BACONIANA

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BACONIANA.

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FRANCIS BACON:
FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

[A PAPER WRITTEN FOR THE BACONIAN CONFERENCE, MARCH 13TH, 1893.]

WHATEVER may be the ultimate result of our researches into the mysteries connected with Francis Bacon and his followers, with the Rosicrucian Society and its lower developments in the Freemasonry of modern times, we may be quite sure that the full truth will only be reached, and the difficulties unravelled, by the method of history, and the collocation of facts.

Link by link, the long and complex chain connecting important families and individuals, prominent in the time of Bacon, must be followed up; pedigrees must be searched, family records, and unpublished papers ransacked, to glean those scattered ears which should form the complete sheaf. We must not be content with a mere acquaintance with NAMES, but we must thoroughly investigate the circumstances, the character, and the claims to fame or honour possessed by each great "author" or scientist with whom we meet. We must trouble ourselves to learn who were, really and truly, the originators of our great Institutions: scientific, literary, philanthropic, social, religious; what, the true "Renaissance," who, the true Rivalists?

The business (in a case where, apparently, every possible obstacle is cast in our way) must be a long one, and all the more must we ring a bell to call for help. Everyone can do something in the matter, and as the interest of the work increases as we advance, it is heartily to

be recommended to the young and ardent, whose lives, powers, and wills lie before them.

It cannot be too strongly enforced upon the attention of novices in this study, that the times in which Bacon was born and flourished, were "dark and dangerous," and, according to his emphatic and uncontradicted assertion, "*deficient*" in everything which helps to produce that wonderful thing called Literature. The deficiencies which began in a positive lack of words, images of thoughts, extended to every department of knowledge, so that the "plentiful lack of wit," which Hamlet found in the average old man of his time, is easily to be accounted for.

Now, that there was any utter deficiency of *learning tending to advancement*, was a verdict delivered by Bacon, and one which, like his other verdicts, was never appealed against. The matter has been entered into at some length in another place, so precious space need not here be devoted to it. But I am anxious to draw attention to Bacon's great observation, more than once repeated, and likewise unchallenged, even to the present hour, that *in every case where he discovered such deficiencies he endeavoured to supply them.*

In what manner he supplied them, he does not say; he seldom spoke much, or clearly about his own performances, and his suggestive words—"*mihi silentis*" (of myself I am silent)—leave wide scope for the imagination. Probably (so I think) he planned the whole, and did the contemplative, reasoning, and imaginative part of the work; for thought is swift, and his was also sure, being accompanied by an absolutely clear judgment, and the power of readily expressing himself in the most homely, or in the most ornate language. This faculty is repeatedly commented on with admiration, by his contemporaries and coadjutors. "It seemed," says his secretary and chaplain, Dr. Rawley, "as if it had been natural to him to have good forms." "If his style were polite it was because he could do no otherwise."

Yet who acknowledge Francis Bacon as the *one great mind*, to whom modern civilisation owes nearly all that distinguishes it from the coarseness and ignorance of the 15th century? You will find that those who have not studied these things, find it easier to "suppose" Bacon wrong—easier to "suppose" that learning was "in the air," that, somehow, men, the most unlike in character, mind, education,

position in life, should have been able each to copy from the other (assuming that all had access to the same books, and that the same particulars down to minute points of grammar and style attracted all alike), easier to rely upon the names on title-pages, than to suppose that one author, with any amount of mechanical aid, could have devised all that we claim for him.

And with much reason it is sometimes said, that if Bacon had so written, the fact would be known ; yet, adds the Opposition, *it is not known*. This latter statement, I must be allowed to say, is an assumption based upon no solid foundation of proof or evidence. On the contrary it appears—and most clearly when we examine into the histories of paper-making, printing, publishing, and many kindred matters—that these things *are* known, and that to preserve secret, whilst they keep green, the NAME and MEMORY of FRANCIS BACON, is one of the aims of those who guard the secrets of the Rosicrucian-Freemasons or *Baconians* as they are sometimes termed in Germany.

Probably there are men, who by their rank in literature or science, are informed of the "Baconian Secrets," or of such portions of them as effect their own work in the world. For example, the heads or managers of the University Printing Presses, and of the Queen's Printing Houses, some few of the many librarians at our more important libraries, the heads of the great colleges of medicine and surgery, and of certain other institutions, literary, historical, and scientific, not only in this country but abroad, and pre-eminently in Germany. I should expect to find (and think that I have found) such men to be furnished with the information we seek, and which—were they not prohibited by pledges of secrecy—they would willingly communicate.

It might provoke controversy, were I to detail my own experiences, but I say to those who will follow me in these researches—never relax your efforts, merely because you become conscious of some mysterious dead wall against which you seem continually to be coming up. Persevere, *starting always from ascertained facts, and when baulked, returning to them and starting afresh ;* you will find a way through, or over, or round that wall. And indeed it seems that we may judge pretty accurately of the amount of knowledge in matters Baconian, possessed by any man set in authority, if we appraise the

amount of help which he offers, or the amount of information which he *freely imparts*, in answer to plain and legitimate inquiries.

Speaking from experience, I have found such aid and information to be *in inverse ratio* to the means and sources of accurate knowledge at the disposal of such controlling powers as have been indicated; and since the kindness, courtesy, and ability of our librarians, are universally acknowledged, the sudden collapse of all apparent interest, the utter know-nothingness, the dense expression which passes over the countenances of those from whom the most absolute and precise information would be expected, when we state plainly the objects of our search, can be explained on no reasonable hypothesis but this, that such Baconian subjects of inquiry are matters which, for some cause, the guardians of our great literary and scientific institutions, and the heads of our great printing establishments, *are bound to keep secret.* Bacon was, and still is, "*a concealed man.*"

Hence, although this state of things is rather exasperating, and although it much increases present labour, let us submit, and be thankful for such crumbs of positive knowledge, as by patience and perseverance we are able to gather.

It seems incredible to any ordinary reflective mind that, in an age of darkness, coarseness, and ignorance of the kind which Bacon describes, hosts of graceful, fluent, witty, brilliant, and profoundly learned writers, should suddenly have sprung up in all directions. Not to speak of the continent, where the deficiencies in all respects (excepting art and polemics) fully equalled our own, we must perceive, on closely examining the English literature of the 16th century, that it started *suddenly* into life, ready equipped with an extensive and mixed vocabulary, with "forms and elegancies" of language, with metaphors, similes, parables, allegories, and emblems, with arguments, antitheta—in short, with all the accessories which Bacon declared (and to his dying day repeated the declaration) to be "deficient." *Mihi silentio*, he quietly adds—*of myself I am silent.* Pray note this pregnant saying. These immense deficiencies, indeed, he regretfully considers to be so far beyond the powers or apprehension of his own age, as to convince him that time must be the arbiter—time alone should bring to ripeness the seeds which he was diligently scattering. Bacon said these things in plain words, and no one has dared to

contradict him. "I work," he said, "for posterity; these things requiring ages for their accomplishment."

Now, evidently there is misunderstanding somewhere. Either Bacon was under a tremendous delusion, both as to the existing knowledge, and as to the work in all departments which he was himself silently accomplishing, or else the world is still deluded as to the number and achievements of its great writers and philosophers in the 16th and 17th centuries. Either there truly *were* all the great workers and writers whom Bacon ignores, or else, he should have added a mighty string of names to his "*mihi silentio*" Elsewhere he notes quite casually, and as if the thing were of no particular importance, that he has never found a deficiency which he has not also endeavoured to supply. Think of that, and of all that it may involve.

Now this is a crucial point, and we ought not to shrink from the plain question—"Was Bacon correct in his estimate of the deficiencies of learning in his own age?"—or from this other question, "How many of the so-called great writers of the time of Bacon can be absolutely proved to have written (in the sense of composing or inventing) the works attributed to them?"

"*Absolutely proved*"—that would at least imply that such works should in some sort have been indubitably claimed to have been written by the reputed author. It would further assume that some evidence could be forthcoming as to how, when, and where, the said author wrote, or that there should be documentary evidence of his transactions with publishers, &c. For that a NAME should be printed on a title-page, or signed to a preface or dedicatory letter, proves nothing. We must see some fragments, if no more, of *some* work penned by the author, provably not mere fair copies of someone else's treatise, poem, or whatever it may be.

For my own part I confess to very faint belief in more than *one great writer or moving spirit* of that age. Upon the foundations laid by Bacon—foundations as wide as the "universalities of nature" themselves—modern science is even now working. As for the actual writing, it seems probable that, *with his own hand*, he penned comparatively little; but that, sitting in his "elbow-chair," with upturned

face supported upon his left hand,* he dictated or discoursed to amanuenses (in some cases shorthand writers), pouring out his thoughts in lucid words, and with scarcely a hesitation. For, says his secretary, Dr. William Rawley, "Those abilities which commonly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all conjoined, and met in him. Those are, *sharpness of wit, memory, judgment, and elocution.* For the first three, his books do abundantly speak them; which with what *sufficiency* he wrote, let the world judge, but with what *celerity* he wrote them, *I* can best testify."

Rawley goes on to express his conviction with regard to Francis Bacon that, "if there were a beam of knowledge from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions from within himself." And the faithful secretary also bears witness to the beauty of Bacon's conversation. "His meals were refections of the ear as well as of the stomach. . . . *Some professed to make use of their note-books* when they rose from his table"; he had the faculty of "dressing and amending the speech of other authors," whilst he retained the substance, "as if it had been natural to him to use good forms."

With so full a mind, such facility of expression, conceive the amount of work which could be speedily accomplished by the aid of two or three skilful shorthand writers; and stenography is one of the arts or minor sciences connected with grammar which Bacon places among the *deficients*, and which, therefore, by his own showing, he had set himself to supply.

But before attempting to trace the unacknowledged works which Bacon wrote, let us try to discover who were his associates in the vast enterprise in which he was embarked. And when we seriously investigate the matter, we are gradually drawn to the conclusion that there was hardly a man of mark in any department—literary, scientific, social, or philanthropic—who was *not* more or less directly and associated for business purposes with Francis Bacon, and, as it seems,

* See the monumental statue of Bacon, at St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's, and the motto inscribed upon the base, *Sic sedebat.* In Gambold's edition of Bacon's Works, 1765, this monument is three times engraved, each time with a different expression on the face, and with other variations.

drawn by the force of his adamantine powers, to contribute brains, money, or the influence of position, to help in his vast but secret work.

Let us glance at a few of our oldest scientific and literary institutions, libraries, museums, and other organisations, and try to trace their origin, and the men who helped to raise and establish them. Strange that any effort should be needful in such a case! Surely, we think, the most ordinary books of reference which include particulars of such institutions—say, of the Royal Society, or the Society of Antiquaries—would give us plain and satisfactory statements.

But let anyone endeavour, by the ordinary means at his disposal, to ascertain the origin of the Royal Society. He will read in the earliest books published on the subject—Dr. Sprat's, for instance, or Dr. Wallis's—that it was "founded," or "incorporated," or that it was "presented with a charter," by Charles the Second, in 1645. But further research will convince him that it was flourishing long before that reign; and when he presses matters home, he will be met with the assurance that nothing certain is to be known about it, and that "the origin of this society is veiled in obscurity." Well may he exclaim, *Why veiled?* Why any obscurity in the matter? For surely if it be worth while to raise the question, "Why should Bacon have concealed his authorship of the Shakespeare plays?"—still more may we wonder why any mystery should be made or tolerated concerning the origin of the Royal Society, nursing mother of all subsequent scientific institutions.

Every Londoner knows the fine group of buildings in Piccadilly which take their name from Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, and which were erected upon the site of his mansion. Under the roofs of "Burlington House" are grouped the head-quarters of most of our learned societies—the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnean, Geological, Astronomical, and Chemical Societies—all, of course, offshoots from the great parent, the Royal Society. They include or summarise most of the departments of natural science which Bacon wished to see thoroughly established, but, of course, fresh buildings have elsewhere been required in order to carry on the enormously increasing business and research connected with every branch of natural philosophy. To the associations for such purposes

are added the more modern academy for the encouragement of art in Great Britain.

Suppose that we enter the doors of the Royal Society, and mount the staircase, where in a chilly corner the bust of Charles II., placed on a pedestal, gazes upon us stonily as we pass. Through an ante-room with full-length portraits of men of the 17th century, we pass to the library, said to be capable of containing 35,000 volumes, and considered one of the most perfect scientific libraries in the world.

In this library *there is but one picture.* It is placed over the fireplace at the end of the room, and it represents Francis Bacon. This portrait is indeed a copy, kit-cat, of the one by Van Somers which hangs over the mantel-piece in the dining-room at Gorhambury.

"Why," we inquire, "is the portrait of Bacon hung in this library, said to date from 20 or 30 years after his death?" "He was a very great man," is the reply. "Yes, but there were many others accounted very great in his time—your reception-room is full of them. Did Bacon found this society?" "That I cannot tell you."

And so we ask for the best and most authentic early history of the Royal Society which the library can furnish, and are met on the first page by these words:—"The origin of this society is veiled in obscurity." We smile, and looking up at Bacon, observantly inspecting us, we fancy that he smiles too.

Clearly nobody is hungering to assist our researches, and we presently fall back upon a curious little book, which first incited these inquiries. The book is entitled *Acetaria*, and it throws a clear though shaded light upon this subject.

"Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets" (or Salads), is not a title which would lead one to expect any elucidation of this riddle, "Who founded the Royal Society?" But we soon perceive that this book is one of the many ambiguous publications—"double-meaning propheciers"—which abounded under the auspices of Francis Bacon. Whilst discoursing, as it seems to do (and we may add, *really does*), of "the composition of edule plants and roots of several kinds, to be eaten raw or green, blanched or candied, simple and *per se*, or intermingled with others according to the season, the boil'd, bak'd, pickl'd, or otherwise disguised, variously accommodated by the skilful cooks to render them grateful to the more feminine palat," we should be

dull indeed did we not also perceive that the writer (whoever he may have been) was "insinuating" ideas of methods for cultivating the common herbs or products of the mind, so "cooking," "disguising," and flavouring them as to make them wholesome and acceptable to the common taste.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the use of the metaphor, but all know Hamlet's description of the play, which, as he remembered, "*pleased not the million*" . . . "*'Twas caviare to the general. . . .* I remember one said *there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury.*"

Well, Evelyn,* who was amongst the first members of the *Chartered* Royal Society, and presently its secretary, "a valuable pioneer" in its service (so he used to say)—John Evelyn is about to publish, on his own behalf (or for some one else), instructions as to how to make dry matters worth knowing, savoury "to the general," and this is how he begins his rather lengthy dedication "to the Right Honourable John Somers of Evesham, Lord High Chancellor of England, and President of the Royal Society":—

"My Lord,—The idea and plan of the Royal Society was first conceived and delineated by a *great and learned chancellor*, which high office your lordship deservedly bears. . . . A *chancellor* and a very learned lord, was the *first* who honoured the *chair*, and a no less honourable and learned chancellor resigns it to your lordship."

He goes on to state the objects of the society, "the establishing and promoting of *real knowledge*, and (next to what is divine) truly so-called, as far, at least, as human nature extends towards the knowledge of nature by enlarging her empire beyond the land of *spectres, forms, intentional species, vacuum, occult qualities, and other inadequate notions.*" But here we find ourselves so entirely quoting Bacon, that we break off.

Presently the writer declares that "the *Royal Society*, in order to

* Evelyn's chief work, "Sylvia; or, a Discourse of Forest-Trees," is of the same nature as *Acetaria*—ambiguous. It sets forth in metaphorical language the means by which the "timber" (solid knowledge) of the gardens or forests of England may be raised, cherished, grafted, watered, transplanted, and so forth. It mixes throughout gardening with shipbuilding, and husbandry with architecture.

accomplish entire freedom, and to subsist with honour, needs an establishment in a more settl'd, *appropriate*, and commodious place; having hitherto (like the tabernacle in the wilderness) been only *ambulatory* for almost *forty years*." This takes the Royal Society back nearly to the reign of Elizabeth. "But *Solomon* built the first *temple*, and what forbids us to hope that as *great a prince* may build *Solomon's house*, as that *great chancellor* (one of your lordship's learned *predecessors*) had design'd the plan,* there being nothing in that *august* and *noble model impossible*, or beyond the *power* of *nature* and learned industry."

"Thus, whilst King Solomon's temple was consecrated to the God of Nature, and his true worship, *this* may be *dedicated*, and set apart for the *works* of nature, deliver'd from those illusions and impostors that are still endeavouring to cloud and depress the true and *substantial philosophy*: a *shallow* and *superficial insight* wherein (as that incomparable person rightly observes), having made so many atheists: whilst a profound and thorough penetration into her recesses (which is the *business* of the *Royal Society*) would lead men to the knowledge and *admiration* of the *glorious author*."

The writer then apologises for ushering in a trifle, with so much magnificence, "ending at last in a fine receipt for the dressing of a *sallet* with an handful of pot herbs!" Yet even this, he says, challenges a part of natural history, and Solomon, "who wrote of the cedar of Libanus, wrote also of the hyssop which grows on the wall." And so on and on, plainly displaying Francis Bacon as the originator of the idea and plan of the Royal Society, the designer of that noble model, the "*Incomparable Person*," who would rebuild Solomon's house, according to the sketch given in "*The Atlantis of Verulam*."

Never need we have a moment's doubt upon these points—that Francis Bacon framed this great Solomon's house, upon the plan set forth in the *New Atlantis*, and that the aim of it was to be the study of natural philosophy in all its branches, from the most elementary to the most complex. And we fall back upon Bacon's oft-repeated form of question, *What is the cause? What reason* can possibly exist for the veiling or concealment of these simple facts?

Surely none, but that these things form parts of a great whole,

* "Verulamii Atlantis."

—links in a long chain, or net-work of chains, which, wherever we take them up, and faithfully follow them to the end, lead, invariably, to Francis Bacon. Trace out the histories of the first members or fellows of this or any other great society of his day, you will find them to be Bacon's fellows, *his* friends, *his* collaborators, *his* sons of science, or they are the friends and relations of friends whom we find counted amongst his intimates, men whom his various biographies and letters, and the voluminous correspondence of his brother Anthony Bacon, show to have been working for and with the brothers.

This matter of the connection between Francis Bacon and the Royal Society is of importance in more ways than one. Not only does it bear witness to his great influence, but also, if you mark it well, to the secret nature of that influence. It bears witness also to his method, and to his great power of devising and organizing means to carry out his objects.

"In him," says his great biographer, Mr. Spedding, "the gift of seeing in prophetic vision what might be, and what ought to be, was united with the practical talent of devising means and handling minute details. He could at once *imagine like a poet*, and execute like a clerk of the works."

This question of Francis Bacon as the true founder of the Royal Society, also forces us to realize the fact of *his resolute self-effacement*, his resolution to be the concealed man that he was—nay, more, to be thoroughly misunderstood and shamefully misrepresented as he has been, if only by this means he might be useful to humanity.

And how could his self-effacement be of use in this respect? Well, I think that it enabled him to put forward men of mediocre learning and abilities (furnishing them with all the stuff cut out and fitted ready to hand), and to enable them, in times generally ill-informed, to carry on, with an appearance of learning and originality, the work which he had prepared. The rules of his society enabled them to do this in safety.

All secrecy and mystery, I feel sure, he meant to have come to an end at the expiration of one hundred years. His cabinet and presses full of unpublished MSS. were by that time to have been edited and fathered by his many sons of science, or their appointed successors;

but the Fates intervened to prevent this part of the plan from being carried out, and the secrecy continues until this day. Yet Francis Bacon truly "laid great bases for *posterity*" (not for his own advantage). When his Scientific Society at length reared up its head, *it was post-dated, Posthumous*, and remained NAMELESS until Evelyn happily flattered Charles II. by the appellation of the Royal Society.

Dr. Wallis, one of the earliest members, says that the society *originated* in 1645, and points to Dr. Wilkins as the moving spirit. But Dr. Wallis must have known better, for before the incorporation of the society, Boyle had spoken of it in several different letters as the "*Invisible College*," just as the Rosicrucians called themselves "*the Invisible Brotherhood* (they were in those days, I think, all one), and in 1647 Boyle, writing to Hartlib, alludes to this Invisible College in a way which leaves no doubt that he was speaking of that small body of earnest and high-minded men who sought by a diligent examination of natural science (then called the *New Philosophy*), "Bacon's New Birth of Time," "The Second Renaissance," to pass on the lamp of tradition handed to them by their great founder.

And so with the Society of Antiquaries. Although in one place we read that its origin is an impenetrable secret, yet, almost in the same breath, the historian adds that the Antiquaries College petitioned for and obtained a charter of incorporation from Queen Elizabeth. In D'Israeli's amusing but often erudite "Curiosities of Literature," we see that the author is perfectly well aware of these facts, although he so scatters minute pearls of knowledge over his six volumes that we have much ado to collect and string them together. "Were the origin of the Royal Society inquired into, it might," he says, "be justly dated a century before its existence; the real founder was Lord Bacon who planned the ideal institution in his philosophical romance of the 'New Atlantis.' This notion," he continues, "is not fanciful, and it was that of its great founder, as . . . . appears by the expression of old Aubrey when, alluding to the commencement of the society, he adds, *Secundem Mentem Domini Baconi*." *

* A recent writer, Weld, though he quotes from Evelyn, and considers him to be an excellent authority, avoids introducing Evelyn's statement that Bacon was the founder.

D'Israeli elsewhere shows incidentally the connection between this grand institution and Bacon's friends and patrons the noble families of Arundel and Howard; and further repeats Aubrey's statement that, "when, under Elizabeth, a happier era opened to our literary pursuits, several *students of the Inns of Court*, illustrious for their rank or their genius, formed a weekly society which they called the 'Antiquaries College.' From very 'opposite quarters,'" says D'Israeli, "we are furnished with many curious particulars of their literary intercourse; it is delightful to discover Rawleigh borrowing MSS. from the library of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden deriving his studies from the collections of Rawleigh."

Note, that here again are *three of Francis Bacon's personal friends*, including Selden, one of his executors and trustee for the "cabinet and presses" full of unpublished papers which he desired should be published in course of time, and according to the discretion of his friends and "sons of science."

The death of Queen Elizabeth checked the projects of the Antiquaries' Society. For twenty years it languished; then Camden (*whose "Annals" Bacon annotated*), Sir Henry Spelman, the historian,* and others, are found proposing to renovate the society. By this time a much older institution—the Herald's College—seems to have become affiliated to the antiquaries, these, with the Camden and Arundel Societies, forming the central point whence have diverged all later societies for historical research, such as Bacon so ardently desired to methodise and establish upon a sound footing.

The elaborate analysis of the divisions of learning made by Bacon in his second book of the *De Augmentis* shows us how all human learning is divided, according to the three faculties of the rational soul, into history (*memory*), poesy (*imagination*), and philosophy (*reason*). "Now history," he says, "is either *natural* or *civil*. Natural history treats of the deeds and works of nature; civil history of those of men." Ecclesiastical and literary history he couples with

* Born 1561, the same year as Francis Bacon. The name, Spelman, bears a suspicious resemblance to Spielman, the name of the "German" said to have established the first paper mill at Dartford in 1588, and who was in consequence knighted by Queen Elizabeth. It is worthy of inquiry whether Sir Henry Spelman was not son of Sir John Spielman?

civil. Pointing out the deficiencies which he finds, and which consequently we must understand him to have endeavoured to supply, we find them to include "memorials, commentaries, registers, antiquities, genealogies, annals, titles, monuments, coins, proper names and styles, etymologies of words, proverbs, traditions, archives and instruments, as well public as private, fragments of histories scattered about in books not historical."

These things, he says, the remnants of histories, may be with persevering and scrupulous diligence recovered, like the spars of a shipwreck, from the deluge of time. He marvels that the *lives* of great men should be so little commemorated, and adds that, of *narrations* and *relations* a greater diligence therein is also much to be wished. *Journals*, too, *ecclesiastical chronicles*, histories of prophecy, of Divine Providence, or of God's will, with counsels and books of exhortation and consolation, have all to be written, as well as the appendices to history which deal with the *words* of men, orations, letters, and apopthegms. "And so much concerning history, which is that part of learning which answers to one of the cells, domiciles, or offices of the mind of man, which is that of the memory."

But "such a complete and universal history of learning is," he also says, "*yet wanting*." Again, then, we may be sure that he endeavoured to supply the immense deficiency, and scores of books bear witness to his efforts in this direction. His literary collaborators, and "able pens," doubtless helped materially in the compilation, transcription, and publication of these contributions to the sterling literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But almost everywhere we see the touch of his hand and the *method* by which he guided his disciples and sons of science. And when we try to follow his arguments, and to trace his proposed method for the construction of universal history, it seems as if the great societies of which I have been speaking, and the myriad branches which sprang from them, represent the two great divisions of knowledge into History *natural* and History *civil*, and that the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and their affiliated institutions, are neither more nor less than outward and visible signs of the working of the Master Spirit—Francis Bacon.

THE PORTRAITS OF FRANCIS BACON AND OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

[A Paper Written for the Baconian Conference, March 13th, 1893.]

"Look on this picture and on that—
The counterfeit presentment of two"—*Authors.*

YOU will all, I trust, have inspected the various portraits of Francis Bacon, which have been distributed through the room this evening. Much depends upon a thorough recognition of the lineaments and peculiarities of that remarkable countenance. I am daily surprised and sorry to perceive how very few persons in this country can recognise Francis Bacon unless seen attired in his Chancellor's robes. To the majority he is still the fallen Chancellor, and nothing more.

May I beg you to follow me whilst I enumerate the chief characteristics perceptible alike in the prints (especially in those by Crispin and Simon de Pass), in the photographs, medals, and model of the monumental statue now before you.

(1.) An unusually high and capacious brow, often concealed by a hat, but seen in the celebrated Van Somers' painting at Gorhambury, of which (as I had occasion to mention just now) an excellent copy hangs over the mantel-piece in the Library of the Royal Society.

(2.) An aquiline nose, with bridge rather broad at the base, but chiselled to a fine ridge, and delicately shaped.

(3.) The eyes, deep-set beneath their frontal arches. Poor engravings fail to show this characteristic. In some cases the eyes even appear prominent, but this is an error.

(4.) In all the pictures which I have seen, and in three of the medals before you, the face is taken ¾. The medal struck at the 200th anniversary of Bacon's death, shows a fine profile, corresponding with that of the monumental statue, with the standing figure in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and with the robed and aged statue on Burlington House. The later sculptors, therefore, accepted that profile as correct.

(5.) The eyes are remarkable in one particular, which is compara-

tively rare—namely, in the *long eye-lids*, which show the outline of the eyeball even when the eyes are open.

(6.) The small, firm mouth has the curved line known amongst artists as the Cupid's bow. Hepworth Dixon designated it "a jester's mouth," with the small pouting under-lip, and often a slight curl at the corners, which, with *the side-long glance* (almost invariable in these portraits), makes one fancy that he will break into a smile.

Dr. Georg Cantor, of Halle ad Saale, drew my attention, some years ago, to three full-page engravings of Bacon in Gambold's Standard Edition of the works, published 1765. These three engravings are all in Vol. II. Unfortunately I can only show you two of them. But, *in all*, Bacon is seated as in the monumental statue. Now a careless observer might suppose that these three portraits were identical. But pray look, if you can, at Gambold's 1765 edition of Bacon's works, Vol. II., and see whether it be not true that the three pictures (intended to catch the eye as repetitions of the same drawing) *are all different?* Not only the shadows fall in opposite directions, and other small details are altered, showing that the blocks were not the same, but—and this is the important point—*the expression of the face is different in each picture.*

In one we see Francis Bacon as the Contemplative Philosopher, looking upwards, as if in thought. In another, he is the Laughing Philosopher, and smiles at you with bright eyes. In the third, he is *Blind*, so Dr. Georg Cantor drew me to observe; blind as the ancients represented their great poets, or inspired seers or prophets; blind like Homer, and the Laocoon, and Milton. This is worth thinking about.

(7.) The outline of the face tapers in lines which any artist must admire, from the broad brows to the firm, pointed chin.

(8.) The hair grows high, and backward on the forehead. In childhood close-clipped, it was allowed to grow longer, and at the age of 19 or 20 a curl appears on the top of his head. In manhood the hair was combed back (the curl being still traceable), and fell softly curling on his ruff.

(9.) After his 30th year or thereabouts he grew a moustache, *turning downwards* and mingling with a soft beard, which, like his hair inclined to curl.

(10.) Strongly marked facial lines were developed later in life; care and labour ploughed them there. At one time he was evidently very thin, and I often think that Clarence's description of Henry IV. applied to the poet himself:—

> "The incessant care and labour of his mind
> Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
> *So thin*, that life looks through, and will break out."
> (2 *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 118.)

Now, to make a long story short, I will tell you that the same German Professor (Dr. Georg Cantor) who told me of Gambold's engravings, also advised me to go to the Garrick Club, and to examine the so-called "Duke of Devonshire's Bust of *Shakespeare*." I accordingly did so, and there—of course in a niche, and in a bad light—I beheld the bust, which to my mind, and eyes, is an absolute and beautiful portrait of Francis Bacon. I hoped to be able to show you photographs directly from this bust, which certainly has been copied; for there is a small and rather hard engraving of it in the book of Shakespeare Portraits published by Mr. Parker Norris at Philadelphia in 1885. (The book is on this easel.) The Committee of the Club, however, would not allow me to have the bust photographed; therefore, since the Duke of Devonshire had two *fac-similes* made from it, one of which he presented to Sir Joseph Paxton for the Crystal Palace, I have caused this *fac-simile* to be photographed from three points of view; and I have also had the engraving enlarged, so that you may form an excellent idea of the bust, although I trust that all who can go to see either of the busts will do so.

The history of the bust, so far as I know (but I do not know enough), is this. Three theatres were successively built and destroyed on the same site in Lincoln's Inn. The first, named after the king's brother (Duke of York), was "The Duke's Theatre," finished $166\frac{9}{1}$. *Note*, 100 years from Francis Bacon's birth. In was burnt down in 1666. Congreve's Theatre followed in 1675, re-built by Christopher Rich in 1714. Forty years later the theatre was converted into barracks, which passed into the hands of Messrs. Spode and Copeland, the china manufacturers. Finally the building was pulled down about 45 years ago, for the purpose of enlarging its neighbour, the College of Surgeons.

