this very laudable purpose:

> "The prince but studies his companions
> Like a strange tongue, wherein to gain the language;
> 'Tis needful that the most immodest word
> Be look'd upon and learn'd; which, once attained,
> Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
> But to be known and hated."—*2 Hen. IV.*, iv. 4 (70).

The universality of sunshine is variously alluded to. For instance, Henry V., when in camp at Agincourt, visits and talks to the rank and file of his army, as well as the nobles and officers:

> "A largess universal, like the sun,
> His liberal eye doth give to every one."
> —*Hen. IV.*, iv. prol. (43).

The sun shining on a dunghill is humorously alluded to in *The Merry Wives*. Falstaff, flattering himself that Mistress Page looks favorably on him, says:

"Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly;"

and Pistol makes the saucy comment:

"Then did the sun on dunghill shine."

There is a very subtle allusion to Bacon's maxim, that knowledge, like sunshine, is universal, in the *Twelfth Night* (iii. 1, 43). Viola, speaking to the clown, says:

"I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's,"

and the clown replies to the maiden, disguised as a page:

"Foolery, sir, doth walk about the orb like the sun: it shines everywhere."

Implying that it is the privilege of a clown to make his comments on everything, and to visit palaces as well as cottages, and to moralize on or satirize trifles which graver persons would disdain to notice. The same freedom for the fool in his character of moralist is claimed in another play, and with different imagery:

"I must have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom I please; for so fools have."—*As You Like It*, ii. 7 (47).

The lost and unrecognized princess, Perdita, finds this same

maxim serve her in good stead when the King discovers that his son is her accepted lover, and threatens fierce vengeance on her and the family which has adopted her:

> "I was not much afear'd; for once or twice
> I was about to speak, and tell him plainly
> The self-same sun that shines upon his court
> Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
> Looks on alike." — *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4 (453).

R. M. THEOBALD.

COL. INGERSOLL CLEVERLY UNHORSED.

OF late, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been delivering, in several sections of the country, his notable lecture on Shakespeare.

There is nothing new in the various features which he presents, save his antithetical style and rhetoric, which are peculiarly his own. All of his essential points, however, have been satisfactorily answered again and again.

Here is one of them that is most effectually disposed of by Mr. George A. Bacon, of Washington, D. C., as the reader will acknowledge after digesting the following quotation and reply:

Col. Ingersoll says: "If Shakespeare did not write his works (the plays, etc.), there is no evidence beneath the stars that Bacon did." Bacon wrote, he says, "Love is ever a matter of comedy and tragedy: it worketh mischief like a siren or a fury." Our all-knowing friend declares, "We know that the author of *Romeo and Juliet* never wrote that." Indeed, how does he know it?

If love was ever a matter of comedy and tragedy in the same connection, it is in this very play. Romeo's recovery from his acute passion for the chaste and haughty Rosaline, under the influence of the famous prescription of his heart's physician, Benvolio, is the very essence of the finest comedy; and his career from the garden party to his death at Juliet's tomb is heroic and tragic to the last degree. His first love, an extravagant, boyish passion, unrequited, made him the butt of ridicule; his second, a case of true love at first sight, answered in like manner, made him the model lover of all literature. From the hour when he leaps the garden wall of the deadly Capulets, quells the mob, slays Tybalt and takes the sudden deadly poison at Juliet's tomb, surely love is working in his veins as siren and fury alternately, as never elsewhere seen in all history.

Had the Colonel tried his best he could not have made a more fatal misfit, could not have been more unfortunate than in the cita-

tion of this particular play, for *Romeo and Juliet*, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, were written expressly to illustrate the "mad excess of love," which acts *sometimes like a siren and sometimes like a fury*, dramatically evident.

THE SUGARED SONNETS.

"In truth I swear I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a Poet's name."

IN the year 1609 a book appeared in England called "*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, never before imprinted." The word *Shake* and the suffix *speare* were hyphenated so as to distinguish the hyphenated words from the surname *Shakespeare*. Mr. William Shakspere, the reputed author of the Shakespeare plays, was living at that time, and he did not, either before or after the publication of the *Sonnets*, claim to be the maker, begetter or author of them or of any of them. He did not take them to the publisher; he did not enter the book in the register of the Stationers' Company; he did not dedicate them to any one; he did not even spell his name in the hyphenated way, as may be readily seen by an examination of his undoubted signatures to his last will, his deed and mortgage, and to the *Montaigne* of Florio. These signatures, as the world knows, are, after the most diligent search, the only writings of his extant. There is a copy of the plays in the possession of Mr. Gunther, of Chicago, with a signature supposed by him to be that of William Shakspere, but if a genuine signature, it will be seen, upon an examination of it, that there is no hyphen between the *Shake* and the *speare*.

There *was* a dedication, however, on a separate leaf, next to the title-page, in the following words:

To the onlie begetter of
These insuing sonnets,
Mr. W. H., all happinesse,
And that eternitie
Promised
by
Our ever-living Poet
Wisheth
The well-wishing
Adventurer in
Setting
forth.

T. T.

Manifestly, in spite of William Shakspere's apathy or indifference and in spite of the distinguishing hyphen, there is a slight presumption in favor of William Shakspere as the author of the sonnets. The similarity in name, while a very weak point in itself, is, nevertheless, presumptive evidence for him, which must be overcome, if it can be overcome at all, by substantial and reasonable proof to the contrary. Although Shakspere never claimed that he wrote the sonnets, yet, on account of the similarity in name, and also for the reason that Francis Meres, in 1598, alluded to Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends" in his *Palladis Tamia*, the weight of public opinion is now on the side of the claimants for Shakspere.

But because of the very natural doubt arising from the failure of William Shakspere to claim or acknowledge the sonnets, and because of the further important fact that the statements and references of the sonneteer do not coincide even in the slightest detail with the known incidents of Shakspere's life, and because, also, as a learned writer well puts it, "while accepting the Meres mention as proof of the authorship of these sonnets, all commentators, living and dead, incontinently reject the Meres list of plays," it has come to pass within the last few years that some learned students of Elizabethan literature have set up the claims of other men to the honor of the authorship of these sonnets.

This is a step in the right direction, for if William Shakspere, of New Place, did not write the sonnets, the world is interested in knowing who did, if such knowledge is attainable. An examination of the many books written on the subject of the supposed writer of the sonnets and of the explanations of their meaning set out in them (for the two must go together) discloses the names of the following reputed authors: Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, Anthony Shirley and William Shakspere.

The claim of Raleigh was vigorously and ingeniously advocated by the late William D. O'Connor in *Hamlet's Notebook*. That gifted and forcible writer thought that the author, as indicated by the words "Mr. W. H.," was Walter Raleigh, the W. being the initial letterof his Christian name and the H. the last letter of his surname; and he insisted or earnestly suggested that the adventurer T. T. (the first and last letters being similarly used) was the mathematician Thomas Hariot, who was Raleigh's fast friend and companion. Mr. O'Connor overlooked the fact that the person who subscribed the dedication was not a mysterious or concealed person at all, but a

bookseller of considerable eminence, named Thomas Thorpe, as clearly appears from the register of the Stationers' Company, where the entry of the book is found thus:

"*20 May, 1609.*

"Thomas Thorpe. A book called Shakespeare's Sonnets."

It is proper to say in behalf of Mr. O'Connor that, burdened as he was in the Life-saving Service with arduous governmental duties, and oppressed also with the pain and weariness incident to a lingering disease, he had not at his command, as he himself states, "the means and leisure necessary to establish these assertions beyond cavil, and to spread open the meaning of the sonnets." His chief mistake lies in his construction of the sonnets as being principally connected with the personification of a divine purpose. He is right in supposing that the author loved outward adornment, that he was poor, and that he knew the noble and ardent Giordano Bruno; but he fails to explain the meaning of the seventh line in the twentieth sonnet, which has puzzled all the commentators:

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling."

If the meaning of that line can be intelligibly explained, as well as the meaning of the following words in the seventy-sixth sonnet, the mystery of authorship will then be solved and the riddle propounded by the concealed writer clearly read. The lines which, when properly understood, disclose the author, read thus:

"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?"

Now, Sir Walter Raleigh was not poor. He was a money-maker, sometimes fairly, and occasionally unfairly, but always a money-getter and a money-saver; and when it was possible he was a land-grabber. He had no friend whom Mr. O'Connor could name to fit the statements of the first twenty-six sonnets, and there are no words anywhere in the whole course of the one hundred and fifty-four sonnets which will, to use the poet's language, either almost or altogether tell Raleigh's name. In addition to these chief clues, which Mr. O'Connor has neglected to follow, or which have puzzled him, as they have all other commentators, Raleigh's style does not correspond at all with that of the writer of the sonnets. Raleigh was vigorous and direct. His style was solid, stately and epigrammatic. His poetry, as Dr. Hannah well states it, bears a distinct witness to

the features of his marked yet varied character, to his vigor, his scorn and his haughty directness. Here is a brief example of it:

"Fain would I, but I dare not; I dare, and yet I may not.
I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not."

A much more plausible, and, indeed, a very strong argument, has been made in favor of Francis Bacon, by William H. Burr, of Washington, D. C., as an appendix to his *Proof that Shakespeare Could not Write*. The argument is entitled: *The Sonnets of Shakespeare Written by Francis Bacon to the Earl of Essex and His Bride, A. D. 1590.* Mr. Burr has undoubtedly done more to call the attention of the readers of the so-called Shakespeare plays to the ignorance of William Shakspere, as exhibited when he was forty-nine years old, in his signatures to a mortgage and a deed, and three years later to the three sheets of his last will, by an exact reproduction of them in *fac-simile*, than a thousand writers and essayists could do, however brilliant and learned, for these signatures are unanswerable arguments against the learning of William Shakspere. Indeed, the general circulation of these *fac-similes* would open the eyes of the reading public as to the capabilities of William Shakspere in the line of penmanship. It may be true that he never blotted a line, for these signatures indicate that he never wrote one without much ado, if at all. But, like all the other commentators upon the sonnets, Mr. Burr fails to connect Bacon with the particular sonnets which indubitably furnish, if rightly interpreted, a correct solution of the authorship. And both he and Mr. O'Connor fail to account for the declaration of the writer, in the 136th sonnet, that his name was Will:

"Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me — for my name is Will."

Mr. Burr says that no fact has been found incompatible with Bacon's authorship of the sonnets; but the issue here is not the question of incompatibility merely. It is rather a positive than a negative place that the proponent of any man's claim to the authorship of the sonnets must occupy. The author's life and associates, male and female, his position in society, his name as he gives it in the poems, his style and manner must all fit. There is nothing in all the range of Elizabethan literature to show that Francis Bacon was ever called "Will" or "Willy" or that he was in love with Frances Sidney, whom Essex married, or with any one else except Lady Hatton.

Another writer names Anthony Shirley as the author of the son-

nets, and he bases his claim upon the reference in sonnets 76, 105 135 and 136 to the words "one" and "all one" as if they pointed to the ancient seal of the Ferrers family, which contained the arms of the family upon a chimney-piece with the motto "Only One."

The sole merit in the argument is that the writer has grasped at one of the conceits of the author of the sonnets, but has failed to fathom his meaning. Beyond this conceit, no valid argument is adduced in support of Anthony Sherley's name.

But did not William Shakspere write the sonnets? They almost bear his name. There were certain sonnets circulated in society in England before 1598 which were called Shakespeare's sonnets, according to Meres, and Shakspere was named William, which could be properly abbreviated to Will or Willy, and just here the resemblance stops. To show that he did not write the sonnets, it is not necessary to assert that he was an ignorant man, scarcely able to write his name; that he was the son of John Shakspere, who could not write his name, and the father of Judith Quincey, who could not write her name; that he had no books, no manuscripts, no letters, no literary friends, no education in college or university, or such even as travel gives, except the very little education which he got at an early age in the Stratford free school, or some child's school in that town; that he is not mentioned in Henslow's diary, or that his last will, while it minutely specifies his wearing apparel, his chattels and leases, and that famous second-best bed which he bequeathed to his wife, makes no mention of any literary works of his, either printed or in manuscript.

Upon the face of the sonnets themselves appears plainly the evidence that Shakspere did not write them.

It is a clear and irrefragible proposition that where a person of sound mind, who has reasonable facilities for knowing what is going on in the literary world around him, permits book publishers to impose on the public by appending his name to books which he did not write, there must be a strong resemblance between such a person's style and manner, his life and surroundings, and the style and statements of the book, to entitle him to the credit of the authorship of a book which he never claimed. Now a book called *The Passionate Pilgrim* so appeared, purporting to be by William Shakespeare, and Doctor Heywood, an author, whose verses were published in it, publicly printed a protest against the implied Shakspere assumption of authorship, and compelled Jaggard, the printer, to take the name "William Shakespeare" from the title page. Richard Grant White says that "no explanation of this proceeding on Shakspere's

part is known to exist." Besides, according to Appleton Morgan, who never hesitates to give facts in preference to guesses, there were fifteen plays, which even commentators admit that William Shakspere did not write, that during Shakspere's life traveled under his name; and he quietly permitted the public to be so imposed on. He never, at any time, assailed these literary impostors with any general or special denial. Indeed, he often permitted his name to be used to float books which he never wrote.

But to the proof. The first twenty-six sonnets undoubtedly refer, or profess to refer, to a friend of the sonneteer; and the friend is earnestly begged and persuaded to marry. The friend was beautiful; he was young; he had a beautiful mother; he was "a man in hue, all hues in his controlling," whatever that may mean; and he was very much beloved by the poet.

Now, no admirer of Shakspere can point to any such friend of his who was as described in these twenty-six sonnets, and whose name or description would correspond with the punning description in sonnet 20. Mr. Tyler, who, with the aid of the Rev. W. A. Harrison, issued a carefully prepared and annotated edition of the sonnets in 1890, has attempted to bridge over these difficulties by calling the friend "Mr. W. H." He is inclined to think that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was addressed by these initials. If he was so meant, why was he called plain Mr. by the bookseller? Then, again, how is the Earl to be identified as "a man in hue, all hues in his controlling"? Mr. Tyler could not, and cannot, explain that. Then he and all the other believers in Shakspere's authorship of the sonnets have to wrestle, and wrestle very hard, too, with what he describes as the amatory relations of William Herbert and William Shakspere with a woman whom he calls the dark lady. He jumps at the conclusion that the woman alluded to in the 127th and 132d sonnets was Mrs. Mary Fitton, who was one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor; and he suggests that, on Shakspere's company performing at court, Mrs. Fitton may have become interested in him and introduced herself to him. From this guess it is not hard to jump at another guess, equally absurd, that Shakspere and the Earl quarreled about her.

Here are five guesses, every one of which is either absurd, improbable or unsupported by any contemporary evidence:

1. That William Herbert was Mr. W. H.
2. That Mrs. Fitton was the black-eyed lady.
3. That Shakspere performed before Queen Elizabeth.

4. That Mrs. Fitton thrust herself upon his acquaintance.

5. That Shakspere ever quarreled with William Herbert about her, or that he ever knew him.

The chief difficulty in the Shakspere theory is that it is impossible to explain or show that his name appears in the seventy-sixth sonnet, or any word standing for or typifying his name, or how "every word does almost tell my name." It is very apparent that the writer means that in almost every sonnet his name, or a word which stands for his name, appears. But the word "Shakespeare," or any word of similar meaning, nowhere appears in the sonnets.

Whenever the author of the sonnets is discovered (and so far human ingenuity has not found him out), he will appear as the author on the face of some of the sonnets themselves. He was clearly a man fond of punning and of using anagrams and riddles. That much is evident from a cursory perusal of the sonnets. He was a lover of women, and very much a lover of one woman in particular, and he was a quick, impulsive, natural poet; he was a very warm friend and had very warm friends; he was a courtier, and he had a peculiar style and manner by which, in addition to what he says about himself in the sonnets, he may be detected. It is unfortunate that, as to Shakspere, there is no poem, play or writing in existence, for our use by comparison, which we can be sure is his. Outside of the plays, if the plays were his, he left nothing to identify himself by, and his life story is so meager that thoughtful men and women are inclined to agree with Hogarth that there is no such thing as genius, and that genius is nothing but labor and diligence. Sir Isaac Newton declared that, if ever he had effected anything, it had been by patient thinking. The student of Elizabethan literature nowadays turns away from the esoteric criticism and transcendental analysis, the guesses, the possibilities and probabilities of the Shakespeare writers, and he or she reasons very much in the way that Mr. Morgan does in his *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, when he says: "Add to all these" (referring to his being a theater manager and general factotum) "that William Shakspere was a butcher's apprentice and a student of the Stratford grammar school; that the curriculum at that grammar school consisted entirely of a venerable birch rod, Lily's Latin Paradigms, the criss cross row and the Church Catechism; that the graduate of this grammar school wrote the *Venus and Adonis* as the very first heir of his invention, and no wonder our brain reels when we try to ask ourselves who was this immortal anyhow, and who wrote the divine

page called his? Was this the William Shakspere who, in silence, repeatedly allowed his name to be credited with the works of other men, and who encouraged the attributing of whatever was splendid or successful in literature to himself? A man who, in these days, could permit himself to become beneficiary to so fraudulent a transaction as was the *Passionate Pilgrim* affair of 1609, could not have long survived the moral effect of his act."

The real writer of the "Shake-speare" sonnets is yet to be discovered.

JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF SHAKSPERE.

ON the 26th day of April, 1564, the first-born son of John Shakspere was christened William by a Catholic priest of Stratford-on-Avon. The day of the child's birth is uncertain. The father was a wool-stapler, a leather dealer and a butcher. Stratford was a filthy little town; several years before William was born John Shakspere was fined for having accumulated a dunghill before his house; and when the infant was three months old, a violent plague broke out in consequence of sanitary neglect. William's father became a leading citizen from having married an heiress (?), though both husband and wife were absolutely illiterate. He held successively the offices of ale-taster, burgess, constable, chamberlain and high-baliff, from 1557 to 1568. His name as entered on the records was spelled Shakspeyr and Shakysper.

There is no evidence that William ever went to school, but if he did the schooling did not extend beyond his thirteenth year. Tradition says he was apprenticed to a butcher and became expert in killing calves, but it is more likely that he worked with his father until he was eighteen years of age.

He appears to have been a wild boy, drinking beer, hunting conies and poaching on deer parks.

At eighteen years of age he was married to a woman of twenty-six, his name being entered on the register as Shagsper. In less than six months a female child was born.

At twenty-one he was the father of three children, two of them twins.

About this time, or soon after, he absconded to London to escape a criminal prosecution.

Halliwell-Phillipps, the latest and best biographer of Shakspere, thinks that the young man may have followed Burbage's theatrical company to London after their first appearance at Stratford in 1587. Shakspere was then twenty-three years of age, and tradition says that his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse and hold horses, in which employment he soon hired assistants, so that when "Will Shakspere" was summoned an urchin would answer, "I am Shakspere's boy, sir." This tradition is generally discredited by Shakspere's biographers, though originally related by Sir William Davenant, the dramatic poet, who was born in 1606.

Prior to 1587 John Shakspere had been imprisoned for debt; on a writ to distrain his goods in 1586, the return was: Nothing to distrain.

In whatever capacity young Shakspere began to be employed about the theater, he soon rose, and after a few years became part proprietor.

The first theater built in London, or even in England, was in 1576–7, by "James Burbage joyner." It was a little to the north of what is now called Holywell Lane, near Burbage's own estate, and was practically in the Fields. Burbage, the carpenter and leading actor, took a lease of the ground for twenty-one years. In August, 1577, the Privy Council of London forbade further performances at "The Theatre" until after Michaelmas.