At this time, *so it is said*, Mr. Clift, F.R.S., Curator of the College of Surgeons (and thence, I doubt not, *a Freemason*) found the bust UNDER *one of the stage doors* (surely a strange position?), Ben Jonson being on the other. "Ben Jonson" (whom I suspect to be Anthony Bacon) *is said* to have been destroyed; but at the death of Mr. Clift, his son-in-law, Professor Owen, sold "Shakespeare" to the Duke of Devonshire, at whose death the bust was presented to the Garrick Club.

Distinguished surgeons and physicians, like distinguished architects and actors, seem almost always to be Freemasons. Therefore, you see, these transfers from the theatre to the Curator of the College of Surgeons, from him to Professor Owen, from the Professor to the Duke of Devonshire, and from the Duke to the Garrick Club, were as natural as they were easy to arrange.

At that Club, and, as I have said, in a dark niche facing North, and at the back of the parti-wall which divides the front hall from the staircase is this bust. With great kindness, the Secretary to the Club had it removed from its pedestal, and placed in a good light, so that I could examine it from all sides. Surely here is Francis Bacon himself! precisely as in the best portraits of Van Somers and Crispin de Pass. From these, as I think, all subsequent artists and engravers seem to have copied; or else (for purposes hereafter to be explained) they altered, modified, caricatured them, in dozens of ways. Sometimes we see Bacon with face sharp as a weasel, with nose too short or too long, straight or much hooked. Some artists make his eyes project, others screw them up, or embed them in fat. One portrait in the British Museum shows him squinting frightfully outwards. Yet all these are acknowledged portraits of the same man—Francis Bacon—our "Concealed Man," as well as "Concealed Poet." To conceal him the more, he is usually portrayed wearing a hat, so that the brow, and the growth of the hair, are not observable. When, however, he is truly represented, you see what next they do—they put him in a dark corner!

Now I ask you to consider how it can be possible for hundreds of educated men, passing up and down that staircase (at night especially, when the niche receives light from the lamps), how it can be possible for these gentlemen to glance at the bust, and not to see that it is by

no means like the authentic portraits of "Shakespere," whilst it absolutely resembles the authentic portraits of Francis Bacon? But first of that word *authentic*.

Surely we must regard as authentic likenesses the busts or statues placed on men's tombs to honour their memory? If these accord with portraits painted from the life, then both bust or statue *and* portrait may be so regarded—as authentic.

Here is an excellent reduced model of Bacon's monumental statue, executed for me some years ago by Mr. Stark. We may consider that to be an authentic portrait taken late in life. Here, too, are medals in profile and in ¾ face. They resemble the monument and the Van Somers' oil-painting, which we must acknowledge are authentic. We see in these, whether viewed in profile or in ¾, the same countenance and the same features as in the Garrick bust.

Next I must speak of the "rejected mask," of which most of you know—that "Darmstadt" or Kesselstadt mask, which in 1860 was offered to the trustees of the British Museum as the death mask of *Shakespeare*, but which, you will remember, was refused by them, because it in no way resembles the received, authentic portraits of the Stratford hero. I fully agree with the authorities. Imagine, therefore, my surprise when, on writing to the Secretary of the "Shakespeare House," with a request that he would send me some photographs of "the Shakespeare Mask," he sent me these which I hold in my hand—photographs in three views, of the "rejected" Kesselstadt mask, and which are marked with the stamp of Van de Weyde, 52, Regent-street! The photographs for which I asked were photographs of *the mask which, five years ago*, hung in the Shakespeare House, and of which one of the earliest casts is before you. It was given to me by my uncle the architect, Decimus Burton, and, although the eyes are open, it used to be called the Death-mask, because, as I was told, it was supposed to have been taken from the face of the dead William Shakspere, in order that from it the monumental bust should be made. This may not be a true history of the mask, but so we were told.

Well, instead of the authentic monumental mask, they sent me these views of the rejected Kesselstadt cast.

I ask you to compare these photographs and engravings, with the

statue, the medals, and the many engravings of Francis Bacon. Do you, or do you not, think that this Kesselstadt mark agrees in almost all points with the various portraits of Francis Bacon in those same points of view and at about the same age?

The same German professor, Dr. Georg Cantor, who advised me to inspect the Garrick bust *suggests*, though I do not say that he *asserts*, several interesting points connected with this mask, and particularly that this mask does not seem to be from the *dead*, but from the *living subject*. There are none of *the drawn lines about the eyes and mouth* which are recognized as symptomatic of death: *the lines of Hippocrates*, as they are named from their first observer. If you look at these photographs, it may appear to you, as to me, that the man seems almost to smile, and to try to open his eyes.

Parker Norris says that the mask is yellow with grease, which suggests that casts were made from it; and taking all together, does it not seem possible or probable that the mask may have been taken from Bacon's living face, and that the Garrick bust may have been modelled from it?

How old do you think it looks? Some say 50, some 60. Let us strike a medium and say 55 or 56. We must remember that the poor mask has evidently been rubbed and somewhat battered. Bacon is also always described as looking old for his age. Let us suppose then that he was 55 when his mask was taken. In what year would that be? He was born in 1561, so 55 years would bring him to the year 1616. In 1616 William Shakspere died. Is it an improbable supposition that, when this event happened, Francis Bacon's friends may have said, "The great poet is dead; we must take his mask," and thereupon that *they took Bacon's?*

I commit no one to this opinion. If it be an incorrect or foolish one, you may blame me who hold it; but if it prove to be true, you may thank those who have kindly encouraged me to pursue the investigation. To return. Here *on the one hand* (setting aside youthful portraits) are the authentic portraits of Francis Bacon. 1. An oil-painting showing him in middle life. 2. His monumental statue. 3. A mask which from its likeness to his best portraits we believe to be his, though we may not yet claim it as authentic.

On the other hand we have of William Shakspere (1) the Stratford

oil-painting claimed by *Shakespereans* as authentic, and at the present hour enshrined in a fireproof safe in the Stratford cottage; (2) the monumental effigy, ugly enough, but evidently made with care and cost, and for many years compared with satisfaction, with the so-called death-marks, and with the painting.

It is evident from what I have told you that Shakesperean authorities are trying to supplant that mask by the Kesselstadt mask which has no resemblance to it. But we Baconians may well adhere to the 280 years' belief that it represents the veritable "Shaxpurre." I must say that I do not believe that any loving hand carved or set up that monument. The inscription bears witness that those who made it did not know where Shakspere was buried. It informs us that he lies *within the monument* which is against the wall; whereas in truth he lies several feet away towards the chancel where he is very deeply buried, for he dreaded lest, according to a wretched system, not infrequent in those times, his bones might be disturbed and thrown into a charnel house, to make room for others.

Judging from the oil-painting, and the monument, this is a fair description of William Shakspere:

(1) A high, bald forehead; (2) very short nose, rather thick and nearly straight; (3) a disproportionately long and thick upper lip; (4) a wide, flat face; (5) a large under jaw; (6) moustache midway between the nose and edge of lip, and curling tightly upwards; (7) hair ending above the ears; (8) eyes projecting; (9) the eyes apparently not quite straight; (10) a depression under the right eye.

When we visited Stratford-on-Avon, five years ago, we were fortunate enough to do so under the guidance of the President of the Birmingham Shakespeare Society and of the Vicar, who, deeply interested as he is in the place and its traditions, yet, being in possession of registers and other records, has much qualifying moisture with which to quench the fire of Shakesperean enthusiasm.

Said our chief conductor, "Now you are to see one of our great treasures—an undoubted portrait of William Shakespeare. It came from the house of his eldest daughter, Susanna, who married in 1607 Dr. John Hall, the medical practitioner of the town."

Three thousand pounds, we were told, had been paid for the picture. "Yes, and we should have had to pay a much higher price

had it been certain that this was the portrait of the poet; but that was not ascertained until, under the hands of the cleaner, the disguising beard was removed, revealing the clean-shaven face of the actor." "A beard painted over the portrait!" I exclaimed. "Why?" "Well, you see, Susanna had married much above her station; for, although in those days doctors held no position in society, yet they were far above actors, and in Puritan times when the stage was in such a state of degradation, no respectable married woman would wish to have a portrait of her father, *as an actor*, hanging up in her house." "Of course not," I replied; "even regarded as of a playwright the portrait would have been equally objectionable, for the writers of plays sometimes ranked lower than the actors or the fiddlers" (I remember having seen in some old account book that the *writer* of the play received 3s. 6d., but that one of the fiddlers was paid 30s. for the month). "And yet, although it would have been so disreputable for the doctor's wife to have in her house an undisguised portrait of her father, the actor, you Shakesperean gentlemen see no reason why Francis Bacon should have concealed the authorship of the plays?"

Our guide laughed good-humouredly, and said that he ought to have remembered to whom he was speaking. Now I observe that Mr. Parker Norris, in his fine book of Shakespeare portraits, *has* remembered to whom he is speaking—to all the world, and *in print*. Therefore, although he truthfully says, that, in the house of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, there was found a dilapidated portrait "representing a man with a large black beard and moustache, . . . the beard so arranged as nearly to cover the face and utterly to disfigure the picture," he makes no comment upon this strange circumstance, he expresses no surprise, neither does he seem to think that any explanation is required.

Presently he says that when Mr. Collins, the well-known restorer of pictures, had cleaned a portion of the face, he tried a part of the breast of the figure, and found beneath the dirt a black and red costume, similar to that of Shakespeare, in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church. During this cleaning the then Vicar (Mr. Grenville), the owner of the picture (Mr. Hunt) and other residents of the town were present.

Then follows an account of Mr. Collins' advertisement and exhibition in his studio of this Shakespeare portrait, but no further allusion is made to *the beard.* The story of it is, I think, intended to be lost in oblivion. "The least said, soonest mended."

However, and this is to our point, the portrait is said on all hands to bear a remarkable resemblance to the monumental bust, according to the description given of it before it was painted white at the request of Mr. Malone in 1793. Again, we may pause to wonder, *Why painted white?* Why did Mr. Malone interfere still farther to confuse our ideas as to our immortal bard's personal appearance? Did it disappoint him?

Before this painting white, the description of the bust ran thus: "Eyes of a light hazel; hair and beard auburn; the dress, a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves." Precisely the dress in the oil-painting, and these two—the bust and the painting—are the only portraits yet discovered which thus represent "Shakespeare." Whether the colouring of the dress were, in the bust, copied from the painting, or in the painting copied from the bust, is of no importance to the present argument, which is this: However much an ordinary portrait or engraving may be tampered with, one may be sure that in a picture intended to be hung in the house of a man's daughter, the likeness, even though it might be inartistic, would not be caricatured or made more common or uglier than the original. On the contrary, it would be likely to be somewhat softened, flattened, and coaxed into an appearance of intelligence and gentility. Do you not think so? The Shakespere painting is not a daub; it is of quite average goodness, and this is what it shows us: A broad, fleshy face, with bold, rather projecting eyes, a florid complexion, a short nose, and thick upper lip; the head bald in front, with hair cut short and curling above the ears; a moustache curling tightly upwards; altogether a common-place, unintellectual countenance, but better looking, less stolid, than "the goggle eyes and gaping mouth" of the bust, as described by Dr. Ingleby.

Let me mention, by the way, that in the monument the immortal bard is represented as writing his heaven-born poesy, and this is how he does it: He stares straight forward, a long cushion is before him; upon it rests his right hand holding a pen; at the present time this is

I believe, a real goose-quill dipped in ink because, so goes the story, a young man, having pulled out the original stone pen, let it fall, and it was broken on the stones beneath. However this may have been, the two photographs and the print before you all differ in respect of this pen. In one it is a pen *uncut*, in the second a pen cut short off, in the third the pen is all feather, which ends within the closed hand. If Shaksper could write (which I doubt) he could not so much as sign his name with such a pen as that.

But where is the paper? It is under the open spread left hand, quite away from the pen, and *it is a blank sheet.* No ink-horn is visible; it is needless, for no ink is required to write nothing.

Whatever may be right or wrong about these portraits, I think you will agree with me that no artist were he nothing more than a "tomb-maker" would represent his subject with a broad, fat face, if he had thin or hollow cheeks and a tapering chin.

Neither would he bestow upon him a moustache *curling lightly upwards* and a thick tuft on his chin, if he wore in the last years of his life a soft beard curling loosely all over and below his chin, and a moustache *turning decidedly downwards.*

Now, "Look on this picture and on that, the counterfeit presentment of two" authors, so we are told. (*Here life-sized drawings were shown of F. B. and W. S.*)

These are no exaggerations; they are true portraits enlarged to measure, and I ask all present to bring upon them their observation and knowledge. Compare these drawings with the monumental portraits and the oil-painted portraits, and then decide which of the two this Garrick bust and this Kesselstadt mask most resembles. I have asked how it can be that actors and educated men, members of the Garrick Club, can fail to observe certain points about the Devonshire bust? They are these: *First*, that it has a beard such as actors do not wear, such as the actor in question *never wore. Secondly*, that the moustache curls *downwards*, mingling with a (curtailed) beard.

* I have no desire to make much of these little particulars, but nothing is thought too small to be noted with interest in connection with William Shakspere, and at a future time we may show that variations in nearly ever detail of the accessories to the monumental effigy have been made in the prints of it, and made, as I think, not by accident, but with a purpose.—C. M. P.

Thirdly, that *the lace collar is of the time of Charles I.*, and such as the supposed wearer, who died in 1616, could not have worn.

To myself, I explain the apparent dullness of the members of that club in a manner which exonerates them from the charges of ignorance or stupidity. *They are nearly all Freemasons*, and the *secret* which (consciously or unconsciously) they have to guard is this, that Francis Bacon—"our Francis," as the Rosicrucians sometimes call him—was not only the "concealed poet," but the concealed centre of the great movement for the revival of unity in religion and for the advancement of learning, which we call The Second Renaissance.

This secret, intimately bound up as it is with the history of literature, of printing, of paper-making, and many other matters, is (so I believe) *the cause*, which at every stage of inquiry meets and impedes us the non-Freemason Baconians.

Will you kindly turn your eyes to this drawing—an enlarged, life-sized copy of the so-called "Martin Drocshout's portrait of Shakespeare," affixed to the 1623 folio of the plays, and there surmounting the verses attributed to Ben Jonson. These are the verses, addressed "*To the Reader.*"

> "This figure that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherewith the graver had a strife
> With Nature to outdo the life.
> O could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass as he has hit
> His face: the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass.
> But since he cannot, reader, look
> Not on his picture, but his book."

I beg to draw your attention to three points in these lines:—

First, the engraver had *striven with nature to outdo the portrait* of Shakespeare. It is therefore *not a true or natural portrait*, but something exaggerated and unnatural.

Next, of "brass"; that was Bacon's symbol for impudence. In the *Promus* he enters this note—"Brazed (impudent)." There is no doubt, then, as to the meaning which he will set upon this composite metal (brass), which apes the virtues of true gold and falls short of

the fairness of pure silver. It is an impudent and pretentious metal, and so Bacon uses it in the *Advancement of Learning*, when he speaks of a man who would

"*Brazen out* his own defects."

You will remember how the same expression is used in the plays:—

"Can any *face of brass* hold longer out?" (*L.l.l.* V. ii. 395).
"Well said, Brazen-face." (*Merry Wives*).

"Let me wring your heart," says Hamlet to his mother,
"If damned custom hath not *brazed it* so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense." (*Ham.* III. iv. 35).

And in *King Lear* Gloucester says of his son Edmund:—

"I have so often blushed to acknowledge him
That I am now *brazed to it*." (*Lear* I. i. 10).

In both cases you see the very word of the *Promus* note—*brazed*, for impudent. Further on, where Goneril's steward insults the Duke of Kent by ignoring him, and stands out that he never saw him before, Kent calls him "a *brazen-faced* varlet" for daring to tell such an impudent falsehood.

So that remark about Shakespeare's face being well hit off *in brass* does not seem to be altogether complimentary, does it? It seems to say, "Here is an impudent fellow! If only the engraver could have drawn his wit, *his mind*, as well as he has drawn the face, the print would surpass *in impudence* all that was ever written."

And now, another observation. These lines seem to be a parody upon the motto written, by I known not whom, around the miniature painted by Hilliard in 1578, when Francis was in his 18th year. "From this youthful portrait and its incription we may gather," says Mr. Spedding, "something which indicates the impression made by Francis Bacon's conversation upon those who heard it." For my own part, I believe that his intimate friends knew far more of his mind than was shown by his *conversation* only. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Already, at the age of 18, he had, I feel convinced, written poetry, essays, meditations, and observations on a variety of subjects, to be published (some many years later) under other names than his. But our present concern is with the motto or inscription to his miniature. "Significant words,"

says Mr. Spedding, "the natural ejaculation, we may presume, of the artist's own emotion—*Si tabula daretur digna, animum mallem:* if one could but paint his mind!"

This, you see, is just the same sentiment as is expressed in the lines under *Shakspere's* effigy: "*O could he but have drawn his wit!*" The Shakspere verses, I say, are a parody of the motto on Francis Bacon's miniature.

And as the verses are parody, so the portrait itself is caricature. Look at that forehead! A montrosity, and caricature of the noble front, and finely developed brow of Francis Bacon. This of Martin Droeshout, suggests hydrocephalus, and even were it not exaggerated, yet the lower part of the face is too coarse to combine with an intellectual head.

This I consider to be a *disguised* or composite head, one specimen only of dozens which on future occasions may be exhibited. The forehead, the eyebrows, the marked eyelids and the long nose and long hair of Bacon are here *caricatured*, and combined with these, the bold or stony stare, the long upper lip, fleshy, beardless face and collar of "Shaxpurre." The beard, and patch, or "Charley,' on the chin are, in these composite pictures, carefully ill-defined. In the Shakspere bust, and in the oil-painting they are very decided, the moustache curling up towards a nose so short that it could by no means have belonged to the head which conceived Hamlet. (I appeal to phrenologists.) Such a nose is well suited to the man who sits with a nibless pen, no ink, and a blank sheet of paper, covered with his hand, staring at nothing particular, and, even if he *could* write (which I doubt), having no idea what to say.

Well may the author of the verses under *Shakespeare's* portrait counsel his readers, since they cannot descry the true face of the poet, to look

"Not on his picture, but his book."

March 13, 1893.

(We hope in subsequent numbers to give similar slight sketches of the Darmstadt death-mask, the Shakespeare bust at the Garrick Club, the Shakespeare portrait in oils, and other celebrated pictures.)

THE CONCEALED POET: A HISTORIC PARALLEL

FRANCIS BACON is not the only author who has won celebrity by one kind of authorship, and then bettered his former achievement by winning a still higher reputation under another name. Sir Walter Scott made a deathless name as the Border Minstrel who sung of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, and then put an eclipse upon his own shining by the lustre of the *Waverley* romances. During the many years in which the poet remained concealed behind the novelist there were many attempts made to penetrate the disguise, and one of these was so ingenious, so successful, and so analogous to the recent efforts to lift the masque of Shakespeare, that some account of it will interest the readers of BACONIANA.

In the year 1821 a book was published, entitled "Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., M.P.: Containing Critical Remarks on the series of Novels, beginning with 'Waverley,' and an attempt to ascertain their Author." The motto on the title page is aptly taken from the *Tempest:* "If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou list." The second edition, 1822, I will proceed to describe; it has been long out of print, and is probably unknown to my readers. It is curious to note how many of the arguments are our own—in substance, though not in circumstance. The letters are eight in number and are written in a scholarly style, with a good deal of the formal, self-effacing, almost obsequious ceremoniousness which has now gone out of fashion; reminding us of the *quasi*-cringing politeness which modern critics whose historical retrospect lacks perspective have attributed to meanness in many of Bacon's letters. The book is anonymous; but it is known that the writer was Mr. John Leycester Adolphus, a Barrister, and author of one or two works on law. The author is inspired by his subject, his admiration of the poems and the novels leads him to indulge in a good deal of interesting literary dissertation in which comparative criticism is forgotten, and it seems to me that the argument suffers occasionally from this divagation, and he is inclined to claim for the identity of literary sentiment, which the poems and novels alike produce, a probative value which belongs justly only to similarity of form and substance.

His first remark is that of astonishment that the hidden author can be so long concealed; he must be a conspicuous figure in the society which he frequents. "If then," he continues, "we cast our eyes among those persons whose talents and acquirements have in any degree attracted general attention, how many shall we find who have given proofs of a genius, I will not say equal, but strikingly correspondent to that which has produced the celebrated novels? One such there is, but we look in vain for a second. I therefore reason like Prince Manfred's servants in the Castle of Otranto, who, when they had seen the leg of an armed giant in the gallery, and his hand upon the staircase, concluded that this same preternatural personage was owner of the gigantic helmet which lay unclaimed in the courtyard."

The critic then discusses the motives for such concealment: how it is that any writer capable of winning such applause should forego the privilege and delight of receiving it in his own person. He solves this riddle by supposing that the author has already won as much homage as he cares for, and can afford to leave other laurels unappropriated. "I apply to our novelist the observation which very naturally suggested itself to Dryden's contemporaries on his anonymous publication of 'Absolom and Achitophel':

> "'Since thou already art secure of fame,
> Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name;
> What father else would have refused to own
> So great a son as god-like Absalon?'"

Then, making a little closer approach to the masked writer, he observes that "the author of *Marmion* has neglected his poetical vein in proportion as the author of *Waverley* has cultivated his talent for prose narration. . . . This twofold mystery is simply and consistently explained by supposing that the bard has transmigrated into the writer of novels, and that the talent so unaccountably withdrawn from the department of lyrical composition is now pouring out its exuberance in another region of literature, as the fountain Arethusa sank under the earth in Greece and reappeared in Sicily."

In the second and third letters the writer calls attention to "those parts of the anonymous works which afford glimpses of the personal character, the habits, studies, and occupations of their author," and

shows how singularly they correspond with those of the great romantic poet:—

1. Both are Scotchmen.

2. Both have resided long in or near Edinburgh.

3. The author of *Waverley* possesses in a high degree the qualifications of a poet. This is seen not only in detached thoughts or expressions or passages, but in the very conception and structure of the stories. For example, "*The Bride of Lammermoor* is a tale which no man but a poet could tell. In it we experience that fervour and exaltation of mind, that keen susceptibility of emotion, and that towering and perturbed state of the imagination which poetry alone can produce." In *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* there is imagination and passion beyond the scope of a mere prose writer; but the poetical character does not so predominate in the design and incidents of these stories as it does in the story of *Lammermoor*. The writer then proceeds to give instances in which poetical embellishments appear in the prose narratives.

4. Both are deeply imbued with antiquarian lore; both are deeply and equally touched with Bibliomania,

5. Both are proficient in German and Spanish.

6. As to classic learning, the compositions of both indicate the reading and culture of a gentleman, though not the erudition of a professed scholar.

7. Both have a thorough knowledge and statesman-like understanding of the domestic history and politics of Britain at various and distant periods, and we know that the poet was editor of Swift and Dryden, of Lord Somer's tracts, and Sir Ralph Sadler's State papers.

8. The novelist is a "man of law"—*i.e.*, Scotch law :—he revels in its technicalities, and is inclined to be prolix in legal detail; he never shirks a legal discussion, but enters into it with eager goodwill, as if the case were actually "before the fifteen." Law which is a stumbling-block to others is a couch of repose for him; the manners, humours, and *bavardage* of lawyers are sketched with the ease of familiarity.

9. Both are ardent lovers of rural sports and of all manly and robust exercises.

10. Both are very fond of dogs; "wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute in any way to a scene, we find there the very dog that was required, in his proper place and attitude." More than twenty cases are cited.

11. Both are fond of martial and military subjects; but in this department there are marks of the amateur who coaches himself in small details, which a professional soldier would pass by.

12. Both are accustomed to good society, honourable principles, good manners, gentlemanly conduct. Their gentleman are not of the *parvenu* or shoddy type, but native, and to the manner born; they never compromise their gentle quality, as the heroes of vulgar novel-writers so often do. The author dwells on this at considerable and perhaps needless length.

13. Besides these general characteristics, there is one singular circumstance. The author of *Waverley* "makes honourable mention of almost every contemporary poet except the Minstrel of the Border." The two or three allusions are dry, not to say ungracious. This itself may betray identity, for a writer "may innocently, may becomingly, treat his other self with a cynical indifference which, if manifested toward a brother in literature, would be justly blamed as harsh and uncandid."

Taking a general view of all these points of agreement, the writer triumphantly asks, "Are we then to conclude that this extraordinary agreement in so many and such various particulars amounts only to a casual resemblance between distinct individuals? Can there exist authors so precisely the counterparts of each other? Must we imagine—

Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas?

'O wonderful bard! And O still more amazing writer of romance!

> How have you made division of yourself?
> An apple cleft in two is not more twin
> Than these two creatures."—*Twelfth Night*, V. i. 229.

All this is worth reproducing in the interests of the Baconian cause; here are our very weapons and armour employed in a different case.

In the fourth letter the writer proceeds to examine the works themselves. All these writings are marked by native piety and goodness, good morals and good sense: no atrabilious gloom, no wanton levity,

no affectation, or prejudice, or fashionable cant, or metaphysic refinements, or maudlin philanthropy. Much of this is not very conclusive and may be skipped.

The author notes that intelligible motives are at work even where the incidents are fantastic and the characters weird or superstitious; so that even grotesque and anomalous events have an air of verisimilitude. The style is free from artifice—antithesis, inversion, reiteration, or climax, from sententious brevity or sounding circumlocution, or studied surprises. Irony and sarcasm are absent, but there is a peculiar type of serious banter in both writers, a style in which affected gravity is blended with satiric slyness. Both writers are charged with frequent negligence in style. But as the critic's own style is somewhat primly correct and superfine, his impeachment of the *Waverley* style is, I think, somewhat hypercritical. He complains of Scotticisms—Caledonian confusions between *shall* and *will*, put into the lips of Queen Elizabeth. It is, however, not easy to see how a Scotch writer can avoid Scotticisms, or why they should be more objectionable than the translation of foreign conversation into idiomatic English, in any novel dealing with French or Italian persons.

The next letter discusses the dialogue in the two groups of writings. Of course, such colloquialism as is essential to prolonged or rapid dialogue is only possible in prose, consequently the parallel is incomplete. But where comparison is possible the resemblance is striking, as in the dexterity with which the thread of narrative runs on through conversation and is contained in it. Not less remarkable is the adaptation of language to the age, sex, character, and condition of the speaker, so that these two authors seem "like the Persian dervise to possess the faculty of transfusing his own soul into the body of any one whom he may select." Not only so; there is the same adaptation of discourse to acquired habits and peculiarities, whether national or professional, the effect of accident or education. The faults of both are the same; the dialogue sometimes "languishes in a bald verbosity and sinks into a weak and affected strain," "unlike real conversation in any age or class of society." Sometimes, too, these authors are pedantic in introducing archæology or allusions to old romances into homely talk. Both injure the *vraisemblance* of

a scene by allowing historically celebrated persons to indulge in idle and sportive allusions to their own adventures and sayings. And it is significant that both fail in scenes of broad and unmitigated vulgarity; they cannot stoop to this level even if they try. But, on the other hand, in serious situations they often rise to nervous and impassioned eloquence.

In this letter we can find little conclusive argument. Some of the faults alleged are not very cogently proved, and throughout there is too much appeal to merely literary taste: the old axiom *de gustibus* does not seem to influence the author.

For the same reason, as well as from considerations of space, I must pass lightly over the next letter, which is full of subtle criticism of the special poetic type indicated by poet and novelist—its popular, direct, realistic character, the absence of philosophic musing or didactic discourse—not painting the poetic or romantic imagery which a scene suggests, but showing the thing itself with picturesque Ἐνάργεια, or brilliant distinctness. Such a description of murder as—

> "Now . . . . wither'd murder
> Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
> Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing stride, towards his design,
> Moves like a ghost,"—

is not to be found in the whole compass either of the prose or poetry. The poet and novelist are painters, and use expressions proper to the painter's art, dwelling on effects of light and shade, form and colour, perspective and *chiaroscuro*. These remarks are striking and just, and are copiously and skilfully illustrated; but they do not add much to the main argument. The resemblances referred to may be national as well as personal, or may mark a special epoch rather than a single person.

The next, the seventh, letter brings forward another class of resemblances, much more striking; it deals with the structure of the stories, and the mode in which special incidents or phrases are used. Each tale—whether in prose or poetry—is closely connected with historic truth and topographical reality; each is a study of the manners or of the political state of the period selected. It is remarkable how in both cases some striking custom or fashion, or mode of life,

stands out as a principal object in the foreground, the hordes gathering in the *Lay*, the Chapter at Holy Island in *Marmion*, the Fiery Cross in the *Lady of the Lake*, the Highland feast and Stag Hunt in *Waverley*, the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, and so on. In all the tales and poems (except perhaps *Guy Mannering*) the adventures turn on public affairs—some insurrection, civil war, a siege or a battle. The political and moral survey, national or local, and the views of individual character and conduct, are more learned and profound than the mere story requires. In all the poems, and most of the novels, some real place set forth with local knowledge is the principal scene, and local allusions abound. This is the case even when the places are more or less disguised by fictitious names—the real locality is easily detected.

Both are attracted by the same regions: the Scottish border, the south-eastern corner of Scotland, Edinburgh, the Highlands, Cumberland, Arran, York. In both cases the hero is often represented as entering the locality for the first time, with a traveller's curiosity. Set soliloquy occurs in nearly every tale, prose or poetical.

In both cases the effect is sometimes marred by over-fondness for *coups de theatre*. In *Ivanhoe* the Saxon Ulrica appears during the conflagration on a turret, and sinks into the flames, "yelling forth a war song." Similar melodrama occurs in the *Lady of the Lake*. The narrative is often varied by detached lyrics.

As a fault common to both, the hero is often kept too long in the background, or overshadowed by a more prominent character and so almost forgotten. The principal personage is too often made the blind instrument of another's will or purpose, or the sport of events. The dignity of a hero is compromised by cherishing an unrequited passion, as Wilfrid in *Rokeby*, Evandale in *Old Mortality*, &c.

Both writers often introduce a personal struggle between two contrasted characters, civilized and barbarous—Malcolm Græme with Rhoderick Dhu, Wilfrid with Risingham, &c.

Of all human ties, none is so often or so fondly dwelt upon as that between father and daughter—as of Douglas and Ellen in the *Lady of the Lake*, and in nearly all the novels.

Both writers often overleap long periods of time.