Prior to the building of "The Theatre," public acting was chiefly out of doors, and players were fined, imprisoned and even put in the stocks. Shakspere was never more than a subordinate actor. It has been supposed that the poet Spenser alluded to him in these lines, published in 1591:

> "And he, the man whom Nature's self hath made
> To mock herself and truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under mimic shades,
> Our pleasant Willy, oh, is dead of late."

But Halliwell-Phillipps argues plausibly that Richard Tarlton, who died in 1588, was the person referred to. The soubriquet "Willy" is said to have been common at that time, and the comedian Tarlton used to recite a song which was afterward set to music and called "Tarlton's Willy."

By this time four or five theaters were in existence in London, and several of the plays attributed to Shakspere had been performed.

The earliest certain notice of Shakspere as an actor is by Robert

Green, a dissipated play-writer, in a pamphlet entitled *A Groat's-worth of Wit*, written shortly before his death in 1592, as follows:

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers that with his Tyger's heart, wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his owne conceyt, the onely Shake-scene in a countrie."

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, which was brought out early in 1592, is this line:

"O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide."

Besides the first, second and third parts of *Henry VI.*, other plays were performed as early as 1592, namely: *Titus Andronicus*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and probably *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*. But none of these was yet printed or entered at Stationers' Hall, and they were all anonymous.

Between the years 1587 and 1592, says Halliwell-Phillipps, there is not a particle of evidence respecting Shakspere's career.

In June, 1593, *Venus and Adonis* was published, with a formal dedication to the young Earl of Southampton, by "William Shakespeare;" and a year later a scholarly poem entitle *Lucrece* was dedicated to the same young nobleman by the same "Shakespeare." But these two dedications are the only evidence that the actor was even acquainted with Southampton, to whom, says Halliwell-Phillipps, "the work was inscribed, apparently without permission."

Up to this time as many as nine plays had been performed, whose authorship no one appeared to claim, but which were afterward fathered by or attributed to "William Shakespeare."

In May, 1594, *Taming of the Shrew* was entered at Stationers' Hall, and then printed anonymously in June. *Titus Andronicus* was entered and is said to have been printed. If so, it was the first that was printed, but no copy now extant dates prior to 1600. The third edition was in 1611, still anonymous, like *Henry V.*, three editions, *Romeo and Juliet*, four editions, and several other Shakespearean plays.

After 1594 plays had to be licensed and entered at Stationers' Hall before they could be printed.

The earliest definite notice of Shakspere's appearance on the stage, says Halliwell-Phillipps, is in two comedies acted before the Queen in December, 1594, at Greenwich Palace.

In 1595, Shakspere is part owner of the Globe and Blackfriars theaters. *King John* is acted on the stage. *Locrine*, by "W. S.," is printed and in possession of Shakspere's company, but some critics think it was written by William Smith. *Henry VI.* is printed—that is to say, in two plays, entitled "First part of the Contention betwixt the Houses of York and Lancaster," and "Richard, Duke of York—Death of Henry VI.," both anonymous.

If we may trust the memorandum of a complaint by the "inhabitants of Southerk," dated July, 1596, Shakspere is then living near Bear Garden. The names of eleven complainants are appended, the sixth being "Mr. Shaksper."

On the 22d of July, 1596, Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon dies, and is succeeded by his son Lord Hunsdon, as patron of the theatrical company to which Shakspere belongs. *Romeo and Juliet* has a great run. "Taming of a Shrew," second edition, is printed anonymously.

On the 11th of August the actor's only son, Hamnet, is buried at Stratford, aged 11 years. There is no evidence that Shakspere's family ever resided elsewhere.

In the College of Arms is preserved the draft of coat-armor to "John Shakspere," dated October 20, 1596; but it does not appear to have been issued.

Early in 1597 Shakspere's company perform before the Queen at Whitehall, and in the summer make a tour through the country.

In the spring Shakspere makes his first investment in real estate by the purchase of New Place, in the center of the town of Stratford, for £60.

In this year *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II.* and *Richard III.* are printed, all anonymous. *Richard II.* has been acted for some time with a scene deposing the King, and is countenanced by the Earl of Essex and his companions, but in the printed edition the entire deposition scene is omitted through fear of the Queen's displeasure.

Up to this time nearly half of the Shakespeare plays have been written or sketched, and most of them put upon the stage, six or seven being printed, but all anonymous.

Early in 1598 the name Shakespeare first appears on the title-page of a play, namely: "*A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called Love's Labor's Lost.* As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." And later in the same year second editions of *Richard II.* and *Richard III.* are printed with the name "William Shake-speare" (hyphen-

ated) on the title-pages. In *Richard II.* the obnoxious scene of deposing the king is omitted, as in the anonymous first edition. Essex and his companions are constant auditors at the Globe and Blackfriars when this play is performed.

And early in the year Essex has two plays performed at his house, attended by numerous lords, ladies and gentlemen.

The first appearance of Shakspere's name as a writer of plays is followed by numerous political disturbances, caused more especially by the play of *Richard II.*

In this year (1598) Shakspere makes the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, ten years his junior, whose first drama, *Every Man in his Humor*, said to have been rejected by another theatrical manager, is accepted and put upon the stage at Shakspere's theater.

Francis Meres, in a chapter on poets, published in 1598, names the distinguished English poets in the following order: Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlowe and Chapman. And in tragedy he names the following: Lord Buckhurst; Doctor Leg, of Cambridge; Doctor Edes, of Oxford; Maister Edward Ferris, Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker and Jonson. And he further says that Shakespeare is most excellent in comedy and tragedy for the stage, naming twelve of his plays.

Still further he says: "In mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his friends," etc.

The poet Barnfield also alludes to Shakespeare:

> "Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,
> Thy name in fame's immortal book have placed."

But Barnfield does not mention any play by Shakspere.

In this year two editions of *Henry IV.* are printed, both anonymous. The Queen is said to have been pleased with the character of Sir John Falstaff, first introduced as Sir John Oldcastle, but changed out of respect to the memory of a martyred nobleman of the latter name.

In October of this year a Mr. Quiney writes a letter from London, addressed "To my loveinge good ffrend and countryman, Mr. Wm. Shackesper," asking for a loan of £30. It is the only letter ever discovered addressed to Shakspere, and "it may admit of a doubt," says Halliwell-Phillipps, "that it was ever forwarded to the poet."

That "the poet" was now growing rich appears from the earliest notice of him in the capacity of householder, Feb. 4, 1598, being returned as the holder of ten quarters of corn in Chapel Street Ward, Stratford.

In 1599 the second part of *Henry IV.* is performed, but not printed. The Queen is said to have commanded the author to continue the story of Falstaff in another piece.

Henry V. is also brought out. In the prologue to act v. the Earl of Essex, then in Ireland, is alluded to. He was one of the most popular men in the kingdom.

During this year a bookseller prints a little volume of verses under the title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, with the name of "Shakespeare" on the title-page. Several of the poems have been attributed to other writers.

The third edition of *Henry IV.* (first part) is printed this year with "Shakespeare's" name on the title-page. But *Romeo and Juliet*, second edition, is still anonymous.

Late in the year or early in 1600 is produced *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which the story of Falstaff is continued.

In 1600 the following plays are printed anonymously: First part of *Contention York and Lancaster*, second and third editions; *Richard, Duke of York, Death of Henry VI.*, second edition; *Henry V.* and *Titus Andronicus*. The printed plays accredited to Shakespeare are: *Sir John Oldcastle, Second Henry IV.* two editions; *Much Ado About Nothing, Midsummer Night's Dream*, two editions, and *Merchant of Venice*, two editions.

The song, "Come, live with me and be my love," published in the preceding year as Shakespeare's, now reappears in *England's Helicon* amended and enlarged, signed "Chr. Marlowe," who had been dead seven years. And the last stanza of the song, as published in 1599, entitled "Love's Answer," reappears in the *Helicon*, enlarged to six stanzas, headed "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," and signed "Ignoto," who is credited with a score of similar songs in the *Helicon*. And among the poetic contributions to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, published as early as January, 1590, is a piece of twenty-four lines by "Ignoto."

The names of twenty-five contemporary poets are given in a publication this year — Spenser the first, Shakespeare the thirteenth and Barnfield the last.

Theaters have become so numerous and disorderly that most of them have been suppressed.

A few weeks after the performance of *Sir John Oldcastle* at the Somerset House, before Lord Hunsdon and some foreign ambassadors, by Shakspere's company, "the poet" brings an action against one John Clayton to recover the sum of £7, and obtains a verdict.

In 1601 Shakspere is undisturbed by the misfortunes of Southampton. The noble earl to whom, in 1593, he dedicated "the first heir of his invention," and again in 1594 his "untutored lines;" the "right honorable" friend to whom he said, "What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours;" the wealthy patron whose munificence is said to have enabled the rising actor to become part owner of a theater, thus leading him on to fortune; the distinguished but misguided nobleman, now adjudged guilty of treason, but not deemed worthy of the extreme penalty of the law, is in prison for his crime, with popular sympathy in his favor; but we hear no word or act of kindness from the ostensible author of the didicated poems, nor is there the least evidence that the prisoner is visited by the "Bard of Avon."

> "I count myself in nothing else so happy
> As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."
> —*Richard II.*

Some time this year a poem is published in which the obsequies of the Phœnix and the Turtle-dove are made subservient to the delineation of spiritual union. (See *Passionate Pilgrim.*) The ostensible author of the poem is "Shakespeare," and Halliwell-Phillipps says it is "the first and only time that Shakspere comes forward in the avowed character of a philosophic writer."

Twelfth Night, by some considered the perfection of English comedy, is produced this year, but is not printed until 1623.

The acknowledged plays written in 1602 are *Richard II.*, third edition, *King Lear*, two editions, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Henry IV.*, fifth edition. But *Henry V.*, third edition, is still anonymous.

In September John Shakspere is buried at Stratford. His property and pretended coat of arms descend to William, who neglects to erect a monument to his father.

In 1603 Shakspere, as second in a company of nine persons, receives a license from King James "to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies and tragedies," etc., "within theire own usuall house called the Globe."

And if a letter discovered by Collier in 1835, containing incidental allusion to Shakspere about this time, is genuine, it appears that he applied for the office of Master of the Queen's Revels.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is first printed this year.

Why did not Shakspere notice Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603? Tradition says that she commanded him to write a play about Falstaff in love, which command was obeyed in the production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Tradition also says that when Shakspere was playing the part of a King, her Majesty, as she crossed the stage, where lords and ladies in those times used to sit, dropped her glove, which the actor picked up and handed to her, saying impromptu:

> "And though now bent on this high embassy,
> Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove."

The inventor of this story did not know what even Shakspere must have known, that kings do not go on embassies.

Chettle, who has praised Shakspere's *Rape of Lucrece*, noticing that among the many tributes to the late Queen none comes from that poet, thus appeals to him:

> "Shepheard, remember our Elizabeth,
> And sing *her* rape, done by that Tarquin death."

About this time the celebrated club founded by Sir Walter Raleigh meets at the Mermaid tavern. Here Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Colton, Carew, Donne and others gather for social and convivial enjoyment, but there is no evidence that Shakspere is one of its members.

In this year Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* is produced at the Blackfriars, Shakspere playing a subordinate part.

In 1604 Shakspere makes his last appearance on the stage. He, together with eight other actors, licensed to perform at the Globe, marches in the procession which graces the formal entry of King James into London, March 15. Each player is presented with four and a half yards of scarlet cloth, the usual allowance to players belonging to the royal household, and the company perform several times before the court.

A second edition of *Hamlet* is printed, much enlarged; also a fourth edition of *Henry IV.*

Some contemporary verses by Davies represent "our English Terrence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare," as playing "kingly parts in sport," and offending his new master, King James. But Davies

certainly knew that Bacon was a "concealed poet," and the story that King James wrote an amicable letter to Shakspere is discredited by his American biographer, White.

A suit is brought by "Willielmo Shexpere" in the Stratford court against one Philip Rogers, to recover the value of malt sold and delivered, £1 15*s* 20*d*, and 2*s* loaned June 25, less a credit of 6*s* paid on account.

In August Shakspere's company is ordered by the King to be in attendance at the Somerset House, on the occasion of the visit of the Spanish ambassador, but it does not appear that there was any stage performance.

In November and December the following plays are performed before the King by his Majesty's players: *The Moor of Venis, Merry Wives of Winsor* (on Sunday), *Mesur for Mesur*, and *The Plaie of Errors*. Under the head of "The Poets which mayde the plaies" no name is given for the first two, but the last two are credited to "Shaxberd."

Query: Was the actor "Shaxberd" one of "his Majesty's plaiers" on these occasions before King James?

As as actor, says Mr. White, Shakspere "has gained but little distinction at much sacrifice of feeling."

Is not the "feeling" an imagination of the biographer? In 1582 the name of the Stratford bridegroom is "Shagsper;" in 1593 and 1594 it is signed to the dedication of poems "Shakespeare;" in 1596 it is recorded in a complaint by the inhabitants of Southwark as "Shaksper;" in 1598, as owner of corn at Stratford, the name is "Shakesper," and a letter is addressed to him as "Shacksper;" meanwhile, on the title-pages of the printed plays, beginning in 1598, it is first "Shakespere" and subsequently "Shakespeare," sometimes with a hyphen; but as plaintiff in a petty suit in 1604 it is "Shexpere," and as the author of plays performed at court before the King it is "Shaxberd."

"My name be buried where my body is."—Sonnet 72.

In January, 1605, *Love's Labor's Lost* and *Henry V.* are performed before King James, name of the author not given. *Henry V.* has passed through two anonymous editions. *Love's Labor's Lost* was printed in 1598 and credited to "Shakespere." In March *The Merchant of Venis* is played twice before the King—name of the author "Shaxberd."

Shakspere, in 1605, purchases the moiety of a lease of all the tithes of Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe for £440.

By this time *King Lear* is produced, in which the account of the King's death is said to tally in many points with accounts privately circulated by the court physicians of the death of Queen Elizabeth.

The plays printed this year are *Richard III.*, fourth edition, *Hamlet*, third edition, and *London Prodigal*, all by "Shakespeare."

Actor Phillips leaves in his will, "To my fellowe, William Shakespeare, a thirty shillinges peece in goold."

No play is printed in 1606. The composition of *Macbeth* is generally assigned to this year, when its ostensible author is planting mulberry trees in Stratford.

Shakspere is said to have stood godfather to Sir William Davenant, born February, 1606, son of a tavern-keeper at Oxford, where the actor used to stop on his way from London to Stratford. The story goes that one day an old townsman, seeing Will running homeward in great haste to see his godfather, told him to be careful lest he took God's name in vain. But this story is discredited by White and Halliwell-Phillipps, who also scout the oft-repeated intimation that Davenant was the natural son of the great dramatist.

King Lear is first played for his Majesty's entertainment during the Christmas revels, 1605. But where is its ostensible author.

In 1607 *Julius Cæsar* is supposed to have been written, or at least begun, simultaneously with Bacon's *Julius and Augustus Cæsar.*

A play appears, under the initials "W. S.," entitled *The Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street*, and is in possession of Shakspere's company. "Taming of *a* Shrew," third edition, is printed anonymously.

On the 5th of June, Susanna, the eldest daughter of Shakspere, is married to Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford. On the 31st of December, Shakspere's brother, Edmund, a player of no distinction, is buried in Southwark.

In 1608 *Richard II.*, third and fourth editions, *King Lear*, first and second editions, *Henry IV.*, fifth edition, all by "Shakespeare," are printed, and *Henry V.*, third edition, anonymous.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton is printed under the names of Shakespeare and Rowley, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy* under the name of Shakespeare. Both are performed at the Globe by Shakspere's company.

An attempt to dislodge Burbage, Shakspere and their fellows from

the Blackfriars is made, but fails. Then an estimate of the property is made at £7,000, of which Shakspere's share is £1,433. His income from this and the Globe property is reckoned about £400.

Antony and Cleopatra is entered this year at Stationers' Hall, but is not printed until 1623. The Soothsayer in the play is just such a character as Bacon describes in his *Natural History*, not published until after his death. Among other striking parallels is the manner of the death of the Soothsayer, as described by Bacon and in the play.

In August Shakspere sues John Addenbroke, of Stratford, and gets a judgment of £6, with costs of £1 4*s*. The defendant being returned *non est inventus*, Shakspere sues his bail, Thomas Hornby. Speaking of this and a former suit Mr. White says:

"The biographer of Shakspere must record these facts, because the literary antiquaries have unearthed them. . . . We hunger and we receive these husks; we open our mouths and we break our teeth against these stones. . . . What have these to do with the life of him whom his friends delighted to call sweet and gentle? Could not these, at least, have been allowed to rest?"

The suit against Hornby, bail for the absconding debtor of Stratford, lasts till June, 1609.

The Blackfriars theater is still in possession of Shakspere's company, and Shakspere, with fifty-six others, is assessed six pence weekly for the poor in Southwark. But there is no evidence that he is in London.

Two editions of *Pericles* and two of *Troilus and Cressida* are printed in 1609, under the name of "Shakespeare," but the third edition of *Romeo and Juliet* is still anonymous.

Coriolanus is generally assigned to this year or the next, but it does not appear to have been heard of until its publication in the Folio of 1623.

Troilus and Cressida is first produced at court before the King and then printed, with the following preface by the printer:

"A never writer to an ever reader. Newes. Eternall reader, you have heere a play never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall. . . . This author's commedies are so fram'd to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives. . . . So much and such savord salt of witte is in his commedies that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that first brought forth Venus. Amongst them all there is none more witty than this.

. . . "Believe this, that when hee is gone and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures losse and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the lesse for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude."

This is the printer's preface; on the title-page appears the name "William Shakespeare." Soon after it is printed it finds its way to the theater, and shortly after, in the same year, a second edition is issued, from the same type, only suppressing the preface and announcing the play on the title-page: "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare."

Its style was too lofty and abstruse to be popular, and it had but a short run. Nor is it often performed now.

On the 20th of May, 1609, one Thomas Thorpe enters and publishes "Shake-speare's Sonnets, never before imprinted," a quarto of forty pages, price 5*d.*, dedicated "To the onlie begetter of these insuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H ," by "T. T." Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, answers to "T. T.," but who was "Mr. W. H."? William Herbert, an indifferent poet, was sixteen years younger than Shakspere, and his biographers are unwilling to accept him as the "onlie begetter" of the sonnets. They, therefore, say that the mystery of the sonnets is insoluble, the initials "W. H." standing for some person unknown.

But if Francis Bacon wrote the sonnets, there is nothing incompatible with the theory that they were addressed to the Earl of Essex and his bride just before their marriage in 1590. In 1609, when the sonnets were printed entire, Essex had been dead eight years and his widow was remarried.

In 1610 Shakspere purchased twenty acres of pasture land at Stratford, making him now the owner of 127 acres.

No play by "Shakespeare" is printed this year.

The Troublesome Reign of King John is printed in 1611, with "W. S." on the title-page, but not the *King John* first mentioned by Meres in 1598 and first printed in the Folio of 1623.

Pericles, third edition, and *Hamlet*, fourth edition, are printed in 1611, both by Shakespeare. But *Titus Andronicus*, third edition, is still anonymous; and so is *Romeo and Juliet*, fourth edition; but at last a fifth edition follows by "Shakespeare."