Both are fond of surprises and unexpected disclosures, clearing up mysteries and bringing about a *denouement.*

Both dwell on national superstitions, and are fond of supernatural events and of persons supernaturally endowed.

Both are fond of dreams and describe them in detail.

In both, living persons, supposed to be dead, reappear and are taken for spectres—De Wilton in *Marmion*, Mortham in *Rokeby* Henry Morton in *Old Mortality*, Athelstone in *Ivanhoe.*

All these resemblances are amply illustrated and are of remarkable cogency as an argument for identity of authorship. They are so numerous and striking as to be equivalent to parallels or correspondencies which require explanation, and either imply conscious imitation or else must be taken as the natural and spontaneous expression of one and the same individuality.

The battle scenes of both writers are usually described by persons looking on from a commanding and distant point. The same scenes occur in both prose and poetry, thus:

"At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion."—*Tales of My Landlord.*

> "But ere I cleared that bloody pass,
> Our northern horse ran masterless."—*Rokeby.*

A tournament is described in very similar terms in *Ivanhoe* and the *Bridal of Trierman.*

A conflagration, described in *Rokeby* and *Lord of the Isles*, closely resembles those in *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, *Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Heart of Midlothian.*

There can be no mistake in the following close parallels:—

"The daylight had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glistened with all their pearls of dew. The hind led her fawn from the covert of high fern to the more open walks of the greenwood."—*Ivanhoe.*

> "The summer dawn's reflected hue
> To purple changed Loch Katrine's blue:
>
> * * * *

The doe awoke and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain-side, &c."
Lady of the Lake.

Again the novelist says of the moon:—

"She waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds which the wind from time to time drove across her surface."—*Antiquary.*
And the poet—

"The wading moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam."
The Poacher.

The Heart of Midlothian has—

"She could see the crest of the torrent flung loose down the rock, like the mane of a wild horse."

The Lay of the Last Minstrel has—

"Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed."

"The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way." *Lady of the Lake.*

"The deep-mouthed baying of a hound coming down the wind."—*Legend of Montrose.*

"Thunder-splintered pinnacle."—*Lady of the Lake.*
"The thunder-splitten peaks of Arran."
The Heart of Midlothian.

It is plain that our limits will not allow more than a very few specimens of these parallels. These, of course, form the most direct and irresistible proofs of identical authorship, and their successful employment in this case may supply us with a standard of measurement by which we may estimate the probative value of our own. The eighth letter devotes about 67 pages—small 8vo—to this enumeration; many of them are very elaborate and require long extracts for their display. There are altogether about 80 such comparisons. My copy contains a pencilled note by the generous friend to whom I am indebted for this curious old book. His conceptions of the Baconian case is somewhat crude and limited, as may be judged by the note, which runs as follows:—

"Mrs. Pott has in like manner compared Bacon's works with the

plays of Shakespeare, and, though the analogies are not equal to those in this book, they are very surprising."

This, surely he will allow me to say, is about as blundering and purblind a piece of criticism as could be made on the topic. I presume the critic alludes to the *Promus* and its annotations, and it is very safe to say that the number of unequivocal parallels there given may be reckoned not by four or five scores, but by as many hundreds. Mr. Donnelly's collection of parallels is not easily counted—at least I have not taken the trouble to count them, but they are contained in 167 pages of royal 8vo. If the 80 parallels given by our author prove his case—as unquestionably they do—the hundreds which Baconian students have pointed out prove their case still more triumphantly.

Moreover, the Baconian parallels have one great advantage over the *Waverley* collection: they cannot be explained by any theory of conscious or unconscious copying. The notion that Bacon copied from Shakespeare is only the frantic refuge of a few self-willed opponents of Bacon's claims who are determined *per fas et nefas* to resist the hated conclusion and flout the hated man. If, on the contrary, any hostile critics had been found resolved at all costs to tear the *Waverley* argument to pieces, they might easily have opposed it in some such terms as this:—

"Why, look you! when the *Waverley* novels were written all the poems had been published; they were common property; the most popular literature of the time; their characteristic ideas and phrases were in everybody's mouth; all well-educated people were familiar with them and knew them by heart; they were the pride and glory of the time, and no one could fail of being influenced by them. Such a writer as the *Waverley* novelist must have been saturated by them. Doubtless they kindled his enthusiasm and directed his studies; he used them as finger-posts to point the way to a most fruitful and untrodden ground for his own special art."

Some such method of evading the force of the argument could have been easily employed, and might have proved very embarrassing to those who undertook to support the affirmative thesis, that the authorship of the two groups is identical.

The fact is that whereas a few parallels of this kind prove little or

nothing, a large collection of them proves a great deal, and every new addition to the pile enhances the value of all the rest; so that after a time the force of the argument increases in a sort of geometric ratio. The measurement of this argument requires a calculus of its own. Those who resist the conclusion to which they point never weigh the parallels *en masse;* they select a few, probably very bad ones, or very ambiguous, or very subtle, state them in a self-refuting way, and try to persuade their readers that the whole case rests on these selected instances, and falls if they are discredited. Nothing can be more fallacious or disingenuous. It seems to me that these slippery reasoners, who pick and choose among our facts just those which we ourselves least value, and never take a large and comprehensive view of the whole case, ought to be left severely unanswered.

R. M. T.

SIDNEY'S SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS.

"Live ever, sweet book; he who wrote thee was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the Muses, and the honeybee of the daintiest flowers of wit and art."—*Gabriel Harvey.*

I CAN say, with Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," that Francis Bacon "is he that hath filled all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome"; but because I so believe, that is not a reason why either I, or any other enthusiastic and devoted admirer of the great poet, orator, and philosopher should claim for him, without careful and studious examination and analysis, the authorship of all the poems and plays wrongfully attributed to William Shakspere, the butcher's apprentice and poacher of Stratford-on-Avon.

It seems to me that the Shakspere claim should be attacked in detail. In that way lies exposure of its falsity, and the utter defeat and overthrow of the ignorant idol who has been so blindly worshipped. It seems to me, I repeat, that the proper way to arrive at the truth is, first of all, to discuss and settle the question of Shakspere's right to the authorship, without reference to Francis Bacon's claim at all; and when it is fairly shown the world beyond a

reasonable doubt, that the illiterate Shakspere could not have written the works for which he has so long received credit, the other question of who did write them can be better and more easily solved. The Baconians are at a disadvantage now, for they try to set up their own divinity before knocking down the imposter from his gilded pedestal.

Following the lead of the painstaking and indefatigable William H. Burr, I am of the opinion that the very strongest argument against the Shakspere claim is the one which is the least urged and amplified for the instruction of the people: I refer to the irrefragable proof, which is easily adduced, of the inability of William Shakspere to write the King's English with any facility, as shown conclusively by the only specimens of his hand-writing extant. Of these, there are only five assuredly authentic. There are two more which may be presumed to be his, and one other lately discovered, the authenticity of which is uncertain.

In the spring of 1613, when Shakspere was nearly forty-nine years old, he purchased from Henry Walker a house and lot near the Blackfriars' theatre; and the deed to which he affixed his name bears date March 10th, 1612-3.

On the following day he executed a mortgage to Walker to secure a part of the purchase money, and his signature is, of course, affixed to it.

Afterwards, on the 25th day of March, 1815-6, when he was fifty-two years old, he placed his name on each of the three sheets of paper of which that last will consists, which has been rendered famous by the gift to his wife of his second-best bed.

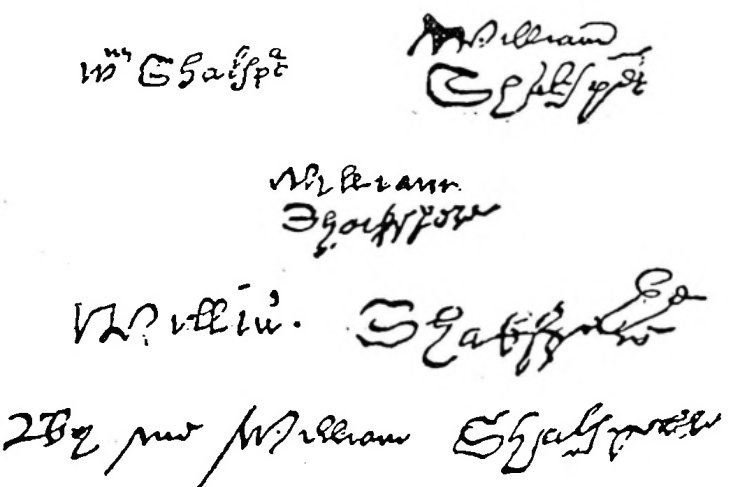
These comprise all the authentic writings of William Shakspere, which relic-hunters, antiquarians, historians, and pertinacious and enthusiastic searchers have been able to unearth, after two hundred and seventy-six years of assiduous labour and inquiry in every part of the world.

Beside these, there are two signatures which may be presumed to be his—one of them on a copy of the Montaigne of Florio, and the other on a volume of the plays in the possession of Mr. Gunther, the great candy manufacturer of Chicago.

Very lately a volume of North's Plutarch of 1603 was sold to the

Boston Public Library which has the words "Wilm. Shakspere" written in it, and which signature may or may not be genuine. Commenting upon the question of determination by comparison, the learned librarian very truly observes "that the field of comparison of the library signature with the known originals is narrow, being limited to those written between 1613 and 1616, all of which show such a lack of facility in hand-writing as would almost preclude the possibility of Shakspere's having written the dramas attributed to him, so great is the apparent illiteracy of his signatures."

As it is the design of this article to deal only with facts in reference to Shakspere, and not with possibilities, presumptions, or guesses, I append herewith, for the reader's convenient study, *facsimiles* of the five undoubted signatures:—



The man or woman who will critically and dispassionately examine these *facsimiles* or their originals, must inevitably conclude that the William Shakspere who wrote so wretchedly, was just such an ignoramus as the education of a few months at the poorly-equipped Stratford Grammar School would have made him. He could scarcely write his name; and the individual who can believe, in the face of

the evidence of Shakspere's own hand-writing, that such a dullard could compose and write the magnificent plays which adorn our literature has more faith than common-sense. I often wonder why English experts in hand-writing, who have access to the originals of four at least of these five undoubted signatures of William Shakspere, made by him in the ripe maturity of his manhood, do not critically examine and analyze these signatures for the benefit of the people who ought to know whether or not William Shakspere was a mask for the real author, or for a syndicate of authors.

Having satisfied myself by a critical study of the five genuine specimens of his hand-writing, in connection with the fact of his limited means of acquiring knowledge, that Shakspere could not have written the plays and poems which circulate in his name, I regarded the field of investigation as fairly open, and I have therefore adopted the plan of a detailed examination of the poems and plays, beginning with the sonnets, in aid of the proper solution of that question which is, sooner or later, to become of absorbing interest to the students of English literature—namely, who did write the plays and poems? I confess that when I took up the study of the authorship of the sonnets, I was prejudiced in favour of Bacon; but a close and careful examination of the 154 sonnets convinced me that Sir Philip Sidney wrote them.

In the May and October (1892) numbers of the American "Baconiana" I set out four reasons for my belief that Sidney was their author.

The first was that *love* was the argument of the sonnets, clearly revealing the poet's name, as he himself declared in the 76th Sonnet. Every associate and friend of Sidney knew, as does every reader of his life and works, that he adopted that name. He abridged his full name to Phil Sid; he then anagramatized it into Philisides and he then constructed for himself the name of Astrophil, star of love, or love-star, calling Lady Rich, Stella.

The second reason was that in the 20th Sonnet, he played upon the surname of his very dear friend Sir Edward Dyer, when he wrote that puzzling, punning line:—"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling," likening his name to that of a dyer, who in his business controls all hues and colours.

The third reason for the identification of Sidney as the author was the connection and resemblance between the statements and the facts of Sidney's life.

The fourth reason was that Sidney was known by name of Will or Willy among his friends and contemporary poets. See Sonnets 135 and 136.

I also showed that Sidney did not desire that his poetry should be published, and that it circulated for years after his death in manuscript form among his friends and acquaintances. In corroboration of my statement, I refer the reader to an article on "Shakspere and Copyright" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1893.

The most remarkable and to me the most interesting confirmation of my discovery will be found in a book called "Shakespeare's Sonnets Solved," written by Henry Brown, and published in London in 1870. I never saw a copy of it until 1893. The author, assuming that Shakspere wrote the sonnets, undertakes to show that they were a purposed imitation of the extravagant assertions and eccentric loving of the Italian and English sonneteers; and that the allegory was founded on the love of Sir Philip Sidney for Lady Rich and her illicit amours. Shakspere, he says, was imitating the conceits and style of the sonnet writers; and he asserts that Sidney's love for Stella and her love for him gave rise to the allegory, and that though Stella is chiefly alluded to, the sonnets were also intended as a satire on the times. If Mr. Brown had divested himself of his blind faith in the ability of the ignorant Shakspere to write a poem or play, and given the same amount of learning to unravel the mystery of the authorship, which he displays in his attempt to make Shakspere an allegorist, he would have discovered that the true author was Sir Philip Sidney.

I present now the fifth reason why I believe that Sidney wrote the Shake-speare Sonnets—viz., the similarity in style between them and the acknowledged writings of Sidney.

Desiring to abstain from self-assertion and to plant myself upon the firm basis of received authority, I will lay down no rule of my own as to Sidney's style, preferring to adopt the judgment of Jusserand, who, in the English novel before Shakespeare, says at page 255 that the rules of Sidney's style consist *firstly* in the

antithetical and cadenced repetition of the same words in the sentences written merely for effect, as, for example, "A greater greatness to give a kingdom than to get a kingdom," and "either for the love of honour or honour of his love;" *secondly*, in persistently ascribing life and feeling to inanimate objects, as, for example, "Did you not mark how the wind whistled and the seas danced for joy? how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania?"

If, now, these rules governing Sidney's style are applied to the sonnets, it will be found that the same antithetical and cadenced repetitions and the same ascription of life and feeling to inanimate objects occur in them. I give some examples under each rule:—

UNDER THE FIRST RULE.

"Music to hear, why hearest thou music sadly" (Sonnet 8, l. 1).

"So long lives this, and this gives life to thee" (Sonnet 18, l. 14).

"Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love" (Sonnet 32, l. 14).

"My grief lies onward and my joy behind" (Sonnet 50, l. 14).

"My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue" (Sonnet 113, l. 14).

"Mine ransom's yours, and yours must ransom me" (Sonnet 154, l. 14).

"Love's fire heats water, water cools not love" (Sonnet 154, l. 14).

UNDER THE SECOND RULE.

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, and dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field" (Sonnet 2).

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eyes" (Sonnet 33).

"Love's penury within that pen doth dwell" (Sonnet 84).

"The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, one blushing shame, another white despair" (Sonnet 99).

I will next consider the phrases and turns of expression in the sonnets in connection with the use of them by Sidney.

"And for a woman wert thou first created" (Sonnet 20).

"And for the event we never ought be sad" (Arcadia).

"And thou in this shalt find thy monument" (Sonnet 107).

"And thou my mind aspire to higher things" (Astrophil and Stella).

"Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took" (Sonnet 47).

"Betwixt the good and shade of good divided" (Arcadia).

"Betwixt which two in me, I have this fight" (Idem).

"And I by and by clean starved for a look" (Sonnet 75).

"Husband, quoth she, go to him by and by" (Arcadia).

"But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought" (Sonnet 44).

"But, ah! her darts did far more deeply go" (Arcadia).

"How can my muse want subject to invent" (Sonnet 38).

"Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my muse escape" (Arcadia).

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes" (Sonnet 17).

"If I could think how these my thoughts to leave" (Astrophil and Stella).

"In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes" (Sonnet 141).

"In faith, good Histor, long is your delay" (Arcadia).

"Methinks no face so gracious is, as mine" (Sonnet 62).

"Methinks my sound no place with sorrow filleth" (Arcadia).

"When I do count the clock that tells the time" (Sonnet 12).

"When I do smell the flowers of these valleys" (Arcadia).

"When I was forced from Stella ever dear" (A. & S.).

Sidney and the author of the sonnets both use the expressions "And in, and so, and therefore, and though, and when, alas, as I, but for, but now, but then, but yet, even as, farewell, for that, for as, hast thou, how much more, how oft, I never, if thou, like to, needs must, O else, O how, or if, perforce, save that, since what, since that, so oft, thou art, take heed, therefore, thus is, whereto, why dost thou."

Other resemblances and peculiarities are readily traced. The author of the sonnets ends a line with the letter I, as thus in Sonnet 72, l. 7. "And hang more praises on deceased *I*."

Compare the Astrophil and Stella Sonnets 103, 104, and 105.

"She so dishevelled, blushed from window *I*."

"From out my ribs and puffing proves that *I*."

"I swear by her I love and lack that *I*."

In Sonnet 85 the poet uses the phrase—

"And like unlettered clerk, still cry 'Amen.'"

It is noticeable that Sidney was a clerk in holy orders in the church of Whitford.

In Sonnet 86 the writer playfully alludes to his poet friends thus:—

> "He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence."

The reference to the familiar ghost reasonably fits, I think, his familiar friend Fulke Greville, who imported the ghost from Seneca, and in his Alaham and Mustapha summons the ghost of one of the old kings of Ormus to speak his prologue. See Shakespeare's predecessors by Symonds, page 240.

Sidney occasionally liked to repeat the first words of a sonnet in the succeeding lines as in Astrophil and Stella (Sonnet 105).

The same peculiarity occurs in the Shake-speare Sonnet 66. I quote other striking resemblances.

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow" (Sonnet 2, l. 1).

"When forty winters have I married been" (Arcadia).

"No love toward others in that bosom sits that on himself such murderous shame commits" (Sonnet 9, ls. 13 and 14).

"Immortal be preserved, if thus, thou murder thy posterity; thy very being thou hast not deserved" (Arcadia).

"And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill" (Sonnet 16, l. 14).

"With his sweet skill, my skilless youth he drew" (Arcadia).

"Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love" (Sonnet 32, l. 14).

"No style is held for base, where love well named is" (Arcadia).

"Describe Adonis and the counterfeit is poorly imitated after you" (Sonnet 53, ls. 5 and 6).

"I will think thy pictures be image like of saints perfection, poorly counterfeiting thee" (Sidney).

"So oft have I invoked thee for my muse" (Sonnet 78, l. 1).

"Muses, I oft invoke your holy aid" (Sidney).

"Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind still constant in a wondrous excellence" (Sonnet 108, ls. 5 and 6).

"Such as you see, such still you shall me find constant and kind" (Arcadia).

"Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate" (Sonnet 142, l. 1).

"Then love is sin, and let me sinful be" (Astrophil and Stella).

The doctrine of the cycles is very clearly set out in Sonnet 123, which I ask the reader to consider carefully; and it is very easy to show by authority from whence Sidney derived the views expressed in that Sonnet. He was instructed by Giordano Bruno, who visited England in 1583, residing for several years in London.

Bourne, in his life of Sidney, states that on the evening of Ash Wednesday, 1584, Bruno was invited by Greville to meet Sidney and others to hear the reasons for his belief that the earth moves, and their meetings were frequent, for Bruno writes that "We met in a chamber in Greville's house to discuss moral, metaphysical, mathematical, and natural speculations." Sidney imbibed his ideas and freely sympathized with him, and Bruno dedicated two of his books to Sidney.

The use of the word "sugared," by Meres, as applied to the Sonnets, originated with Sidney. It was a familiar expression with him, as for example in A. and S. 59, "Sugared lips," "Sugared kiss" (Idem 73), "Sugared phrase" (Idem 193), "Sugared bliss" (Idem, tenth song), "Sugared selves" (Arcadia). In his preface to Meres's sketch in 1598, Dr. Arber says, "Many of the English works referred to in this sketch existed at the time only in manuscript. A number of them did not come to the press for years, some for many years afterwards, and some not at all, and are now lost."

[Puttenham,] in his Art of English poesie (1589), says, "I know very many notable gentlemen in the court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their own names to it; as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned and to show himself amorous of any good art." We know that Sidney's works circulated freely in manuscript, and were not printed for years after his death. Astrophil and Stella was circulated privately until 1591, when it was surreptitiously printed as a work that had been "spread abroad in written copies and carried general commendation." Greville, when arranging for the publication of the Arcadia, wrote of "the mercenary printing. Gain there will be no doubt to be disposed of by you; let it be to the poorest of his servants."

The only real argument in favour of Shakspere is founded on what may be called the universality of belief in Great Britain and America; as if universality of belief will consecrate a lie. The world believes that William Shakspere wrote the plays and poems, and it is fashionable and customary so to believe. Kings and princes have so believed. Shaksperian societies have so believed; commentators and essayists by the hundreds have kept the gilded idol in a state of preservation for nearly three centuries by ingenious suppositions, possibilities, and probabilities; and when doubters grumbled on account of the paucity of facts, bold forgeries like those of Ireland and Cunningham have been put upon the market to minister to a popular mind diseased.

Yet this fashion, this belief in the power of ignorance to achieve miracles in literature, will yet fade away in the light of truth.

If I should suggest to one of the Shakspere-worshippers that great learning is not formed in the blood, or even picked up in a few months at a Stratford school, although re-endowed by Edward the Sixth, he would answer about thus, "You may suggest what you please, but Shakspere is Shakspere, and I cannot, and will not believe that anybody but Shakspere wrote Shakspere's plays. He is to me a miraculous mystery in literature." To which I answer, "Yes, he is indeed a mystery in literature. There's something so romantic and mysterious about Shakspere, from the cradle to the grave. You see that although we celebrate the anniversary of his birth, yet nobody knows when Shakspere was born. That's the first mystery. We get the date of his baptism from the church record, and we can guess at the birth date. And then it is such a delicious mystery not to know whether his father was a butcher, or a wool dealer, or a glove seller. Who knows? And how long, and when was Shakspere at school, and who was the tutor who taught him "small Latin, and less Greek?" That is a good subject to guess about. And was he or not a butcher's apprentice? That's a conundrum for the literati. And did he not marry Anne Hathaway, or as the license says, Anne Whatley of Temple Grafton, a woman eight years older than himself, for pure love; and after two children, Hamnet and Judith, had been born to them, did he not run away and desert his wife and children, after stealing deer from Charlcote, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy? Is not all this a

mystery? Does not Rowe excuse this gentlemanly act of desertion by saying that he had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows fallen into ill company; and do not all men of learning and genius desert their wives, and yet love them so much always that when they realize large fortunes by literature, they charitably remember their dear wives in their wills, by bequeathing to them, as the generous Shakspere did, "one second best bed" at the least? And here are three other mysteries which are hard to explain. Why did Shakspere bring up his children in ignorance so that his own daughter could not write her name?

Again, what was the true surname of the bard? Was it Shake-speare, or Shakspere, or Shakspur? And greatest mystery of all, how did it happen that a man who is popularly credited with such magnificent poems and plays, and with the knowledge of all languages, sciences, and arts, never left a single sentence or scrap of writing except his wretchedly scrawled signature to legal papers, to show that he was a man of learning? This fellow, Shakspere, never could have written the Shake-speare Sonnets. Nothing in them fits him or the known facts of his life. Everything in them fits Sidney and the known facts of his life. Harvey styled him and Dyer "the Castor and Pollux of poetry," and Spenser called them "the two diamonds of Her Majesty's Court." JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

DESIDERATA.

WANTED—Information as to Bacon's Library. Will no one connected with the families of Herbert, Tennyson, Cotton, Selden, Constable, and others among Bacon's intimates, help in this matter? We appeal to scholars at Cambridge to seek these books in the University Library, and at Trinity College. Similarly at Oxford, will some one aid us by examining the Selden collection at the Bodleian Library? We expect not to find Francis Bacon's name inscribed in his books, but, rather, some motto or secret mark, and perhaps marginal notes. The Harleian, Cotton, Finch-Hatton, and other collections of MSS. at the British Museum, the antiquarian, Bacon, and other MSS. at Lambeth, with those at Dulwich College, Sion College, and other such libraries should be seriously examined.

EULOGY: THOMAS POWELL TO FRANCIS BACON.

To True Nobility and Tryde Learning beholden to no Mountaine of Eminence nor Supportment for Height, Francis, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albanes.

O give me leave to pull the curtaine by,
That clouds thy worth in such obscurity:
Good Seneca, stay but a while thy bleeding,
Ta' accept what I received at thy Reading:
Here I present it in a solemn strayne
And thus I pluck the curtayne back againe.
Thomas Powell, 1630. Third Edition.

"THESE noticeable lines to Bacon in his 'disgrace,' have hitherto escaped notice." So says Grosart in "*Fuller's Worthies Library*," Vol. i., p. 29. Grosart comments on Spedding's favourable criticism on Bacon's acknowledged poems (see Bacon's Works, Vol. vii., pp. 265—272). Grosart entirely sympathises with Spedding's opinion of Bacon's poetical genius, and that he was fully capable of the poet's faith,

"That every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Spedding's criticism is, says Grosart, "fine, and finely put, and whoever studies reverentially and lovingly—as is due to so much as the signature of a name so supreme as Bacon's—any of these "Certaine Psalms," will find thought or tremble of feeling or epithet like a touch of autumn colour, in the most apparently tame lines. I can't help anticipating that, some of these days, Bacon letters, or other papers will turn up, interpretive of his, at present, dark phrase to Sir John Davies, of "your concealed poet." We have noble contemporary poetry, unhappily anonymous: and I shall not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it. May I live to have my expectation verified!"—*Rev. Alex. B. Grosart.* (See Bridge's Brit. Bibliog., Vol. i., p. 513).

OUR STUDY.

Notices of Contemporary Literature and Research in Bacon.

Inquiries are frequently made regarding the best books to be read in order to study methodically, and without too great labour or expenditure of time, the Life and Works of Francis Bacon, and the many theories which have grown up in connection with him. We propose, therefore, from time to time, to give a list of books which seem calculated to meet this requirement, and of new publications bearing upon the same subjects.

Life of Francis Bacon.

1. "The Life of the Rt. Honble. Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, by Dr. Rawley, D.D., his Lordship's first and last Chaplain, and of late, His Majesty's Chaplain in Ordinary." This very brief "Life" (18 octavo pages) is of great value. The sentences (pregnant with meaning, though condensed to the extreme) are found to be as the "finger-posts" mentioned by Bacon, which guide the reader through unknown regions. First edition, published in the "Resuscitatio," 1657; second edition, enlarged, 1661; third edition enlarged, 1671, after the death of Dr. Rawley. The notes added in Spedding's edition of the works, Vol. I., 1875, are very valuable. The life is also in Devey's edition of the Essays. Hen. E. Bohn, London, 1857.

2. "Letters and Life." J. Spedding. 7 vols., 8vo. Longman's, 1861. (300th Anniversary of Bacon's Birth). This admirable work regards Bacon chiefly as lawyer and statesman; but it contains, besides the Grey's Inn Revels or *Gesta Grayorum*, an account of "the fanciful pageants or devices," entitled, the "*Conference of Pleasure*"; "*Philantia, or Self-Love*"; and "The Indian Prince." These three titles are, however, all omitted from the index. See Vol. i., pp. 119, 374—391.

3. An abridged edition, in two small volumes, was published a few years after the preceding, by Spedding, and entitled, "The Life and Times" of Bacon.

4. "The Personal History of Lord Bacon." W. Hepworth Dixon.

1 vol., 8vo. J. Murray, 1861. Either this, or the following, or both, should be read. They present quite a different side of the "myriad-mind" of our great subject.

5. "The Story of Lord Bacon's Life," *by the same.* 1 vol., small 8vo., includes still newer facts. 1862.

6. Francis Bacon: an Account of his Life and Works." By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. 1885. This book is thoroughly antipathetic to Bacon, and may be consulted by those who wish to learn the worst motives which can be ascribed to him, and the gloss which can be set upon some of his words and actions.

Character.

7. "An Evening with the Reviewers." James Spedding. A calm and able refutation of the charges brought against Bacon, by Pope, Macaulay, Campbell, and later writer. (Also see No. 6. *Ante.*)

Philosophy.

8. Professor Fowler's "Bacon." One of a series of great Authors. Excellent. 1 small vol.

9. Works." Edited by Spedding, Ellis and Heath. 7 vols., 8vo. 1875. See also for Bacon's Philosophy, No. 6, *Ante.*

10. "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespear's Plays?" A letter to Lord Ellesmere. By Wm. Henry Smith. Pamphlet. Printed for private circulation. London, September, 1856. Reproduced in *Littell's Living Age* (4 pages), November, 1856.

11. "William Shakespeare and his Plays": an Inquiry concerning them. Delia Bacon. See *Putman's Monthly,* January, 1856. 1—19. These two works are said to have been written quite independently of each other.

12. The Philosophy of the Shakespeare Plays unfolded." Delia Bacon. London: Groombridge. 1857. 8vo. Pp. 582.

13. Bacon and Shakespeare. An Inquiry touching Players, Play-Houses, and Play-writers in the days of Elizabeth. By Wm. H. Smith, Esq. To which is appended an abstract of a MS. respecting Tobie Matthew. London: J. Russell Smith, 1857. 12mo. Pp. 162. These early works are still highly interesting. No. 13 is an enlargement of No. 10.

Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

14. "Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare?" Part I. "Thirty-two Reasons for believing that he did." Part II. "The Lives of Bacon and Shakespeare compared." Two pamphlets, by Mrs. Henry Pott. Published 1884—1885. About to be re-printed in one small vol. R. Banks & Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

15. "The Authorship of Shakespeare. By Nathaniel Holmes. Boston and New York, 1886. Second edition, with appendix and full index. Important work. Two vols., 8vo.

16. "The Shakespearean Myth." Appleton Morgan, LL.B. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1881.

17. "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies" (being private notes, *circ.*, 1594, hitherto unpublished). By Francis Bacon. Illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakespeare, by Mrs. Henry Pott, with Preface by Dr. Abbott. Longmans, 1883.

18. "A New Study of Shakespeare. An Inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origins of the classic Drama, and with the Platonic Philosophy through the mysteries." By W. F. C. Wigston. Trübner & Co., 1884. 1 vol., 8vo.

19. Two Vols. of the "Bacon Journal," from 1886 to 1890. George Redway, 1886. Robert Banks & Son, 1891. London. (In 1891 "Baconiana" replaced the "Journal").

20. "Dethroning Shakspere." R. M. Theobald. London: Sampson, Lowe, Marston & Co. A Review of Reviews on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

21. Shakespeare und Shakspere." Von K. F. Graf Vitzthum von Eckstadt. 1 vol., large 8vo. Stuttgart. Cotta, 1888.

Bacon as the Centre of the Second Renaissance.