Macbeth is acted at the Globe in April, *Winter's Tale* in May, *Cymbeline* some time during the year, and *The Tempest* at Whitehall

in November. Not more than three plays remain to be written, possibly only one — *Henry VIII.*

In 1612 Shakspere enters upon a chancery suit for the protection of his interest in the tithes of Stratford and neighboring parishes. The bill shows his receipts from that source to be £60 yearly.

The ordinance of the burgesses of Stratford, passed in 1602, forbidding the exhibition of plays of any kind in the chamber, in the guild hall, or any other part of the house or court, is made more stringent in 1612.

Richard III., fifth edition, is printed, also a third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, consisting of "Certain amorous Sonnets between Venus and Adonis." These are announced as the work of Shakespeare; and to these are "newly added two love epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer back again to Paris." The latter poems were written by Thomas Heywood and published in 1609.

It is pretty certain that *Othello*, *Henry VIII.* and *Timon of Athens* had been begun by this time and partially completed. But nothing is known of *Timon of Athens* until it is printed in the Folio of 1623.

In March, 1613, Shakspere purchases a house in the Blackfriars, and this is the last transaction in which he is known to have been concerned in London. Having to execute a mortgage on the property jointly with other trustees, this is the way he signed his name:

And for some unaccountable reason he signed a duplicate copy of the deed from Henry Walker to himself, writing his name thus:

Henry VIII. is performed at the Globe June 30 in the presence (if not with the assistance) of Ben Jonson. But it is not even presumed that Shakspere is there. And nine days later the Globe theater is burned. *Henry VIII.* was never entered or printed until it appeared in the Folio of 1623.

In 1604 Bacon, from the House of Commons, presented to King James a petition of grievances, accompanied by a speech, touching

purveyors, in which he alluded to the fact that similar grievances had existed in the reign of Henry VIII. In the play produced in 1613, Queen Katherine presents to King Henry a like petition of grievances, and a comparison of the speech of Bacon with the second scene of the first act shows a multitude of parallels.

Henry IV., sixth edition, is printed.

Shakspere, in 1614, opposes a project for inclosing some common lands near Stratford. One of the movers agrees to make good any damage which "William Shackespeare" (so spelled seven times in the written instrument) may receive by the proposed inclosure.

In July John Combe, of Stratford, dies, bequeathing to Shakspere £5. It is said that, at the request of the deceased, and while living, Shakspere "wright" this epitaph:

"Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
If any one asks 'Who lies in this tomb?'
Ho! ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

In the Warwickshire dialect "a combe" means "has come."

After Combe's death Shakspere is said to have wri(gh)tten a better epitaph, which he signed "W. Shak.," but his admirers do not like to admit the authenticity of either.

Such doggerel verses to construct
He may have had the wit;
But ten to one the manuscript
He never could have "wright."

In November Shakspere visits London, probably about the business of the inclosure of Welcombe. His cousin Green is already there and makes the following memorandum Nov. 17:

"My cosen Shakspear comyng yesterday to Town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they meant to enclose no further than Gospell Bush."

Another memorandum, Dec. 23, says:

"Letters wrytten, one to Mr. Manyring, another to Mr. Shakspear."

In Chamberlain's account of Stratford there appears in this year a charge for "on quart of sack and on quart of clarett wine given to a preacher at New Place," Shakspere's house.

Richard II., fifth edition, appears in 1615. And there is no noted event in this year regarding Shakspere. The inclosure of Welcombe is not settled in his life-time.

On the 11th of February, 1616, his daughter Judith is married to

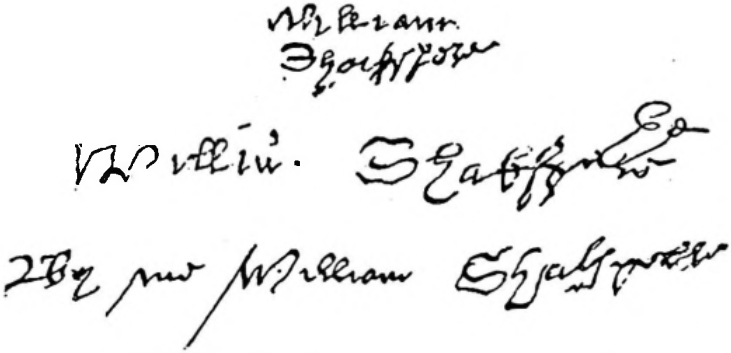
Thomas Quiney, a vintner of Stratford, the son of Richard Quiney, who, in 1598, wrote a letter from London to Wm. Shakspere, at Stratford, asking for a loan of £30.

Judith was absolutely illiterate. In 1611 she witnessed two instruments by making her mark.

On the 23d of April, 1616, Shakspere dies. In the diary of Mr. Ward, vicar of Stratford, occurs this entry:

"Shakspere, Drayton and Ben Jonson drank too hard, for Shakspere died of a fever then contracted."

In his will, executed March 25, 1616, his name is twice written Shackspeare; but the signatures to the three sheets are as follows:



Is it possible to make the spelling of the name in these three scrawls anything but Shakspere? And in the absence of any other writing than these five autographs, each one very different from the others, is it credible that he was in the habit of writing? Notice how he writes "By me" prefixed to the last signature. Is it not more rational to believe that he traced the forms from copies set for him? If Francis Bacon, now Attorney-General and Privy Counselor, had been using Shakspere's name as a mask, had he not an imperative motive for preventing a disclosure of the secret? And what would be a more certain disclosure than the fact that Shakspere could not write?

The funeral charges at Stratford included the following item:

"For the bell and pall for Mr. Shaxper's daughter viij. d."

Seven years after his death a bust is first noticed on Shakspere's monument, and in the same year is published the first complete edition of the plays of "William Shakespeare," thirty-six in number,

omitting *Pericles.* Eighteen of the plays in the Folio of 1623 were never before printed; three more only as sketches before; and several were never before heard of.

In this Folio Mr. Donnelly has discovered a cipher which is declared by eminent mathematicians to be a certainty.

WM. HENRY BURR.

Book Reviews.

FRANCIS BACON AND HIS SECRET SOCIETY. An Attempt to Collect and Unite the Lost Links of a Long and Strong Chain. By MRS. HENRY POTT. With 27 full-page plates. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Post 8vo, 421 pages. $2.00.

This volume, the latest contribution to the literature of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy, although issued only recently, has been very freely commented on by American critics. The following scholarly review, which appeared in the Chicago *Times*, is so comprehensive that it was deemed wise to insert it here in place of one which had been prepared by the editor of BACONIANA. It may be added that Mrs. Pott's book has, in the main, met with extremely fair treatment at the hands of reviewers in America,—so favorable, in fact, were the reviews, as a whole, that Baconians may feel justified in the belief that it is no longer fashionable to scoff at their theory or to belittle their investigations—at least in America. How the book will be received in England cannot, of course, be foretold:

"When Miss Delia Bacon's articles, claiming for Bacon what the world had supposed was written by Shakspere, were printed in *Putnam's Magazine* nearly forty years ago, the world was considerably startled from its propriety of demeanor for a time, but settled down with a kind of superior smile, saying, in substance, this is all very entertaining, no doubt, but nobody can take it seriously, of course. It will be 'a nine days' wonder' and then disappear. But it has been very far from taking that course. New champions of the Baconian theory have sprung up, in unexpected quarters sometimes, and new light has been thrown on the question from various sources. The adherents to the Shakspere authorship, from an attitude of surprise that anybody could entertain such a notion as that anybody else than Shakspere the actor could possibly have written the plays, have been placed on the

defensive, and have come to show a great deal of temper about it. This latter seems a very curious attitude. Of course, if the plays were written by Shakspere, it is hard that his right to them should be questioned after the lapse of so much time. But, on the other hand, if Bacon did write them, is it not quite as hard that he should be thrust aside and robbed of his credit for three hundred years by anybody, but especially by a man who, as it would seem, did not know enough to spell his own name twice alike? Besides, what possible reason is there for showing temper over it at this day? In either event the sublime achievements remain in English literature.

"It has been said that to suppose Bacon wrote the plays besides the other works he is known to have done is incredible — that no one man had the time, even if he had the intellectual ability, to do it all. But in reply to this it has been said that if the question were a new one, uncomplicated with any traditions or history or foregone conclusions of any kind, this would be no more incredible than the other supposition that the immortal poetry was written by a man who had never learned anything, for the simple reason that he had never had any opportunity to learn, who could scarcely write his own name, and who allowed his daughter to grow up not knowing one letter from another. And, really, when one comes to think of it, this latter is difficult of belief. Bacon was always extraordinary. He went to the university at Cambridge at twelve years of age, and before he was fifteen had exhausted the resources of his university, and left in disgust because, as he said, the most that was to be gathered there was 'words, not matter.'

"But the supporters of the Baconian theory have felt the difficulty in giving one man so much to do, and have met it in several ways. Appleton Morgan some years ago suggested that the plays might be the joint work of a small 'syndicate,' as it might be called now, of gifted men, including Raleigh, Southampton and others, but with Bacon always chief, and gave some very plausible reasons for the supposition. Some time later Mrs. Henry Pott published Bacon's *Promus*, or sheets of what seems to have been a note-book in which were roughly set down thoughts afterward worked into the plays. The 'Shaksperites,' as one may call them, rather 'fought shy' of this, but claimed, on the whole, that it proved nothing. Mr. Donnelly made a great commotion by the announcement of his discovery of a cipher in the plays, but the

result of his book, when it came, was not commensurate with the advertising. Since then not much has been said on the subject.

"Now, however, the controversy is reopened by Mrs. Pott, who has written an elaborate work with the title, *Francis Bacon and His Secret Society*, which F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, have just published in a closely printed volume of 421 pages. She does not claim to do more than outline and suggest, but in reality she presents a very elaborate argument, which readers must follow closely and without 'skipping' if they would understand her position and her reasons for it. The course of this argument is something like the following: There has always been a mystery about the life, aims and work of Bacon. His writings—acknowledged—are not voluminous, but his papers abound in ambiguous and enigmatic statements. He has been alleged to have had some connection with so many works. His life appears full of contradictions, 'that there is hardly an opinion expressed concerning him by one "great authority" which is not absolutely contradicted by one equally great.' He distinctly stated that the ignorance of his time was gross, enumerating more than forty different departments in which knowledge was deficient, and this nobody has denied, though we are asked to believe in an outburst of genius all over the world in that age. Bacon resolved as early as at fifteen on a reformation of knowledge, and the author's main position is thus stated by her: 'It is manifestly impossible that any one man, however gigantic his power, could have performed, single-handed, all we believe to have been done and written by Francis Bacon. But many entries in his private notes, many hints in his letters and acknowledged works, indicate his faith in the efficacy of united efforts, and that, besides the mystery which surrounded himself, there was also a mystery concerning many of his nearest relations and friends, who seem to have worked for the same ends as he did, and perfectly to have understood the ambiguous language in which he expressed himself. Secret societies were common in the middle ages, and Bacon, we believe, was the center of a secret league for the advancement of learning. This revival of learning was the "New Birth of Time"—the "Renaissance."' Mrs. Pott believes Bacon set about the formation of this league about the time he left Cambridge, and that his brother Anthony, two years older than himself and well-nigh as wonderfully gifted, though not as profoundly learned, was his chief associate. Anthony spent a large part of his life on the continent, Mrs. Pott thinks, about the affairs of this

league. Preserved in Lambeth Palace, she says, there are sixteen large folio volumes of letters written by him which have never been printed—probably never examined. And when one reads this statement one wonders that, since Mrs. Pott has shown amazing industry in other directions, she has not herself examined them or given in this book some clear reason for not doing so, especially as she seems confident that, when examined, these letters will strongly sustain the position she takes in this book.

"She further takes the ground that the secret society was none other than the famous Rosicrucian brotherhood, whose purpose was 'a universal reformation of the whole wide world,' and whose 'very constitution and mode of procedure seem to be the result of his own scheme or "method."' She believes further that 'no sharply-defined line could be drawn between the method and objects of the Rosicrucians and those of the Freemasons,' but she thinks they disagreed and separated afterward, and does not seem to have much regard for Masonry in these days. In support of these positions she presents a great array of testimony of many kinds. Among this mass is conspicuous the curious fact that the peculiar typography, including the errors tabulated from the Shakespeare folio of 1623, exist throughout the whole circle of Baconian (or Rosicrucian) publications of a certain period. These, with all sorts of cryptographic devices, the water-marks in the paper used, even the tooling of the binding and other marks, she believes to have been secret means of communication, and are traceable, with modifications to suit the exigencies of modern printing, from the Baconian period to the present time, but had no existence before that time, nor in any other books then.

"But it is impossible here to more than thus indicate the general purpose of the book. One might add that not a little attention is given to the character, ability and gifts of Bacon's father, and Mrs. Pott maintains that no one can understand the son without knowledge of the father. But there can be here only a hint of the amazing patience and labor given to the preparation. There are twenty-seven pages of outline reproductions of hundreds of water-marks, and the same number of pages are taken up in brief expositions of how he was esteemed—for and against—by eminent authorities, every estimate, good or bad, being flatly contradicted by some other. Mrs. Pott does not argue the mere authorship of the plays at all. She assumes that as part of the larger position she

takes as to his agency in the revival of learning. But she does not assume to prove anything for anybody else. She only frankly states her own conclusions, gives her reasons for them, and urges the most searching investigation, being very far from admitting that the last word has been said or all found out that can be known. She insists that the subject matter is not folly, nor in any wise to be 'whistled down the wind,' and asks only for the fullest and fairest investigation. In any event she has written a book of curious interest, strongly put together, free from temper or acrimonious feeling of any kind. It will strongly appeal to all whose interest has heretofore been enlisted in the Shakspere-Bacon controversy."

OUR ENGLISH HOMER; or, Shakespeare Historically Considered. By Thomas W. White, M. A. 12mo, xv, 297 pp. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.

No better idea can be given of the scope and nature of this book than by quoting the author's own summary from the last chapter:

The issue raised and argued in the foregoing pages is the origin of those works, plays and poems which go under the name of Shakespeare; an issue which, so far as the plays are concerned, divides itself into two branches:

I. Are they original compositions?

II. Who were (or was) the authors (or author)?

In endeavoring to answer these questions we have shown:

1. That English literature, when the plays appeared, was extensively tinctured with classical learning.

2. That the drama, which had just come into fashion, was formed on classical models.

3. That the characteristics of the plays show that they were written by learned men.

4. That, so far, however, from being original, their originals are to be found, respectively, in the Greek, Roman, Spanish and Italian drama.

5. That the incidence of their application does not reveal the author.

6. That William Shakspere's literary character, as gathered from contemporary opinion, was not such as became the author of the plays.

7. That his personal character was consistent with that of a literary impostor whose wealth had enabled him to make use of needy scholars.

8. That such scholars were numerous and their necessities pressing.

9. That, in fact, more than six such scholars employed by him to write plays were named or are referred to by a contemporary in 1592.

10. That another contemporary asserted, in 1589, that the author of *Hamlet* was a lawyer, and that, while Shakspere was none, Francis Bacon was a poet of distinguished learning and genius, and the only lawyer of the time likely to engage in such an employment, as he was the only one capable of writing *Hamlet*.

11. That Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Nash, George Peele, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Lodge, George Chapman and Francis Bacon were respectively the authors of *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*, *A Winter's Tale*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labor Won* (*As You Like It*), *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* and *Hamlet*.

12. That, in consequence of the great favor with which *Hamlet* was received in or before 1589, Shakspere engaged Francis Bacon, under a promise of secrecy, to revise the plays he had obtained or should obtain from other authors; and that Robert Greene and others ascribed the revision to Shakspere himself, and therefore taunted him with pretending he could "bombast out a blank verse as well as the best of them."

13. That as Bacon's composition of *Hamlet* is proved by the parallel passage found in his acknowledged works, so his revision of the other plays, excepting always *Titus Andronicus*, *Love's Labors Lost*, and the *Comedy of Errors*, is proved not only by parallel passages, but by the presence of his tone of thought, mode of illustration and personal experience; and that *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens* and *Henry VIII.* were also entirely his composition.

14. That the best pieces in the series are reproductions of more archaic plays; but that, so far as English beauties are concerned, Francis Bacon, with some assistance from Samuel Daniel, is the genius of Shakespeare.

15. The Sonnets of Shakespeare we find to be the production of Anthony and Francis Bacon and some of the friends of Francis, and *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* of Christopher Marlowe.

In presenting his arguments in substantiation of the propositions thus set forth, Mr. White shows much scholarship and great ability, although the reader will have the conclusion forced upon him that in places the work was rather hastily done, and that Mr. White's poetic judgment on the plays is often rash. The book deserves more extended notice than can be given it in this number of BACONIANA, and it will be again referred to. Baconians everywhere, although they will differ with Mr. White in many particulars, will welcome his book as a valuable edition to the literature of the great controversy, and the volume will stimulate investigation and study and heighten the interest of the thoughtful. F. J. S.

Correspondence.

Baconian Discussions at the National Capital.

Washington, April 12, 1892.

Among the many social and literary clubs of the American capital, and they appear to be as numerous as are the streets of the city, is the more recent organization, quite exclusive in its character and *clientele*, known as the Pinta Club. Its formation was designed more especially for the entertainment of those who find a home at the Elsmere, a private and fashionable family hotel, and among its members are a number of well-known Congressmen, and men prominent in civil and scientific professions.

The doors of the club are opened on alternate Saturday evenings, when members may admit, by cards of invitation, others who, by voice or pen, are thought to be able to contribute to the general interest of all. For the past month or two these friends have had under consideration the question of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, and the discussion has developed a lively interest.

Scores of intelligent ladies and gentlemen, who heretofore never gave the subject a moment's thoughtful consideration, are now seriously investigating the question. Though an occupant of the house and not known to have any opinion on this much mooted point, I have, nevertheless, been a constant attendant, in person or by proxy, at the several gatherings, and have exercised my inclination to make a few private notes, some of which may possibly hereafter find public expression. And though what is here said is set down in freedom, there is an entire absence of all taint of malice. No thought of this exists in my mind, which should commend what is said, other things being equal, rather than to detract from it.

Last Saturday evening's meeting was the third of the series, and the spacious hall of the Elsmere, as on former occasions, was thronged by a cultured audience. As once before, Senator Palmer, of Illinois, presided. After some pleasant music and the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, General Mussey began the argument. His time was consumed by a pleasant but irrelevant talk, having no reference to the subject in hand, which some were uncharitable enough to say was a confession of the weakness of his side.

Miss Richards, a very intelligent lady, and who left a pleasing impression, offered in her remarks the first bit of evidence of the

evening in a brief *résumé* of Shakspere's life, character and circumstances, his failure to claim the plays, etc., the unaccountable ignorance of his daughter Judith, who could not read at the age of twenty-seven, and in a telling selection of extracts from Bacon's *Promus*, which were duplicated in the plays of Shakespeare.

Governor Boutwell, full of years and experience, being called upon, said he could not say anything in the allotted time, but would take a subsequent occasion to reply to Mr. Donnelly's *Cryptogram*. He had at the first meeting had his say in a long paper, and had another which he would be happy to inflict upon them hereafter. He then proceeded to prove Shakspere to be the author of the plays by violently and unhistorically denouncing Bacon *à la* prosecuting attorney. I would give a crown to have had Mr. Donnelly present and allowed to occupy just half the time of Judge Boutwell in replying to the latter's statements.

Miss Pierce refrained from expressing any decided opinion as to who wrote the works, thinking this matter immaterial, but advised a more studious application of the plays for their intrinsic worth, for their imagination, wit, humor, etc., and their insight into human life.

Doctor Croffut replied in a kindred spirit to the pleasantries of General Mussey. He maintained that the basis of several of the plays was to be found in *Plautus* and *Lucian*, which, at that time, were untranslated. It was impossible, he said, that the author of the plays should cease to write when only forty years old, and with lots of leisure on his hands. Doctor Croffut also gave reasons why Bacon should keep the fact of his writing the plays a secret, and emphasized the world's indebtedness to Bacon for the intellectual processes he established, which led to the opening of the door to the inventor.

Mr. McCreery established himself as a humorist of the first degree. It is impossible to reproduce his speech, or to give a description of it. It was a happy combination of sarcasm, ridicule, wit, humor, sense and nonsense, replete with homely illustrations, pertinent hits and pat allusions, and yet pervaded with a vein of argument as irresistible as it was clever and effective. Professor Atwater followed in an extended speech, which contained the best Shaksperean argument of the evening's debate. He alluded to the *Promus* as a collection of proverbs which, doubtless, at the time, were public property, as they are now, and Shakspere had the sense to utilize them. He referred to the first mention made of

Shakspere as an actor, by Robert Greene, just three hundred years ago, and to Chettle's subsequent disclaimer; to Shakspere's ability to hire any work translated that he might want to use; to the dedication of *Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton; the poems published as Shakspere's in 1599, the larger number of which were written by other parties; to his sonnets, published in 1609, never before imprinted, which he (Mr. Atwater) thought must be Shakespeare's, as no one ever claimed them in his lifetime; to the opinion his fellow-actors had of him as an actor and as a man, also Ben Jonson's opinion, etc. Professor Atwater acquitted himself well, and evidently had the sympathy of the majority of the audience.

Mr. Bacon was the last speaker. He replied to the position taken by the honored chairman, Senator Palmer, at the last meeting, who claimed that Lord Bacon, a profound lawyer, could not have written *The Merchant of Venice* because of its evident bad law. Mr. Bacon quoted a number of authorities to show the extent and accuracy of the law scattered throughout the Shakespeare plays. With reference to this play, he showed that Lord Bacon, when Attorney-General, in a memorial for the King's speech, on a certain occasion which he specified, described a court of chancery, which contains numerous repetitions of the doctrines and metaphors, expressions, etc., found in *The Merchant of Venice,* and queried how two writers, one alleged to be only a dramatic poet, and the other a gifted philosopher and an all-around man, should thus employ indentical utterances in describing similar incidents. Mr. Bacon is an earnest, emphatic speaker, well informed, and is evidently impressed with the verity of his position and convictions.

These discussions have led many to open their eyes to the fact that there is more than a reasonable doubt as to the real personality behind the Shakespeare plays, and an interest has been awakened that will necessarily increase as time goes on, which is, doubtless, the desired object of both sides.

Miscellany.

JEFFERSON TO DONNELLY.

Joseph Jefferson concluded a recent address on the dramatic art, delivered before the students of Yale College, with the following verses. (The "respected member of the bar and state" is Ignatius Donnelly):

"Respected member of the bar and state,
In law and literature profoundly great;
As you have thrust at an immortal name,
I claim the right of parrying the same.
For, though I'm neither skilled in law nor science,
The gantlet you've thrown down in bold defiance
(Espousing Bacon's cause armed cap-a-pie)
I here take up to have a tilt with thee.
The question's this, if I am not mistaken,
'Did Shakespeare, or did Francis Bacon,
Inspired by genius, and by learning, too,
Compose the wondrous works we have in view?'
The scholar Bacon was a man of knowledge,
But inspiration isn't taught at college.
With all the varied gifts in Will's possession
The wondering world asks, 'What was his profession?'
He must have been a lawyer, says the lawyer;
He surely was a sawyer, says the sawyer;
The druggist says, of course he was a chemist;
The skilled mechanic dubs him a machinist;
The thoughtful sage declares him but a thinker,
And every tinman swears he was a tinker.
And so he's claimed by every trade and factor —
Your pardon, gentlemen, he was an actor.

And oh, my comrades, brothers all in art,
Permit me just one moment to depart
From this my subject, urging you some day
To seek this sacred spot and humbly pray
That Shakespeare's rage toward us will kindly soften,
Because, you know, we've murdered him so often.
I ask this for myself, a poor comedian;
What should I do had I been a tragedian?
I could pile up a lot of other stuff,
But I have taxed you patience quite enough;
In turning o'er the matter in my mind
This is the plain solution that I find:

It surely is — 'whome'er the cap may fit' —
Conceded that these wondrous plays were writ.
So if my Shakespeare's not the very same,
It must have been another of that name."

A Bacon Society for America.

A Bacon Society, similar to the Bacon Society of London, and to coöperate with it, is about to be organized. A constitution is now being prepared, and will be submitted at a meeting to be called at an early day. At the suggestion of Mr. Donnelly, the headquarters of the society will be located in Chicago, at least until a permanent organization can be perfected. The membership dues will be nominal, to cover printing, postage, etc.—the Chicago membership to take upon themselves all local expenses. It is earnestly hoped that all Baconians everywhere will send in their names at once. For the present all communications relative to this matter may be addressed to the editor of BACONIANA.

Our Illustrations.

It is intended to give in each number of BACONIANA two or more pertinent illustrations. In this number we are enabled, through the kindness of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, to reproduce from a rare engraving a portrait of Lady Anne Bacon, and also, through the kindness of Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, a portrait of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Thus we begin our series of pictures with the portraits of Francis Bacon's parents, and in future numbers will be included a variety of illustrations of great interest to Baconians.

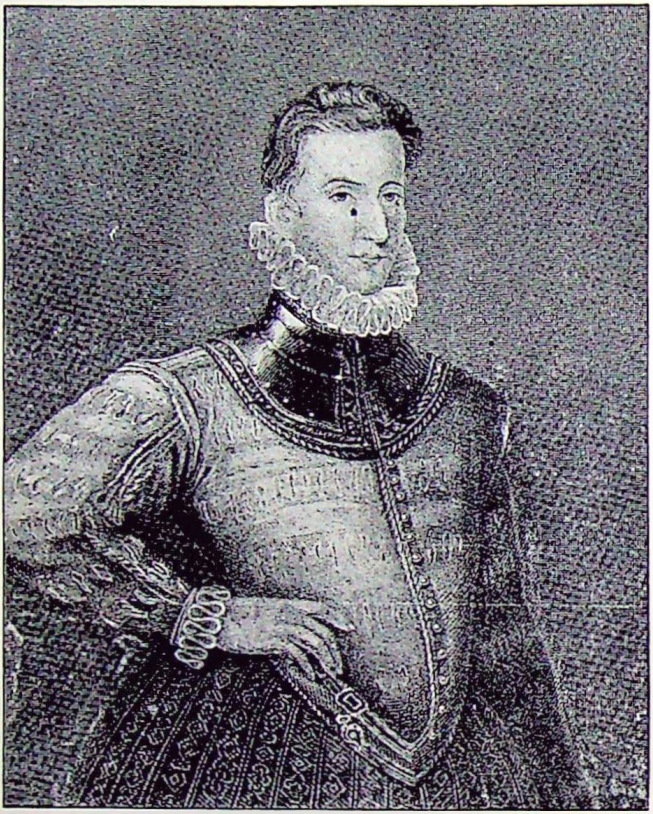
SIR NICHOLAS BACON, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and a distinguished lawyer and statesman, descended from an ancient and honorable family in Suffolk. He was the second son of Robert Bacon, Esq., of Drinkstone, by Isabel, the daughter of John Gage, of Pakenham, and was born in 1510, at Chislehurst, in Kent. His academical education he received at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to which he afterward became a very considerable benefactor; here he passed through the usual courses of study with great reputation, and as in those days no education was thought complete without the polish of foreign travel, he visited France and some other parts of the continent. On his return he studied the law in Gray's Inn, and rose to such distinction as to be noticed by the reigning monarch, Henry VIII., who, on the dissolution of the monastery of St. Edmund's Bury, gave him a grant of the manors of Redgrave, Bottesdale and Gillingham, with the park of Redgrave, etc., which last he made his seat. He was also promoted to the honorable and lucrative office of attorney in the Court of Wards. In Edward VI.'s reign he was elected treasurer of Gray's Inn.

Although known to be an adherent to the Reformed religion, he conducted himself with so much prudence and moderation as to escape the persecutions in Queen Mary's reign. On the accession of Elizabeth, to whom his character and services were well known, the great seal of England was taken from Heath, Archbishop of York, and given to Mr. Bacon, with the title of Lord Keeper, and the honor of knighthood. Her majesty also called him into her privy council, and was much swayed by his advice, particularly in the settlement of the Reformed religion, a measure which required that consummate prudence which distinguished Sir Nicholas. It was always his object to avoid precipitation in public matters; and a maxim he often repeated was, "Let us stay a little that we may have done the sooner."

Sir Nicholas retained his high office and high character for more than twenty years, and died, universally regretted, of a sudden illness, Feb. 20, 1579. His death is said to have been occasioned by his being exposed to a cold air in sultry weather; but in February it cannot be supposed that the air should be sultry; and as Sir Nicholas was very corpulent, the suddenness of his death may be more naturally referred to one of those attacks to which corpulent persons are subject. He was interred in St. Paul's cathedral under a sumptuous monument erected by himself, and with an inscription from the pen of the celebrated Buchanan.

He left no printed work behind him, but several of his MSS. are still extant on legal and political subjects.

Sir Nicholas Bacon's first wife was Jane, daughter of William Fernley, of West Creting, in Suffolk; and his second, who survived him, was Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. Of Lady Anne, who was the mother of Francis Bacon, an interesting volume might be written, and we hope in the near future to devote much space to her life and character.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

From the original of Sir Ant. More.

BACONIANA.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1892. No. 2.

SIDNEY'S SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS.

"Nor ever sing the love-lays which he made,—
Who ever made such lays of love as he!—
Nor ever read the riddles which he said
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merrymaker now, alas! is dead."

IN the preceding number of BACONIANA, I endeavored to show that the Shake-speare Sonnets were not written by Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, Anthony Shirley or William Shakspere.

After a careful examination of them, I am of the opinion that Sir Philip Sidney was their author.

I will give the reasons for my opinion, trusting that, if I am right, others who have more learning and leisure than I have will make Sidney's title to the authorship complete and perfect: and willing, if I am shown to be wrong, to acknowledge my error.

I am only writing about the Shake-speare Sonnets, and not about the plays. The author of the plays, whether Francis Bacon or William Shakspere, even if rightfully deprived of the claim to the sonnets, has fame and glory enough without them. Chambers, in his *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, in an article on Shakspere, says of the sonnets:

"We almost wish, with Mr. Hallam, that Shakspere had not written these sonnets, beautiful as many of them are in language and imagery. They represent him in a character foreign to that in which we love to regard him — as modest, virtuous, self-confiding and independent. His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius and savors of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress — *a married female* — and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspere."

When reference is made in these pages to the Shakespeare plays and poems, the name will be spelled as it was printed in the Folio of 1623. When, however, the man William Shakspere is referred to, the name will be spelled as he himself signed it to his will.

The same reasons would apply to Bacon. The sentiments and statements of the sonneteer do not correspond with the character of Bacon or with the incidents of his life.

The first reason which I give to the literary world in support of my opinion that Sir Philip Sidney wrote the Shake-speare Sonnets is founded upon the fact that upon the face of the sonnets themselves he admitted or declared that he was the author. This reason ought of itself to be sufficient to bring conviction to the minds of all unprejudiced and disinterested students of the sonnets. But where and how did Sidney made such declaration or admission? The seventy-sixth sonnet reads thus:

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
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?
Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told."

The sonnets as far as number 76, and indeed all of them except two (number 126, which consists of six rhymed couplets, and number 145, which is in eight-syllable verse), are "all one, ever the same," and the poet kept "invention in a noted weed." He strictly molded and fashioned his rhyme to the one dress of three separate quatrains clinched with a final couplet, up to sonnet number 76. Sonnet 99, it may be noted, has one extra line.

The "new-found methods and the compounds strange" referred to the attempted remodeling of English metres on the classic method as proposed by Sidney's friend Gabriel Harvey.

This was Harvey's hobby, and Sidney used the classic measures very freely in his *Arcadia;* and although Spenser declared that all such productions stumble "either like a lame gosling that draweth one leg after or like a lame dog that holdeth one leg up," he also participated with Sidney in the use of classic measures.

Sidney was an expert in all classic forms and measures, and he was thoroughly competent to keep invention in one dress or weed,

and especially in the type or dress of the Shakespeare sonnets. I will ask the reader to compare sonnets 109 and 110 of *Astrophel and Stella* with the Shakespeare sonnets 129 and 146.

Mr. Symonds, in his *Life of Sidney*, on page 143, speaking of sonnets 109 and 110, which form a part of *Astrophel and Stella*, says that "no one reading them will fail to be struck with the resemblance to Shakespeare's superb sonnets upon lust and death, which are perhaps the two most completely powerful sonnets in our literature."

Love is the subject and argument of the sonnets. The poet emphasizes this in the following line:

> "Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
> And you and love are still my argument."

The word "love" is the chief word of the sonnets. It is incorporated in them more than two hundred times. It is the word which tells the poet's name. But how does love stand for and represent the name of Sir Philip Sidney?

Sidney indulged rather extravagantly in what Camden calls the alchemy of wit. In other words, he arranged his name in the form of an anagram or metagram.

A learned writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1858, thus describes his method of obtaining a pseudonym:

"Sir Philip Sidney, having abridged his own name into *Phil. Sid.*, anagrammatized it into *Philisides*. Refining still further, he translated *Sid.*, the abridgment of *Sidus*, into *astron*, and, retaining the *Phil.* as derived from *philos*, loved, he constructed for himself another pseudonym and adopted the poetical name of Astrophil, star of love or love star. Feeling, moreover, that the Lady Rich, celebrated in his sonnets, was the bright particular star of his affections, he designated her, in conformity with his own assumed name, *Stella*."

Hence Philip was "love" and Penelope Rich, or "Stella," was the star of his love; and so in the sonnet Sidney could very truthfully say "that every word doth almost tell my name," for "Love" was his assumed name.

The second reason for identifying Sidney as the author of the sonnets is based upon the proper and correct interpretation of the twentieth sonnet, the seventh line of which has been a stumbling-block to all the commentators, — and their name is legion:

> "A man in hue, all hues in his controlling."

Sir Philip Sidney had two friends, Sir Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, and his love for them "was wonderful, passing the love of women." Sidney wrote of them:

> "Only for my two loves' sake,
> In whose love I pleasure take;
> Only two do me delight
> With their ever-pleasing sight."

To his two dear friends he left all his books; and Greville, who outlived him forty-two years, caused the title "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney" to be inscribed upon his own tomb.

The twentieth sonnet was addressed to Dyer, who was a good poet, celebrated "for elegy most sweet, solemn and of high conceit." He was the author of that beautiful poem entitled "My mind to me a kingdom is." Dyer, Greville and Sidney were fond of punning or playing upon their own names in their poetry. Dyer wrote a poem which elicited a poetical answer from Sidney and a poetical replication from Greville, and the name "Dyer" in the last stanza of one was changed into "Die ere," while in the last stanza of the replication "Greville" was metamorphosed into "Grief ill."

So in the twentieth Shakespeare sonnet Sidney puns upon the name of Dyer, likening him to a dyer who occupies himself in colors and who, in his business of dyeing, controls and fixes all hues or colors.

In a supposed autograph MS. in the British Museum (15,232), which contains a number of the sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella*, together with other verses, and which came from Wilton (the water-mark being $\frac{W}{P\,S}$), there are, among others, the following lines (here put in modern English), which contain a play on Dyer's name:

> "Like to the silly swan,
> When sing no more she can,
> Sets forth her voice,
> So I, a simple swain,
> Though *mortal be my name*,
> Seem to rejoice."

All this may seem silly and foolish to poets and readers in these utilitarian times, but when we remember that Marlowe's name was changed into Wormal and Lodge into Golde, and that the great Elizabetha was often addressed as Ah-te-basile, we can not find fault with Sidney, who wrote as his heart dictated. The beautiful name "Rosalind," bestowed upon the first sweetheart of his bosom friend Spenser, was a "feigned name (according to E. K.) which,

being well ordered, will betray the very name of his love and mistress."

It was only an anagrammatical reading for Rose Daniel, who was a sister of the poet Samuel Daniel, and who was afterwards married to John Florio.

The twentieth sonnet, therefore, as well as those addressed to a man, preceding and following it, are directed to Dyer.

And here a third good reason for the identification of Sidney as the author of the Shakespeare sonnets can be adduced, namely, the connection and resemblance between the poet's statements and the facts and circumstances.

Sidney in the sonnets advises his friend to marry. He uses such arguments as his own Mentor, Hubert Languet, in his letters, had previously urged upon him. Symonds says that "Languet frequently wrote urging him to marry, and using arguments similar to those which Shakespeare pressed on his fair friend." Dyer was unmarried, and I think never did marry. Sidney was rather fond of giving such advice, as is shown in his poetical dialogue between Geron and Histor in chapter 71 of the *Arcadia*.

That Sidney could actually think or say that he loved a man so fondly as appears in these sonnet, will not appear strange to the reader of the *Arcadia*, for in it he similarly pictures the love of Musidorus and Pyrocles. Disraeli, in his *Amenities of Literature*, says that "their friendship resembles the love which is felt for the beautiful sex, if we were to decide by their impassioned conduct and the tenderness of their language." Coleridge observed that "the language of these two friends in the *Arcadia* is such as we would not now use, except to women."

The sonnets numbered 37, 66, 110 and 125 very fairly describe Sidney. He was poor and proud, and his parents were always distressed by poverty. It is worthy of note that the poet's body was retained fully three months for interment, until Walsingham mustered enough money of his own to pay Sidney's creditors. He bore the canopy as a gentleman-in-waiting, or cupbearer, for the Queen, in the summer of 1578, and he learned enough from personal intercourse with male and female courtiers to utter the mournful cry which is found in sonnet number 66. Sidney's quarrel with Oxford and his bold language to the Queen concerning the worthlessness and meanness of the Duke of Anjou caused his disgrace and retirement from the court.

He could very well say that he was made lame by fortune's deepest spite. He was not suffered to marry Anne Cecil. Penelope Devereux, whom he dearly loved, was given away to a man whom she hated and despised. He was fond of spending money, and withal very liberal and aristocratic, and yet he could not get money; he was greatly in debt; he was in disgrace at court; he was a dependent upon Leicester; he had made himself "a motley to the view."

The 107th sonnet has received all kinds of strained and foolish interpretations. One writer calls Bacon "the mortal moon," and Massey, Minto and Tyler say that the mortal moon referred to in that sonnet denotes Queen Elizabeth; but, viewed in the light which knowledge of the true author of the sonnets sheds around them, it is clear that no man or woman is meant at all, but the great power of Turkey, represented by the crescent moon, which had then been humbled and crippled, and was no longer a disturbing element either to the Protestant or Papal world. Sidney had from his first acquaintance with Languet been so filled by him with news about thrones and dynasties, and governmental complications, that he could not keep Turkey out of his love sonnets; and so in the 30th sonnet of *Astrophel and Stella* he asks the question,

> "Whether the Turkish new moon minded be
> To fill her horns this year on Christian coast?"