22. "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. 1 vol. Sampson, Lowe, Marston & Co., 1891.

23. The Columbus of Literature, or Bacon's New World of Sciences." By W. F. C. Wigston. Chicago: F. J. Schulte, 1892.

(*To be continued.*)

"LET IT BE INQUIRED."

1. CAN you favour me with any information regarding the teachers of Anthony and Francis Bacon before they left home for College, and at the University?

George Buchanan is said to have been a preceptor to Lady Anne Bacon about 1551. Did he continue as instructor of her young sons? Was Florio also a tutor to the Bacon family? I observe that these men were both connected with Michel de Montaigne whom Mrs. Henry Pott suspects as a mask for the brothers—one or both.—*Inquirer.*

2. Has it yet been ascertained when or where Antony Bacon died, and where he was buried? What is known about his movements? Why should there be any mystery made about him? Is there any index to the collection of his letters at Lambeth Palace? Have any of these letters been printed?—*Baconian.*

3. I observe that in Spedding's famous edition of Bacon's works (*De Aug. ii., p.* 526, *foot note*) the Editor says:—"Bacon was not improbably, acquainted with Fludd, who was one of the most learned of the Cabalistic philosophers." Is this not some confirmation of the notion that Bacon was the head and front of the Rosicrucians? Can any one tell me where to read particulars about Fludd in some accessible book?—*A. B.*

4. Is it true that the highest degrees in Rosicrucianism can only be taken in Holland? Can you inform me who are the present heads of the society?—*Rector.*

5. I have been trying to examine some of the earliest books written for children, either to amuse or instruct them. They seem all to begin in Bacon's time. Is it at all likely that he can have written such simple things? How can I ascertain?—*Mater.*

6. Will anyone be so good as to favour me with a list of books which will enable me to conduct a study of the history of Stenography and of Phonetic writing which seems to be mixed with it. Also of Cryptography? Has Mr. Donnelly made any advance in the deciphering of the plays? Is it true that another gentleman has made great discoveries in the same direction?—*Shorthand.*

7. In "Francis Bacon and his Secret Society" the Author speaks (p. 13) "of certain secret marks," which form a complete chain of evidence as to the workings of a secret society? Cannot these marks be explained to us, the readers of your journal?—*W. T. O.*

8. What are the proper arguments to refute the constant charges against Bacon of bribery, and money-loving, and cruelty to prisoners, &c. ?—*Fair-play.*

9. At the last meeting of the Bacon Society a number of medals struck in honour of Bacon were exhibited; but I could not catch any clear explanation of their origin or cause? Can you oblige me by giving some account of these medals, who made them and why? Are they mentioned by Spedding or other of Bacon's biographers?—*J. C.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "Baconiana."

I observe that one of your correspondents, Mr. Clarke Irvine, has greatly misunderstood my meaning, where he brings forward a short list of words which I published in Baconiana, May, 1892, and describes them as words which I "assign to Bacon's invention, or at least credit him as their introducer." Not so. Although in the effort to be brief, I may not have been sufficiently explicit, I spoke of "the *habitual* words, pet phrases, and turns of speech, of which hardly a page or passage, in Bacon's writings, is entirely barren." It would indeed be foolish to enter even into a simple philological question like this, without having studied so much as our own Book of Common Prayer, or the Pasten letters! The statement that our language was "*as rich in words when those letters were written, and long before, as it is to-day*" is, I believe, utterly erroneous, and misleading. Even "Shakespeareans" assure us that the poet introduced into his poems 3,000 new words; and, although this is no place for controversy, yet it would be well if Mr. Clarke Irvine would produce for our benefit the proofs which he holds to justify a statement made in direct opposition to the experience of philologists, and to the statements of Bacon himself. As to the Bibles, and Books of Common Prayer, they are a pro-

found study of themselves; and it has been one of my greatest interests to note the changes in language, after the publication of the Revised Editions, which introduce so many of Bacon's peculiarities.

It would be a marvel if, in days described by Bacon as "deficient" in the very elements of a noble style, the Revisers, some of whom must have been personally known to him, should have refrained from applying to him for the assistance which he so liberally dealt out on all sides. More than this; the very prayers added to the Book of Common Prayer in the reign of James I., bear upon them the indelible stamp of Bacon's mind, as well as his mode of expression; and, to pass to minor matters, the water-marks in the paper, and the engravings (not to mention more secret marks) are "Baconian." They are of the series, alike symbolic and hieroglyphic, which are all found in the various editions of Bacon's acknowledged works, and which by twos, threes, or dozens are scattered throughout the immense mass of literature which he wrote, or (with the assistance of his secret society) compiled, directed, revised, and published.

These things require a volume for their due exposition; but I am not afraid to say that the more they are examined, and crucially tested, the more they will be proved true.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully, C. M. POTT.

"THE STAGE-PLAYER IMPOSTOR," OF THE ROSICRUCIAN "CONFESSIO FRATERNITATIS."

THE following communication has been received by Mrs. Henry Pott from a distinguished German correspondent, regarding the hypothesis put forward by Mr. Wigston and Mrs. Pott, and which would identify the "Stage-player" and impostor of the Rosicrucian *Confessio* with William Shakspere. We are glad to receive corrections of an error which has seemed (to those interested in the inquiry) to attach too great importance to the actor in question.

"According to your ideas, Francis Bacon became, when quite a youth, the foundation stone of the Rosicross Fraternity. Now there is in the *Confession of the Fraternity of the Rosicrucians*" this passage:—"Our age doth produce many such (*worthless books of the pseudo-chymists*) one of the greatest being a stage-player, a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition." This, both you and Mr. Wigston conclude, can refer to no one but W. Shakspere.

But when we consider this passage together with its context, we perceive that it is impossible that Shakspere can be the person in question. The Latin text runs thus :—"In fine vero confessionis nostrae illud serio inculcamus *abjciendos esse*, si non omnes, plerosque tamen Pseudo-chymicorum nequam *Libellos*, quibus vell SS. Triade ad futilia abuti lusus: vel *monstrosis figuris* atque ænigmatibus homines decipere jocus: vel credulorum curiositas lucrum est; quales ætas nostra plurimos produxit : unum *ex iis* præcipuum Amphitheatralem histrionem, hominem ad imponendum satis ingeniosum, &c.'

Here is a warning against certain *Books* (libellos) *of false Alchymists* to whom it was a jest to apply the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity to vain things, or to deceive men with strange figures, and darkly hidden enigmas, in order to deceive men.—Does this fit W. Shk. ?—Was he the writer of any Alchymical works ? Only an Alchymical author can here be intended, who in scorn and contempt is here *figuratively* called a "stage-player." One particular magical-alchemical book has called forth the wrath of the author of the "*Confessio*," a book probably bearing the title of "The Amphitheatre;" and of which the Author could be figuratively termed "The Stage-player of the Amphitheatre."

My opinion is that a blow was here aimed against Heinrich Khunrath, the most famous of the Cabalists and Alchymists. An extraordinarily stirring book by him, appeared in the year 1609, with the following title :—"*Amphitheatrum* sapientiæ æternæ solius veræ Christiano Kabalisticum, divino-magicum nec non physico-chymicum, tertrinnum catholicon."

This remarkable book (which is to be seen in the British Museum), is famous on account of its wonderfully thought out, and splendidly executed tables of Magical Figures (pentacles) in small folio size, and I think, nine or ten of them. It is possible that this book may have roused the indignation of John Dee to such a degree that he contemptuously called the Author "a stage-player with sufficient ingenuity for imposition." Heinrich Khunrath was a personal acquaintance of John Dee; and Dr. Dee's diary records that H. K. visited Dr. Dee on June 6th, 1589, at Bremen."

Notes communicated by G. L. R.

(It will be seen by the concluding sentences that the learned writer believes that Dr. Dee penned the "*Confessio Fraternitatis*.")

1. DEVONSHIRE BUST.

2. DEVONSHIRE BUST.

3. MEDAL, 1823.

BACONIANA.

VOL. I.—*New Series.* AUGUST, 1893. No. 2.

BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE CRITICS.

[A PAPER WRITTEN FOR THE BACONIAN CONVERSAZIONE, JULY 17TH, 1893.]

DURING the last three or four years the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, as it was formerly called, has very much altered in character and in the range of its enquiries. At first the only question in debate was, "Did Francis Bacon write the Shakespeare plays and poems?" Most persons who investigated this question carefully and impartially, speedily arrived at the conclusion that he did, and that the literary and scientific fame already crowning the

> "God-like face of large-brow'd Verulam,
> The first of those who know,"

must be reinforced by the more resplendent glory belonging to the greatest poetic achievements of all time. The puzzle and the paradox of William Shakspere had become unendurable to all who fairly fronted the problems associated with his name; and there can be no doubt that the solution found in the Baconian theory of Shakespeare has proved entirely satisfactory to a large number of thoroughly intelligent and competent students.

But soon other questions began to shape themselves into clear and ever more and more pressing form. Is the Shakesperean poetry limited to the poems which pass under this name? It was noted that many inferior plays were published as Shakespeare's, during his life time, which no one now cares to attribute to him. We do not particularly wish to credit Francis Bacon with *A Yorkshire Tragedy* or *The Widow of Watling-street*, whether he had any hand in their production or not.

But even the very earliest of the recognised Shakespeare poems appeared when Bacon was more than 30 years old. We know that his genius ripened early, that in his early manhood he had little or no public or professional work to occupy him, that in those days he had much leisure and scanty resources. We know also that he was continually busy in secret studies, and that his mother was anxious lest his health should suffer from his perpetual and unaccountable labours. The poetry which we now know to be his was either anonymous or it was published under a mask. The inference is irresistible. Perhaps the Shakespeare mask was not the only one. It is not difficult to identify the resonant tones of his voice, the philosophic richness of his thought, the musical cadence of his words. Qualities such as these shine luminously through any disguise, however subtle. Can we not find them elsewhere?

It is obvious that these questions must be fairly met, and that in the consideration of them, so long as we maintain a strong hold on common sense and the ordinary laws of literary criticism, we need not fear going very far astray.

Speaking now only for myself, I may say that I have no hesitation whatever in lifting the mask of *Marlowe*, and finding concealed beneath it the same "large-browed" features as those which peer from the cover of Shakespeare. This conclusion is, I claim, to a great extent, proved. Also, I am fully satisfied that the same personality may be detected in the three *Parnassus* plays. The matchless collection of Elizabethan lyrics, called *England's Helicon*, was certainly edited by Bacon, and most of the anonymous poems in it are unmistakably his. There may be, and probably are, many other lyrics of his composition in the other song-books of the period; perhaps there are other dramatic pieces awaiting recognition. But I cannot myself at present go beyond those I have named. I am hesitatingly inclined to hand over to Bacon, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Its intellectual affluence is wonderful. It contains quite a marvellous store of Shakespearean ideas, allusions, and expressions, and enables us to trace a good deal of Shakespearean thought to its classic and other sources. Some of our friends think that Bacon wrote "Montaigne's Essays." For my part, I may say that, while leaving for further enquiries the question whether he or

his brother Anthony may not have had some share in their production, I am fully persuaded he did not write them himself, and that his special literary marks are absent from these strange and interesting essays. But when the attempt is made to take possession in Bacon's name of Massinger, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Shirley, and others, I can only hold up my hands in amazement at such a mixture of fanaticism and audacity. One adventurous explorer would go even beyond this, claiming for Bacon, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," Dean Swift's and Addison's works, and I know not what other literature going far on to the close of the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries. Evidences for such astonishing conclusions ought to be large and irresistible, but we can hardly so consider them.

As a Baconian, I protest earnestly against the mere announcement of such extravagant notions, as likely to inflict incalculable injury on our cause. What the learned and "judicious" Hooker says of Holy Scripture may be most exactly applied to these most incredible pretensions:—"As incredible praises given to men do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendation, so we must likewise take great heed lest in attributing unto [the Scripture of Francis Bacon] more than it can have, the incredibility of that do cause even those things which indeed it hath most abundantly to be less reverently esteemed."

The arguments employed in the Bacon-Shakespeare case are most various and, in my view, most conclusive. The negative argument against William Shakspere is absolutely irresistible, and this is the argument on which all others are based. It is true that some ill-informed opponents of the Shakspere claim have, in a curious visitation of blindness, overlooked this. And even Mr. Stotsenburg, who is not an opponent, writes in BACONIANA: "The Baconians are at a disadvantage now, for they try to set up their own divinity before knocking down the impostor from his gilded pedestal." It is not necessary to stamp William Shakspere as an impostor: but, disregarding this, Mr. Stotsenburg's statement only shows that he cannot have read the arguments of Judge Holmes, or Appleton Morgan, or Mr. Donnelly, or of the Bacon Journal, or he would have never made such a strangely inaccurate assertion. The positive arguments in favour of Bacon are,

if possible, even stronger than the negative against Shakspere. From the very nature of the case they cannot be direct; documentary evidence may yet be discovered, but at present we must dispense with it. I may not now, even in the most summary way, enumerate these arguments, not even the leading varieties under which they may be classed. For immediate and popular use the strongest argument, though not by any means the only strong one, is that from parallels. My conviction is that even this argument, powerful as it is, is not so satisfactory as that which may be obtained by a scientific investigation into the literary and scientific structure of the poems—the knowledge, the errors, the philosophic ideas they contain, the entire inventory of the mental furniture which has been employed in the construction and adornment of these artistic creations.

Here, then, is our case—large, luminous, circumstantial—containing matter of fact in abundance, matter of reasonable inference in absolutely overwhelming profusion. We present it with an honest and fearless conviction of its cogency to the critics, as part of the general public. How do they receive it? In various ways, but, as a rule, with infinite and supercilious contempt; they ignore the arguments and then protest that they do not exist. Let me cull some of these malodorous flowers of literature. One portentously and phenomenally uncivil critic writes thus: "The idea of Lord Bacon having written Shakspere's plays can be entertained only by folk who know nothing of either writer, or are crackt, or who enjoy the paradox or joke. Poor Miss Delia Bacon, who started the notion, was no doubt then mad, as she was afterwards proved to be"; and then this strange human manifestation, with whom the habit of scornful denunciation is quite an amusing eccentricity, proceeds to vilify individuals as "characteristic blind," "colour blind," "idiotic," ending with, "The tomfoolery of it is infinite."

Here is another specimen, from a man who has actually attained some literary eminence, who is supposed to be, and probably is, incapable of deliberate falsehood, and is accustomed to associate with gentlemen: "Not a single adherent of any weight has joined the Baconian party here. A few persons who believe that we are the Ten Tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Titchborne, and that Tennyson's sister was the author of "In Memoriam"—people for

whom evidence does not exist, and who love paradox for its own sake —form the whole Baconian schism over here."

This is in a letter sent to an American friend and published in an American journal. The best Christian charity that can be shown to a critic, whose style is so unsavoury, is to refrain from mentioning his name.

Other critics adopt a tone of weariness—a "don't bother" sort of air—profess themselves fatigued with these stupidities. They are so busy with counting the weak and strong endings, the run-on-lines, the central pauses, the rhymed couplets, the unstopped lines, that they have no reserve of mental activity for our case. They can go into paroxysms of rapture over some humbug of a portrait, or over some trumpery ring, or wooden chair or stool, which can by any process of straining evidence or torturing facts be associated with their fetish; but when the relation between Shakespeare and the grandest intellect that ever illuminated literature—himself a contemporary, and the most interesting personality of his generation—when this is the problem to be discussed, our critics begin to yawn, and beg to be excused from taking interest in such unprofitable discussions. It really seems as if the Sweet Swan of Avon had by some Circean witchcraft transformed his followers into geese.

Other advocates for William Shakspere make up for the poverty of their arguments by the hardihood of their assertions. One of the most recent, Mr. Rolfe, says of the Baconian case: "The theory is literally a baseless one," and he proceeds to the extraordinary claim that, "Every careful student or critic is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the works must have been written either by Shakspere or by some man whose education and experiences were like his," which is exactly the conclusion that no "careful student or critic" can possibly admit, and which even good Shakespearean scholars—such as Knight and Grant White—are forced to abandon. Thus the very anomalies which have proved stumbling-blocks to critics, who had no reason for minimizing them, are boldly assumed not to exist when the consequences logically proceeding from them have to be confronted. Mr. Rolfe tells us, for instance, that "the facts concerning Shakspere's personal history that have come down to us are few indeed" (as a matter of fact, they are not so very few); "but they are important

and significant in the study of his works. His life is a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his writings." This is written in face of the fact that the profoundest Shakespearean critic, from the philosophical and physiological standpoint, who ever lived, Coleridge, in view of these same facts, is forced to explain, "What! are we to have miracles in sport? . . . Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" while Emerson and Hallam use language of the same import, and equally strong.

And, after all, what have they to show in support of their singular contention that Shakespeare's poems are illuminated and illustrated by Shakspere's life? Absolutely nothing! There is not a single passage in the poetry that becomes more interesting or more clear by reference to anything known about the Stratford playwright. Professor Dowden has written a thoughtful and suggestive book on the "Mind and Art of Shakspere," showing the noble personal qualities that are dimly reflected in the plays. All he says is beautiful and interesting so long as William Shakspere is kept at a distance —so long as we follow Ben Jonson's sly suggestion and "look not on his picture, but his book." But as soon as the Warwickshire rustic is admitted, the dignity and *vraisemblance* of the argument vanishes —the whole matter becomes, in Baconian language, "preposterous," grotesque, and topsy-turvy. For instance, here is an eloquent and weighty passage:—

"If Shakspere had died at the age of 40, it might have been said, 'the world has lost much, but the world's chief poet could not have 'created anything more wonderful than *Hamlet*.' But after *Hamlet* came *King Lear*. *Hamlet* was in fact only the point of departure in Shakspere's immense and final sweep of mind—that in which he endeavoured to include and comprehend life for the first time adequately. Through *Hamlet*, perhaps also through events in the poet's personal history, which tested his will as Hamlet's was tested, Shakspere had been reached and touched by the shadow of some of the deep mysteries of human existence. Somehow [note this *somehow*] a relation between his soul and the dark and terrible forces of the world was established, and to escape from a thorough investigation and sounding of the depths of life was no longer possible." True! most true! and if we go to Bacon's life to find out what were

these stern facts which reached and touched his soul and forced him to include and comprehend the deepest mysteries of existence, we shall find the events which cast those deep shadows in the plays. For about this time—between 1600 and 1604—the terrible tragedy of Essex's fall tested and tortured his spirit. For twenty years he had been a struggling disappointed man, his transcendent powers neglected or put to ignoble drudgery, forced to battle with sordid cares and envious obstruction. He had lost his only brother Anthony, his second self, his "comfort," as he pathetically calls him, the one man in the whole world who understood and valued him aright. His mother, after years of mental and physical decay, had died, her splendid faculties having been long clouded and distorted by madness. His dearest hopes connected with that philosophic reformation which was nearest his heart seemed to be removed from their fruition by inaccessible distance; his great nature fretted in solitude against the barriers and limitations which seemed to baffle its most cherished aspirations.

Here we see the agony and conflict which Professor Dowden so eloquently describes, here is the cry of anguish which is echoed in Hamlet's strife with destiny, and in Lear's wild wail of unutterable pain. If Professor Dowden had been able to search in this direction for the original of the portrait which he draws of the mind and art of Shakspere, how would his deepest speculations have been more than justified! What new and profound and precious comments would he have made if he could have brought his glorious guesses into this historic environment! It is almost shocking, it is inexpressibly humiliating, to see his attempts to establish a *rapport* for them with the vulgar, hollow mask of a life which is all that research can possibly find in the Stratford personality—a shrunken, sordid soul, fattening on beer and coin, and finding sweetness and content in the *stercorarium* of his Stratford homestead. Professor Dowden does not apparently shrink from this desperate approximation, and here is the result: "Shakspere had by this time mastered the world from a practical point of view. He was a prosperous and wealthy man." Here is the issue of these glorious guesses, only this, and nothing more! Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! "Sounding the depths of life," "including and comprehending" its hardest problems,

means only filling his pockets with gold,—"Mastering the world from a practical point of view," simply means making his fortune and retiring to the inglorious obscurity of Stratford. He "somehow" encounters the dark and terrible forces of the world, and the result is seen in the bulging of his breeches' pocket, and remunerative transactions in malt and money-lending. It is indeed difficult to understand how a thoughtful writer can thus endure such intellectual contortions, how he can willingly undergo the throes and agonies of parturient and mountainous thought, and then give birth to this feeble, and funny, and most ridiculous mouse. And yet forsooth Mr. Rolfe can calmly assure us that Shakspere's life is a key to his writings! Such a preposterous assertion needs no further comment from me; its absurdity is "gross as a mountain—open, palpable," and this is the happy hunting-ground of Shakespearean criticism, and the justification of their silly scorn of the Baconian theory.

THE SONNETS.

"My love, in this allegory, is always understood of this study (philosophy), which is the application of the mind to that thing of which it is enamoured. . . . By love, I mean the study I underwent in order to win the love of this lady. . . . This love produces wondrous beauty. . . . O during how many nights, when the eyes of others were reposing in sleep, were mine contemplating the habitation of my love."—(Dante, Convito ii. 16, iii. 1, 12, 13.)

MANY theories have in recent times been put forward concerning the origin and purport of the Shakespeare Sonnets which appeared in MS. and in a detached form in print in 1598 and 1599, but which were not published collectively until 1609. Some of them have been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, others to the Earls of Leicester and Essex. Some are claimed as compliments to Queen Elizabeth, and to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and certain Shakespearean critics taking the lowest and most material views of these exquisite pieces, have concluded that "poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing, poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspere's life and growth, can be no other than they are the records of his own loves and fears." This

writer proceeds with an endeavour to fit the Sonnets to some base and discreditable episodes in the life of William Shakspere, the result being an interpretation the most repulsive, if not the least plausible, of all.

But possible or probable as may be some of these guesses at truth, they are but guesses, and in no degree adequate or conclusive; and seeing that opinions on the authorship and intention of the Sonnets are so many and diverse, it cannot be taken amiss if I submit to the consideration of readers an entirely different system of interpretation which appears (to my own mind, of course) to afford a more comprehensive and satisfactory solution of the difficulties surrounding this question. In order to economise space, I ask the reader to place beside him during the perusal of this brief argument a copy of the Shakespeare Sonnets in question.

I take leave to begin at the end, and to state my belief that (with perhaps a few exceptions), *these Sonnets were not written to any living person.* Some may have been, and probably were, utilised as complimentary tributes to individuals on occasions which they suited, and for which their very vagueness would render their application the easier. But such, I say, was not their sole or true drift and intention. What, then, are they? I think they are ambiguous, or double-meaning. Truly, they are an Epithalamium, or bridal song, in praise of the union or wedding of truth and beauty, or, if you will, of art and nature, philosophy and poetry, mind and spirit, of things material and things celestial, that "mingling earth with heaven" at which Bacon ever aimed, in all that he did, wrote, or attempted.

Describing the "doctrine of purifying the human understanding," he says:—"The explanation of which things . . . is *as the strewing and decoration of the bridal-chamber of the mind of the universe*, the Divine goodness assisting; *out of which marriage*, let us hope (*and this be the prayer of the Bridal Song*) there may spring some helps to man, and *a line and race* of new inventions. . . . I have established for ever a true and lawful marriage between the empirical and the rational faculty.*

* NOV. ORG. PLAN.—Students should not fail to read the learned and interesting chapters (ii.—iv.) on the Sonnets in Mr. Wigston's "New Study of

Further on he sums up the "impediments to the marriage" between mind and matter, nature and art, recapitulated in *Valerius Terminus*. He himself suffered under these impediments, and he often had reason to doubt if he should live to see the fruit of his labours, yet his sanguine, unselfish spirit, as often rose superior to despondency, and to the poor ambition which seeks only its own glorification, and these hopes, fears, and conviction of final success bringing substantial good to man in the future ages, are all seen reflected in the Sonnets.

Read Sonnet 116, beginning:—

> "Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments,"

and recognise the constancy, the fixed purpose which his secretary, Dr. Rawley, says was in Bacon from childhood—"the ever-fixed mark" of his life, unalterable to his dying day. True, that the union betwen Truth and Beauty had not previously, or always, existed:—

> "I grant *thou wert not* married to my Muse."—*Sonnet 82.*

He even fears that he may not be held worthy to become the exponent of Truth:—

> "I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
> Deserves the travail of a worthier pen."—*Sonnet 79.*

His heart faints, and his tongue is tied when he attempts to praise Truth duly, knowing that another spirit doth use Her Name (*Sonnet* 79, 80). To whom does the Poet allude? Not to a contemporary, because he shows (83):

> "How far *a modern quill* doth come too short,
> Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow."

Probably (though I must not stop to discuss it here) Dante was the poet of a previous age, to whom the sonneteer turned his thoughts, and in studying the "Divine Comedy," Bacon had come to the same conclusion with regard to its inner meaning, as that now proposed

Shakespeare" (Trubner, 1884). Here the Platonic origin of these pieces is discussed in such a manner as to assimilate perfectly with the general ideas expressed above. Yet Mr. Wigston's book was unknown to the present writer when this paper was penned in 1884. See also Mr. Wigston's "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians." chap. xii. (1888).

with regard to the Sonnets. He saw in it a great parable of the "Contraries of Good and Evil," and of the mingling of Earth with Heaven. "Beatrice," the Blessing Bringer,* was no mere earthly mistress, or adored friend of the Poet; she was, like Francis Bacon's "Sovereign Mistress," like the glorious lady, the fair and golden-haired virgin—the "*Euterpe*" of the Rosicrucian parables—none other but the spirit of wisdom and truth, "More precious than rubies. All the things thou desirest are not to be compared with her. Exalt her, she shall promote thee, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." The "Book of Wisdom" and the "Song" of Solomon are elaborations of these figures—the realisation of Divine truth or wisdom and of her surpassing loveliness.

There is a piece entitled the "*Praise of the Queen*," or, "Mr. Bacon in Praise of his Sovereign," which was specially willed by Bacon to be published after his death. It is, we believe, another of his ambiguous or parabolic compositions, and to be interpreted precisely in the same way as the Sonnets. Ostensibly a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, it is really a speech in praise of the Queen of his heart, the *Sovereign* whom he served with the devotion of a slave or a vassal—The Crowned Truth (57, 58).

In this "*Praise of the Queen*," where he again treats of the *impediments* to learning, he says:—"These, and the like, have been the things which have forbidden *the happy match* between the mind of man and the nature of things, and, in place thereof, *married* it to vain notions and blind experiments. And what the posterity and issue of so honourable a match may be, it is not hard to consider." Elsewhere he rejoices over the faculties and studies which "render the human mind a match for things and nature," predicting that "If any of the multitude *out of honest affection court science, they would not fail to win her*" (*Nov. Org. i.* 19, 81, and *Comp. Sonnet* 118).

The Lady Truth is ever fair and young. Time cannot change, nor custom stale her infinite variety. Devouring Time can do her no wrong. Ever shall she live young and lovely in the Poet's verse

* The above was written many years ago, but the attention of the author has been directed to an article in "Notes and Queries," February 15th, 1890, by Mr. Charles Tomlinson, who follows the same line of argument.

(*Sonnet* 19, 96, 104). Fresh, sweet, radiant with light, and wearing the crown of sovereignty, we may see running through the whole of the Baconian or Rosicrucian writings the praise of this one object of Bacon's affections, whom he "would woo and wed," and from whom he never would be parted (*De Aug. vii.* 1, *Int. Nat.*).

And who then was the "Dark Woman" of the Sonnets to whom such unpleasant Shakesperean legends have been attached?

I conceive her to be the "False Philosophy," described by Bacon as tricked up with artificial allurements, beguiling and destroying the dupes who follow her beck and listen to her siren voice. This False Philosophy he compares to a "courtesan" or a "harlot."

"The footsteps of seducement are the very same in divine and human Truth. Knowledge that tendeth but to satisfaction is but a courtesan, which is for pleasure, and not for fruit or generation." And again: "Men fell to glossing and discoursing of causes, which is the reason why the learning that now is *hath the curse of barrenness, and is courtesan-like, and not for fruit*," the fable of Scylla being used as "a lively emblem" of this learning without Truth.

Bacon frequently warns his disciples against wasting time and strength upon objects unworthy of the sacrifice. He tells them in his exposition of the Fable of Bacchus that, in so doing, they are paying court to *things cast off*, things which many men in all times have tried, and, upon trial, rejected with disgust.

But "From fairest creatures we desire increase" (*Sonnet* 1), and from the union of Truth and Beauty, what wondrous progeny, "heirs of invention," "children of the brain"—may there not be born to delight the soul of the world? Bacon speaks of the beginnings of things as "conceptions," infant efforts, which his friends had seen in "swaddling" clothes, and which they had helped "to make go." He applies the figure in many ways:—

"Experience, when in childhood, will call every philosophy, Mother"; "Discussion is the child of Reason"; "Wonder, the child of Rarity." Philosophy had her "Father," her "first Parent," in the wisdom of the ancients, "from whom later writers all inherited, and our own descendants should continue the line." "The Fathers of Sciences should be handsomely maintained, or the poor keeping of the parents will be seen in the weakliness of the children." "*The*

Muses are," he frequently repeats, "*barren virgins*," an astounding statement, surely, to be published in 1623, yet it remained unchallenged by his contemporaries, and modern critics seem studiously to avoid confronting the difficulties involved either in accepting it or in trying to explain it away.

The Sonnets show that the Poet was "concealed," writing under a disguise:

> "Keeping invention in a noted weed,
> That every word doth almost tell my name
> Showing their birth, and where they did proceed."—(76).

Doubtless to his own circle, his secret society, the weed *was* noted, since every line breathes with his "new-found methods" and with the aspirations of his "heroical love." We know how often he repeats that his thoughts are "borrowed," that he culls them from many gardens, and ties them together with a thread of his own; that all truths are linked together, and inseparable; that axioms (and we add, metaphors), to be true, must be "drawn from the centre of the sciences. This is why his verse is "barren of new pride," "so far from variation or quick change," that he does not glance aside after novelty, but writes "all one, ever the same."

So long as he remained faithful to his first love, she, like Ariel, would "come with a thought," when he invoked her aid, and whatsoever he wrote, she still should be "his argument."