Sonnets numbered 127, 128, 130, 131 and 132 clearly refer to Sidney's mistress, Penelope Rich, and he intimates that Dyer had supplanted him in her affections.

In the 127th sonnet he describes a woman whose "eyes are raven black." So were Stella's eyes. She is nowhere in any of the sonnets described as a black woman, save in her deeds.

I do not understand that Sidney in sonnet 130 admits that his mistress is deficient in any particular of beauty or accomplishment. He had read (or Spenser had read to him) the extravagant description of a woman whose eyes Spenser compared to the sun, her lips to coral, her breasts to snow, her hair to wires, her cheeks to roses, her breath to perfumes, her speech to music and her walk to that of a goddess, and in this sonnet, in a spirit of pleasantry, he ridicules Spenser's bombastic description and at the same time eulogizes his own beloved mistress.

Stella, with her black eyes, lovely face and bewitching form, was very beautiful indeed, but she was a bad woman, and no one can read *Astrophel and Stella* without believing that Stella had been to

Sidney the object of a coarse passion. Her after life and her conduct with Charles Blount testify against her.

A fourth reason for the opinion that Sir Philip Sidney wrote the Shakespeare sonnets is that his name among his associates was "Will" or "Willy." Spenser calls him so in his *Tears of the Muses*. He is there called "Pleasant Willy." That this reference is to Sidney appears now to be conceded. See, in Morley's *English Men of Letters*, the volume on "Spenser" by Dean Church, cited by Morgan in his *Shakespeare Myth*, page 148. Surtees states that in an eclogue on Sidney's death, printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsodies*, in 1602, he is lamented in almost every stanza by the name of Willy.

The note from Richard Grant White's *Memoirs of Shakspere* is as follows (the italics being mine):

"In Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, printed in 1591, the following passage:

> "'And he the man, whom Nature's self had made
> To mock herself and truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under mimic shade,
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
> With whom all joy and jolly merriment
> Is also deaded, and in dolor drent.'

has been held to refer to Shakspere, chiefly, it would seem, because of the name 'Willy.' But that, like Shepherd, was not uncommonly used merely to name a poet, *and was distinctly applied to Sir Philip Sidney* in an eclogue preserved by Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, published in 1602.

"And the *Tears of the Muses* had certainly been written before 1590, when Shakspere could not have risen to the position assigned by the first poet of the age to the subject of this passage, and probably in 1580, when Shakspere was a boy of sixteen at Stratford.

"Indeed, the notion that Spenser had him in mind would not merit even this attention, were it not that my readers might suppose that I had passed it through inadvertence. All that ingenuity and persistent faith can urge in support of it, the reader will find in Mr. Knight's and Mr. Collier's biographies of the poet."

In considering the question of the soundness of the opinion which I have herein set forth, the reader is asked to note three things. One is that I have not touched upon a very important question, namely, the similarity or dissimilarity in style between the Shakespeare sonnets and the acknowledged writings of Sidney. That is reserved for future consideration. A second important matter, which may be hereafter enlarged upon, is that none of

Sidney's works were published until long after his death. His poetry was circulated privately among his friends for several years, precisely as were the "sugared sonnets" which Meres describes. Sidney died on the 17th day of October, 1586, and the *Arcadia* was not published until 1590. His friend Greville, in a letter to Walsingham, preserved in the State Paper Office, throws light on the way that booksellers then got possession of manuscripts:

"Sir, this day one Ponsonby, a bookbinder in Paul's churchyard, came to me and told me that there was one in hand to print Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, asking me if it were done with your honor's consent, or any other of his friends. I told him to my knowledge, no; then he advised me to give warning of it to the Archbishop or Doctor Cosen, who have, as he says, a copy of it to peruse to that end," etc.

When we consider that Sidney did not desire that his poetry should be published, and that after he was mortally wounded at Zutphen he asked that the *Arcadia* might be destroyed, and when we consider further that his poetry circulated for years among his friends and acquaintances with no special curator or preserver of it, we can understand how the booksellers could get a copy of his sonnets for publication in another man's name.

And the third omitted matter is that I have not yet alluded to Mr. W. H., the begetter or procurer of the sonnets for Mr. Thomas Thorpe.

With all his faults — and he had many of them — Sidney was a great and gallant man. Greville says that, as he was leaving the battlefield of Zutphen wounded and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was brought to him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor wounded soldier carried along, longingly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Sir Philip thereupon took it from his mouth before he drank and delivered it to the poor man, with the words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Tristram, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, beautifully points out the qualities which distinguish him from his contemporaries:

"It was not only that he united in one character the wisdom of a grave councillor and the romantic chivalry of a knight errant; it was not only that his genius and his learning made him the center of the great literary world which was at the moment springing into birth; it was not only that, friend of England's most imaginary poet, he too was gifted with the magic virtue, with the power to see the beauty which the eye cannot see, and to hear that music only heard in silence: these qualities he shared with his contemporaries.

In Raleigh's blood the tide of romance beat as strongly; Essex was as brilliant an ornament to the court, and a more munificent patron of genius; Drake showed as dauntless a courage in the face of his country's foes. But in a spiritual elevation of character which rose far above the standard of the age, and to which none of his contemporaries attained, Sidney stands alone. He was the bright figure of Christian chivalry in times full of grossness. He was the Bayard of an age in which most men knew no fear, but in which he alone among them was without reproach."

JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE ON ASTROLOGY, PREDICTIONS, ETC.

IT is not difficult to discover what either Bacon or Shakespeare's views were in regard to astrology. Their opinions seem to have been identical, and a cursory examination of the subject may not prove unfruitful. It will at least not be uninteresting.

In Bacon's view, "astrology is *in most parts* without foundation even"—"it is so full of superstition, that scarce anything sound can be discovered in it." Notwithstanding, Bacon would rather have it purified than rejected.

He admits astrology as a part of physic (*i.e.*, science), and yet attributes to it nothing more than is allowed by reason and the evidence of things, all fictions and superstitions being set aside. But, as Warburton says: "it was a harder point and required managing." For this impious piggle had, in Shakespeare's and Bacon's time, a kind of religious reverence paid to it.

"In the first place" (Bacon says) "what an idle invention is that, that each of the planets reigns in turn for an hour, so that in the space of twenty-four hours each has three reigns, leaving three hours over! And yet this conceit was the origin of our division of the week. Secondly, I do not hesitate to reject as an idle superstition the doctrine of horoscopes and the distribution of houses, which is the very delight of astrology, and has held a sort of Bacchanalian revelry in the heavenly regions. Thirdly, those fatalities, that the hour of *nativity* or *conception* influences the fortune of the birth, the hour of commencement the fortune of the enterprise, the hour of inquiry the fortune of the thing inquired into, and in short, the doctrines of *nativities*, *elections*, *inquiries*, and the like frivolities, have, in my judgment, *for the most part* nothing sure or solid, and are

plainly refuted and convicted by physical reasons."—*De Augmentis* iii. op. iv. 349.

It will be observed that Bacon uses the words "in most part," and "for the most part," in his rejection of the "frivolities" of astrology. He has defined, *e converso*, what part of astrology he accepted.

"Among the received doctrines, I think that concerning *revolutions*[1] has more soundness than the rest." *Ib.* But, even in this, "let the greater revolutions be retained, but the smaller revolutions of horoscopes and houses[2] be dismissed. The former are like great guns and can strike from afar; the latter are like little bows, and cannot transmit their force over much space."

Again: "Every operation of heavenly bodies extends rather to masses than to individuals; though it affects indirectly some individuals also; such, namely, as are more susceptible."

"Every operation of the heavenly bodies sheds its influence and power, not on small periods of time or within narrow limits, but upon the large spaces. And therefore predictions of the temperature of the year may possibly be true; but those of particular days are rightly held of no account. The last rule (which has always been held by the wiser astrologers) is that there is no fatal necessity in the stars, but that they rather incline than compel. . . . I hold it for certain that the celestial bodies have in them certain other influences besides heat and light, which very influences, however, act by those rules laid down above, and not otherwise."—*Ib.* p. 351.

From these quotations we learn that Bacon did believe, to some extent, in astrology as a branch of astronomical science.

By the use of proper methods he conceived that it might be foretold that certain consequences would follow a certain conjunction of the celestial bodies, consequences, for example, affecting the temperature of the year, as well as affecting certain individuals;

[1] "Revolutions" (Lat. *Revolutio.*) Act of revolving, or turning round on an axis or center; rotation—the period made by the regular recurrence of a measure of time, *or by a succession of similar events.—People's Dictionary.*
Anthony and Cleopatra, i. 2:

"The present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself."

The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course: which, rising in the *east* and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes the *opposite of itself.*—Warburton.
Shakespeare and Bacon use the word in the same sense, that it is to say, its technical scientific sense.

[2] House (Astrol.)—A twelfth part of the heavens.

such, namely, as are more susceptible than others to certain influences, either good or evil. But he did not believe in the superstitions of astrology, as, that each of the planets reigns for an hour, etc. And he rejected as an idle superstition the doctrine of horoscopes and the distribution of houses. He regarded as a frivolity the doctrine of those fatalities, that the hour of nativity or conception influences the fortune of the birth, etc.

Shakespeare had, apparently, studied astrology to a similar purpose.

Pedro says to Beatrice:

"You were born in a merry hour.

"*Beatrice.* No; sure, my lord, my mother cried: but there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

Meaning that there was "little of the melancholy element in her."

But the expression is used jestingly, and as a "frivolity." In the same way Benedick says to Margaret: "No, I was not born under a rhyming planet," — that is to say, one of the "planets" which "reigns in turn for an hour." And when Thersites speaks of Diomed's faithlessness, and says, "But when he performs astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious;[1] there will come some change; the sun borrows from the moon when Diomed keeps his word," — he obviously indicates his disbelief in the possibility of such a thing happening to foretell it, — as impossible as for the sun to borrow from the moon.

Bacon's position toward astrology seems to be fairly summarized in sonnet xiv:

> "Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
> And yet methinks I have astronomy,[2]
> But not to tell of good or evil luck,
> Of plagues, of dearths, of season's quality;
> Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
> Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
> Or say with princes if it shall go well,
> By oft predict that I in heaven find."

As Bacon pointed out, such predictions, on a large scale, might be possible; but the science of the thing was among the *desiderata*

[1] Prodigious, *i.e.*, portentous, ominous; so in *King Richard III.*:
"Prodigious and untimely brought to light."

[2] For long ages astronomy and astrology were identified.—*Enc. Brit.* — *Steevens.*

pointed out by him. We find in *Cymbeline* a similar hint in the speech of Imogen referring to the handwriting of Leonatus:

> "Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
> That knew the stars as I his characters:
> He'd lay the future open."

"Learn'd indeed!" Impossible to be so learn'd! A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says:

"Francis Bacon abuses the astrologers of his day no less than the alchemists, but he does so because he has visions of a reformed astrology and a reformed alchemy."

Shakespeare in like manner, in the play of *Lear*, "severely ridiculed the dotages of judicial astrology." (Warburton.) See act i. 2. The following quotations must suffice:

"*Gloster.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature [1] can reason it thus and thus, yet nature find itself scourged by the frequent: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father," etc.

"*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *Ursa Major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am had the maidenest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing."

The judicious reader will observe that Shakespeare refers — to use Bacon's words — to both "those fatalities, that the hour of *nativity* or *conception* influences the fortune of the birth" — "My father compounded," etc., *i. e.*, the "conception."

Also *3 Henry VI.* iv. 6 (33):

> "*Clarence.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
> To whom the heavens in thy *nativity*
> Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown
> As likely to be blest in peace and war."

[1] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.—*Johnson.*

At the same time Shakespeare, like Bacon, believed that the "celestial bodies" had in them certain other influences besides heat and light. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

> "But when the planets,
> In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
> What plagues, and what portents! what meeting!
> What raging of the sea! shaking of the earth!
> Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors!
> Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
> The unity and married calm of states
> Quite from their fixture."

In *Julius Cæsar*, Calphurnia says:

> "The noise of battle hurtled in the air.
> *When beggars die there are no comets seen;*
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Which is equivalent to Bacon's opinion that notice should be taken only of natural phenomena, in predictions founded on astrology, on a broad basis both as to time and masses. Princes stand in the same relation to beggars as days to years.

The expression employed is merely a poetical license, and does not indicate that Shakespeare actually believed that the heavens *do* blaze forth the death of princes. But certainly he held that no comets are seen when beggars die, and, therefore, the use of horoscopes and houses — *i. e.*, the vulgar use —was frivolous and injurious, "the excellent foppery of the word."

I may appropriately continue and conclude this toy by a brief reference to the correspondences between Bacon's judgment concerning the value of intimations of coming events by means of *dreams.*

We know from what Bacon himself stated to Faunt, about the 17th February, 1578–9, that he dreamt that his father's house in the country was plastered over with black mortar. And very shortly afterwards he received tidings of his father's death. The circumstance impressed itself on his mind, and probably set him to speculating on the subject of dreams. He has related also, quite gravely, at the end of his matchless *History of Henry VII.*, that that King's worth may bear a tale or two that may put upon him somewhat that may seem divine. When the Lady Margaret, his mother, had divers great suitors for marriage, she dreamed one night that one in the likeness of a bishop, in pontifical habit, did tender her Edmund, Earl of Richmond (the King's father), for her husband.

Neither had she any child but the King, though she had three husbands.

In the second part of *Henry VI.* (i. 17), we have a distinct reference to this circumstance:

> "*King.* Welcome, Queen Margaret;
> I can express no kinder sign of love than this kind kiss.
> . . . . . .
> *Queen.* Great King of England and my gracious lord,
> The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
> By day, by night, waking *and in my dreams,*
> In courtly company or at my beads,
> With you my alder-liefest sovereign,
> Makes me the bolder to salute my king
> With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
> And overjoy of heart doth minister."

It is a curious coincidence that both Bacon and Shakespeare refer thus pointedly to the Lady Margaret's dream as influencing her choice of King Henry VI. for a husband.

Bacon proceeds to say of Henry VII.: "One day when King Henry VI. (whose innocency gave him holiness) was washing his hands at a great feast, and cast his eye upon King Henry, then a young youth, he said: 'This is the lad that shall possess quietly that that we now strive for.'" And elsewhere he varies the story as follows: "Henry the Sixth of England said of Henry the Seventh, when he was a lad, and gave him water, '*This is the lad that shall enjoy the crown for which we strive.*'"

Shakespeare refers to the same incident in the "third part of *Henry VI.*," iv. 6 (65):

> "*K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
> Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
> *Somerset.* My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.
> *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope.
> [*Lays his hand on his head.*]
> If secret powers
> Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
> *This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.*
> His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
> His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
> His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
> Likely to bless a regal throne.
> Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
> Must help you more than you are hurt by me."

Bacon, speaking of "prophecies that have been of certain memory, and from hidden causes," relates the circumstance that a phantasm appeared to M. Brutus in his tent, and said to him, "*Philippis iterum me videbis.*" (Thou shalt see me again at Philippi.)

So likewise Shakespeare represents Brutus preparing to sleep in his tent—iv. 3 (275):

"*Enter the ghost of Cæsar.*

Bru. How well this taper burns!
Ho! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel or some devil
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. *To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.*
Bru. Well, then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
[*Exit Ghost.*]"

Nevertheless, Bacon, although he set down the above instances of dreams which were realized in fact, and a few others besides, "of certain credit," yet considered that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for "winter talk by the fireside."

Shakespeare has introduced, incidentally, many references to presentiments in dreams, just in that light fireside manner.

For example, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 3 (277):

"*Cinna.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth."

Merchant of Venice, ii. 5 (15):

"*Shy.* Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loth to go:
There is some ill a-brewing toward my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night."

Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1 (211):

"*Boy.* I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream."

Here the dream did not signify anything prophetical; but clearly Bottom thought that as a rule dreams might be expounded.

A better instance is the following, which is very much in Bacon's manner (*Winter's Tale*, iii. 3):

> "*Antigonus.* Come, poor babe:
> I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
> May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
> Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
> So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
> Sometimes her head on one side, some another:
> I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
> So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
> Like very sanctity, she did approach
> My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
> And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
> Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
> Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
> Since fate, against thy better disposition,
> Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
> Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
> Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
> There weep and leave it crying. . . .
> *Dreams are toys:*
> Yet for this once, yea, *superstitiously*,
> I will be squared by this."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare speaks of "dreams which are the children of an idle brain." And in *Richard III.* v. 3 (212):

> "*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
> What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?
> *Rat.* No doubt, my lord.
> *K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.
> *Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.*"

With Shakespeare, as with Bacon, dreams are "toys" and "shadows," "fit to serve but for winter talk by the fireside," in which sense Shakespeare has made abundant use of the machinery of dreams in many of his plays.

One more correspondence and we may close this paper. Mr. Wigston has referred to it in his *Francis Bacon and Phantom Captain Shakespeare.*

Bacon's essay on *Friendship:*

"With *Julius Cæsar*, *Decimus Brutus* had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him, *to draw him forth to his death.* For when Cæsar would have discharged the

Senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of *Calphurnia*, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife *had dreamt a better dream.*"

The whole of this is *exactly reproduced* in the play of *Julius Cæsar*, act ii.:

"*Deci. Brutus.* Cæsar, all hail good morrow, worthy Cæsar,
I come to fetch you to the senate house.
Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Deci. Bru. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at, when I tell them so.
Cæsar. The cause is in my will: I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the senate,
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent."

To all this, D. Brutus replies:

"When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with *better dreams*,
If *Cæsar* hid himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo! *Cæsar* is afraid?"

When Bacon says that, in his judgment, the presages of dreams and predictions of astrology ought all to be despised, he explains that he means that, though in themselves superstitious and frivolous, yet they worked much mischief and on that account deserved more serious attention. Three things mostly served to give them grace and some credit. First: men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss. Second: probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, many times turn themselves into prophecies. Third, and last (which is the great one): almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains contrived and feigned after the event passed.

Shakespeare, speaking through the mouthpiece of Cicero, in *Julius Cæsar*, says:

"Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the things themselves."

Meaning that men may expound, or pretend to expound, the meaning of things — portents and dreams, for instance — clean from the purpose of the things themselves. But should they hit, they mark it for a prophecy or presage; should they miss, they never mark, "as they do generally also of dreams."

HARRY S. CALDECOTT.

HAS MR. DONNELLY FOUND AND READ THE CIPHER?

ABOUT the year 1850, I read in a newspaper a resumé of a work written by a German who argued that William Shakespeare did not write the "Shakespeare plays," and that they might have been written by Bacon.

The theory was "bold even to temerity," and it remained in my memory both a burden and a hope; a burden, because all men scoffed me when I spoke of it; a hope, because such theories do not soon die, and I looked for proof that it was true.

Books have not been easily within my reach. Costly and rare books have been impossible to me. I had to content myself with fugitive glances at the books of others for information that the contention was strong and waxing hotter, year by year, until Mr. Donnelly startled the world with his announcement that he had found and read a cipher in the plays which proved indubitably that Shakspere was a fraud, and that Bacon was the author of the world's greatest dramas.

I got the book — *The Great Cryptogram* — and read it. The amazing amount of labor, the learning, wit, earnestness, courage, combative skill, ingenuity and energy displayed in the book took me captive. I was a willing convert to the whole theory and its demonstration on a first reading. But there is "reading and reading," and I have read again. Having read again and again, I have become restless in my captivity, and I am about to escape from Mr. Donnelly.

Observe that I do not yet deny the existence of a cipher in the plays. The theory is a strange and charming one, and I am loth to abandon it. I ask only, Has Mr. Donnelly *found* and read the cipher?