In Sonnets 1—25 the Poet *seems* to urge some brilliant and noble youth to produce works for the benefit of posterity. Was it his young friend William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, whom he thus lovingly constrained and assimilated with the idea that he should be the begetter of Truth? I agree with those who identify this young man with the Mr. W. H., "the onely begetter" of the Sonnets. He was rich, and perhaps may have undertaken the cost of their publication. His sweetness and somewhat feminine fairness—

> "A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,"—(*Sonnet 20*).

his strong resemblance to his beautiful mother, "Sydney's sister"—

> "Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime,"—(*Sonnet 3*).

the reluctance to marriage which is said to have raised fears lest he

should die without an heir, all these things incline one to think that, *superficially*, the first twenty Sonnets may have passed about as tributes (after the fashion of the time) to this handsome and accomplished youth whom Bacon was influencing to join in his schemes for the revival of learning.

> "Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
> . . . . . Pity the world."—(*Sonnet 1*).

The Poet urges the selfishness of being content to live in the possession of all good gifts, without trying to impart or to multiply and bequeath them to posterity. The text of *Sonnet* 4 may be found in Bacon's *Essay of Riches*—

> "*Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good works,*"

and the exhortation to *increase and multiply* for the benefit of posterity, as Bacon himself was carefully providing that his own "heirs" and "sons of science" should multiply and endure ("*not for an age, but for all time*") is a motive which seems to inspire many of the Sonnets, but especially the first twenty, where the wealth of invention and the variety of figures brought in to illustrate the theme gives cause for admiration at each fresh reading.

In almost every line, certainly in every Sonnet, there is something to remind us of Francis Bacon and of the great and "fixed notions" which, according to Dr. Rawley, were with him in early boyhood, and which accompanied and encouraged him through life. For instance, that man is a map, a microcosm, the whole great world in little (68); that thoughts are children of the brain, or, as he says elsewhere, "young conceptions" (*Ant. Cl. ii.* 7); "the son of somewhat" (*Promus* 1412); and that knowledge is the wing by which we fly to heaven (*ib.*); diseases of the mind as of the body are curable by proper medicines and treatment (109, &c.). All men are compounded of the same clay, yet some clay differs from other in value and dignity. In the philosophical works he says that *man is the most compounded of all bodies*, and Falstaff is made to repeat the observation: this "compounded man, clay." The idea is frequently repeated in other places, as may always be expected when a *Promus* note records it, or contains the embryo (see *Promus* 72, 6, 8).

Sonnets 135 and 136 are particularly interesting, because it has

been argued that in them Shakespeare plainly declares himself by name: "*For my name is Will.*" Now, although it is quite possible that there may be here one of those punning jests to which Francis Bacon was so much addicted, and which Ben Jonson says that he never could pass by, we must yet remember that "Will," or "Willy," was a nickname for rhymesters in general; consequently the poor little joke supposed need not refer to the proper name of any particular poet.

But next, there is in the *Promus* an entry which seems to explain the allusions in these Sonnets, and to show that the original idea, *quibble included*, was taken from a book called "Heywood's Epigrams," a curious collection of proverbs and cant sayings, thrown into doggerel rhyme (perhaps by Francis himself in very early days) and of which nearly 200 reappear amongst the *Promus* notes.

In the *Promus* the proverb stands thus, "He would rather have his Will than his wish." In the "Epigrams" the play upon the word "Will" is combined with a rough version of the proverb—

> "Will is a good sonne, and Will is a shrewde boy,
> And wilful shrewde Will hath won thee this toy."

Coming to the Sonnets, we find both the motto and the conceit which it suggests reproduced, but at the same time improved, twisted into new and ingenious shapes, bent to fresh purposes, and conjured into poetry (see *Sonnets* 135, 136).

I submit that these Sonnets point to Bacon's cogitations and conclusions as to the *will* of man, and its powers in directing and supporting the mind or intellect—considerations which engaged his mind from boyhood when he seems to have adopted for his motto the text, *all is possible to him who believes*, and when a number of notes show him drawing from this pregnant thought the conclusion that by the help of God's Holy Spirit the mind of man is capable of carrying out all that it desires and believes to be possible. But the will to do (or art) must be married to knowledge (or truth) if any good thing is to be produced for the use of man; for "the doctrine concerning the intellect and the doctrine concerning the *will* of man are," he says, "as it were twins by birth. For purity of illumination and freedom of will began and fell together; and

nowhere in the universal nature of things is there so intimate a sympathy as between truth and goodness" (*Adv. L. v.* 1).

Presently he discourses of "Moral Knowledge, which respects and considers the Will of Man." "The Will is governed by Right Reason, *seduced by Apparent Good*, having for its spurs the passions, for its ministers the organs and voluntary motions; wherefore Solomon says: '*Above all things, keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the the issues of life.*'"

Everywhere he argues, that the *Knowledge* of Good is useless, except it be coupled with the *Will* to do good. Reason itself may be blinded by an ungovernable Will, misleading the Imagination. Learned men may be, "in Knowledge as the winged angels (comp. Son. 78), but in desire, or Will, as crawling serpents; carrying with them minds, like a mirror indeed, but a *mirror polluted and false.*" The cultivation and training of the Intellect has, he considers, been much neglected. "The reason of this eglect I suppose to be that hidden rock whereupon both this, and so many other barks of knowledge have foundered; which is, that men have despised . . . common matters, and have tried rather to display their own genius, than benefit the readers; . . . for writings should be such as should make men in love with the lesson, and not with the teacher."

In these passages on the Will and the Intellect, four metaphors strike attention: (1) Of Blindness; (2) of a false Mirror; (3) of a Vessel foundered on a Rock; (4) of a Man in Love with the wrong Person. And so in the Sonnets.

Twice the *Blindness* of the Intellect and of the Affections is alluded to. "Thy blind soul" (136), "Thou blind fool, Love" (137). And we must not forget that as *the Will* is said by Bacon to be ruled by the Intellect, *to good ends*, so also it is capable of being misled by the Passions or the Imagination, being thus made *blind and foolish.*

The Glass, true or false, is spoken of in three Sonnets (3, 22, 62); and instead of the image in the prose, of a false reflection by a polluted mirror, the delusions of the mind are thus figured:—

> "Mine eyes seeing this say, This is not,
> To put fair truth upon so foul a face."—(Son. 137.)

Again, instead of the image in the prose, of a Vessel foundering upon a Rock, Son. 137 gives us a Ship riding at anchor in a bay; and

whereas in the former we are told that men should be in love with the lesson rather than with the teacher, the poetry puts the matter more prosaicly:—

> "In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
> And to this *false plague* are they now transferred."

"*Right Reason*" is here shown "*seduced by Apparent Good.*" Observe in passing, that Bacon frequently assumes or argues that a man's *Will*, and his *Imagination*, are practically one and the same; and although at first sight the connection may not be clear, it becomes so as we endeavour to follow the Philosopher's train of thought. Let us turn to another very Baconian idea which crops up in these Sonnets.

"That Natural History which constitutes a solid and eternal basis of true and active philosophy it is, which gives the first spark to the pure and real light of nature; and whose *Genius being neglected, and not propitiated, has caused us to be visited, most unhappily, by that host of Spectres, and Kingdom of Shadows, which we see flitting about amongst the philosophies, afflicting them with barrenness. Relying on the divine assistance*, I have upheld my mind . . . against the Phantoms flitting about on every side. . . . I eject, repress, and as it were, exorcise every kind of Phantom." *

"Phantoms, and false images in concrete substances, come before us in disguise. . . . Most men will think I am digging up the remains of old questions long since dead and buried, and, in a manner, raising their Ghost." †

These metaphors of the Ghosts, Phantoms, or Spectres of Delusion, haunting the Poet-philosopher, inclining him to take untrue views of the writings of others, and afflicting his own Muse with *Barrenness*, are reproduced in Son. 86, where the poet laments that his own conceptions have been "enfeebled" and "inhearsed in his brain" by the grand verse of another Poet. Whoever this may be, it seems as if the "affable, familiar Ghost" here spoken of, who, whilst he nightly burns the midnight lamp, "gulls him with intelligence," can be no other than one of those "fantasms," or "false images of things," by which the mind is beset or occupied, and which are either adventitious or innate." The figure is familiar with Bacon, and these

* Great Instauration, Pref. and Plan. † Intellectual Globe, Introduction.

sentences might not strike the reader as remarkable, were it not for the coupling together of the two dissimilar ideas of *Phantoms* and *Barren Works*, as we find them coupled in the Sonnet.

There are lines which seem to suggest that the Poet was at this time "fil'ing," or filling up, the lines of some of the finest classical authors, and that he felt how few touches were required to make the old poetry perfect, and superior to his own. At any rate, I think that he was, in these Sonnets (as in many other parts of his works), drawing mental comparisons

> "Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth, or *since did from their ashes come.*"

In this last line we again see the allusion to the Phœnix rising from its own ashes—the perpetual Revival of Learning—the "New Birth of Time."

From this New Birth he looked for great things; for the Present Age is, he says, *the true Antiquity*, and it should be older in wisdom and learning than the younger ages of the world which men call antiquity, and to which he considered that too much homage was paid. This undue reverence for remote Antiquity was one of many "Idols" or delusions which Bacon endeavoured to get rid of, in order to make way for the New Philosophy which he felt it his mission to promulgate. "*Antiquity*" must be "*for aye a page*" (Son. 108); not merely a servant, but a *young* servant, a page to Modern Philosophy. Mathematics and Logic, he said, were "the Handmaids" of Physical Science; Moral Philosophy, a "Servant and Handmaid" of Divinity; the Mind and Body, "Servants" to the immortal soul. But Antiquity he considered as a child, unwisely brought forward on all occasions, and treated as an authority, when he should respectfully give place to his betters, *the truly learned of this elder age.*

Throughout, the Sonnets seem to reveal the Philosopher's internal struggles, his despondency on account of the impediments placed in the way of Advancement to Learning, even by the supposed Learned.

> "Right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
> And strength, by limping sway disabled,
> And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,
> And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
> And Simple Truth miscalled Simplicity,
> And captive Good attending Captain Ill:
> Tired with all these, from these I would be gone,
> Save that, to die, I leave my love alone."—(Son. 66.)

Several other Sonnets reflect the depression of mind, "the clouds and melancholy" to which the usually buoyant spirit of the writer at times gave way. On such occasions the lines echo with regard to his first love, his Sovereign Lady, Truth, the sentiments, and sometimes the words, used with regard to Queen Elizabeth, in his letters to private friends at about the same period. Thus, when the long hoped for appointment to the place of Solicitor-General had been given to Flemming, and himself again passed over, he fell into a state of despondency, and desired to renounce the Court and the Law, and betake himself to "Studies." He tells his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, that, "upon her Majesty rejecting me with such circumstance, though my heart might be good, yet *mine eyes would be sore, that I should take no pleasure to look upon my friends; for I was not an impudent man that could face out a disgrace;* and that I hoped her Majesty would not be offended, if, *not being able to endure the sun*, I fled into the shade." This he repeats to the Earl of Essex, adding that having "now these twenty years, made her Majesty's service the scope of my life, I shall never find a greater grief than this *reliquere amorem primum*." and he hopes "that her Majesty will of her clemency, yea, and justice, pardon me, and not force me to pine here in melancholy."

All hopes of the carrying out of his great schemes for the benefit of Humanity, depended primarily upon his own advancement. Without money, position, or helpers, what could one solitary individual expect to accomplish? This is why he so ardently desired the favours of fortune and "men's eyes"; to be "with friends possessed," and "rich in hope." The interweaving of the two ideas, of devotion to Elizabeth (the very name meaning Light or Truth), and to Truth, both of whom were, in a sense, *the first Love whom he cannot relinquish*, is seen when we compare such passages as that above, with Sonnets such as the 29th, where he says that

> ". . . in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
> I all alone beweep my outcast state,
> And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
> And look upon myself, and curse my fate," &c.

Or where (as in Son. 33 and 34) he describes Truth as the Sun, "flattering the mountain-tops with sovereign eye," but then, *withdrawn from view*, overcast by "base clouds," "rotten smoke." In

the latter, the Sun is represented as too powerful for the Poet, who *withdraws himself into the shade.*" (Compare Son. 25, 29, 33, 34, 48, 57, 58, and 98.)

It has pleased antipathetic writers (or those who have deeper motives for wishing to conceal his true character) to represent Francis Bacon as a cold, selfish, money-loving, calculating man, always ready to cringe before, and flatter, those from whom he might anticipate any advantage. I trust that the present age will reconsider this verdict, absolutely blind and mistaken as I believe it to be. Whenever we try to follow his "nimble thought, which jumps both sea and land," and "leaps large lengths of miles," in pursuit of his dear Lady, we find her name to be neither Wealth, nor Greatness, nor Fame, but *Truth.*

And so throughout these verses (composed, I think, at different periods, and sometimes fitted to various circumstances), we trace the great Baconian Plan for the Revival of Learning, for the Husbandry of the then Barren Fields of Learning; for the Rebuilding of the House of Wisdom, sadly fallen into decay.

We may see the Great Builder looking forward with anxiety, yet with hope, to the help which as time rolled on, would be derivable from the Heirs of his own Invention, as well as from his Sons of Science, the devoted members of his Secret Society, the handers-on of the Lamp.

In the Foundations which he was preparing, he "laid great bases for Eternity," resolved that his Building should be imperishable as the crowned Truth herself; a Palace wherein she shall dwell, and reign, so long as the world endure. (See Son. 12, 13, 19, 55, 60, 63–5, 119, 123 124. But neither here nor elsewhere do I pretend to make this brief paper exhaustive.)

In the "*Device of Philautia*" the Hermit (Bacon himself?) is made to say :—

"*The Monuments of Wit survive the Monuments of Power : the Verses of the Poet endure without one syllable lost, while States and Empires pass many periods.*"

In the "*Advancement of Learning.*" this is much expanded :—

"*We see then, how far the Monuments of Wit and Learning are*

more durable than the Monuments of Power, or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued 2,500 years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have decayed and been demolished? . . . but *the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are* they fitly called *images*, because *they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others.*"

The connection in Bacon's mind, between Works in Life, and Monuments in Death, is frequently seen in his own works acknowledged and unacknowledged. The "Second Counsellor," in another device, which he wrote for the "Gray's Inn Revels" (1594) commends to the Prince "four principal works or monuments of yourself." The works, briefly enumerated, are a perfect Library, a Garden (botanical and zoological); a Museum of Natural History, a Laboratory—"such as may be a Palace fit for a Philosopher's stone. After these have been duly described (much as in the *New Atlantis*), the "Third Counsellor" delivers himself, and shows that "the builders of the Tower of Babel sought to cure mortality by fame," an immoderate desire which was a sin, and punished in kind. By their behaviour, and that of others "that mistrusted any way to fame than this only of Works, and Monuments," they taught a lesson—and yet, "in some respects," concludes the speaker, "they had reason, but I do not, excellent Prince, restrain my speeches *to dead buildings only, but intend it to other foundations, institutions, and creations.*" We see what he is driving at: again it is the building up of his new Solomon's house, or in other words, the restitution of Learning on a firm foundation.

Thus each Counsellor by turns, urges the Prince to take in hand "to make himself a sumptuous and stately tomb," *not*, we readily perceive, of Brass or Stone, but of Works, fit for the use of man. See how absolutely these ideas are reproduced in the Sonnets, which tell us that,

> "Not marble nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;

neither "Brass nor stone" shall be truth's "Monument," but *the Poet's verse*—destined to out-stay them all (see Son. 55, 64, 65, 81, 107).

Metaphors and Similes.

There are in the Sonnets upwards of 770 Figures, Metaphors, and Similes, or an average of five to each Sonnet. Space cannot here be afforded for a list of these, which anyone can pick out for himself. Baconians will find that they harmonise absolutely with Bacon's scientific observations, and with his use of the same as figures in his speeches and prose writings. It may also be noted how many Rosicrucian, or perhaps it will be said, Freemason symbols are here introduced. The *Sun*, for instance, the emblem of Light and Truth, rising behind the mountains (of knowledge), bringing day after night, brightness and new life after darkness and the deadness of Ignorance. Vivifying the world; clouds are scattered; the *lark*, herald of the morn, rises from the sullen earth, to sing hymns at Heaven's Gate (Earth and Heaven mingled). *Spring* comes with Her Flowers to welcome the new birth of the World; Love of Nature and Humanity is the *Babe*, the *Cupid*, who is to bring about the regeneration for which the Poet labours. Truth is his *Rose;* Time, with his *Hour-glass* and his *Scythe* or his *Sickle*, shall do her no wrong, but shall help to reap the corn and bind the *Sheaves* for future ages. We have to look no farther than the title-pages and stamps or vignettes of the old and the modern Freemason printers or publishers, to see the emblems in question, together with stringed instruments to remind us of *Orpheus* and his universal harmony. The *Pyramids* which seem to defy time, yet which the poetry will out-live; the *Phœnix*, the *Olives* of Peace, the *buds*, *acorns*, or "weak beginnings" which should develop into the *Bloom* and *Fruit* of Philosophy and true knowledge —the *Ships*, "Proud Sail" and "Saucy Bark" which shall venture on the Seas of Knowledge and return freighted with treasure —and so forth. For the present let us be content to note the groups which, though used, *as Bacon uses all natural objects and phenoma*, symbolically, and figuratively, yet show, through the veil of poetry, peeps of the life and studies of the "myriad-minded" Philosopher. No poorer pen could have utilised such materials.

1, 3, 5, 15, 18, 21, 25, 37, 95, 97, 99, 104 Husbandry, Gardening, Flowers, Effect of Winds, Grafting, &c.

5, 6, 54, 69. Distillation, Perfumes

1, 6, 12, 54, 60, 81, 146. Perfection, Decay, Revival

35, 54, 70. Canker

5, 6, 12, 18, 97, 98, 104. The Seasons

14, 15, 26. Astromy (Astrology)
111. Alchemy
18, 90, 107. Meteorology
60. Ebb and Flow of the Sea
146. Gravitation (Earth's Centre)
45. Of Dense and Rare
41, 59. Of Body and Mind
50, 51. The Imagination (Pegasus)
144. Of Angels
114. Of Monsters
31, 66, 111, 118-9, 120, 147. Medicine, Diet, Poison
67, 68, 83. Cosmetics, Painting, False Hair
82. Music, Counter-point
82. Rhetoric
15, 23. The Theatre
19, 63. Age, Time—Their effects

Legal Terms.

Besides these, observe throughout the verses how *Law Terms* prevail; terms familiar as household words in the mouth of the Poet, at the period (1592—1608), assigned as the date of these Sonnets. Such terms are:—

Accessory
Adverse party
Advocate
Appeal
Arrest without Bail
Attaint
Audit called
Bail
Bankrupt
Bar (legal prohibition)
Bequest
Bonds determinate
Cancelled
Cause (No)
Censures
Charges
Charter of worth grants release
Dates
Dateless
Debate
Debtor
Deed of Separation
Defendant
Defence
Determinate (of bonds)
Due
Engrossed
Estimate
Executor
Exchequor
Extant
Fee
Forfeit
Foresworn
Gaol
Grants
Heinous
Impannelled
Inheritors of Excess
Interchange of State
Interim
Judgments
Lawful Plea
Lawful Reasons
Lease of time
Lease of true Love
Misprision
Moiety
Mortgage
Obsequious
O'erpressed defence
Particulars
Patents
Perjured
Pleadings, Pleas
Presagers
Proving Succession, &c.
Purchased Right
Quest
Question made
Quietus
Ransom
Records
Register
Release
Rents
Resurvey
Revenues
Rigour in Gaol
Scope
Sessions
Sole effect
Statute, *i.e.*, Security
Strength of Law
Successive heir
Sue
Suit
Sum my Count
Surety-like
Tenants
Tenor
Title
Usher
Usury
Vassalage
Verdict
Ward
Warrantise
Witness

Still more striking is the legal element when (as in Son. 133, 134), several such terms are strung together in verse, and where the omission of a couple of adjectives is sufficient to turn the poetry into prose. As where the Poet Q C. declares that it would be a "most heinous

crime, should Beauty, *held in lease, find no determination*" (13), or should the subject of the verse "spend Beauty's legacy upon himself; Nature bequest gives nothing, but doth lend." Again we read :—

"My heart doth plead . . . and the defendant doth that plea deny. To decide this title is impannelled a quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart; and by their verdict is determined the . . . eyes moiety and . . . the heart's part."

Bacon, summing up his Plan and Method for allying Natural to Artificial Philosophy, thus concludes the *Parascove*, and shows the underlying meaning of the Sonnets. "In other words, I mean (according to the practice in civil causes) *in this great Plea or Suit, granted* by the divine favour and providence, whereby the Human Race seeks to recover its right over Nature) *to examine Nature herself and the arts upon interrogatories*."

ANTITHETA.

In all Bacon's writings there are to be noted not only the similitudes, but the *contraries*, those Antitheta, or opposite figures of things, which he noted as *deficient* in the writings of his time, and of which he gives examples both in the *Promus* notes and in the *Advancement of Learning*. Baconians will not fail to recognise these Antitheta as peculiarly characteristic of his works; they constitute not so much a point of style as a part of his "method"—of his truly philosophic habit of weighing and considering every side of a question. To the following are appended the numbers of the Sonnets where they occur :—

1. Famine, abundance
2, 27, 68, &c. Now, old
2. Warm, cold
3. Spend, lend
3. Niggard, largess
5. Fair, unfair
5, 6. Summer, winter
7. Use, usury
9. Used, unused
10, 40, 155, &c. Love, hate
11. Wane, grow
11, 66. Wisdom, folly, &c.
12. White, black
12, 15, 28, 43, 100, &c. Day, night
15. Height, decrease
16 Give, keep
19. Old, young
21. Strong, weak
23, 85. Eloquent, dumb
26. Apparelled, bare
27. Mind, body
27, 43, 100. Dark, light
27. Ghastly, beauteous
29. Earth, heaven
30. Loss, restoration
31. Grave, life
34. Heal, uncured
35. Roses, thorns
35. Fountains, mud
35. Cloud, moonlight
35. Eclipse, sun
35, 39, 94. Sweet, sour
36, 39. Two, one
37. Father, child
37, 53 Shadow, substance
37. Poverty, abundance
42, 88, 119. Loss, gain
44. Present, absent
45, 50. Joy, sadness
45. Comfort, grief
45. Jewels, trifles
50. Onward, behind
50. Swift, slow
59. Second, former
61. Watch, wake
61. Far, near
62, 63. Youth, age
64. Store, loss
65. Blackly, bright
66, 119. Good, evil, &c.

69, 94. Flowers, weeds
70. Owe, pay
86. Tomb, womb
90. Wind, rain
90. Night, morrow
96. Faults, graces
96. Lamb, wolf
97, 98. Winter, spring
98. Lily, rose
99. White, red
103. Poor, rich
103. Cheap, dear
110, 150. Worst, best
112, 114. Bad, good
112. Shame, praise
113. Rude, gentle
113. Well-favoured, deformed
115. Blunt, sharp
118. Sweet, bitter
119. Ruined, re-built
119. Hope, fear
120. Unkind, friend
121. Straight, bevelled
124, 128. Die, live
124. Lose, pay
124. Fire, water
124. Compound, simple
126. Wane, grow
127, 131, 132. Black, fair
127, 137, 141, 152. Fair, foul
129, 145, 147. Heaven, hell
143. Follow, fly
144. Devil, angel
147. Fair, black
148. Fair, false
149. Frown, fawn
151. Noble, gross
151. Rise, fall
152. Truth, lie
153. Disease, cure
154. Heat, cool

Compound Words.

There are more than 70 of the *Compound words* which at one time Bacon so much affected; such are—

All-eating
All-triumphant
All-the-world
All-too-near
All-too-precious
Altered-new
Black-fair
Blessed-fair
Dear-doting
Dear-purchased
Doctor-like
Double-vantage
Ever-fixed
False-speaking
Fore-bemoaned
Frantic-mad
Heart-inflaming
Ill-wresting
Long-since-cancelled
Love-kindling
Master-mistress
Never-resting
New-fangled
Now-found
Over-goes
Over-green
Over-partial
Over-pressed
Over-showed
Pity-wanting
Present-absent
Proud-pied
Rich-proud
Right-true
Self-doing
Self-example
Self-killed
Self-love
Self-substantial
Special-blest
Steep-up
Surety-like
Swart-complexioned
Sweet-seasoned
Swift-footed
Time-bettering
Tongue-tied
True-telling
Uncertain-sickly
Well-seeing
Wilful-slow
World-without-end, &c.

Alliteration.

Another youthful trick of Francis Bacon's was that which in *Love's Labour Lost* is called "affecting the letter"—as we now say, *Alliteration.* A musical ear was probably the original cause of this "affectation," which is rarely found in the later works, but it seems to be closely connected with his observations (recorded in the scientific works) on the effect and power of certain vowels and consonants. Sometimes two different alliterations run through the same sentence; sometimes compound words aid the effect.

Sonnet.
106. *B*lazon of sweet *B*eauty's *B*est
12. *B*orne on the *B*ier with *B*ristly *B*eard
15. *Ch*eered and *Ch*ecked
21. *Co*uplement of proud *Co*mpare
28. *D*eath *D*oth *D*aily *D*raw
25. *F*amoused *F*or *F*ight

Sonnet.
48. *G*reatest *G*rief
98. *L*aughed and *L*eaped
105. *L*et not my *L*ove be *c*alled Idolatry
18. So *L*ong *L*ives *Th*is, and *Th*is gives *L*ife to *Th*ee
26. *L*ord of my *L*ove

Sonnet.
100. *Love's sweet face survey*
113. *My Most true Mind thus Maketh Mine untrue*
10. *Pencil or Pupil Pen*
100. *Rise, Resty Muse*
57. *Sad Slave Stay*
73. *Second Self*
15. *Self-same Sky*
62. *Self So Self-loving*
36. *Separable Spite*
30. *Sessions of Sweet, Silent Thought*
43. *To Unseeing Eyes thy Shade Shines So*

Sonnet.
32. *Sin of Self-love possesseth*
36. *Steal Sweet Hours from Loves*
71. *Surly Sullen Bell*
75. *Sweet-seasoned Showers*
38. *Thou the Tenth Muse—Ten Times more in worth*
133. *Torment Thrice Threefold Thus*
26. *Which Wit . . . Wanting Words*
19, 137. *Wide World*
97. *Widowed Wombs*
9. *Wet a Widow's Eye . . . the World Will Wail Thee . . . World Will be Thy Widow and still Weep*

REPETITIONS.

And there are the *Repeated words*, which have been considered peculiar to the Shakespeare Plays, but which are equally to be found in Bacon's Prose:—

37. Any of these, all, or all
54. Thou *art* all my *art*, beauty beauteous
110. Correct, correction
37. What is best, that best I wish
43. Darkly bright are bright in dark
54. Fair, but fairer
105. Fair, kind, true (*rep. thrice*)
21. Fair, with his fair
129. Had, having
47. Hearts to heart's delight
40. Take all my loves, my love
36. Thou being mine, mine is thy good
103. More, much more
132. Mourn, mourning
128. Thou my music, music pray'st
53. You like none, none you
17. In fresh numbers, number
129. Proof proved
151. Proud of this pride
25. Not remove nor be removed
62. Self so self-loving
43. Whose shadow's shadow doth make bright
43. Thy shadow's form, form happy show
38. Thou the tenth muse, ten times more
74. That is' this, and this with thee remains
124. Better to be vile than vile-esteemed; weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered

PROMUS NOTES.

Sonnet.		*Promus.*
1.	Spare, bare	... 188
1.	Eat not thy heart	... 817
3, 22, 62.	A true glass ...	. 420
4, 136.	An Audit	... 737
5, 49, 65, 123, 124	Time flies	... 422
8, 128.	Concords, Discords	... 86
10, 89, 124, 149	Hate, Love	... 983
11, 37, 91.	The best things	...1,265, 1,271. 1,320, 1,333
14, 25.	Astrology	... 111
15, 23.	Stage of the world	... 884
17.	Frenzied Poet ...	...1,027
21, 22, 24, 67.	Please the Painter...	159, 1,306
25.	Removing Remnant	...1,422
27, 28, 100.	Pilgrim Post ...	508, 1,191
27, 28.	Cannot be idle ...	...1,222
27, 28.	Cannot sleep	... 1,223, 1,233
29.	The Lark	...1,212

Sonnet.		*Promus.*
33.	A Whit	... 506
34.	Cloak for the rain	... 655
37.	Desires for a Friend	... 1,255, a
38.	I speak to praise...	... 1,305
38.	Good is praised ...	... 1,328
39, 91.	Vinegar of sweet wine	571, 910
39.	Praise in absence...	... 1,405
42, 59.	Things conjunct ...	1,256, a
45.	Fire, elemental, othereal	1,295
46, 47, 114, 141, 148	Eye, Gate of Love	... 1,137
27, 48, 52, 65.	Stones	... 89
52.	Seldom, the better	... 472
57, 12.	Clock...	... 1,226
58.	A Beck	... 479
61.	Too much	1,279, a
63, 108.	Time trieth Truth	... 966
64.	Plenty, Poverty ...	... 351
67, 111.	Infect	... 1,436
69.	Their due	... 341

THE AUTHOR.

In some Sonnets the poet declares himself young, a beginner, and consequently despised (16); elsewhere he speaks of himself as looking and feeling old, as Francis Bacon spoke of himself at the age of thirty (22, 62, 63). Sometimes he is in disgrace, or sensitively afraid of censure and contempt (29, 34, 121). He is disabled, or "lamed" by misfortune, from devoting himself to the pursuit of his mistress—Truth (37, 39, 89, 111, 140), but his ideas and his love of Truth are fixed, constant, "grafted" into him (25, 37). They so occupy his mind as to render him sleepless (27, 29, 43, 61). Subject, as he says elsewhere,

to "clouds and melancholy" (33, 35) to hallucinations and delusive ideas, false Philosophy (119, 138, 142, 144, 148, 152), but he ever returns to his dreams of Poetic Philosophy (87), to the study of Nature, which has been long neglected, and is now new-born, and despised; "a babe," a plant only "budding." On account of her youth this New Philosophy is blamed, "suspect of ill," and obliges her followers to "mask the show" of their studies (67, 68, 70, 95, 96, 114, 115).

Meanwhile, the Age being "vile," corrupt, and ignorant (66, 67, 71, 121, 140), he locks up his secret, and indulges in his poetic writings at intervals only (48, 49, 52, 56, 57). He is tongue-tied by authority, and by the doctrine of the school-men, who would make Truth captive (66, 80, 85). He is sure, however, that there is nothing new under the sun; that modern learning is but Truth dressed afresh (59, 63, 69, 76, 98, 106, 123). He compares ancient learning with modern, Rome and Greece with his own love (54, 108, 127), and he finds that her beauties in no way fall short. Many are his sorrows and his disappointments, so that he would often wish himself dead, were it not that his plans for the revival of learning would be confounded and ruined. "Time would take his love away." He will wait for Truth to declare herself though waiting still be hell (29, 30, 64—66). The work would mock at her unless he could for a while live to defend her "detraction would not suffer her" (70, 71).

Meanwhile, he finds others borrowing his ideas and imitating his verse (75, 77), and he looks with "prophetic" confidence to the advancement of learning and the ultimate triumph of Truth (78, 107). She will outstrip him and pass him by, but he is prepared for that; his own efforts are but young and elementary, he will die happy in her love and in her service (92, 102). He fears, however, lest his praise should fall short and discredit Truth (70, 72, 87), and for her sake he conceals himself and his methods, and even appears as a fool to the outward world (71, 76, 110). And lest Truth should be disparaged by the world wishing to perpetuate his name, and to "hang more praise upon deceased I," he requests (*note this*) that "*the hand which writes this*" *be not remembered*; *that not so much as his poor name be rehearsed*: *that his name be buried where his body be.* In order to secure this, *some* "*virtuous lie*" *is to be devised* (71, 72, 76).

His fixed object is to marry Poetry to Philosophy, Nature to Art, Earth to Heaven (116), his writings and labours for future generations, knowing that he is in advance of his age. He thinks that later on this will be perceived, and that it will be said (as we say now when men expect of Francis Bacon science and ideas not 100 but 300 years in advance of his times):—

> "Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
> A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
> To march in ranks of better equipage."—(32.)

But though he had to do the "hodman's work" and to grind the clay as well as make the bricks and shape the stones, his "masonry" is imperishable, and his building no "fading mansion," but a house of wisdom which shall defy time and mortality itself (63, 65, 123, 125).

C. M. P.

ENGLAND WALLED BY THE SEA.

IN days when the question is stirred—How to make England part of the Continent, by bridging over, or by tunnelling beneath the sea which girdles her?—it may be interesting to some of our readers, to be reminded of the great importance which the great philosopher and observer attached to the fact, that *England is an island*; and in days when questions are raised with regard to the due maintenance of our Navy, we shall do well to recall the words of one so thoughtful, and unparalleled in judgment and foresight as Francis Bacon:—

"To be master of the sea is an abridgment of monarchy."

With the judgmatical utterances of the statesman and philosopher, we will couple the words of poetry, pre-eminently associated with his name, begging readers to observe that, in the verses, precisely the same metaphors of *walls*, *bulwarks*, *and forts* are used, as in the poetical speeches, advices, and law tracts of the great author.

Many passages are omitted from the Plays, where reference is made to the power of the "Navy at whose burden the angered ocean foams," the navy, to which even the army looks with "an absolute hope;" to the "noble vessels" and ships, which bring wealth and prosperity to

our shores; but it is worth while to note, in connection with the passages to be quoted below, the reflections of Antony on his own degraded condition.

> "Since Cleopatra died
> I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
> Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
> Quarter'd the world, and *o'er green Neptune's back*
> *With ships made cities*, condemn myself to lack
> The courage of a woman." (*Ant. Cl.* iv. 12.)

It was with his sword that he conquered, or kept in order, nations, wild or uncivilised; it was with his ships that he *civilised* them.
(*Made Cities.*)

Note also that, indirectly, Britain is frequently alluded to *as a place of safety*. Warwick recommends it as such, for the distressed king, whose rival, we observe, "Hath passed in safety *through the narrow seas*," and is marching upon London.

> "My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
> *Like to his island girt in with the ocean*,
> Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
> *Shall rest in London* till we come to him."
> (3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8.)

If the English "march along unfought" in France, the Duke of Bourbon declares that he will sell his dukedom,

> "To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
> In that nook-shotten isle of Albion." (*Hen. V.* iii. 4.)

Contemptuous as he is of the "nook-shotten island," he seems to regard it, by reason of its watery isolation, to be the only safe corner left.

Let us now compare the passages from Bacon's prose writings, and from the Plays, to which especial reference is made.

"(In) this kingdom *the seas are our walls*, and the ships our bulwarks. . . The king cannot enlarge the bounds of these Islands, which make up his Empire, the ocean being *the unremovable wall* which encloseth them . . . I shall recommend unto you the care of *our first out-work, the Navy Royal and shipping of the Kingdom, which are the walls thereof: and every great ship, as an impregnable fort or bulwark.*" (*Advice to Buckingham*, 1616.)

"To be master of the sea is an abridgment of monarchy . . . Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal doweries of this kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea in most part of their compass."

(*Essay of True Greatness of Kingdoms.*)

A great monarchy . . . should be, First, hard of access. Secondly, that it be seated in no extreme region, but commodiously, in the midst of many regions. And thirdly, that it be Maritime . . . not inland, or Mediterrane (*ib.*). He goes on to prove this by instances; but the piece is fragmentary.

". . . to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: (*John* ii. 1.)

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,

Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

(*Rich. II.*, i. 3.)

In this passage, full from beginning to end of Baconian ideas and sentiments, we should notice, in the 5th line, the reflection that one of England's doweries is that it is fortressed by Nature against the invasions of such "*infection*" as continually desolated the warmer and dirtier countries of the south. And in the 6th line we may see one of Bacon's "fixed ideas" or doctrines, of the "microcosm," the little world of man, complete in itself, and self-contained.

T. C. More.

PARAPHRASE OF BACON'S ESSAY "ON DELAYS."

FORTUNE is like the market, stay a while,
The price perchance will fall; again beware
For, like the sibyl, it may bate the worth
And still not lower the cost. As runs the saw;
Occasion first its forelock yields to men,
But no hold taken, strait it turns to flight,
Eluding grasp with bold and slippery pate.
'Tis a great part of wisdom well to time
The first essays of things, and trifling obstacles
Ignored or scorned are trifling then no more.
But yet to look for dangers in approach
And take their lengthened shadows for themselves
(As fearful sentinels that shoot too soon,
The low moon shining at their enemies' backs),
This is to beckon danger to come on.
Weigh well the occasion if 'tis ripe or crude ;
Commit to Argus with his hundred eyes
The beginning of great actions, but the ends

To hundred-handed Briarens consign;
For Pluto's helm, that makes the politic man
Amid his enemies' work invisible,
Is secrecy in plot in action speed.—(See p. 4.)
Nothing begun, celerity alone
Will baffle watch, like bullet in the air
Which flies so swift that it outruns the eye.

PARAPHRASE OF BACON'S ESSAY "ON WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF."

Let not thy love be centred on thyself,
But radiate fairly round. No orb in heaven
Upon itself alone revolves, but moves
In swift beneficence to others weal.
The mere self-seeker ruins by his ways
The master or the state he feigns to serve.
Mark how false officers of every kind,
The treasurer, general, or ambassador,
Eyeing for ever their own petty ends,
For these will count for nought their master's cause,
Setting a house on fire to roast their eggs.
And yet these pick-thanks into favour creep,
Because they only seek to please, or else
To crook to self the current of affairs,
Wholly regardless of their neighbour's good.
Self-seeking wisdom mostly is corrupt,
The cunning of the rat that quits the house
Before it fall, or wile of crocodile
That sheds its tears, before it opes its jaws.
'Tis also worthy note that these devout
Self-worshippers not seldom fall at last
A sacrifice to fortune's fickleness,
The fortune that they deemed so shrewdly won.

PARAPHRASE OF BACON'S ESSAY "ON SUSPICION."

Suspicions in the mind, the bats of thought
Fly ever in the dusk: keep them well under,
For they cloud the eye, break ties of amity,
And check the constant current of affairs.

Suspicions make a tyrant of a king,
In husband's breed a racking jealousy,
And wise men render up a hopeless prey
To weakness of resolve and sad distrust.
Let but the heart be bold, this subtle ill
Works but small hurt, but in the fearful mind
It gains too rapid ground. To know a little
Often brings to birth abortive doubt
Of monstrous form, that only vanishes—(See p. 6.)
By knowing more. And what should men expect?
Deal they, forsooth, with saints whose single eye
Intent on service never looks to self.
Stand well on guard against suspected wrong,
But bridle still distrust. If fairly mazed
And lost in drear suspicion's darksome wood
Then clear a way by open conference.
So may truth come to light, and the suspect
Acquit himself, or be by shame reformed.

PARAPHRASE OF PART OF BACON'S PAPER "ON DEATH."

In pondering oft of death, I find it least
Of ills—our past a dream, a waking dream,
Our hopes of time to come. And why should man
Fall with his chain in love, albeit of gold?
Dost like securely? Then thy soul is dead,
And thy good angel hath forsook his guard.
None but the slackly strong and pleasure's slave
Can loathly doff his visage false of flesh
And his perfections veil. In death the soul
Shakes off her bonds, and sets up for herself;
Slackened before from showing all her strength,
Like skilled musician by a faulty lute,
She now has scope at large for all her powers.
And yet at whatsoever door he knocks
Unwelcome is Death's call, gracious alone
To such as sit in darkness, or 'neath grief
And irons burdened lie, despairful widows

Or deposed Kings, whose fortune backward runs,
And spirits mutines, sighing for the grave.
There wait upon the shore of death and waft
Him to draw near, wishful to see his star
And follow to his place, wooing the fates
To let the watch of life run swiftly down
And break their thread of days before the time.

PROF. BENGOUGH.

MR. SHAKSPEARE, Q.C.

"SHAKESPEARE'S legal acquirements" have been the subject of much discussion. Lawyers who have investigated the subject agree that the erudite and peculiar nature of the law-points touched upon in the Plays, prove beyond a doubt that the theory which for so many years satisfied the public mind—namely, that *Shakespeare* "picked up" his knowledge of law proceedings and legal terminology by hanging about County Courts, or by listening to the talk at a coffee-house or ordinary frequented by lawyers, or that he evolved it out of his own consciousness, after the traditional manner of heaven-born geniuses, is futile, totally inadequate to meet the facts of the case.

In an interesting book written by Lord Campbell,* that learned lawyer expresses complete disbelief in the received opinions concerning *Shakespeare's* education and history. "Although," he says, "were an issue tried before me as Chief Justice at the Warwick Assizes, whether William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, was ever clerk in an attorney's office in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, I should hold that there is evidence to go to the Jury in support of the affirmative; I should add that the evidence is very far from conclusive," and he goes on to describe how "the Jury would probably fail to come to any agreement, but would have to be locked up for the night, and would come into Court next morning, pale and ghastly, still saying, 'We cannot agree.'"

* "*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*," published 1859.

"Yet," he says, "I should not hesitate to state with some earnestness that there has been a great deal of misrepresentation and delusion as to Shakespeare's opportunities, when a youth, of acquiring knowledge, and as to the knowledge he had acquired." Lord Campbell goes on to form a theory of what *might* have been Shakespeare's education and occupations, of which he, however, honestly adds that there is not "a scintilla of contemporary proof." After dismissing as absurd various theories as to how Shakespeare *might* have been employed "from about 1579, when he *most likely* left school, until about 1586, when he *is supposed* to have gone to London," Lord Campbell arrives, by a process of exhaustion, at "the only other occupation in which it is well possible to imagine that Shakespeare could have been engaged during the period we are considering—that of an attorney's clerk, first suggested by Chalmers, and since countenanced by Malone and others whose opinions are entitled to high respect, but impugned by nearly an equal number of biographers and critics of almost equal authority." This supposition, he admits, is "strongly corroborated by internal evidence; for, having concluded my examination of Shakespeare's judicial phrases, and forensic allusions, on the retrospect I am amazed, not only by the number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry. . . . Whilst novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounded it, there can be neither demurer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error." But, as against the possibility of Shakespeare having ever been in a lawyer's office, there remains this difficulty. "Were it true, positive and irrefragible evidence in Shakespeare's own hand-writing might have been forthcoming to establish it. Not having been enrolled as an attorney, neither the records of the local Court at Stratford, nor the Superior Courts at Westminster, would present his name as being concerned in any suits as an attorney; but it might have been reasonably expected that there would have been deeds or wills witnessed by him still extant; and, after a diligent search, none such can be discovered. Nor can this consideration be disregarded, that between Nash's epistle in the end of the 16th Century, and Chalmer's suggestion more than

200 years after, there is no hint by his friends or his foes of Shakespeare having consumed pens, paper, ink, and pounce in an attorney's office at Stratford."

To turn from the theoretical history of William Shakspeare to the authentic history of Francis Bacon. It is known that, having quitted the University, and being intended by his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, for the profession or calling of a politician, Francis was, at a very early age, entrusted to the care of the Queen's Ambassador at Paris, and soon employed in offices of trust for the Crown. After travelling in France and Italy, he settled in Poictiers, where he continued studying, until the sudden news of the death of his father recalled him to England, to find himself left poorly off, and obliged to betake himself to the legal profession as a means of earning a livelihood. He entered Gray's Inn in his 20th year, and "For ten succeeding years he rarely suffered either pleasure, or the scientific and literary studies in which he was all the while deeply immersed, to interfere with his professional duties, and we read that during this time "he familiarised himself with every branch of jurisprudence."

By degrees he rose to be Registrar of the Star-Chamber, Member of Parliament for Middlesex, Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor. Of course it became his duty in these various offices to deliver speeches, and to write papers on various subjects submitted to him for elucidation or judgment. Amongst the most important of these are Tracts on the "*Use of the Law*," and "*Maxims of the Law;*" "*Preparation for* the Union of the Laws of England and Scotland;" "Proposals for Reforming the Penal Laws;" Speeches on the King's Prerogative, on Duelling, and on Monopolies, with Some Charges to the Circuits on the Office of Constables, &c.

I wish to draw attention to one point in particular. Bacon did not profess, in the legal works which he acknowledges for his own, *to treat of Law in General*. These works concern chiefly certain Cases and Questions specially brought before him in the course of his professional career, or upon which he was called to pronounce an opinion. Perhaps the whole of his legal writings do not form one-tenth part of his acknowledged works, although the bulk of these is small, and would not fill more than four octavo volumes. In the *Advancement of Learning*, twenty pages only are devoted to the Law

out of the 367 pages of which that work consists. And yet in these few Law Tracts, Speeches, and Aphorisms, are to be found all "the profound and accurate knowledge which *Shakespeare* displayed of juridical principles and practice." Lord Campbell need not have troubled himself to seek further for the sources of this remarkable knowledge.

Conspicuous to the ordinary reader, and indubitably manifest to the legal mind is *Shakespeare's* intimate acquaintance with Conveyancing, his references to Leaseholds, Feoffments, Fines, Indentures, Remitters, Reversions, and other still less commonly understood terms. These are to be found freely, yet the lawyers say, always *correctly* used, throughout the Plays; and of Hamlet's Speech on taking into his hand a skull which he believed to be that of a Lawyer, Lord Campbell remarks, "These terms of art are all used, seemingly, with a full knowledge of their import, and it would puzzle some practising barristers with whom I am acquainted to define each of them satisfactorily." Clearly, therefore, the writer of the Plays was as good a lawyer as Lord Campbell, or as Francis Bacon himself, and that is saying a good deal.

On opening the *Tracts of the Law*, Conveyancing meets the eye, in a brief exposition of the Laws which regulate the transfer of property. Here the *Shakespeare* student may, without going farther afield, inform himself of what it is to hold land In Tail, by Feoffment, or in Fee Simple, by Descent in Law, or by Purchase, by Deed of Gift, by Grant, or by Livery of Seisin.

Let us bring together some of Bacon's short, but lucid, notes on these "terms of art," and passages from the Plays where they are touched upon or utilised.

"Property, is lands is gotten and transferred: 1, By Entry; 2, by Descent; 3, by Escheat; 4 (and most usually), by Conveyance.

"I. Property by Entry is where a man findeth a piece of land that no other possesseth nor hath a title unto, and he that so findeth it doth enter upon it; this Entry gaineth the property. . . . By the Conquest, all lands in this nation were appropriated to the Conqueror except religious and Church lands."

> "The dancing banners of the French,
> Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,

To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours."
(*John* ii. 1, Cymb. iii. 1, 1—22.)

"(In combat, Hamlet)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, *by a seal'd compact,*
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror: *
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras.
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
(*Has planned an enterprise*)
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost."—(*Ham.* i. 1.)

II. "Descent in lands is where a man that hath land of inheritance dieth not making any disposition of it, but leaveth it to go as the law appointeth. The law casteth it upon the heir."

"*I am denied to sue my livery here,*
And yet my letters-patents give me leave;
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent."—(*R. II.* ii. 3).

"They have been still mine enemies;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death."
(*R. III.* iii. 2; and see *Hen. V.* i. 2, 32—100.)

III. "Property by escheat is where the owner of the land dieth in possession without . . . heir; there the land . . . is said to escheat

* "They did use to inthral and charge the subjects' lands with tenures *in capite* . . . to work for them upon premior seizins, and alienations, being the firstfruits of those tenures."—(*Hist. Hen. VII.* Also of *seizins* see "*Statute of Uses*," and "*Case of Impeachment of Waste.*" *Spedding's Works*, vii. 535.)

to the lord of whom it is holden. This lack of heir happeneth chiefly in two cases: the one where the landowner is a bastard; the other, where he is attainted of felony or treason. Upon attainder of treason the king is to have the land although he is not the lord of whom it is holden, because it is a royal escheat. But for felony it is not so."

"*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her."—(3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2.)

"If a man doth wrongfully enter into another man's possession and put the right owner of the freehold and inheritance from it, he thereby getteth the freehold and inheritance by *disseisin*, and may hold it against all men but him that hath right and his heirs, and is called a *disseisor*. Or if he die seised of lands, and before his heir doth enter, one that hath no right doth enter into the lands, and holdeth them from the right heir, he is called an *abator*, and is lawful owner against all men but the rightful heir."—(*Use L.*)

"*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him."—(2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10.)

"Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows!"—(*Cor.* iii. 3.)

"If a man have divers children, and the elder, being a bastard, doth enter into the land . . . and dieth thereof so seised, his heirs shall hold the land against all the lawful children."—(*Use L.*)

"Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines

> Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
> When my dimensions are as well compact,
> My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
> As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
> With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
>
> * * * * *
>
> Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
> Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
> As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
> Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
> And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
> Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
> Now, gods, stand up for bastards!—(*Lear* i. 2.)

(Note that the speaker is the *eldest* though illegitimate son of Gloucester). See *Lear* i. 1, 9—25.

Feoffment.

"A feoffment is where by deed, or without deed, lands are given to one and his heirs, &c." (See also *Maxims of the Law. Regula* 1, where the subject of Enfeoffment is treated more at large.)

> "The skipping king, he ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
> Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
>
> * * * * *
>
> Grew a companion to the common streets,
> Enfeoff'd himself to popularity."—(1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3.)

Lord Campbell's comment on the above: "So fond was he (*Shakespeare*) of Law terms, that . . . he uses the forced and harsh figure (in the extract). I copy Malone's note of explanation on this line. 'A feoffment was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-simple for several ages till the conveyance of lease and release was invented by Sergeant Moore about the year 1630. Every deed of feoffment was accompanied by livery of seisin, that is with the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement granted in fee.'"—(*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 66).

TENURE IN CHIVALRY AND WARDSHIP OF MINORS.

Bacon explains "the reason why all land is holden of the Crown, immediately, or by mesne" to be this: "The Conqueror got, by

right of conquest, all the land of the realm into his own hands, in demesne . . . and first, seeing his people to be part Normans and part Saxons, found here, he bent himself to conjoin them in amity by marriages; and for that purpose that if those of his nobles, knights, and gentlemen, to whom he gave . . . land, should die leaving their heir within age, a male within 21, a female within 14 years, and unmarried, then the king should have the bestowing of such heirs in marriage . . . which interest of marriage (*is*) implied in every tenure of land called Knight-service."

In *All's Well* ii. 3 the king is seen exercising his prerogative in this respect.

"*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract."

Lord Campbell's comments on this scene: "In this Play we meet with proof that Bacon had an accurate knowledge of the law of England respecting the incidents of Military Tenure, or Tenure in Chivalry . . . The incidents of that tenure here dwelt upon are *Wardship of Minors*, and the right of the Guardian to dispose of the minor in marriage at his pleasure. Helen was in love with Bertram, Count of Rousillon, still a minor, who held large possessions *in capite* under the Crown, and was in ward to the king . . . The wardship of Bertram, and the obligation of the ward to take the wife provided for him by his Guardian, *Shakespeare* drew from his own knowledge

of the common law of England, which, though now obsolete, was in full force in the reign of Elizabeth, and was to be found in Littleton." —(*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 58.)

QUILL DRIVER.

(To be continued.)

DE QUINCEY AND THE ROSICRUCIANS—BACON'S "NEW ATLANTIS."

IT is instructive to find De Quincey obliged, in his essay upon the origin of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, to introduce Bacon, though he only does so, in an endeavour to refute the theory of Nicolai and others, that Bacon was a Rosicrucian, or that he had anything to do with the reconstruction of Freemasonry in 1646. He overlooks Murr,* who was of a like opinion with Nicolai. Yet he arrives with Buhle at the conclusion that modern Freemasonry was derived from the Rosicrucians. How is it then that at this meeting at Warrington in 1646, the members of whom were Rosicrucians, that Lord Bacon's ideas are discussed and promulgated? De Quincey maintains that there was nothing Masonic in Bacon's "New Atlantis"; that it had no object beyond science, and the founding of a Royal Society. This is a strange statement to make, seeing that in Bacon's own words his object was to *restore* knowledge, just as we find this statement also in the Rosicrucian manifestoes. But what had Solomon or the Temple to do with it? Now the Rosicrucians professed Solomon and Moses as their protagonists, just as Bacon does. How is it that John Heydon's Land of the Rosicrucians is Bacon's "New Atlantis," word for word, and that Campanella wrote an almost identical romance the year preceding Bacon's story? Campanella was a noted member of the Rosicrucians. But the evidence is too strong for De Quincey's criticism. We have found not only Bacon's initials among the founders of the fraternity, but his pen in their manifestoes. We have had Burton's evidence of his identity in the words,

* Uber don wahron ursprung du Rosenkroutzon, 2 o, Sulzback, 1803, s. 23. *Chr. Murr.*

"*Artium et scientiarum Instaurator*"; we know that the centre was England, and that the founders were artists, and poets, litterati, with their inspiring source in a Helicon, Hippocrene, Parnassus, and Apollo. Do we not find Bacon's name figuring as president, at the great assizes held by Apollo at Parnassus, and all the poets of his age ranged under his presidentship? It will not be very long ere the world will rub its eyes and perceive that in the "New Atlantis" we have a picture, not of an imaginary Utopia, but of the real, mysterious, and perplexing Fraternity of Rosie Cross, of which Francis Bacon was architect and play painter.

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT PORTRAITS.

Nos. 1 and 2 on the plate which forms the frontispiece to the present number, give two views from photographs of the "Duke of Devonshire's Bust of Shakespeare" mentioned in *Baconiana*, pp. 17, 18, May, 1893. No. 3 is from a medal at the British Museum, bearing on its reverse the date 1823.

The striking likeness between the profiles cannot be overlooked, yet there is a *difference*, which has been explained in a satisfactory manner by Mr. Sparkes, Director of the National Schools of Art, South Kensington. This gentleman, upon examining the bust at the Garrick Club, perceived that the nose has been at some time broken off, and, in the mending, *shortened* at the bridge or root. This slight shortening is perceptible when the bust and the medal are compared.

As might be expected, the soft beard and moustache of Bacon, and the hair in front, are curtailed, in order to make the portrait *possible* for an actor. But the delicate mouth—the *downward* turn of the moustache, following the facial muscles—the beard framing the cheeks and the lower part of the face, are here. We also see a trace of the "feather" or upstanding lock of hair, which in age wore somewhat away, but which in youth and middle-age was a distinct characteristic. Note also the Charles I. collar. Space has obliged us to reproduce only the most necessary portion of the bust.

LIST OF "SHAKESPEARE" PLAYS PUBLISHED DURING SHAKESPEARE'S LIFETIME.

(Conclusion of Article on "Baconiana," Jan. 7th, 1893.)

PRINTED PLAYS.	ANONYMOUS.	WITH NAME.
Titus Andronicus	1594, 1600, 1611	
Taming the Shrew (sketch)	1594	
First part of Contention York and Lancaster*	1594, 1600, 1600	
Richard Duke of York (Death of Henry VI.) *	1595, 1600	
Romeo and Juliet	1597, 1599, 1609, 1611	1611 (date conjectural)
Richard II.	1597	1598, 1608, 1608, 1615
Richard III.	1597	1598, 1602, 1605, 1612
Henry IV. (first part of)	1598	1598, 1599, 1604, 1608
Love's Labour Lost		1598
Henry V.	1600, 1602, 1608	
Midsummer Night's Dream		1600, 1600
Merchant of Venice		1600, 1600
Much Ado About Nothing		1600
Second Henry IV.		1600, 1600
Merry Wives of Windsor (sketch)		1602
Hamlet		1603, 1604
King Lear		1608, 1608
Pericles		1609, 1609
Troilus and Cressida		1609, 1609

OTHER "SHAKESPEARE" WORKS PUBLISHED DURING SHAKSPERE'S LIFETIME.

POEMS AND PLAYS.	ANONYMOUS.	WITH NAME.
Venus and Adonis		1593, 1593, 1596, 1599, 1602, 1602
Lucrece		1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616
Locrine, by "W. S."†	1595	
Passionate Pilgrim		1599, 1599, 1612
Sir John Oldcastle		1600
Turtle and Phœnix	1601	
Thomas Lord Cromwell, by "W. S."†	1602	
London Prodigal		1605
Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street, by "W. S."†	1607	
Yorkshire Tragedy		1608
Sonnets	1599 (two stanzas)	1609, 1609
Troublesome Reign of King John, by "W. S."†	1611	

* Sketches of Henry VI.

† Those by W. S. are considered anonymous, possibly not Shakespearean.

At least fifteen Shakespearean plays were acted on the stage prior to 1598, and all anonymous.

Where the date is repeated - *e.g.*, 1593, 1593—it means two editions in that year.

Besides the plays by W.S., there are a few others that may be claimed as Shakespearean, but anonymous, and therefore doubtful.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 10th, 1892. WM. HENRY BURR.

MEDALS STRUCK IN HONOUR OF BACON.

[*In answer to question*, "*Baconiana*," *March*, 1893.—*J.C.*]

AT the British Museum are several coins or medals struck in honour of Francis Bacon, and which furnish one of many examples of the mystery attaching to all that concerns our great subject, and the present working of his method of tradition. These medals, though enumerated, are undescribed in "*Hawkins' British Medals*," excepting in one case, where the description is misleading. With this exception we are neither told when, why, nor by whom the medals were struck; neither is any artist or owner named of any of the specimens preserved in the collection of the Museum.

One medallion portrait, moulded in lead, *is said* to have been taken from the life, and is twice repeated on other medals; it represents Bacon at about the age of 55, and the pose of the head is the same as in the Van Somers' portrait. One of these copies from the lead has around it the inscription FRANCISC · BACON · VICECOM · VERULAMII · ANG·O ANC·EL, with the letters *irregularly arranged*, as we have endeavoured to show, though we must do so in a straight line, instead of circularly. The reverse has a design of the Dawn, admirably illustrating the Rosicrucian description of the "Blessed Aurora now beginning to appear, whoe (after the passing away of the darke night of Saturne) with her brightness altogether extinguished the shininge of the moone, or the small sparkles of the heavenly wisdome which yet remains with men, and is a forerunner of pleasant Phœbus, whoe with her cleare, and fiery, glistening beames, brings forth that blessed day, long-wished-for of many true-hearted, by which daylight then shall be truely known and seene, all heavenly treasures of godly wisdome, as also the secrets of all hidden and invisible things in the world, according to the doctrine of our forefathers and auncient wise men."

The medal bears the motto, "*Non Procul Dies*," with the dates of the birth and death of Francis Bacon—"Aurora's harbinger."

There is also another beautiful portrait in profile of Francis Bacon, struck for the "*Series Numismatica Universalis Virorum Illustrium*," in 1823, the 200th anniversary of the publication of the *De*

Mr. Thomas Bushell's Golden Medal.

Augmentis, and of the *Shakespeare* folio. Yet another medal (*not* in the British Museum collection) is described by Hawkins. It was struck early in the present century by Mr. Fuller, and by him given as a reward for distinguished scientific research to Sir Humphry Davy. There seem to have been seven other recipients of the medal, but as usual, a mystery seems to surround this Baconian memento, whose history must, however, be perfectly well-known to many persons.*

The most interesting of all are the three known as Mr. Thomas Bushell's golden medals. (In Hawkins. See *Charles II.* 67 to 69.) Here Bacon wears the narrow-brimmed straight hat of the later portraits. On the reverse is a miner with pickaxe over his shoulder, and in his right hand a nugget, which he seems to contemplate with satisfaction. The moulding of the medal is in very low relief, and two holes drilled top and bottom show that it was intended to be worn on a ribbon. We are informed that it was "struck for Thomas Bushell, who had imbibed a taste for mechanics and mineralogy from Sir Francis Bacon, his patron in early youth. He had authority from Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II., to work the royal mines." After many failures he published a scheme for raising money to carry on his works . . . but his labours were not successful; he was involved in difficulties, and died in distressed circumstances in 1674, aged 80. His publications contain much of a curious nature, and show his veneration for Bacon, by whose instructions he professed to be entirely guided."

So we are intended to believe that this medal concerned real mining speculations in Wales. But let anyone trouble himself to read Bushell's "Publications of a Curious Nature," and he will find Bacon there represented as "*a true pioneer in the Mine of Truth*"; and that although Bushell doubtless did farm some mines for the reigning Sovereigns, his real occupation was to raise money for the promotion of Bacon's great plans, whether by publishing works, weighty but useful (*lead*), or such ponderous learning "transmuted into gold"—purest philosophy or poetry.

* We must not overlook a portrait medal of F. B., catalogued as "Unknown Portrait," cast and chased from a model by Adam Simon. A portrait erroneously called in the Devonshire catalogue, *the Earl of Southampton*. Note—a feigned or disguised portrait.