Mr. W. F. C. Wigston contends with much reason that Gilbert Wats' translation is not a translation, but is the genuine original

English of the *Advancement* as written by Bacon. Of ciphers it says — and I quote *verb. et lit. et punc.*:

"But the virtues of them whereby they are to be preferred are three: *That they be ready, and not laborious to write; That they be sure, and lie not open to Deciphering: And lastly, if it be possible, that they may be managed without suspition.*"

This translation of this passage is more literal than that of Spedding or Devey or Shaw. Mr. Devey translates "*Ut sint expeditæ, non nimis operosæ ad scribendum,*" into, "that they be easy to write and read."

I am weary of asking myself, why does not Mr. Donnelly's cipher possess *all* the virtues whereby my Lord Bacon's ciphers "are to be preferred"? and receiving for answer, "Why?"

Mr. Donnelly's cipher *is* sure, it does *not* lie open to deciphering, and it *was* managed, if at all, *without suspicion*, but it does not possess in any degree the *first* virtue "whereby" it should "be preferred." I can imagine but one more tedious and laborious enterprise than that of *reading* his cipher, and that would be the *writing* of it. It is *not* "easy" or "ready" to read, and it would be stupendously laborious and difficult, if not impossible. to write it.

It is not profitable to question the correctness of Mr. Donnelly's demonstration that the words of his cipher stories are to be found by his counts from his starting-points with the aid of his multifarious modifications, nor is it necessary to inquire whether, with other numbers, points and modifications, other stories might or might not be found. That no readable cipher could be written without rules to guide the writer, and that no cipher could be read without a discovery and demonstration of the rules governing its construction, are axiomatic propositions.

Mr. Donnelly does not disclose his rules. His reason is that he may thereby cast to other hands the profits of his great labor. The reason is potent, but (if he means money profit) shall glory go for naught? The inducement to secrecy is cogent, but shall it smother the suspicion that he has no rules to disclose?

Mr. Donnelly believes (I doubt him not) that he has demonstrated and can show to the world that, in the cipher story, Bacon declares that he is the writer of all the plays, but he does not publish this most interesting and curious part of his demonstration. Why? Could not that have been done without disclosing the rules?

When Mr. Donnelly declared to the world that he had discovered a cipher in the plays which conclusively proved that Bacon was the

writer of the plays and the cipher, what had the world the right to expect — nay, demand of him? That he should prove to the exclusion of a reasonable doubt that there *is* a cipher written in the plays; that he has found and read it; that Bacon wrote or caused it to be done; and that it tells the story he has advertised. Has he so proved either of these facts? He has the admissions of certain learned mathematicians and cryptologists that he has convinced *them* that there is a cipher in the plays, and that he has found and read it. Neither he nor his indorsers give the world the key, and the world, unable to read for itself, declares it has a reasonable doubt. How can that doubt be removed? Give us the key so plainly, clearly disclosed that our school-boys may read with it, and that doubt will vanish.

He has not attempted to prove that Bacon wrote or caused the writing of a cipher in the plays, except by citing the fact that Bacon had knowledge of ciphers and constructed some. The world might believe beyond doubt there is a cipher and that Mr. Donnelly reads it correctly, and yet have a reasonable doubt that Bacon was the author. More proof is required. To exclude the doubt he must show such a connection between the cipher in the plays and some acknowledged work of Bacon as makes it impossible to read the cipher without the other work, or, better and more convincing, he must show that the cipher itself discloses a place of deposit of the key to it, which place was under the control of Bacon, *and he must find that key*, bearing Bacon's undoubted autograph, and no less evidence than one or the other of these things will satisfy that world he has undertaken to convince. It is not an unreasonable demand.

The world knows as well as Mr. Donnelly — which is well indeed — that my Lord Bacon was a good lawyer who knew the value and weight of evidence, and it has a right to believe that he has not "fubbed off" such a matter with remote inferences only for evidence, when he could have preserved incontrovertible proof. He knew how and he knew why to place the evidence beyond doubt. If Bacon wrote the plays with a cipher in them, it is incredible that he has not preserved better proof of the fact than has yet been presented by any person.

Mr. Donnelly has not attempted to show that the cipher tells the story that Bacon wrote the plays. He does read that Bacon was suspected by Cecil to be the writer and was alarmed about it, but he finds no admission of guilt. He only suggests a doubt of Bacon's innocence. Much more is required.

If Mr. Donnelly has not succeeded, it does not follow that success is impossible. That only which excludes hope is the non-existence of a cipher. No man is better fitted for success than Mr. Donnelly, unless he is so wedded to his present theory that he can entertain no other. He owes to himself either to so publish and elucidate his *rules* that they may be "understanded of the people," or to abandon his position and take new ground, or retire from the field.

If the cipher exists it can be read. If it can be read it will disclose its purpose, and, doubtless, its author. If the author was Bacon it will declare where the incontestible proof thereof is to be found. If it makes such a declaration, it may be it will say that the proofs rest with the bones of Bacon or Shakspere, or both. No other depository would be so safe, or would so certainly verify its contents.

If the proof came from such source it must be brought by the hand of the government, and no "Thomas" could be found who would dare to doubt. Bacon knew this as well as any lawyer of this day knows it, and he also knew that if his secret history ever came to light it must be verified beyond all doubt or it must perish as a fiction and a fraud.

There are places in the plays to look into and there are modes of inquiry which, I believe, are yet untried or not fully examined. I predict that if the cipher is found and read the work will be so simple that children in primary schools may compete for prizes given for quantity.

WARREN MONTFORT.

IN AN OLD COPY OF BACON.

Much have I looked upon that royal age
In which my Shakspeare wrought such threads of gold,
And vainly striven in his thoughts to hold
The wonder of my boundless, heritage;
But now the while I scan each yellow page
Of this old book, the years are backward rolled,
And with new visions suddenly grown bold,
Its vast expanse more nearly I may gauge.

For here, unfettered by the links of rhyme,
I catch the measure of that other heart
Which shaped the course of its transcendent art,
And come to know in his majestic prime
The Lord High Keeper of the splendid time—
The mighty poet's mighty counterpart.

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

A SUGGESTIVE CRITICISM.

ONE of the most common mistakes of commentators upon Shakespeare or Bacon, it appears to me, is the belief that the Shakespeare plays were the result of superhuman labor. Because they are difficult to understand now, and because it would be impossible to write them now, Shakespeare-worshipers are too apt to speak of *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* in superlatives.

As a matter of fact I suppose they wrote plays in those days with about the same amount of labor and thought which Björnson, Ibsen or Sudermann or any other first-class modern puts into writing his dramatic studies of the present. They wrote easily — these Shakespearean dramatists — easily and rapidly, for their material was native to them. It is the lapse of centuries, the utter change of social conditions and social theories, which makes their work seem difficult, titanic, superhuman.

Kjelland, Tolstoi, Turgenieff or Howells, a century or two from now, will not be such plain sailing to the reader. Where we now see limpid flow of language and easily apprehended comment upon life, the reader of the future will be puzzled by a thousand subtle allusions, by strange views or conditions of life, by bewildering references to curious and otherwise unrecorded national or social phenomena.

Criticism is beginning to take the basis of literature into account. It is becoming comparative, more sociologic and less personal, and, as a result, is coming to see that each age writes of itself and for itself. It begins to question the writing which is "for all time" and to apply to literature the same broad principles of evolution which admittedly govern more material phenomena.

The reader who takes the comparative view of literature not only understands the immense labor involved in really understanding the past, but realizes perfectly well that no man writes "for all time" in the sense in which the critics of the "personal" school use that phrase. He doubts whether the great democracy will ever become very greatly interested in whether Homer was a myth or whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

The things which arouse the bewildered admiration on the part of the medievalist for the "superhuman genius" of Shakespeare or Bacon or Marlowe are precisely the things which bar out the common man from any active interest in the work they did. By the

time the common man has been lifted to the proper plane of scholarship to enjoy Shakespeare, he is very likely to find some modern author nearer to him, more vital and more enjoyable. Nothing endures. All is ebb and flow.

The Baconians, in my judgment, have made the mistake hitherto of trying to prove too much. The attempt to prove that any one man wrote the volume we call "Shakespeare" must always fail. It repels the student at the outset.

It seems to me a mistake also to study Shakespeare apart from his contemporaries, for in that way the scholar gets the impression that Shakespeare's style was entirely unique, which is not quite true. It requires more penetration than I have been able to acquire to draw a broad line between early writings of Shakespeare and certain other plays admitted to be written by Marlowe and others of his decade.

In all ages of literature a few strong men find followers, not imitators exactly, but men who see life substantially from the same point of view and voice their thought in substantially the same diction. Around Shakespeare, as Taine has said, were grouped Webster, Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher and others whose work, broadly speaking, was in the same key. These men must be taken into account before arriving at a definite conclusion upon any Baconian or Shakespearean controversy.

My own position, so far as I have interest to enter into the question, is this: The volume we call Shakespeare is, in my judgment, made up of the writings of at least three and possibly four men. Beyond the association of the name Shakespeare with this volume I have no proof that Shakspere wrote any part of the plays. Whether Bacon had a hand in the writing I am not prepared to say, but there are certain obvious parallelisms and allusions which seem pretty fair proof that he was a direct inspiration at least of some of these plays.

My own feeling is that the volume we call Shakespeare is really a collection of the most powerful and appealing plays of that day. This opinion I would not fight for, because I do not consider the question at issue near enough or vital enough for warfare, and because I have grave doubts of its final settlement. We have the plays; that is the important thing; they are in a handy volume, and I shall read them with almost the same pleasure I would feel if I knew the author for a certainty.

At the same time, I have nothing but admiration and respect for the patient scholarship of the Baconians and the students of the Rosicrucians. Shakspercan partisans cannot afford to fall upon such students with hard epithets, for, aside from the long unquestioned association of Shakespeare's name with the volume in question, the Baconians have the best of the argument. They have shouldered the burden of proof manfully.

An unprejudiced mind is forced to the conclusion, after a reading of the results of Mrs. Pott's immensely patient study of the original documents in the case, that the whole dramatic literature of the Elizabethan day was a mass of confusion well-nigh impossible to reduce to order. HAMLIN GARLAND.

BACON'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

ONE of Bacon's favorite maxims is that behavior is rather external to the mind than a part of its essence. It may be assumed, imitated, *worn as a garment*, put on or put off, or altered, or varied, according as mood or circumstances or motives may suggest.

In January, 1595–6, Bacon wrote three letters of advice to the Earl of Rutland, to prepare him for foreign travel. It is worth noting, as bearing on Bacon's habit of writing under other names than his own, that these letters, of which the authorship is undoubted (they are in fact among Bacon's most characteristic compositions), were used by Essex as his own, and sent to Rutland as if written by him. They were published (in 1852) in Devereux's *Memoirs of the Earls of Essex*. The editor had no suspicion that they proceeded from any other pen than that of Essex, and he finds in them very good reson for crediting Essex with great intellectual ability. Spedding, however, had no difficulty in assigning them to their true origin, and no one familiar with Bacon's writings can feel the least hesitation in assenting to Mr. Spedding's judgment. In the first of these letters we have the following:

"Behavior is but a garment, and it is easy to make a comely garment for a body that is itself well-proportioned. Whereas a deformed body can never be so helped by tailor's art but the counterfeit will appear. And in the power of the mind it is a true rule that a man may mend his faults with as little labor as cover them." —*Life*, ii. 8.

This sentiment is more clearly and amply expressed in the *Advancement of Learning*, ii. 13; in the *De Augmentis*, viii. 1; and in the essay of *Ceremonies and Respects*. Thus:

"This behavior is as the garment of the mind and ought to have the conditions of a garment. For, first, it ought to be made in fashion; second, it should not be too curious or costly; thirdly, it ought to be so framed as to best set forth any virtue of the mind, and supply and hide any deficiency; lastly, and above all, it ought not to be too straight, so as to confine the mind and interfere with its freedom in business and action."—*De Aug.* viii. 1.

"Behavior seemeth to me as a garment of the mind, and to have the conditions of a garment. For it ought to be made in fashion; it ought not to be too curious; it ought to be shaped so as to set forth any good making of the mind, and hide any deformity; and above all it ought not to be too straight or restrained for exercise or motion."

"Men's behavior should be like the apparel; not too straight or *point device*, but free for exercise or motion."

Also there is a rough *Promus* note (1439), "The ayre of his behaviour: fashions." The general principle, so compactly expressed in Bacon's prose, is the seed that blossoms and bears fruit abundantly in the poetry. It is emphatically the aphorism of dramatic art, and we shall find numerous allusions to it and illustrations of it in the plays and poems.

First of all it is to be noted that the language of the wardrobe is applied to behavior or deportment in the same way by Bacon and Shakespeare. The quality indicated by *point-device* is referred to in *As You Like It*, iii. 2 (401), in a way that has a double application, both to dress and to conduct:

"You are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other."

Lee also *Love's Labors Lost*, v. 1 (21), where the same expression is used without any double reference to dress, but only to behavior. *Point-device* evidently means spruce, dandified, exquisite.

Bacon's idea is, however, expressed in the most direct and unmistakable way by Portia, who makes a sort of inventory of the garments of one of her suitors, and behavior is included in the sartorial list:

"How oddly he's suited [*i. e.*, clothed]. I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and *his behavior everywhere*."—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 2 (79).

Looking a little more carefully, we may find a good many varieties of this costume which are put on or off at the pleasure of the wearer.

1. Madness or Folly. Hamlet, intending to feign madness, thus announces his intention, and begs his friends to ignore it:

> "How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
> As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
> To put an antic disposition on." — *Hamlet*, i. 5 (170).

The dress of assumed madness is similarly used by Brutus, the friend of Lucretius:

> "He with the Romans was esteemed so
> As silly, jeering idiots are with kings,
> For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.
> But now he throws that shallow habit by
> Wherein deep policy did him disguise." — *Lucrece* (1811).

The banished Duke says of Touchstone:

"He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit."—*As You Like It*, v. 4 (111).

The stalking-horse was, of course, a mask, or disguise — a garment worn by the fowler, under cover of which he could approach his game and shoot at an advantage.

2. *State and Pride* is the garment which Brutus substitutes for his folly.

> "Brutus, who plucked the knife from Lucrece' side,
> Seeing such emulation in their woe,
> Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
> Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show."—*Lucrece*, 1806.

3. *Sobriety, or Sadness, or Gravity* is the garment which Gratiano promises Bassanio that he will wear when he visits Portia:

> "Signior Bassanio, hear me:
> If I do not put on a *sober habit*,
> . . . . . .
> Like one well studied in a *sad ostent*
> To please his grandam, never trust me more."
> — *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2 (198).

Sober habit and *sad ostent* evidently refer to the same article in the wardrobe of conduct; the garment metaphor rules the whole passage.

4. *Mirth* is the garment which Gratiano puts on for a time instead of sobriety, the wearing of which he postpones, for Bassiano bids him for a time

"Put on your boldest suit of mirth."—*Ib.* 210.

5. *Humility* is another garment, which Coriolanus tried to put on, but could not wear. Brutus, one of the tribunes of the people, thus describes the attempt:

"I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility."
—*Coriolanus*, ii. 1 (247).

So —

"With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds."—*Ib.* ii. 2 (161).

Doubtless the garment which Coriolanus wore was a gown of humility, such as suitors for civic honors wore; but he really wore a garment of pride and arrogance. Henry IV. was more politic:

"I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."
—*Henry IV.* iii. 2 (50).

6. *Virtue* may be worn by vice as a garment. The counsel which Luciana gives to Antipholus of Syracuse — thinking she is addressing Antipholus of Ephesus — is full of imagery derived from this clothes philosophy:

"Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

. . . . . .

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

. . . . . .

Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve."
—*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2 (1–28).

Hamlet preaches the same philosophy to his mother:

"Assume [put on] a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,—
Of habits devil,—yet angel is in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on."—*Hamlet*, iii. 4 (160).

So Imogen, smarting under her husband's false accusation, thinks that suspicion may not taint the holiest.

"All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, nor born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies."—*Cymbeline* iii. 4 (56).

And *Abhorson's* "Mystery" expresses itself in the Delphic utterance:

"Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 2 (50).

"Which thing is an allegory," and its solution is to be found in Bacon's philosophy of behavior.

7. *Content* can also be worn as a garment by the discontented. Cassio, if restoration is impossible, resolves to submit to his fate:

"So shall I clothe myself in a forced content."—*Oth.* iii. 4 (120.)

8. *Sanctity* is a robe which vileness may put on.

"Oh! 'tis in the cunning livery of hell
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards."—*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1 (94).

"Shew me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest;
Herself's a bawd."—*Timon of Athens*, iv. 3 (112).

9. *Love* has a large wardrobe of different garments; it is—

"Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms, . . .
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us," etc.—*L. L. L.* v. 2 (772).

10. *Strangeness*, or behaving like a stranger, instead of a friend, is the garment which Achiles wore, and of which Agamemnon makes bitter complaint:

"Worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on."
—*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3 (134).

And this brings before us another Baconian metaphor, full of deep Platonic philosophy. As a garment may be imitated, so that the wearer, when he looks in *the glass*, sees the same costume which he has observed elsewhere, so, *per contra*, the man who wears a fantastic garment may be taught how fantastic it is by seeing it, as in a glass, when it is worn by another.

"Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride."—*Ib.* iii. 3 (47).

And the subtle advice of "sly Ulysses" is that by this glass Achilles should be rebuked for his strangeness:

> "Please it our general to pass strangely by him
> As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
> Lay negligent and loose regard upon him."
> —*Ib.* iii. 3 (39).

And the compliance with this suggestion is thus conveyed:

> "We'll execute your purpose, and put on
> A form of strangeness as we pass along."—*Ib.* 50.

The figure of a glass or mirror before which any one who is adjusting his costume stands, and the figure of putting on a certain garment of behavior, come naturally into combination. Conduct is, so our philosophic poet says, regulated very often by imitation, and the model for imitation is the glass before which the copyist dresses himself.

Thus Hamlet is spoken of as:

> "The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1 (161).

Posthumus Leonatus is described as:

> "A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
> A glass that feated them."—*Cymbeline*, i. 1 (48).

Feated being equivalent to "formed, fashioned, moulded." (Dyce.) Lady Percy speaks in the same way of her deceased lord the brave Hotspur, and gives a sort of inventory of the garments of behavior which he wore and which others put on by imitation, dressing themselves in his glass:

> "He was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
> He had no legs that practiced not his gait;
> And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
> Became the accents of the valiant;
> . . . . . .
> So that in speech, in gait,
> In diet, in affection of delight,
> In military rules, humors of blood,
> He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
> That fashioned others."—*2 Henry IV.* ii. 3 (21).

The philosophic maxim on which all this poetry is based is given in dry, scientific statement, without dramatic illustration, in Bacon's prose:

"The mind of a wise man is . . . a glass which represents the forms and images of things. . . . And this comparison of the mind of a wise man to the glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image, together with the images of others, which the eye itself, without a glass, cannot do."—*Op.* v. 55.

"It is the best wisdom in any man, in his own matters, to rest in the wisdom of a friend; for who can, by often looking in the glass, discern and judge so well of his own favor, as another with whom he converseth?"—*Life*, i. 235.

"The second way to attain experience in forms and behavior is by imitation. And to that end good choice is to be made of those with whom you converse; therefore your lordship should affect their company whom you find to be worthiest, and not partially think them most worthy whom you affect. . . . When you see infinite variety of behavior and manners of men, you may choose and imitate the best."—*Letter to Rutland, Life*, ii. 8, 10.

These maxims have evidently prompted such poetic discourse as the following:

> "Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet I see
> Thy honorable metal may be wrought
> From that it is disposed. Therefore 'tis meet
> That noble minds keep even with their likes:
> For who so wise that cannot be seduced?"
> —*Julius Cæsar*, i. 2 (311).

"It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company."—*2 Henry IV.* v. 1 (last speech but two).

The same grouping of ideas and metaphors and the same Baconian philosophy are found in the following:

> "Let not the world see fear and sad mistrust
> Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
> Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
> Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
> Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,
> That *borrow their behavior* from the great,
> Grow great by your example, and *put on*
> The dauntless spirit of resolution."—*John*, v. 1 (46).

Many other instances may be found in which behavior and dress are referred to as essential correspondents, to be discussed by use of identical phraseology. It colors the poet's language even where the philosophic axiom is kept in the background. Thus Queen Katherine says to the two Cardinals who are plotting for her divorce:

> "If you have any justice, any pity,
> If ye be anything but churchmen's habits," etc.
> —*Henry VIII.* iii. 1 (116).

Malvolio is encouraged to present himself before his lady with "a sad [grave] face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the *habit* of some sir of note."—*Twelfth Night*, iii. 4 (80).

The twin brother and sister in the same play have "one face, one voice, one habit and two persons."—*Ib.* v. 1 (223). Here the ambiguous word *habit* may refer to either dress or behavior, and doubtless is intended to include both.

And I may without further comment quote:

"If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well."—*Timon*, iv. 3 (238).

"Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit of the inward man."—*Pericles*, ii. 2 (56).

"And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth."
—*John*, i. 1 (210).

"This man, so complete, . . .
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell."—*Henry VIII.* i. 2 (122).

"O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools."—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 1 (12).

"And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed"
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, iv. 1 (226).

Bacon's conception of behavior as a garment, a loose-fitting, changeable vestment, must be kept in mind if we would understand Shakespeare's representation of Prince Hal, the wild youth who becomes the wise monarch Henry V. The psychological enigma involved in his sudden change has been a stumbling-block to many readers and to most critics. The solution is evidently to be found in this clothes philosophy. So the prince himself explains:

"Herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
But when this *loose behavior I throw off*,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes."
—*Henry IV.* i. 2 (221).

These words plainly show that in his wild days he was wearing a disguise — a strange dress, which he could put aside as soon as it had served (or *suited*) his purpose. Even "*the base contagious clouds*" carry out the same idea, — they are worn by the sun for a time like a mask, to hide his real features.

This principle may explain some very enigmatic passages in which man is referred to as created by his tailor. The germ of this fancy is to be found in the sentence already quoted from Bacon's letter to Rutland:

"A deformed body can never be so helped by tailor's art but the counterfeit will appear."—*Life*, ii. 8.

The reference to tailor's art, as fashioning the man himself, is always employed with some degree of contempt. The following is a typical specimen:

"*Kent.* You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

"*Cornwall.* Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

"*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade."—*Lear*, ii. 2 (59).

A similar use of the same figure is found in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4 (72); *All's Well*, ii. 5 (18); *Cymbeline*, iv. 2 (80).

As the fashion of behavior can be changed at pleasure, so, Bacon teaches us, can the expression of the face, which is the most significant element in behavior. Facial expression can thus be put on or off like a garment. As to the "government of the face," as Bacon terms it, he says:

"For look what an effect is produced by the countenance, and the carriage of it. Well says the poet:

'Nec vultu destrue verba tua'

[Do not contradict your words by your looks.]

"For a man may destroy and betray the face of his words by his countenance. . . . So we see Atticus, before the first interview between Cæsar and Cicero, the war still depending, carefully and seriously advised Cicero touching the composing and ordering of his countenance and gesture."—*De Augmentis*, viii. 1.

The Latin motto here quoted is twice entered into the *Promus* notes (Nos. 985 and 1026). And a similar proverb is quoted, No. 51: *Vultu læditur sæpe pietas;* showing how strong a hold this sentiment had on Bacon's mind. The following passage is suggested by the same love of thought, and may be taken as another echo of the

Nec vultu destrue verba tua. And the idea of a garment is still retained:

> "Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
> Let not our looks *put on* our purposes,
> But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
> With untired spirits and formal constancy."
> —*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1 (224).

Lady Macbeth gives the same counsel to her husband:

> "Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks:
> Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
> *Macb.* So shall I, love, and so I pray be you.
> Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
> Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
> Unsafe the while, that we
> Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
> And make our faces vizards of our hearts,
> Disguising what they are."—*Macbeth*, iii. 2 (27).
>
> "False face must hide what the false heart doth know."
> —*Ib.* i. 7 (82).

The Clarendon editor illustrates the above use of the word *apply* by the following very apt quotation from Bacon's *Essay of Ceremonies*, which is another variation of the sentiment of Shakespeare's text:

"To apply one's self to others is good, so it be with demonstration, that a man doeth it with regard and not upon facility."

Here also we may refer to the King's advice to Laertes, when he is planning Hamlet's assassination:

> "Weigh what convenience both of time and means
> May fit us to our shape:—if this should fail,
> And that *our drift look through our bad performance*,
> 'Twere better not essay'd: therefore this project
> Should have a back, or second, that might hold
> If this should blast in proof."—*Hamlet*, iv. 7 (150.)

Colonel Moore (*Bacon Journal*, vol. i. p. 192) has already called attention to the remarkable correspondence between this advice and Bacon's:

"For in every particular action a man ought so to direct and prepare his mind, and should have one intention so underlying and subordinate to another, that if he cannot obtain his wishes in the best degree, he may yet be satisfied, if he succeeds in a second or even a third."—*De Augmentis*, viii. 2, op. v. 74.

In all these cases, and countless others, we may find a philosophic, scientific and prosaic statement of the principles which are illustrated by living examples in the Shakespearean drama. Thus, comparing the art of Shakespeare with the theoretic maxims of Bacon, we find that—

> "The art and practic part of life
> Must be the mistress to this theoric."
> —*Henry V.* i. 1 (51).

Shakespeare's art is—as a mystic philosopher would aptly say—the continent and ultimate of Bacon's philosophy: here is a perfect continuity and correspondence between the two. As the natural world is created by influx from the spiritual, and is its counterpart and representative, so is the poetry of Shakespeare poured forth by influx from the creative thought of Bacon's philosophy, and gives to it a concrete presentation and a living, organized counterpart.

R. M. THEOBALD.

ANTHONY BACON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MY attention has been drawn to the fact that readers of my book, *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society*, are left with the impression that, although assured of the importance of the collection of letters to Anthony Bacon which are preserved in the library at Lambeth Palace, I have not examined them or attempted to do so. Permit me to say that this is a mistake, and I trust that if I am able to continue writing for your journal I may win the confidence of your readers to believe that I give no positive opinions upon matters which I have not made it my special business to examine and understand. But with regard to these letters (which, may I repeat, are *to* and not from Anthony Bacon), the labor of deciphering them is considerable. What with faded ink, old English writing and spelling (and some of almost miraculous badness), what with the mixture of languages, the large element of cipher writing, with whole sheets of figures or of words interspersed with figures, many of these letters are exceedingly difficult to make out, and, although I have spent many days over them, with increasing interest, and sometimes with the help of an amanuensis, yet illness overtook me and stopped my work before I had made much impression upon those sixteen folio volumes. Health permitting, I hope to recommence the examination in the autumn; but meanwhile I

am persuaded that this is not a work to be accomplished by any one individual, however persevering and enthusiastic; rather it is a matter worthy of a congregation of experts, or for the Government Historical Commission. But further, it is difficult to believe that many or most of these letters have not been deciphered, and if so it seems now I have to do the work over again. It is plain that their existence was known to Bacon's greatest biographer, James Spedding, and to Hepworth Dixon, for these authors allude to them and must have seen them. Why, then, did they not plainly tell us of the great importance and significance of the collection *as a whole?*

The only answer which I am as yet able to offer is the same that I have given elsewhere in solution of other difficulties, which are perpetualy stumbled upon in the study of Francis Bacon's life and aims. These letters show Francis Bacon in a totally new and hitherto unacknowledged character, as the secret motive power of a "Universal Reformation of the Whole Wide World." I must not stop to repeat, or to add fresh details to remarks already printed, but may confirm opinions expressed elsewhere, that Bacon was trying to draw in his ark or ship all the remnants of knowledge saved in the deluge of the former ages. He was trying to draw together opposed parties in church and state, to make men see the best side of each other, disregarding mere differences of opinion so long as in the main they were good men and true, willing to work for the love of God and His creatures. Hence it is that these letters show the brothers Anthony and Francis on intimate terms, on the one hand, with the Roman Catholic brotherhoods, the Servites, the Jesuits, and others, whose opinions, as one letter declares, "were *odious to them*;" on the other hand, equally intimate with, and attached to the excellent divines of the Puritan section of the church, who, although erring in their extremes of hatred to papistry, were yet modest in their opinions, and devoted in their efforts to disseminate the Bible and to preach the truth.

It has been asked, "How do you know that Bacon's biographers, being acquainted with these letters, yet *intentionally* held their peace concerning them?" I will reply by giving examples:

Nicholas Faunt is a voluminous correspondent of Anthony Bacon. His letters are very finely and closely written on large square sheets crammed with interesting matter, chiefly regarding church and state. In Spedding's *Life of Bacon* (seven volumes 8vo), Faunt (or Fant) is mentioned, and a footnote informs us that he

was one of Walsingham's secretaries and an intimate friend and correspondent of Anthony Bacon's; that he traveled into Germany and spent six or seven months between Geneva and the north of Italy, returning by Paris and London, the journey having occupied fifteen months.

The purpose of Faunt's travels is not stated, but the biographer adds that Faunt sympathized strongly with the Puritan party in religion, was a diligent observer of public affairs, and an able "intelligencer." The first of Spedding's quotations from Faunt's letters contains an unfavorable report of a Mr. Doyly, which Faunt discredits. This is in May, 1583. Next there is an allusion to Faunt in connection with the authenticity of "Notes on the Present State of Christendom," which Bacon seems to have fortified with Faunt's information. The date here is 1582. "It may be worth while," says Spedding, "to add that if I can trust my recollection of Nicholas Faunt's letters in the Lambeth Library, where some years ago I read a great number of them, the insertions are all in his hand." (*Letters and Life*, i. 18.)

Again, in a letter dated May, 1583, Spedding tells us, on the authority of these letters, that Faunt called on Francis Bacon in Gray's Inn, and was refused admittance, whereat he appears to have been chagrined. Lastly, we read that in February, 1593, Faunt was a bearer of a letter from Lady Anne Bacon to Anthony. This is all the mention made of Faunt during ten years, and no one reading the voluminous *Letters and Life of Bacon* would guess that this secretary of Walsingham was a man of any particular use or importance to the Bacons. But a perusal of "a great number" of Faunt's letters tells a different tale. Amongst other notable personages, we find him in correspondence with Theodore Beza, one of the great pillars of Puritanism, and who, twenty years earlier, had, with Peter the Martyr, taken an energetic and efficient part against the Pope, in the congresses or colloquies held subsequently to the Council of Trent. It was Beza whom the Queen mother, the wicked Catherine de Medicis, called up at the congress at Poissy in 1561, to begin the discussion on the anti-papal side. "He spake with such heat," says the translator of the *History of the Council of Trent*, 1640 (pp. 451–454), "that he gave but ill satisfaction to those of his own party," and was not allowed to conclude. However, he escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, and was still

working counter to the Pope and the Inquisition when Anthony Bacon corresponded with him in 1582.

I think it almost impossible that any biographer seeking information concerning the lives, aims and occupations of the brothers Anthony and Francis, or who has studied this collection of letters sufficiently to be capable of extracting from it scraps of information *not connected* with the reformation and the counter-reformation of the church, should have been blind to the tenor of passages which are generally ignored in this correspondence between Nicholas Faunt and Anthony Bacon.

But the case of Anthony Standen is still more remarkable. Here are about sixty letters written by this gentleman to Anthony Bacon from Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and sometimes from London. I think that he may have been one of the four traveling correspondents who, according to the Rosicrucian rules, were to be kept as paid servants. However this may be, he travels "under a cloud," and writes under at least three different names. Sometimes he is Anthony Standen, but in Spain he is *Andrew Sandal;* in France, "La Faye." The printed catalogue of MSS. at Lambeth, when mentioning the "Petition of Andrew Sandal," notes that it is the assumed name of "Mr. Standen, prisoner at Bourdeaux." But *a previous letter* in the collection, signed A. Sandal, and without date or address, omits this hint, although this is the first letter in the collection. The catalogue also withholds the information that "La Faye" is also Standen. Internal evidence and an acquaintance with his handwriting might lead to this conclusion, but we find it stated as a fact in Dr. Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth:* "Standen wrote under the name of La Faye." (i. 70.)

Clearly, there is no ardent desire in any quarter to draw the attention of students to these MSS. and to the information which they afford that Anthony Bacon, in constant and close communication with his brother Francis, was busy in his behalf, drawing into his net, and, I think, initiating into his society, with stringent vows of secrecy, the good, the clever, the learned, and the power of every civilized country. Anthony is almost always assumed to have been a political agent for Essex, but the letters in this correspondence which show him in connection with Essex are as drops in the ocean.

Anthony Standen is described as a "Jesuit." Certainly he was an anti-papal Catholic and represented the "High Church," in

contradistinction to Faunt, the "Low Church" element in the religious world. But in fundamental matters of faith they were in accord — working for all that is best in church or state, and as such they were apparently equally dear to and valued by the brothers.

There are certain characteristics of the Rosicrucian and Freemason books which pervade the letters, the collection of letters and other documents, so far as I have been able to examine them.

1. The water-marks in the paper correspond with those of Bacon and his assistants, as drawn in *Francis Bacon and His Secret Society*. Pre-eminent is the jug, pot, or pitcher, with pearls, rays and sacred letters and symbols, such as prevail in early editions of all Bacon's works.

2. The peculiar intricate knots and flourishes of Rosicrucian or Freemason signatures (sometimes interspersed with the sacred monograms or symbolic letters) are here seen with much variety.

3. The parabolic language of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons pervades these letters, which speak freely of merchants, frigates, ships, armies, navies, fleets, of the mines of India, of lead, silver, gold, treasure, of poisons and remedies, etc., when it is palpable to the dullest mind that no such thing can be really in question.

4. The Rosicrucian or Freemason rule of change of name is observed. "Walter Spurway," the English *merchant*, becomes, a few lines farther on, "Vuater Spurnaye," and yet a few lines farther, "Vuardez." Subsequently, in a letter where he writes in French and signs himself "La Faye," Vuardez turns to "Vuardes." Another letter from him (with some large dots arranged as for cipher) ends thus: "Your loving friend to my power, Andrew Sandal." The letter begins thus: "Mr. Bringbourne, if you be the man *whom they call in Fontarabie Brybron*. I do desire to see you." The "loving" termination shows that the writer knew well that this was the case.

I append a translation of one of Standen's letters to Anthony Bacon, June 14, 1592, written in French, and signed La Faye — docketed "À Monsieur Geram" (Gorhambury).

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

TRANSLATION.

MONSIEUR,— By a merchant from London named Bostoc, I wrote to you April 15th from Paris, since when nothing of importance has occurred, excepting the departure of the King of Spain from Madrid to begin his voyage ——— from Arragon on the 4th of this month. In his company are the Prince and the Infanta, his daughter, whose marriage with the Emperor I cannot at present tell you of.

[1] *This year you will have no army at sea, but for next year I do not know what to tell you. He who wrote to me by Bullart when I was with you, has taken the resolution, on account of the report which I made of your kindness and sincerity,— but also principally by the affection which he bears to that which is most dear to him in all the world,— to abandon all that he possesses here, and to go and see Monsieur, your uncle, to tell him those things which he cannot write, and upon this, without further ceremony, he will throw himself into your arms; it may be three months before he arrives. He will in no way heed the great peril which must surely fall on his head in trying to obviate the so many disasters which menace you. You will be pleased to take him under your protection, and to let him hear from MONSIEUR; above all let him be well treated, as somewhat of consequence. Believe me and my strongest assurance that there is nothing slippery or underhand about him, and whatsoever he may say by word of mouth, it is his meaning, pure and simple.*

Only there is this word to say, that the opinions which he holds are odious to you, and these, I assure you, death itself will not make him renounce; he wishes to enjoy them without offense or public scandal. And it please the good God that your Head may be satisfied with thus much, that is to say, with heart, body, and goods, leaving the soul to him who created it; this would be the true way to get both the cat and his skin, and the antidote to foreign plots, whether Scotch, French, Irish, or Spanish.

Perhaps in coming to you he might fall in with your fleet of ships, whereupon I wish to touch in order to warn you, and to beg he may receive no injury from those who do not know him. For good reasons he must change his name until he presents himself before you. Receive him freely and give him hearty welcome, for besides that he well deserves it, he highly honors MONSIEUR, and all that depends upon him.

I have not yet paid Bullart, being very short of money here, for, as you know, the expense at the first outset *of keeping this fire alight is very great.* That is why I have none nor can get any in this place. You would do me great service if you would as soon as possible send me 200 crowns and also your letters to *an English merchant* named Walter Spurway, who comes to St. Jean de Luz, putting outside La Faye and no more. This Spurway is from the west

[1] From this point the margin is strongly marked with a double line drawn to the first full, and with a single line drawn against the rest, which we print in italics.

country, and not far from London. He is the only one of your nation whom I will trust. To him I will say that, such letters and monies coming into his hands, he will let me know of it. I entreat you let me know of your news; I am most anxious for them; the obligations for all that I owe you, and from which I neither can nor wish to free myself, having caused me to dedicate to you my service and my whole life.

Bullart has written to me, but not at all urgently, for his money, and says that he has sent you a packet of mine, of Jan. 24th, and offers to bring me the answer; which, if you will recommend him by word of letter to do, he assured me that he will do so, and anything that comes for La Faye he will forward to me. He writes that Warden has absented himself on account of debts of which I was not aware. I have written to Bullart that at the first convenient opportunity I will not fail to return him the ninety-seven crowns which I owe him, having already sent him forty-three. This must be done by other means than from this place, where there is no hope at all. If possible, I should wish that it may be done by your means, and that you may write to him that the money comes to him from a brother of mine. Within the packet which I sent you by Bostoc was an Alphabet, having lost the other coming from thence; he is to send it to Saint Jean de Luz, to the said Vuater Spurnaye, an English merchant, who usually lives there. He owes me some obligation for the good turn which I did him about the *Lead*,[1] which was taken from him. He is a manageable man, intelligent, and not conceited like most of the rest. As to letters coming from Bourdeaux, and no farther, I would always trust that man, and advise you to do the same with this said Vuardez.

In my other letter, I wrote to you that *the treasure of the Indies* had not yet arrived, which was then true, but since then, *the three frigates* have all come in, bringing for the king eight millions, as to particulars, *three, for the most part in wedges of gold, and as to silver, it remains at LaVare until another trip, when they will go to fetch it, which will be at a time when it is least thought of. As to the arrival of these frigates, we looked on each with admiration, and believe that if there are poisons there are remedies.*[2] . . . D'Aeres[3] is gone to Rome, where he has received his pension of eighty crowns per month, and Mompesac has returned to Guyenne with silver and other hopes. Behold if I have not kept my promise to you. I had thought only to assure you of my safety.