A few extracts may persuade the studious to inquire further of Mr. Bushell and his connection with Bacon:—

"The Lord St. Albans' *Atlantis* is a magazine of compendious, but sublime documents to enrich a Commonwealth with Universal notions, as far above a vulgar capacity as the emperial heavens are above the earth; for which cause himself styled it his Solomon's House, or Six Daies Work. But the way to advance a proportionable revenue (proposed by his Philosophical theory) to accomplish the vast design of such a magnificent structure, without a prince's purse, will seem as abstruse to some acute apprehensions as the immortal descent of the soul to animate the embryon in the wombe. Yet if any responsible persons are incredulous of Mr. Bushell's proceeding to perfect the said lordship's philosophical theory in mineral discovery, according to his undertaking, let them . . . repaire to the Assurance Office at the Royal Exchange, where they shall have tendered by friends of his, medals of gold, by way of mart, according to the ensuing Bill."

In the "Postscript to the Judicious Reader," Bushell says that if *The New Atlantis*—"the Treatise of the Isle of Bensalem"—has been duly perused, the reader will perceive that "the Philosophical Father of Solomon's House doth perfectly demonstrate my heroick master's (the Lord Chancellor Bacon's) design for the benefit of mankind." He proceeds to tell of the "rise" and "eclipse" of Bacon's plans.

"His Lordship had revealed the most mysterious parts of his philosophy to his master the king, and . . . thereby so indulged his Majesty's genius as he prevailed with him to call a Parliament . . . to confirme this academy of his lordship's in his way of mining by an Act of State, in hopes of securing revenues for the "perfecting of all other expenceful tryals."

And at this point we find that Bacon's plan turns in the first place upon the disposal of property left by the Will of Thomas Sutton, to be bestowed upon some work of public charity. As early as July, 1608, Bacon was interested in Sutton's intentions, and notes his desire to persuade the Archbishhop of Canterbury to entertain "a good conceyt" regarding them. When, in 1611, Bacon advices the king concerning Sutton's estate, we find him urging that the Charter

House be not converted chiefly into an Alms-house or "Hospital," to become "a cell of loiterers," but that it be made a means of advancement in learning, by the appropriation of the funds destined "for teachers of children" to "teachers for men"—lecturers, professors, "readers in chairs," who are the "parents in sciences."

THE *ARENA* DISCUSSION.

FOR some months past a discussion of the great literary suit Bacon *v.* Shakspere (inaccurately spelt Shakespeare), has been proceeding in the *Arena*, a new monthly journal, published in Boston, U.S. Mr. Edwin Reed is the leading counsel in this *quasi* forensic process, and opened his brief for the Plaintiff last July. He travels over the ground now so familiar to all Baconians. His first contention refers to the scholarship of the Shakespearean poet: his knowledge of Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish, and his intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, for which various authorities are cited. In the same way it is shewn that he was a lawyer and a philosopher. William Shakspere's qualifications are next discussed—the family illiteracy; the signatures; the dates of the leading events of his life, as compared with those of the earliest and latest poems and plays; the Stratford monument; the will; the allusions by contemporaries; Ben Jonson. In the August number, Bacon's qualities are discussed, with plentiful certificates from authors and critics; the cryptic words of Tobie Mathew; the Promus puzzle; a select list of parallel passages including the flower list in the "Winter's Tale;" the Northumberland MS.—the comparative history of the plays and of Bacon's career; the anonymous plays; the 1623 folio; the silence concerning William Shakspeare of all his most distinguished contemporaries. In the September number Mr. Reed discusses certain objections to the Plaintiff's case. The argument from possession, or the prescriptive right of the present occupant. Bacon's silence. The anachronisms and errors of the plays,—on which it is worth while, for our own part, to remark that anachronism is the chartered right of all novelists and romancists. Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth," introduces Shakespeare, with quotations from the *Midsummer Night's*

Dream, and *Troilus and Cressida* in connection with events which happened in the year 1575, when William Shakspere was a lad of 11, and not a line of the Shakespearean poetry had been written. It is a little fatiguing to have these small objections perpetually under consideration. The same may be said of all the objections founded in historical inaccuracy. Mr. Reed points out a number of similar inaccuracies in Bacon's Apophthegms: and as to Bacon's alleged pedantic accuracy in matters of scholarship, any one who takes the trouble to compare Bacon's references and quotations with their originals, as Mr. Reynolds does in the Clarendon edition of the Essays, will be startled to find how habitually inaccurate Bacon was. The notes to the first ten essays point out no less than a dozen cases of inaccurate quotation. The other objections considered by Mr. Reed are the nondescript objection that Bacon's mind was cast in a non-Shakespearean mould—that the Essay of Love could not have been written by the author of Shakespeare—that Bacon was not a practical playwright and knew nothing about the stage—that Bacon's acknowledged poetry is bad, and that Bacon was a cold, hard unsympathetic man.

In the October number internal evidence in favour of Bacon is discussed. Bacon was a great word-inventor; his style was remarkably varied according to occasion, and in both Shakespeare and Bacon aphoristic gems are profuse. Bacon was a versatile man; able to talk with any one in his own jargon, he habitually altered and corrected his own MSS. and published works, just as the successive quartos are altered and corrected. The two authors had the same friends and enemies, Southampton, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery on the one hand, Lords Cobham and Coke on the other. Bacon's home at St. Albans is familiar ground to the dramatist. Bacon's puns and jests are like Shakespeare's; so are his quotations from the classics. Bacon's life was passed in the atmosphere of a court, and the plays reflect the same habits. Bacon often wrote under pseudonyms, or in disguise. Finally the plays and the prose reflect the same Philosophy, the same History, the same legal studies, the same Medical Science, the same Natural History, Religion, love and knowledge of music, the same natural oratory, the same familiarity with the printer's art, with astrology and navigation

Next, in November, Mr. Reed is advocate for the Defendant, and as his own convictions evidently belong to the Plaintiff, his argument on the other side is not likely to be very conclusive, and he has already answered it. What is called the testimony of contemporaries simply means that no one asked any questions, and no one, except Ben Jonson, had anything to say about William Shakspere himself and the shadowy persons—Heminge and Condell, who professed to edit the folios, and might have been used for purposes of mystification. Bacon's acknowledged poetry, of course, is a strong argument against his Shakespeare claim, but there is plenty of similar versification in Shakespeare.

After Mr. Reed has completed his case, Dr. Nicholson, of Leamington, steps on the stage. He begins by repeating the fallacy we have just exposed—calling mere noncritical allusion testimony; and confounding homage to the writings with homage to the man. Next he tries to explain away the cryptic P.S. of Tobie Mathew, and, with a vigour of assertion which does him credit, says, that if this statement is not general, "the reference is without doubt to Galileo." This is in the approved Shakespere society style. "Without doubt" is supposed to settle the matter. The Northumberland MS. is similarly disposed of; and the allusion to concealed poets, and to Bacon's reference to "Mine Own Tales." Nothing really depends upon all these little points, but if a Shakspere apologist can make out a plausible explanation of some dark saying or obscure allusions, he considers the whole business has come to an end. All Dr. Nicholson's arguments are attempts to put a non-natural construction on everything that supports Bacon's claim—and to strain everything that supports William Shakspere.

Then Professor Rolfe comes forward with the amazing assertion that William Shakspere's life is a natural key and commentary on the plays. A critic who is capable of this is not a man to be reasoned with. Professor Rolfe invents his facts, as when he says that the relations between Ben Jonson and Bacon and Shakspeare, "are, as they well may be, a stumbling-block to the heretics." As a matter of fact they have never been so regarded by any Baconian, and are among the strongest of our circumstantial arguments.

"The Sonnets are another stumbling-block to the Baconians," is another absolutely untrue assertion. If Mr. Gerald Massey's inter-

pretation is accepted, as on the whole the best, the Baconian theory removes the one hypothesis which makes his argument ridiculous, and the whole case becomes reasonable and luminous. Professor Rolfe may himself look on these points as stumbling blocks, but he has no right to attribute his own impressions to us. But this is the orthodox style of Anti-Baconian argument. In a subsequent number, Professor Rolfe continues his argument, and reasons in the same perverse and darkening style. For instance, here is a curious bit of logomachy: "Mr. Reed says that 'Weed signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) as one that disguises the wearer.' This may be Bacon's use of the word, but it certainly is not Shakspeare's. With him weed simply means garment;" and then he quotes three or four passages which actually prove Mr. Reed's statement and contradict his own, and dismisses the case with a sneer and a chuckle.

Next comes Dr. Furnivall. But we decline to sit on the same bench with this remarkable person. His literary dress is too fuliginous—we desire to keep our own unsoiled. It is rather humiliating to read the sophistical absurdities of these learned Shakespeareans. As a rule they are judiciously silent; when they do break the silence, Alas! Alas! The series concludes with a vigorous finale by Mr. Donnelly, who has little difficulty in disposing of the attenuated logical structure in which the Shakesperean champions think their hero is secure, as in an impregnable fortress.

If the Baconian case really could come into Court, and be argued by Counsel *pro* and *con.*, and summarized by some distinguished legal authority, we do not think the issue could be doubtful. The party in possession has not a shred of unequivocal evidence,—not a leg of legal logic to stand upon: while the Claimant's case as nearly amounts to demonstration as is possible for what is essentially probable and circumstantial. The legal process in the *Arena* cannot claim the same kind of authority. The Counsel, the Judges, and the Jury are only *dramatis personæ*, not genuine officials; consequently the decision is not made by any "Court," but only by experts whose opinion was already well known. Nevertheless, we welcome the discussion. It is ably conducted; it helps on publicity, gives fresh ventilation to the case, is sure to make new converts, and to improve the *status* of the controversy in the large, informal Court of Public Opinion.

R. M. THEOBALD.

BACON IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

A BOOK has been published this year, called "The Still Life in the Middle Temple," by W. G. Thorpe, F.S.A., a Barrister of the Society. Mr. Thorpe is apparently an elderly gentleman, who has been a book-worm all his life. He has an antiquarian relish for rare editions and old books, and can boast, among other things, of possessing a copy of the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare. To us, however, the main interest of his volume consists in the fact that he is a Baconian—apparently by uncontrollable instinct, for he does not give any very clear account of the origin of his belief.

The following is the passage in which he gives his *confessio fidei*:—

"Of my annual holy days I have little to record. But one experience, which must have occurred to many others at Stratford, may come in here. I am one of those silver medallist book-worms, who own a First Folio of Shakespeare, and one of the still fewer out of that small body who *can't* believe but that the real author was the illustrious Bacon. Hence, going over the house at Stratford-on-Avon, I hinted some of my heresies to a most precise elderly spinster, who was the guardian of it. At that time the critical acumen of Sir William Grove had not pointed out the lines in Troilus and Cressida (IV. ii.), where Cressida says:—

> 'But the strong base and building of my love,
> Is as the very centre of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it':

which that most estimable of men, whether as student, philosopher, lawyer, or judge, writes me is a fairly accurate definition of gravitation; as the earth's attraction is from the centre: and this, too, two generations before the apple fell on Newton's nose. The germ of the matter had, of course, been published by Dr. Gilbert in his celebrated book, 'De Magnete,' in 1600; but a Latin book like that would not form one of those read by a man busily engaged as actor and manager, and who wrote his name so badly that no two signatures are alike. It is even said that many of these show the pencillings of the scrivener's clerk, as for an illiterate man. Hence my question to the lady: 'Can the scholar, practical conveyancer,

statesman, linguist, who had read an Italian novel up to that time never translated into English, lover of flowers and philosopher, whose problems in "Hamlet" are as difficult as those in the second part of "Faust," etc., be one and the same with the lad brought up at an ordinary school; as idle and given-to-mischief, and even deer-stealing, as such boys are? and so forth.' The answer came quickly —it must have been given to many others, Mr. Hepworth Dixon's book was in circulation at that time—'Ah! I see you think Lord Bacon wrote the plays. We hear much of that, especially from a Miss Bacon, who thinks she is some relation of his. *And most people think she is out of her mind.*'

"The shot was so well directed that I was obliged to have a good laugh, which angered the lady even more than my heresies.

"It by no means follows that Mr. Donnelly's theories are adopted if I point out that in many books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries an anagram is employed to ear-mark the author of the book in which it occurs. Bacon, a scholar, whose research was so great, his memory so pregnant, and unconscious cerebration so perfect that in the course of an afternoon's ill-at-ease, he could dictate some three hundred apophthegms from memory, would not think it derogatory to avail himself of such an anagram. It is somewhat curious that the long word of twenty-seven letters, Honorificabilitudinitatibus ('Loves Labour's Lost,' V. i.), forms the anagram, 'But thus I hold Fran ! ! ! ! ! ! Bacon.'

"Of course there may be nothing in all this, and the testimony of Ben Jonson as to Shakspere's own brilliancy :—

> "'O could you but have seen his wit!
>
> * * * *
>
> But since you cannot, reader, look,
> Not on his picture but his book,'

must always score against the Baconian theory.

"I have long fancied that in Wilton House, where lived the "two noble brethren" to whom the First Folio is dedicated, some scraps may still exist which will throw light on the great paradox: especially as I myself have cleared up two historic doubts almost as old: the date of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the position in which Charles I. died. This last, by bringing to light a pamphlet open to all in the

British Museum and Bodleian, but which no one previously had noticed, the inborn tendency to 'damn pamphlets' being apparently as strong as ever."

This is all that Mr. Thorpe says about the Baconian theory, and although his testimony is valuable—for he is a lawyer, accustomed to weigh circumstantial evidence, a scholar, an archæologist, and a very experienced book collector—yet his language is altogether so crude that it is evident he has not given the matter any very deep study. Hepworth Dixon's book has no bearing on the question at all, for he never published a word about the controversy. Mr. Thorpe apparently thinks that Hepworth Dixon was his own teacher; but he certainly could not have been, any more than Macaulay or Campbell, who, in their own peculiar fashion, also wrote about Bacon. The idea must somehow have dropped into his mind, and there found "natural nesting," for it has not apparently gained stronger hold on him than good healthy instinct will account for.

His anagram might have been omitted. The letters in the big word do *not* contain the anagram he thinks are found. It gives him only one *h*, he uses two: and his anagram leaves three *i*'s, one *u*, and a *t* unaccounted for. And even if the anagram was valid, it is stupid and useless, and attributes to Bacon a sort of levity and fooling which, fond as he was of a jest, could not have emanated from him.

Also the mode in which Mr. Thorpe refers to Ben Jonson shows that he has not studied the case, or he would know that Ben Jonson's words, carefully and critically examined, do not score against us, but most heavily in our favour.

The limitations in Mr. Thorpe's apprehensions of the niceties of our case do not, however, detract from the value of his advocacy. It really does not require much research or very penetrating argument to enable anyone to grasp the broad outlines and obvious reasonableness of the case. The Opposition is not strong in argument, and rarely condescends to employ any. And anyone free from bias, not committed to foregone conclusions, without any literary property at stake on the issue, not laboriously hunting up sophistical cavils to darken counsel, and shut the door on conviction, easily finds his way into our persuasions, and once convinced is not readily shaken by any of the forcible-feeble objections which his belief may have to encounter.

R. M. P.

ANSWERS TO *BACONIANA*, MAY, 1893.

1. INQUIRER is advised to make research into the history of the de Barti, Du Bartas, or Barthius family. Also into that of George Buchanan. No satisfactory answer can be at present returned to this question.

2. Anthony Bacon is a mystery. His place of burial and precise time of his death are unknown. "A gentleman of as high a wit, though not of so profound learning as his brother." It is not positively ascertained that he wrote anything.

3. There are no "accessible" particulars of R. Fludd, except those in the "Real History of the Rosicrucians," by A. E. Waite. Brief notices in the "Dictionary of National Biography, and the Rosicrucians," by Hargreave Jennings, throw no real light upon the work of this occultist. Fludd's "*Mosaical* Philosophy," a 17th century folio in English, can be seen at the British Museum.

4. It is true that the degree is conferred in Holland. We know no more.

5. We will make inquiries, and answer in November.

6. You can find out as much as is allowed to be known about Stenography at the British Museum. Watts' "Subjects Dictionary" may help you to titles of books. You will find the subjects mixed. Yes, Mr. D.—— is said to have advanced his system, and others, notably Mr. James Cary, have made very remarkable discoveries. A book, *said not to exist*, and an exceedingly improbable fact about the spire of old St. Paul's, have been brought to light by Mr. Cary, deciphering portions of one of Bacon's acknowledged works. The cipher apparently coincides with, or resembles that in the Shakespeare folio.

7. We hope, in due course, to explain these secret marks; but the matter requires illustration by magnifying, photography, &c., and entails expense. If space can be allowed in this, or the subsequent number of BACONIANA, we will re-produce a number of such secret marks of the coarsest description, and to be found in nearly every newspaper.

8. These charges have been calmly and thoroughly examined and refuted by James Spedding in his "Evenings with a Reviewer" (2 vols., 8vo.), this being an analysis of Macaulay's "Essay," or more properly speaking, of his antipathetic review of Basil Montagu's "Life of Bacon." Hepworth Dixon has also refuted these calumnies. See "Personal Life of Bacon" (1 vol., 8vo.), and "Story of Bacon's Life." Other writers have followed these two, but the careful perusal of the works named will furnish the student with a solid foundation on which to build. It is, as Spedding justly said, in vain to write and disprove untruths, if men decline to read the proofs, and while they continue to reiterate their erroneous statements.

9. See *Ante.* A paper on Bacon's Medallion portraits.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY CONCERNING "SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB."—F. J.

EPITAPH on W. Shakespeare's gravestone, as printed in Knight's edition of "Shakespeare." This seems to be, as Malone represented it to have been, at the time when he copied from the original stone. But "F. J." is warned that there are discrepancies in the Shakespearean representations of this epitaph. If he is studying the cipher—

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG T—E DUST ENCLOASED HE—RE
BLESE BE T—E MAN $\overset{T}{Y}$ SPARES T—ES STONES
AND CURST BE HE $\overset{T}{Y}$ MOVES MY BONES—

believed by Mr. Hugh Black and Mr. E. G. Clarke, and others, to be found in this inscription, he should not be content with this specimen. The present stone has the lines at equal distances, and the letters in uncials, capitals all of one size.

LET IT BE INQUIRED.

1. I READ in one of Bacon's works or letters words to this effect: "I have read all pieces ancient and modern." Can you refer me to the passage? X.

2. Is there any true record of the death and funeral of Francis Bacon? of who were present? who performed the service? &c. One author says that he died at the house of my Lord of Arundel; another, that he died at the house of his friend, Dr. Parry. Are either or neither of these accounts true? Whence is the authority for either statement? BACONIAN.

[Readers will greatly assist the Editing Committee, and advance knowledge, if they would undertake researches such as those involved by the questions above.]

BACONIANA.

VOL. I.—*New Series.* NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 3.

"LET'S TALK OF GRAVES, OF WORMS, OF EPITAPHS."

(*Richard II.* iii. 2.)

READERS who have perused the pages of "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society" may recall these words: "When a Rosicrucian died, he was to be quietly and unostentatiously buried. His grave was either to be left without a tombstone, or if his friends chose to erect a monument in his honour, the inscription upon it was to be ambiguous." This is a statement which anyone may do something towards fortifying or confuting. The following are a few observations tending to strengthen the proposition, which, however, needs much inquiry.

It is our present object to draw attention to some amongst the many distinguished NAMES — friends or associates of Francis and Anthony Bacon, and who, according to the common usage of the time, would surely have been honoured with a monument, or a laudatory inscription, yet who were buried without any such tribute or memorial. Space will not admit of many particulars, but our aim is not to exhaust, but to air the subject, and to encourage a spirit of investigation and inquiry.

Go to Westminster Abbey, and there you may see the grave of Ben Jonson—said, with great probability, to have been one of Francis Bacon's "able pens," and who certainly wrote (or *copied?*) the *Apologie for Bartholomew Fair*, under the roof of my lord St. Albans.

On Ben Jonson's grave there was not so much as his NAME or the

date of his death; but the words "O RARE BEN JONSON" in a stone, near, but not over, the place of his interment, are said to have been cut by a mason, for eighteen-pence, paid him by a passer-by.

In "Poet's Corner" is a marble monument to Jonson, finely executed by Rysbrack. A writer in the *Athenæum* has pointed out that the bust shows a sculptural error of the kind referred to in the following verses, taken from "*A Choice Collection of Poetry*, most carefully prepared from original MSS.," by Joseph Yarrow, Comedian, York. 1738.

On Ben Jonson's Bust with the Buttons on the Wrong Side.

O rare Ben Jonson! What—a turn-coat grown?
Thou ne'er wore such till thou wast clad in stone.
When time thy coat, thy only coat impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in an hundred years.
Let not then this mistake disturb thy sprite,
Another age shall set thy buttons right!*

It must be allowed that this "epitaph," whoever made it, is *ambiguous*, and that it admits of an interpretation similar to that on the monumental tablet of Drayton, of which we have to speak. The lines seem to allude to the period of 100 years, when, according to the founder's intentions, the Rosicross secrets were to be revealed. At the end of that "age" Bacon intended, we think, to "pace forth," as he declares in the Sonnet.

On entering Westminster Abbey by the little door at Poet's Corner, the monumental tablet to *Michael Drayton* is to the right hand, above the observer's head. It has the bust of Drayton in the symbolic *ellipse*, and is painted *black* relieved with *gold*—the Rosicrucian emblems of light out of darkness. Beneath a short record of the dates of Drayton's birth and death are ambiguous verses. These exhort the marble to let its readers know what they owe, *not*, we observe, to Drayton, but to his NAME. For when time should have ruined the monument, the NAME of Drayton shall live in the fame of him who is the cause of the monument's erection.

These verses are inscribed in Roman capitals of two sizes, such as, according to Malone, were on the original stone over Shakspere's grave. The arrangement in either case is unaccountable except on

* See Cassell's *Old and New London*, iii. 425-6.

the assumption that these epitaphs are ingenious cipher records, constructed, perhaps, with some system in accordance with Bacon's biliteral alphabet. The argument about the rough or illiterate inscription cut by a country mason, which has passed as satisfactory with regard to Shakspere's grave at Stratford, cannot be entertained with regard to a monument in Poet's Corner.

MICHAEL DRAITON ESQRE. A MEMORABLE POET OF THE AGE,
EXCHANGED HIS LAVRELL FOR A CROWNE OF GLORYE AO: 1631,
DOE PIOUS MARBLE LET THY READERS KNOWE
WHAT THEY AND WHAT THEIR CHILDREN OWE
TO DRAITON'S NAME, WHOSE SACRED DUST
WE RECOMMEND VNTO THY TRUST.
PROTECT HIS MEM'RY, AND PRESERVE HIS STORYE:
REMAINE A LASTING MONUMENT OF HIS GLORYE;
AND WHEN THY RUINES SHALL DICLAIME
TO BE THE TREASURER OF HIS NAME;
HIS NAME, THAT CANOT FADE, SHALL BE
AN EVERLASTING MONUMENT TO THEE.

At Christ Church, Oxford, is the mural tablet erected to *Robert Burton*, the supposed author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Neither the name of the author nor of the book are in the inscription, which, adopting the pseudonymn on the title-page of the *Anatomy*, declares the tablet to be in memory of "Democritus junior . . . who passed his life in the contemplation of death and melancholy." The tablet resembles that of Drayton with its portrait-bust in an ellipse, and the whole painted gold upon black. In the left-hand upper corner is a small horoscope resembling that which Mr. Waite represents at the beginning of his life of Joseph Heydon, the feigned author of Bacon's first edition of *The New Atlantis*. It would be well if anyone who understands the reading of such things would compare and explain these horoscopes. On the horoscope, written very small, are the letters "R. B."

The grave of Shakspere, and its very unsatisfactory and unpoetic inscription, are too well known to require notice. The verses on the base of the life-sized "effigy" (as Halliwell Phillips well designates it) have had less attention bestowed upon them. "It is not likely,"

he says, "that these verses were composed either by a Stratfordian, or by any one acquainted with their destined position, for otherwise the writer would hardly have spoken of Death having placed *Shakespeare* 'within this monument.'* However that may be, it is certain that they must have been inscribed with the full sanction of his eldest daughter,"—and the monument was alluded to by Leonard Digges as being there in 1623.

That is enough for us: it was contrived and erected in the life of Bacon, who seems about that time to have been busy over such things, and to have lately restored the tomb of Good Duke Humphry at St. Albans, adding in Latin a very Baconian inscription, which the guide-book attributes vaguely to "The Schoolmaster." But to return. Here is Shakspere's *later* inscription, which, we submit, is as "ambiguous" as any:—

JUDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRET, OLYMPUS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOU SO FAST,
READ, IF THOU CAN'ST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITHIN THIS MONUMENT, SHAKSPEARE, WITH WHOME
QUICK NATURE DIDE; WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK YS TOMBE
FAR MORE THAN COST; SITH ALL YT. HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BUT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIT ANO DOI. 1616. ÆTATIS 53. DIE 23. A.P.

Still we see that it is the NAME which is the important point, *not the man*, not his character, not his works. The sleeper in the tomb lives in the name of another.

In Poet's Corner the name is not forgotten; a grand modern monument is erected bearing a full-sized statue of the supposed poet, attitudinising, and in no respect resembling the "effigy" on the monument at Stratford. The face has evidently been modelled from some of the refined and truly "*counterfeit* presentments," which so closely approach to authentic portraits of Bacon. But we pass on again.

Here is the monument to *John Dryden*, erected by Sheffield, Duke

* It is against the wall to the north of the chancel. See inscription on gravestone, in BACONIANA, Aug., 1893.

of Buckingham, who refused to help Dryden in his life-time, thereby giving point to the satirical assertion of Pope that

> "He helped to bury whom he helped to starve."

Again it seems as if it were the name rather than the man to whom the monument is dedicated. Bishop Atterbury, our authority informs us, corresponded with Pope about a proposed epitaph. Pope, it seems, intended *only to fix Dryden's name beneath a bust*, but Atterbury suggested the addition of these lines:—

> "This Sheffield raised, to Dryden's ashes just;
> Here fix'd his NAME and there his laurel'd bust.
> What else the Muse in marble might express
> Is known already; praise would make him less."

Or thus:—

> "More needs not; where acknowledged merits reign
> Praise is impertinent, and censure vain."

Such verses as these are not very instructive, are they? After reading them we are no wiser than before as to the history of their supposed subject, or his works; yet, collectively, we find them interesting and profitable.

Abraham Cowley, says John Evelyn, was buried in Westminster Abbey, "next to Geoffrey Chaucer, and near Spenser." An honourable resting-place; yet *neither Cowley nor Spenser had any monument or inscription*. We should have expected, at least, to read of how indefatigably Cowley travelled, and ciphered, and deciphered for the king and queen during the best years of his life.

Sir Philip Sidney, the noble, graceful, valiant, and much beloved *preux chevalier*, though killed in battle in the Netherlands, was brought home to be buried in his own country. "So general the lamentation at his funerals, that a face thereat might bee sooner found without eyes, than without tears. It was accounted a sin for any gentleman of qualitie, for many months after, to appear at court or city in any light and gaudy apparel: and, though a private subject, such solemnities were performed at his interment for the qualitie and multitude of mourners, that few princes in Christendom have exceeded, if any equalled, the sad magnificence thereof."

And after all this, Sir Philip Sidney was left *without a monument*.

Thus continues "Philophilipros," writer of the first edition of the "Life" preceding Arcadia (afterwards signed by William Camden): "No monument hath since been erected over him, . . . he is his own monument, whose memorie is eternized in his writings."

Pray compare this with "*Ben Jonson's*" lines to "*Shakespeare.*"—(*Underwood's xii.*).

> "Soul of the age!
> The applause, delight and wonder of our stage!
> My SHAKESPEARE rise! I will not lodge thee by
> Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
> A little further off to make thee room;
> Thou art a monument without a tomb,
> And art *still alive*, while thy book doth live
> And we have wits to read, and praise to give," &c.

We see that, as Evelyn speaks of honourably interring "Cowley" next to *Chaucer and Spenser*, so "Jonson" proposes that if *Shakespeare* required a tomb, *Chaucer, and Spenser, and Beaumont* would have to move further off to give him room.

"Honourable" as it might be for Cowley to lie beside Spenser, this yet "greater poet" whose remains were carried in state from King-street to Westminster Abbey, "followed by the great, the titled, and the powerful, who came to do honour to his memory, and to shower laurels on his grave"—died in penury, and *no monument or inscription* marks his grave.

John Beaumont also lies in Poet's Corner, without a monument. "Here it is *muniments, not monuments* of praise which are desired for the poems of the author, secured by the author's name." The NAME again! Not the man is to be famous, but the name of the author and his poems. Surely again this is ambiguous. And note the *quibble*, or punning jest which was such a trick of speech with Francis Bacon that he could hardly ever "pass it by."

Beaumont's friend and collaborator, *Francis Fletcher*, was one of "the happy triumvirate"* of his age, the other two being Shakespeare and Jonson. *No monument* to him in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, where he was buried.

In the registers of that same beautiful church is this entry,

* So termed by Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton.

"*Buried Philip Massinger, a stranger.*" This seems to be the only record of the death and burial of this "distinguished poet."

Francis Bacon's dear young friend, *George Herbert*, is buried before the altar of the church at Bemerton (where for years he was the beloved pastor), under a plain stone slab, without inscription of any kind.

John Selden, another devoted friend of Francis Bacon, who made him one of three trustees for the disposal of his enormous mass of manuscripts (many of which he seems to have edited and fathered), lies buried in the Temple Church. We have it on the authority of Aubrey that his grave was dug ten feet deep, walled up with marble, covered by a slab with these words: *Hic jacet Johannis Seldeni qui obiit 30 die Novembris, 1654.* This short record of the date of his death was arched over with brick, *and built upon.*

We expect to find something similar with regard to the grave of the "*deere brother*," "*Antonie my comforte*," whose death in 1603 was such a grievous loss to Francis. At present we have no trace or record either of his grave or of the place of his death.

Edward Alleyn, the ostensible founder of Dulwich College (in which Francis Bacon appears to have taken much interest) was buried in the College Chapel, November 27th, 1626. *A marble slab, without record of any kind, covered the grave.* The present inscription is modern.