I pray God, sir, that he may have you in this holy keeping.

Your very humble servant,

LA FAYE.

Written this 14th of July, 1592.

In writing, say not *where*, but only to La Faye.

[1] *Plomb.*

[2] Here follows some general news about the marriage of the Infanta and the Grand Treasurer, who has been heavily fined to be let out of prison.

[3] Between the *e* and *s* a stroke above ending in note of interrogation.

Correspondence.

"The Sugared Sonnets."

Editor of Baconiana:

In an article entitled "The Sugared Sonnets," the writer (page 25) remarks more particularly on the 76th sonnet; assuming that the author of that sonnet, among others, intends the reader to understand that the said author's name is divulged (openly or by anagram) therein.

The quotation referred to, with context, runs thus:

> "Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> And keep invention in a noted weed,
> That *every word doth almost tell my name?*"

He implies that the sameness proves identity, by repetition; so *name* here merely stands for the pronouns I, me, mine, myself; and that personage is "Will." See sonnets 134-6, 143.

The writer objects, very properly, to William Herbert, an Earl, as "Mr. W. H.," but does not appear to know of Lord Southampton's better claims. This nobleman was attainted of high treason and *lost* his title for about three years. During that period he was plain Mr. Henry Wriothesley, and his initials read backwards suit "W. H." Reference to Lord Southampton's imprisonmont in the Tower of London will be found in sonnet 107: "Forfeit to a *confined* doom" for life! Then the words: "The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured," refer to the death of Queen Elizabeth, and consequent release of the Earl, who received a fresh title from James I. See *Antony and Cleopatra:*

> "Alack, our terrene moon is now eclipsed."

Terrene — mortal.

Reference is also made to the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599; it was certainly a piracy, and no "beneficiary" to Shakspere.

Yours respectfully, A. HALL.

13 Paternoster Row, London, June 21, 1892.

Editor of Baconiana:

Mr. Stotsenburg's article on the sonnets is candid and fair. But does he really doubt that Bacon wrote them? And if he did, what can any one find incompatible with the theory that they were addressed to Essex and his bride, A. D. 1590?

Mr. Stotsenburg says there is no proof that Bacon ever loved any woman but Lady Hatton, to whom he proposed and was rejected.

At the age of 27 Bacon drafted an important state paper for the Queen's principal secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, whose only child was the young wife and widow of Sir Philip Sidney. She was doubtless accomplished and charming, if not beautiful. And is it not highly probable that Bacon was one of her admirers, aye, even one of her lovers? And if he wrote the sonnets in 1590, does he not represent himself as such? He describes her playing on the harpsichord, envies the keys that "nimbly leap to kiss her hand," and says.

"Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."

The other objection of Mr. Stotsenburg is more plausible, to-wit, that in the sonnets the writer calls himself "Will," and that there is no evidence that Bacon was ever so called. Dating the composition as early as 1590, it does seem a little uncertain whether at that time Bacon had begun to assume the mask of Shakespeare. It is possible that he did, for there must have been several of his plays performed on the stage as early as 1590. But at all events the mystery in regard to the name "Will" remains, whatever hypothesis is assumed in regard to the composition of the sonnets. And who knows that Bacon, as early as 1590, did not attempt to disguise his poetical compositions by calling himself "Will"?

W. H. BURR.

Mistress Mary Sayre.

Editor of Baconiana:

Thank you for the sample copy of BACONIANA, which, if it keeps to the wise and temperate policy you have inaugurated, will be some day a great power. I inclose a subscription for the ensuing year.

Can any of your readers, that marvelous Baconian scholar Mrs. Pott, for instance, tell us anything of a certain Mistress Mary Sayer or Sayre, who married a man named John Pretyman, and who, I believe, was a kinswoman of the Bacons. If you can get any information it may be of use in this investigation, and will be appreciated by, Yours very truly, SAM. CABOT.

Boston, July 18, 1892.

Idol Worship.

Editor of Baconiana:

Although a believer in the cipher, that is that a cipher story is involved in the Shakespeare plays, as every fair-minded person must admit after a careful study of Donnelly's book, I don't think it follows

that Bacon is the author of the plays, even if he claimed so. Read his letters, and you will admit Macaulay's estimate of him is just. He not only had one man tortured, but he advised the torture of another, one Peacock. And his time-serving is amply displayed in his letters to James and that snob Buckingham. Is there no danger lest some of us become as insane idolators of Bacon as others are of Shakspere? We give him too much credit. He was a great student of books, and some of his best ideas are taken direct from old Roger Bacon. It is amazing, as well as amusing, to note how some would give Bacon credit as having been almost the founder of the English language. Most of the peculiar words Donnelly and Mrs. Pott assign to Bacon's invention, or at least credit him as their introducer, were in common use a hundred and fifty years before Bacon was born. Take the "Pasten letters," Bohn's edition, vol. i., and read only from page 15 to page 30, and you shall find many of those words Mrs. Pott gives us in her article in BACONIANA Our English language was as rich in words when these letters were written (A. D. 1420-60), and long before, as it is to-day. Or take the old Bibles and Testaments, and see what a wondrous variety of words were in common use. I might include our "Book of Common Prayer," but some would insinuate Bacon had a hand in that perhaps! That book is a treasury of the finest words and grandest expressions in our language—the grandest speech ever developed on this planet.

By the way, I am satisfied there is also a cipher involved in *Every Man in his Humor*. Some old edition may have the key. I began to search for it merely as a joke—"went to laugh and stayed to pray." The prologue has the title of the play and York and Lancaster, etc., in it. Many of the Shakespeare and other plays are named in the comedy—*All's Well, Measure for Measure, Othello, Hamlet, Cæsar, Tempest, Comedy of Errors, Jew of Venice,* or *Merchant,* and others. The naming of Othello is very suspicious. Marlowe, Green, and others, Shake-spir, William, Francis Bacon are named—the latter in a very forced way. It is worth looking up.

Respectfully yours,

Oregon, Mo. CLARKE IRVINE.

"What We Do Not Know About Shakespeare."

Editor Baconiana:

In *Poet Lore* for January, '92, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, in a note relative to Roger Bacon and Mr. William D. O'Connor, says. "The

most absurd and presumptuous volume known to literature—namely, Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram,"* etc. Mrs. Dall, a few years ago, published a 12mo book, entitled, *What we Really Know about Shakespeare*, which is characterized by certain grave errors, mistakes, assumptions, etc., to such an extent that I once heard a Shakespearean scholar criticise it in public, concluding his remarks in words to this effect: That these unfortunate errors might lead one to suggest that its title should be changed to "What we really do not know about Shakespeare."

In *Poet Lore* for April "W. H." is affirmed to be Mr. Wm. Harvey, the widower of Southampton's mother.

But these items, with others to be found there, may be familiar to you; even so, no harm is done in calling attention to them.

G. E. O.

A Query for Mr. Appleton Morgan.

Editor of Baconiana:

In *Shakespeariana*, a quarterly published in this city, Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, says, in a letter printed on page 82 of the July (1891) issue, that he does not wish to be considered a Baconian authority, and that, while he believes that all the facts stated in his *The Shakespearean Myth* (which he printed ten years ago) are correct, he will not disbelieve in Shakespeare, because he has found an explanation for those facts, which (I presume) permits him to still believe in Shakespeare.

Mr. Morgan's *Shakespearean Myth* appeared in 1880. There was a second edition in 1885. In 1887 a third edition appeared, in which there is an entirely new page — page 128. This is devoted to a Dr. Heylin, who, in 1637, wrote out a list of literary people in London, and made some general remarks about English literature The insertion of this page in 1888 (Mr. Morgan was elected president of the Shakespeare Society in 1885) shows that three years after he had "renounced" Baconianism he was still investigating the subject. Now, I wish BACONIANA would ask Mr. Morgan — with the explanation he has found — to come forward and kindly explain away that page 128. He may (and I understand does) claim that he has discovered "better reasons" for the facts in his *Myth* which (according to him, when he quoted them) could only be explained in one possible way. But I would like to ask Mr. Morgan to explain the fact that in 1637 a man who knows all

about Gower, Lydgate, Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton and Ben Jonson (who was a friend of his, by the way) never even heard of Shakespeare! Remember that in 1632, five years before the second folio of Shakespeare had been printed, some of the single plays, *Othello* and *Richard III.* and others, were still being separately published; that the poems appeared every year or two, and that in that very year *Romeo and Juliet* was brought out in a fifth quarto! All in London, where Heylin, an M. D., or a D. D., lived and died.

Let us pin Mr. Morgan down to explain away Dr. Heylin, the writer of books, the friend of Ben Jonson, who never heard of Shakespeare! Yours very respectfully, THOMAS F. JORDAN.

New York, July, 1892.

Riddles, Enigmas and Acrostics.

Editor of Baconiana:

I read the first number of BACONIANA and must say that I was more than pleased with the same. I think you should have made it a monthly instead of a quarterly, as you will have plenty of material to work on. When you come to examine the works of Bacon and Shakespeare closely, you will find that they are full of riddles, enigmas, acrostics, etc., which have never been explained. I will here give you a few examples, which may interest your readers:

> "**B**egun to tell me what I am; but stopped
> **A**nd left me to a bootless inquisition,
> **C**oncluding, 'Stay not yet.'"
>
> —*Tempest*, i. 2.

> "Then sigh not so,
> **B**ut let them go,
> **A**nd be you blithe and bonny;
> **C**onverting all your sounds of woe
> Into Hey nonny, nonny."
>
> —*Much Ado*, ii. 3.

Here we have Bacon, as it says in *Love's Labor Lost*, without a crack or flaw, and so you will find in many more places Bacon's and other names worked in. Work out the riddles of Shakespeare and you have the whole cipher mystery in a nutshell.

I wish also to submit a discovery I made some time ago in the frontispiece of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. In one of the pictures is a garden scene, and around the margins of the flower beds you will find "William," "Shake," etc., etc. Examine the print with a good microscope.

Another discovery I made some ten years ago by the merest accident, but had almost forgotten it, until the other day, while reading some of the Shakespeare plays, I found some reference to the same — that is either to this picture or some other pictures made in Bacon's time, as I don't know at this moment in what year this edition was made. In the "World Edition," 1876, there is a portrait of "Shakespeare" taken from an old painting "in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham." Now, examine this portrait with a microscope if you want to see ciphers till you can't rest. I think all the old pictures are full of ciphers. See "*Romeo and Juliet*," i. 3. "Read over the volume of young Paris' face, examine every married lineament, find what is written in the margent of his eyes," etc.

ELI GOOD.

St. Joseph, Mo., July, 1892.

Bacon's Style.

Editor of Baconiana:

I have been told, much to my surprise, that the paper on "Francis Bacon's Style," which was honored by being made to lead the dance in the first number of this magazine, was "too short and not sufficiently in detail." I feared that it was too long, and made up of details which would be considered dry to most readers. Thus encouraged, however, I return to the charge, and will try, as swiftly as possible, to pick up dropped stitches. "Give us some idea of the sort of difference you have found between the Shakespearean concordance and some chapter or portion of Bacon's works."

Well, I counted and arranged the words in his *Essay of Prometheus*, and found nearly nine hundred *different* words, of which only fourteen are absent from the concordance. They are these: Allegory, clandestine, collisions, efficacy, Euclid, fluctuate, harangue, irrational, precipitantly, strenuous, subtilized, temerity, trite, bull-rush.

The last word, and the only Saxon one in the list, is in a quotation from the Bible. Again, to take a larger instance, the *History of Henry VII.*, consisting of thirty-eight pages, octavo, contains about 76,000 words, of which (omitting some proper names and purely foreign words) all but 101 are in *Shakespeare*. But, again, of these 101 words, sixty-four are in *Shakespeare*, under slightly modified forms, thus:

BACON. — Ingenerate, illegitimation, inheritress, incongruity.

SHAKESPEARE. — Ingener, legitimation, inheritrix, congruing, congruent.

Of this class, many appear to be coined, or modified in true Baconian fashion. Of the remaining thirty-four words, *not found in Shakespeare*, eleven are legal or technical terms; they are: Advowtry, chievances, habilitate, inchoations, minatory, mortpays, nonclaim, paramount, preamble, stellionate, tallages.

There is also one architectural term, a *half-pace*, not in *Shakespeare*, and three provincial or Saxon expressions of the nature of the "sturdy country words" which the poet is said to introduce with so much effect. These are *land-loper*, *scum* and *shoar;* but scum is used four times in the plays, and "lubber" for "loper" is five times repeated.

Of our 76,000 words there remain twenty-three for which we have found no congeners in the plays, but which appear to have been formed on a similar plan to those used by *Shakespeare* in a strictly classical signification, or modified, if not coined, to express nice shades of meaning. These are the words in excess: Accelerate, apposite, blandishment, churm, denizens, deprecatory, dormant, drapery, emissary, epidemic, evangelist, evangile, flit, infausting, ingratiate, laic, livid, lucid, obnoxious, offertory, postilled, subterfuge, sycophant.

Upwards of a hundred passages, whole essays, letters, chapters of treatises, verses, devices, etc., by Bacon have been thus examined, and the vocabulary compared with *Shakespeare*, in all cases with similar results.

Another method of analysis has also been tried by means of Cowden-Clark's *Shakespeare Key*. This work was published only a few years ago for the purpose of "unlocking the treasures of his style, elucidating the peculiarties of his construction and displaying the beauties of his expression."

In the preface to this key, the editor says: "Never was author who combined so many different words in his single writings, and not only so many different words, but so many varied forms and uses of words, as Shakespeare; never was author who comprised so many different phrases and sentences with varied constructional forms of phrases and sentences, as Shakespeare: therefore it is that a ready means for inspecting these must needs be an advantage to students of the English language."

The table of contents to the *Shakespeare Key* embraces ninety-four headings, of which sixty-two concern the drama, rules of the stage, beauties of the plays, and other matters not immediately bearing upon our subject. Exclusive of these, there remain fifty-three headings chiefly concerning points of style. Almost every detail of the so-called Shakespearianisms, or "characteristic peculiarities of Shakespeare's style," can be, *have been* shown paralled with similar peculiarities from the authentic writings of Bacon. No fewer than thirty-two points referred to in the "*Key*" are illustrated from the short *History of Henry VII.* alone.

If this subject should continue, as I hope it may, to interest students, I shall hope to submit to you some of the comparisons which I have collected. A great deal depends upon making firm our foundations, and at the base of all style are the words, "images of thoughts," which tell us so much of him who uses them.

Now the words used by Bacon may conveniently be divided into six classes: (1) Anglo-Saxon, or old English words in use before his time. (2) Classical words long current in England. (3) Classical words known chiefly by the philosopher or pedagogue, and perhaps not used by them as English words. (4) Words introduced from abroad earlier than Bacon's time. (5) Foreign words introduced and adapted by him. (6) Words actually coined by him.

To conclude with a few remarks about class 1: In *Marsh's Manual* a table is drawn up for the purpose of showing that the greatest English authors have used more Anglo-Saxon words than any other in their writings. According to this table *Shakespeare* averages 85 per cent. of Anglo-Saxon to 15 of other words.

On examining a number of essays and passages from the *New Atlantis* and the *History of Henry VII.*, the following is the result, which, allowing for possible errors, is, I believe, still a fair presentation of the state of the case with regard to Bacon's use of Anglo-Saxon words:

Essay of Truth, Anglo-Saxon words..... 85 per cent.
Essay of Great Place, Anglo-Saxon words .. 83 per cent.
Essay of Travel, Anglo-Saxon words..... 87 per cent.
Essay of Friendship, Anglo-Saxon words.... 85 per cent.
Essay of Death, Anglo-Saxon words..... 87 per cent.
History of Henry VII.. Anglo-Saxon words.. 83 per cent.
New Atlantis, Anglo-Saxon words..... 85 per cent.

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

Book Reviews.

[*Any book here mentioned will be mailed by the publishers of* BACONIANA *to any address on receipt of price.*]

William Shakespeare. Translated from the French of Victor Hugo, by Prof. Melville B. Anderson, M.A. 8vo, 424 pages, $2.00.

This volume is much more than a study of Shakespeare. All history, all theology, and all philosophy are grasped and handled with titanic force; Shakespeare furnishing the text, or the pretext, for magnificent speculation. Why has this great work of Hugo's never before been Anglicized?

Essays by Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, Baron Verulam. Edited, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction and New Notes, by Prof. Melville B. Anderson. 16mo, gilt top, $1.00.

The painstaking and conscientious efforts of the editor of this new edition of Bacon's Essays, together with its elegance of form, should win for it wide appreciation and popularity.

The Columbus of Literature; or, Bacon's New World of Sciences. By W. F. C. Wigston. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. 8vo, 217 pp. Cloth extra, $2.00.

Mr. Wigston holds that "the true direction to search for authorship of the plays is in Lord Bacon's works in conjunction with the plays. The idea that Bacon (if he wrote these plays) planned nothing in connection with them of a key nature or as explanatory of his rightful claim as author is absurd. If these plays are not bound up with the entire 'Instauration,' it is useless to imagine a cipher exists alone in the 1623 folio. The greatest and most conclusive proof of Bacon's authorship of these plays is to find collusions, parallels and cipher congruities between them and his prose or acknowledged works." A very large part of this volume is given to setting forth these "collusions," etc. And it must be confessed there is an astonishing array of them, even after rejecting many which may be obvious to the author, but seem rather blind to one who has given the matter less study. He says, frankly, that he sees no particular object in merely "changing the name" of the author of the plays, and says his purpose is "to suggest in a humble way that the folio (of 1623) plays are symbolical and examples of Bacon's inductive system, to which they are wedded by means of every sort of syllogism, analogy and parallel, joined to a great system of cipher." It is probably this theory that the plays make a part of Bacon's work—regarding his various writings as a whole

together—a part without which all his work is incomplete, but with which the proportions and purpose of the whole may be more or less dimly seen—it is this view that Mr. Wigston would probably claim as peculiarly his own; but if any reader feels any interest in the controversy at all, his whole work is interesting. Mr. Wigston does not consider the question why, if Bacon wrote the plays and purposely introduced collusion, parallel and cipher in order that, sooner or later, they should disclose his authorship, he did not so plan them that, though concealed from his own generation, there could be no possible mistake or dispute about the meaning when the attention of posterity should be called to the theory that there was some revelation to be made. But if he were asked this question, he might doubtless reply that the same kind of question has been asked about the revelation of the Scriptures, and, as the church holds, triumphantly answered; and that if omniscience is defensible for making an imperfect and unconvincing revelation, then, *a fortiori*, a finite man, even though a Bacon, is not to be condemned for failing to do better.

Aside, however, from all question of merit in the claim itself, Mr. Wigston's book is remarkable for its evidence of extraordinary patience and industry, and, perhaps, even more for the evidence of a profound and enthusiastic conviction in the author's mind that he is on the track of the truth which permeates every page. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth. By E. Colbert, M.A. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 12mo, 409 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

The Mortal Moon; or, Bacon and His Masks. The Defoe Period Unmasked. By J. E. Roe. New York: Burr Printing House. 12mo, 605 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

The Lost Manuscript. A novel. By Gustav Freytag. Authorized translation from the sixteenth German edition. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 12mo, 953 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

The Shakespearean Myth. William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan. Third edition. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo, 342 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

The First Edition of Shakespeare. The Works of William Shakespeare, in reduced fac-simile from the famous first folio edition of 1623, with an introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Crown 8vo, 926 pp. Cloth, $2.50.