John Marston was buried in the Temple Church under a stone which had on it the very Rosicrucian motto, "*Oblivione Sacrum.*"

Joseph Mede, the "pious and profoundly learned" of "as many discourses on several texts of Scripture as there are days in the year," "a curious florist, an accurate herbalist, thoroughly versed in the Book of Nature, and *not unseen in any kind of ingenuous knowledges*," lived 52 years, and spent two-thirds of his time in Christ's College, Cambridge, "to which whilst he lived he was so great and distinguished an ornament, and which, now that he is dead, is his monument, . . . his memory being embalmed with his vertues (of more force to preserve his name than the spices which the Hebrews or Egyptians used for the embalming of bodies), and having left his most learned writings as his truest picture and best history" ("Life," xxxiv.).

Samuel Butler was buried "according to his own appointment in the churchyard of Covent Garden, in the north part next the church at the east end. . . . About 25 of his old acquaintances were at his funeral, I myself being one," says Aubrey. Yet the "old acquaintances" are not agreed as to whether Butler's grave is east or west of the north wall. *No monument or inscription was at the time placed over the grave.* "Subsequently some person unknown to fame erected a monument to the memory of the poet, but apparently no trace of it now remains." *

Richard Baxter, the celebrated Nonconformist minister whose immense and varied learning is said to have been attested by 147 works on distinct subjects, died 1691, and was buried in Christ Church, Newgate-street. On his grave are these words only, "The Saint's Rest."

George Wither, the reputed author of the "Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer," hymns "of rare and singular merit,† died 1667. Buried in the Savoy Church, Strand. *No monument.*

George Sandys, the distinguished traveller, amongst whose works are "a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and metrical paraphrases of various parts of Scripture," died in 1647. *No monument.* A marble tablet was, 200 years after his death, erected to his memory.

Sir William Petty, who "at the age of 15 had obtained the Latin, Greek, and French languages," at 20 years of age had gotten as much mathematics as any of his age was known to have had," by turns pedlar, sailor, physician, professor of anatomy, an eminent writer on political economy, and with Sir Kenelm Digby, Matthew Wren, Boyle, Dryden, and Barrow, made a Fellow of the Royal Society, a man distinguished by his liberality and munificence, died 1687, and was buried in Romsey Church. A plain slab cut by an illiterate workman, with the words, "*Here layes Sir William Petty*," covers his tomb.

The youthful student, *Thomas Hobbes*, with whom Bacon in his latter years is said to have traced the alley up and down discoursing on philosophical subjects, and to whom are attributed the works "*De Cive*," "Leviathan," "*De Corpore Politico*," "*De Libertate*,

* "London," by J. H. Josso.

† Introduction by E. Farr, to Edition of 1857; publisher, J. R. Smith.

Necessitate, et Casu," "Human Nature," and a history of the civil war, metrical translations also of the Iliad and the Odyssey, died 1679, and is buried at Magdalen College, Oxford. Again, *no epitaph.* Hobbes, we think, like certain others of Bacon's sons of science, though they edited some of his works and imbibed many of his ideas and theories, went very far astray in their own conceits, and created a school of thought and doctrine which it would have grieved the heart of Bacon to recognise as the outcome of his own teaching. "Thought is free," but with the man lies the choice as to whither his free thought shall wing its way.

The epitaph to Sir W. Davenant is a mere echo of the ejaculation on Ben Jonson's stone—"*O rare Sir William Davenant.*" It falls flat, and satisfies us that Sir W. D.'s claim to fame as a poet is feeble. He was buried in the grave vacated by May, his former rival for the laureateship. But it is noteworthy that both Langbaine and Wood comment upon the fact that the laureate wreath which by the law of heraldry appertaineth to him, *was wanting from his coffin*, which Sir John Denham says was the handsomest he ever saw. Why was the law of heraldry thus broken? Can it be that the law of truth was the stronger, and that the laureate's wreath could not be placed upon the coffin of a feigned poet?

Thomas Heywood is said to have written 120—some say 240—plays, of which only 20 are extant as his. The lives of *Merlin*, of Queen Elizabeth, and of *The Nine Worthies*, are also credited to him. Nevertheless, with Lily, Middleton, and the still more "shadowy author," Webster, Heywood seems to have vanished into thin air. They "leave not a wrack behind," not so much as the dates of their birth and death.

Of *Peele*, *Greene*, *Kidd*, and *Marlowe*, little more is known. The latter "distinguished English dramatist," and translator of Ovid, Lucan, other Latin authors, died in a disgraceful brawl, and this entry is in the register at St. Saviour's, Southwark: "*Christopher Marlowe, slaine by Francis Archer.*"

Many more names, both in England and abroad, might be added to this list, but our paper is already too long, and for the present we leave the research to observers and studious readers. Let it be inquired with Polonius, "What is the cause of this effect? Or

rather let us say, of this defect, for this effect defective comes by cause."

Was *the cause*, that these men did not really write the works popularly attributed to them, fathered by them, and published under their names? Did some of them play the part of Mecenas to the youthful Francis, whilst others in his palmy days served him as professional amanuenses and shorthand writers? If these brief notes should have aroused interest in the matter, we shall be glad, for the study is of great curiosity and profit. But should anyone be tempted hastily to conclude that there is no need to inquire, and that monuments, epitaphs, and eulogistic records "were not the fashion" in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., we request him to spend a day or two in Westminster Abbey or St. Albans, and, if that be not sufficient, to make a tour, note-book and pencil in hand, amongst the cathedrals and old churches of England and the continent.

INQUIRER.

BACON'S STYLE.

IT becomes daily of more urgent necessity that we should possess some means of testing and distinguishing between works which are Bacon's, and those which are distinctly not by him. In attempting to make a standard or gauge, we must be very careful and definite, giving no loophole for evasion; for the troublesome part of criticism is to be found not so much in its bite or its sting, as in its versatility and slipperiness. Arguments and evidence appealed to by the critic as all-convincing and satisfactory when they suit his purpose, are repudiated as futile or absurd when they disturb his theories, and clash with his private opinions. Need we recall how, in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, rules of comparative philology, and tests for distinguishing between the styles of other authors have been disregarded or scouted when applied to show that Francis Bacon wrote the *Shakespeare* Plays.*

* Some think that Anthony Bacon sketched the plot or plan of certain plays, and that Francis worked upon these slight outlines.

Baconians hold their thesis in this matter to be proved by all established methods of probation and criticism, and we might rest content were the authorship of the *Shakespeare* plays the only matter in question. But that is only part of a vast whole, and much more remains behind. The same rules or principles, the same analysis, the application of the same admitted principles of criticism, which identify

(*a.*) The Author of the Sonnets with the Author of the Plays.

(*b.*) The Author of both plays and Sonnets with Francis Bacon, prove as conclusively a third point, and identify

(*c.*) Francis Bacon, with other works less generally attributed to him, and which bear upon their title-pages the names of other authors.

The canon of criticism must be rejected altogether, or else taken with its consequences. But, if rejected, then all Shakesperian criticism requires to be re-written. Such a task is, however, impossible, for there is no other acceptable canon.

Then follows the question—*What is proof?*—or Is it possible to prove by internal evidence the authorship of any given work? Bacon himself thought it possible. When Queen Elizabeth, misdoubting of treason in a certain pamphlet, desired that the accredited writer should be "racked to produce his author," Bacon exclaimed, "Nay, madam, rack not his body—*rack his style.* Give him paper and pens, with help of books; bid him carry on his tale. By comparing the two parts, I will tell you if he be the true man."*

Bacon, therefore knew (who better?) that it *is* possible so to rack or analyse a style so as to make detection sure. No two men write alike, because their minds, aims, capabilities, and knowledge are not alike; and since the experience of 300 years fails to upset his conclusions, may we not attempt to make some permanent and trustworthy standard by which to gauge, weigh, and fairly distinguish between the many and divers "points of style" upon which critical judgment has to be exercised?

Before offering a few suggestions for the construction of such a test, or standard measure as seems desirable, we would point out some considerations which should not be disregarded.

* Hepworth Dixon's "Story of Bacon's Life," p. 157.

(1.) Little is known about Anthony, Francis Bacon's "dearest brother," "my comforte,"—"a gentleman," says Dr. Rawley, "equal to him in height of wit, though inferior to him in the endowments of learning and knowledge."* Anthony, we know, was esteemed abroad as a great poet;† but where are his works? Possibly, the poems and plays which he wrote in "height of wit," may have been shaped and hammered again on the anvil of Francis, or "stuffed" and adorned with the learning, and the beauties of language with which they are so richly endowed. Dr. Rawley gives a hint of the method by which the more gifted brother revised the works of other authors. "I have often observed, and so have other men of great account, that if he had occasion to repeat another man's words after him, he had a use and faculty to dress them in better vestments and apparel than they had before; so that the author should find his own speech much amended, and yet the substance of it still retained; as if it had been natural to him to use good forms. As Ovid spake of his faculty of versifying, "*et quod tentabam scribere, versus erat.*"

A hint surely that Francis was a born poet. "He lisp'd in verses, and the verses came."

(2.) Anthony must have followed the method pursued by Francis, writing secretly, and making over his works to others, to be published under their names, and for ever renounced by himself. As one of the "Invisible Brotherhood," writing only for the good of others, *he* also must have become "a concealed poet."‡ The brothers, "twins in mind, though not in years," would exhibit this likeness of mind in their ideas and language; yet we should not seek for Anthony in books of solid *learning* and *gravity*.

(3.) We must lay to heart Bacon's saying about the "diversities of methods in delivery of knowledge"—that "*the method (or style) used, should be according to the subject-matter which is handled.*" Thus, although any given book when "racked" and analysed, may justly be

* Dr. Rawley's *Life of Bacon*.

† See the Tennison collection of Anthony Bacon's letters, Lambeth.

‡ The manifestos and other undoubted remains of Rosicrucian literature exhibit them precisely in this light, namely, as a teaching fraternity, whose method in the attempted diffusion of knowledge was secret and anonymous. (A. E. Waite.)

required to show that it contains certain ingredients or component parts, we must not expect every work (on whatsoever subject, and addressed to, or aimed at whatsoever class, age, or grade) to exhibit the same style; for *the style is according to the subject-matter:* and yet the Master, though veiled, will always be in some way visible to the discerning.

Is it not true to say that this judgment, according to style was, as far as England is concerned, originated by Bacon himself? When the classical literature began to be intelligently studied abroad at the period of the Renaissance, the distinction of style was taken as a criterion for differentiating genius from spurious works, as, *e.g.*, in the case of Aristotle, but there does not seem to have been any instance of its use in England before Bacon's time.

That there are diversities of methods in delivery, but that the subject-matter controls the style, is a doctrine frequently illustrated in the plays, where we read of philosophers who writ *the style of the gods;* of the poet who will write a Sonnet "*in a high style*" in praise of his mistresses' beauty.† The style of Armado is so "*high*," that Biron declares it "will give us cause to climb in the merriness,"‡ and farther on we find Boyet detecting the style of Armado in his highflown letter to the princess. In another play we find the exiled duke comforting himself and his "co-mates" with reflections on the pleasures of a country life and reading his abridged "Essay of Adversity." His attendant, Amiens, comments upon his master's choice of *style* for his subject-matter.

> "Happy is your grace
> That can *translate* the stubbornness of fortune
> *Into so quiet, and so sweet a style.*"‖

But when the Shepherdess, Phebe, makes up her mind to be bitter with her supposed lover, the "Ethiop words" which she inserts in her letter, make Rosalind doubt that any woman could "invent this letter." "Why, 'tis *a boisterous and a cruel style, a style for challengers.*"¶ In a like manner, Henry IV. detects the change in his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, and "some alteration in good-will," by the *style* of his letter.

* Much Ado, v. 1, 37. † Ib. v. 2, 6. ‡ L. l. l. i. 2, 197. § *Ib.* iv. 2, 91.
‖ Asy. l. ii. 20. ¶ *Ib.* iv. 3, 31.

"What means his grace, that he hath *changed his style?*
No more but plain and bluntly—'To the King!'
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good-will?"*

Again, when Sir William Lucy proclaims the titles of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, Joan of Arc, far from being impressed with respect, exclaims

"Here's *a silly stately style* indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath
Writes not so tedious a style as this."†

So entirely does *style* ally itself to "the subject-matter which is handled," that Polonius distinguishes between the plays which his actors are prepared to perform as "Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral, Tragical-Historical, Tragical, Comical, Historical, Pastoral, scene individable or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light."‡

However different the *subject*, and, consequently, the *style* of the play, these excellent actors are equal to them all; and if this be the case with really good actors, so also it is the case with truly great writers. One single unvaried style proclaims poverty of thought and knowledge. Poverty of thought entails poverty of language, and a style fitted to its one "subject-matter." Francis Bacon could not have "filled up all numbers," and become "the mark and acmé of our language," had he not first "taken all knowledge to be his province."

(4.) Bacon did not write "Baconian prose" and "Shakesperian poetry" at the first effort. He was 36 years old when he published the first ten of his *Moral Essays:* 44 when he published two books only of the *Advancement of Learning:* more than 60 when he gave to the world (with the *Shakespeare* folio, 1623) his crowning scientific work, the *De Augmentis.* "His first and childish years were not without some mark of eminency; at which time he was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit, as they were presages of that deep and inward apprehension which was manifest in him afterward."§

* Hen. IV. iv. 1, 50. † *Ib.* iv. 7, 72. ‡ Ham. ii. 2, 401.
§ Dr. Rawley's "*Life of Bacon.*"

At 19, he wrote with an ease and command of language quite in advance of his years, and of the times in which he lived. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to "suppose" that the youthful student, who, at the age of 15, had run through the whole circle of the liberal arts, and had practically taken his M.A. degree, who also at all times urged the importance of *writing* as well as of reading and cogitating, did himself practice what he preached. After leaving college he seems to have spent one year in study at home. Then in the gay suite of the English Embassy he travelled to the south of France, and joined the French Court at Bordeaux. With no obligations to work, we know that for three years he observed and studied. Is it probable that his pen lay idle?

The *Promus* notes show him laying up stores of notes to improve his own style and language, and this fact renders it in the highest degree unlikely that he did this at a time when he was writing nothing. We foresee that some day a mass of crude, may we say, *boyish* plays, poems, essays, tracts, treatises, and translations, will show how Francis Bacon was engaged between the years 1576 and 1582, after which date he wrote with assiduity, and with a degree of rapidity which was the marvel of his secretaries. Later in life, his apothecary, Peter Boener, mentions that he "seldom saw him take up a book. He only ordered his chaplain and me to look in such and such an author for a certain place, and then he dictated to us in the morning what he had *invented and composed in the night.*" Surely the "inventions" and "compositions" were not scientific or legal works; the former word is Bacon's habitual term for works of imagination. But passing over this point in Boener's suggestive record, we have here one of the many hints which teach us how the great master achieved the enormous amount of work to be claimed as his. Excepting during his poverty, and before his society was in good working order, he did little of the *mechanical* part of the work involved in writing. Thoughts clear and lucid as the sunbeams, streamed into his mind and illuminated his vast stores of knowledge. Then, as his monument seems to be perpetually telling us, "*sic sedebat.*" Thus he sat, with upturned face, supported upon his left hand, dictating to his friendly secretaries, perhaps shorthand writers.

(5.) As years rolled by, and the effect of Bacon's labours began to tell, it is certain that other authors "aped" his manner of writing, "limping after in tardy imitation." The additional difficulty thus presents itself: How to distinguish imitations from the real thing. How to define between (1st) writings absolutely Bacon's, (2nd) sketches of his filled in at later periods by other hands, (3rd) the writings of others revised and touched by Bacon, (4th) early writings of his modernized, adapted to the speech and taste of a later generation. To dogmatize in the present state of elementary knowledge would be foolish and futile, to enforce opinions unsupported by evidence, the height of presumption. Let us then confine ourselves in this paper to the analysis of Bacon's acknowledged and indubitable writings, and endeavour to ascertain the habitual characteristics which are seen in his works at all periods, the particulars which appear chiefly in his middle age, and those of his most finished and perfect style.

In the American BACONIANA of May, 1892, an effort was made in the direction, the *Vocabulary* of Bacon was briefly reviewed, and lists of *habitual* words—nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs—were given. Possibly present readers may not all possess copies of the article in question, but it is procurable, and we cannot therefore go over the same ground again, but must sum up the evidence with the assurance that (with some exceptions to be noted) the ordinary vocabulary of Bacon is fairly represented by the "Shakespeare Concordance."* Excluding from the argument proper names and absolute technicalities of science, such as apogee and perigee, sublimate of mercury, pneumatics, convex and achromatic lenses, logarithms, exotic or magistral logic—terms which one would not expect to encounter in poetry, and on the other hand discarding oaths, colloquialisms, and vulgarisms, such as could not find place in scientific works or even in letters, the result remains that, of every 200 words from the authentic works of Bacon there are *three words not in Shakespeare.* In *Shakespeare* there are fewer still not to be found in Bacon. The same word may assume a different form—advantageable, disadvantageable, comprehensive, incomprehensive, uncomprehensive, or a different person or tense may be used; but, practically, the vocabularies of the two groups of works are identical, with such variations only, as the

* Edited by Mrs. Cowden Clark.

date or the subject of prose or poetry demand. For the vocabulary of Bacon grew perennially; to his latest years we find him pouring into the language new and beautiful forms and "pricking-in some flowers of that he had learned abroad" into the familiar and household tongue of his own country.

May, then, this first point concerning the ordinary and habitual vocabulary of Bacon be fairly tested by means of the "*Shakespeare Concordance*"? If so, here is a step in advance.

Now for grammar. Dr. Abbott, in the preface to his "Shakesperian Grammar," states that the object of this work is "to furnish students of *Shakespeare and Bacon* with a short systematic account of some points of difference between Elizabethan syntax and our own." It seems presumptuous to record the fact that Dr. Abbott speaks truly, and that the "*Shakespeare Grammar*" fits equally well the study of Bacon.

Pass from vocabulary and grammar to the "Formularies and Elegancies" in Bacon's *Promus*, his shop or store-house of new, graceful, and quaint terms of expression, begun, as the handwriting shows, in early youth, and continued till about 1594, when he was 33 years of age. His note-taking, however, was a life-long habit, and probably when all concerning him shall be triumphantly declared, many more similar notes will be forthcoming to attest his industry and to throw light upon the methods by which the English language was enlarged and enriched.

The *Promus* includes notes which cannot be reached by the "Concordance," whence adverbs are excluded. The notes also draw attention to small expressions now so common and seemingly indispensable to everyday talk, that with difficulty can we realize the great writer jotting them down for the improvement of his own diction. It is easy, however, to trace the effect of such jottings in his works, whether of poetry or prose. The spelling here, as elsewhere, declare them to be the products of a very early period.

What will you?
For the rest
Is it possible?
Not the lesse for that
If you stay thear
For a tyme
Will you see?
What will be the end?
You take it right

All this while
Of grace (from the French *de grace*)
As is
Let it not displease you
You put me in mynd
I object
I demand
I distinguish

A matter not in question
Well
The mean, the tyme
All will not serve
You have forgot nothing
Whear stay we?
That agayne
More or less
I find that strange

Not unlike
Yf that be so
Is it because?
What' els?
Nothing lesse
It cometh to that
Hear you faile
To meet with that
Bear with that
And how now?
Best of all
Well remembered
I arrest you thear
I cannot think that
Discourse better
I was thinking
I come to that
That is iust nothing
Peradventure
Say then how
Say that (for admit that)
Peradventure can you
Sp. (what can you)
So much there is (*Fr.*) nevertheless
See then how (*Sp.*)
Much lesse
Yf yow be at leasure
Furnyshed, etc., as phappes yow are
The rather by cause (continuing another's speech
To the end saving that
Whereas yet (contynuances of all kynds)
Not prejudicing
With this
With that
It is like (*Sr.*), etc., putting a man agayne into his tale interrupted
Your reason
I have been alwaies at his request
A proper young man
I have knowne the tyme, &c.
Is it a small thing yf, etc.
I will proove why goo and proove it
O the
O my (*L. Sr*)
Beleve it
Beleve it not
To cherish or endear
Delivered, unwrapped
To discount, to cleere
Removing, remuant

The 1680 entries in the *Promus*, although at first sight so mixed as to seem entirely heterogeneous and confused, may be sorted into eight groups or classes.

1. Single words
2. Turns of expression
3. Forms of salutation
4. Metaphors and similes
5. Aphorisms or pithy sayings
6. Proverbs or proverbial philosophy from the Bible, or the classics, or national proverbs (English, French, Spanish, and Italian
7. Mottoes for chapters of meditation
8. Miscellaneous

For the detection of Bacon's *early* style, these *Promus* notes are invaluable. Nearly all the characteristic turns of expression and the habitual verbs of his *later* style * are absent; but all the more grateful may we be for the unobtrusive words and phrases which might have escaped notice had they not been registered in these precious "common-places," more than three hundred years ago. We need ask no one's permission to use as one of our many tests for Bacon's style the collection of notes made with his own hand.

Another aid to our study is afforded by the "*Shakespeare Key*," a book which deserves to be better known than it appears to be. It aims at "unlocking the treasures of Shakespeare's style, and the peculiarities of his construction," but by ignoring all Elizabethan writers excepting *Shakespeare*, this book offers a ready handle to those who would apply the key to the unlocking also the treasures of Bacon's style which are enshrined in his *History of Henry VII.* This brief history fills 38 pages containing 76,000 words, of which (omitting some proper names and some purely foreign words) all but 23 find congeners in Shakespeare, 67 words occur in *Shakespeare* under different forms, as: ingenerate, ingener; inheritress, inheritrix;

* See BACONIANA, May, 1892.

illegitimation, legitimation; congruing, congruent; and so forth. As a rule, the strange or harsh words are far more frequent in Bacon's early than in his later works; they were for the most part experiments which his own good taste rejected, and which therefore do not survive in modern English. But setting aside mere vocabulary, let us try to use as a test for Bacon's style this "*Shakespeare Key.*"

The table of contents* embraces 94 headings, of which nearly half concern points of style. Of these points almost every one is illustrated in Bacon's *History of Henry VII.*,† and it is not too much to say that every "characteristic" of *Shakespeare* pointed out in the "Key," is to be found in the authentic writings of Bacon. We are then in possession of the following books, all easily accessible, to aid us in the elucidation of Bacon's style:—

(1.) *The Shakespeare Concordance*, in which 98·5 *words* are Baconian.

(2.) *The Shakespeare Grammar*, written for the use of students of Bacon and Shakespeare.

(3.) *The Promus*, in which upwards of 1,600 notes by Bacon accord with passages in Shakespeare.

(4.) *The Shakespeare Key*, in which "every feature of this rich Shakesperian" style is set forth, and which absolutely reproduces the features of Bacon's style. Will Baconians be satisfied as to the authenticity of works which exhibit—1st, the words; 2nd, the grammar; 3rd, the literary notes; 4th, the "features" of their master's style? If not, we must go on again.

Here is a dictionary of metaphors and similes—unhappily only in manuscript, and far from perfect, but a dictionary notwithstanding —wherein are collected upwards of 30,000 extracts containing metaphors and similes from the acknowledged works of Bacon and *Shakespeare*. The resemblance between the two groups can be realized only by those who have studied and used such a dictionary. The conviction then forces itself upon the student that this vast system of metaphorical language forms part of Bacon's "method"

* See extracts from the table at the end of this article.

† The passages compared are ready for printing when space can be afforded in BACONIANA.

(hinted at in a *Promus* note, and fully explained in the preface to the *Wisdom of the Ancients*) that knowledge must be "wrapped" in order to be "delivered."

"Men have proposed to answer two different and contrary ends by the use of parable; for parables serve as well to instruct or illustrate as to wrap and envelop, . . . and every man of any learning, must readily allow this method of instructing is grave, sober, or exceedingly useful, and sometimes necessary in the sciences, as it opens an easy and familiar passage to the human understanding in all new discoveries that are abstruse and out of the road of vulgar opinions. Hence, in the first ages, when such inventions and conclusions of the human reason as are now trite and common were new and little known, all things abounded with parables, similes, comparisons, and allusions,* . . . and even to this day, if any man would let new light in upon the human understanding, and conquer prejudice without raising contests, animosities, opposition, or disturbance, he must still go on in the same path, and have recourse to the like method of allegory, metaphor, and allusion."

Now Bacon classes this use of parabolic and figurative teaching amongst the *deficients*, we may therefore fairly claim that the presence of his metaphors and similes, in combination with many or all of the before-mentioned particulars (vocabulary, grammar, peculiar turns of speech and tricks of style), greatly strengthens the evidence in favour of his authorship.

The importance of Bacon's metaphors and similes is heightened by the fact that *they include all the symbols and figurative language of Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism.* We do not stop to argue the probabilities with regard to Bacon having been the centre, if not the Founder of the great Society† for the Advancement of Learning, but "the greater contains the less." And since it appears that in the writings of Bacon all the figurative language culminates, which is found scattered or sprinkled throughout other works of the period, and particularly in the writings of the Rosicrucians, it is reasonable to regard Bacon himself as the Fountain to which others came with

* "For there's figures in all things."—*Henry V. iv. 7.*

† It seems to be generally admitted that Bacon has been always held in high and special reverence by Freemasonry. The account of C. R. C. in the *Fama Fraternitatis*, is a parabolic outline of Bacon's early life.—A. E. WAITE.

their pitchers. To endeavour to account for the similarities of the figures (as well as every other particular of style) by assuming that these things "were in the air," that in the time of Bacon all learned or witty men wrote and thought on the same subjects in the same style, is special pleading which will not be accepted by sincere and unprejudiced authorities. Why should we assume the existence in the times of Elizabeth of a phenomenal uniformity, such as has never, before or since, been discovered in the works of different authors?

Yet advancing "from particulars to generals" (as Bacon advises) it has been necessary to look earnestly into the works of Bacon in order to gather from them the *great thoughts*, "the grounds and notions from within himself," the "fixed ideas," which are said to have been with him from boyhood, and "in which he continued till his dying day." Such fixed ideas, although they cannot properly come under the head of "style," yet indirectly affect the style of a composition, and aid in identifying the author. For it is certain that no two men since the creation of the world have had from childhood upwards, the same grounds and notions from within themselves, nor have used the same terms in expressing their notions.

The extent and scope of a man's reading, the books and the authors whom he best loves, and selects as models, have also a marked effect on his style. A collection has therefore been attempted of the *quotations* made use of by Bacon, and of his *opinions* concerning the authors whom he cites. Somewhat similar quotations, and an entire accordance in opinion, may reasonably be expected in books claimed as his.

We are often reminded by Shakespearians that "Ben Jonson was no fool, and knew what he was talking about" when he so highly eulogised his "Beloved Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us." Need we doubt that Ben Jonson knew equally well what he was talking about when he commended the Beloved Master, under whose roof he is said to have lived and written, probably amongst the amanuenses and "able pens" at York House and St. Albans? Ben Jonson said of Francis Bacon, that "it is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome .... so that he may be named as the mark and acmé of our

language." In short, he wrote in every style (of poetry at least), and none have surpassed him.

Were we called upon to state the grounds upon which any given piece of writing may be claimed as Bacon's, we ought not to say that they are "in Bacon's style," and that anyone who doubts this must be ignorant or foolish. Such talk is empty and proves nothing; we must go to work in a more serious and scientific spirit. On the table at which the present pages are being written lies a copy of *Macbeth* which has been "racked" and anatomised; and although being in the high style of tragedy and concerned with Scottish affairs, it is by no means the best piece to illustrate our meaning, yet much may be learned from it.

1. *Vocabulary:* Excepting the word *gallowglasses*, used in conjunction with that other Irish term *Kerns* (of whom Bacon has to speak), hardly a word in *Macbeth* but is found in the acknowledged works of Bacon. Set against such few exceptions as may perhaps with diligence be traced, the many habitual Baconian expressions. To conclude. In conclusion. To question, prove, protest, persuade, stir, mark, note, wrap, deliver. To stand upon. To rest. To be counselled. To be fit, &c. Say that, The rather, A man, Thing, Nothing, No less, The rest, It is true, Wholesome, Due, In a word, Briefly, Solely, the State of Man, a Thing most strange and certain, &c.

2. *Promus Notes:* 160 passages in *Macbeth* contain allusions to entries, besides the small turns of expression included above.

3. *Metaphors and Similes*, at least 300, of which every one is used in Bacon's prose.

4. *Antitheta:* Fair, foul; Ill, good; Beast, man; Wrap, deliver; Sparrows, lions; Hare, lion; Win, lose, &c.

5. *Double Words:* Half-world, Heat-oppressed, Nose-painting, Self-comparisons, Air-drawn, &c.

6. *Alliterations:* "*S*hakes so my *s*ingle *s*tate of man." "*S*mothered in *s*urmise." "*T*empest *t*ost." *A*roint thee witch, the *r*ump-fed *r*onyon cries, &c.

7. *Verbs, Nouns, &c.:* "Cabinned, Cribbed, Confined." "Who all-hailed me." "I'll devil-porter it," to "Badge," to "Equivocate heaven." We see here Bacon's habit of interchanging parts of speech.

8. *Repetition with Alliteration:* "Doubly-redoubled." "Twice done, and then done double," &c. Combination exactly in Bacon's manner.

9. *Quibbles*, puns, "jests" which he never "could pass by"; "fear, fair," "the near in blood, the nearer bloody."

10. *Legalisms;* almost as inevitable as the Quibbles. "Execution done in commission." "If the assassination could trammel up the consequence." "My bosom enfranchised, and allegiance clear." "In the interim," &c.

But again hastening from these "particulars" to the "generals" and to the subject-matter, we need go no farther than Act. I. in order to perceive Bacon's scientific studies of the *History of Winds*, combined with his legal study of *Witchcraft*, with opinions on the *Art of War*, expressed in his *Military Statesman*, and with his habitual allusions to *Bible History*.

Scene iii. reflects his *Experiments touching the Imagination*, and his cogitations in the *Advancement of Learning* as to the rights and wrongs of conversing with, or contemplating the nature of degenerate and revolted spirits. We see the effects of his "experiments" as to how "the spirits and the imagination, and the more *airy* parts of bodies work at a distance," and of "the emission of spirits and immateriate powers which work by *the seeds of things*," as Macbeth evidently imagines the immateriate, airy witches to work.

In the same Scene we read of "the insane root that takes the reason prisoner," and perceive the same train of thought as in the *Advancement*, where Bacon says that "they who are carried away by *insane* passion . . . beget nothing but hideous and monstrous spectres," and that "degenerate magic has the same kind of effect as some *soporific drugs*, which not only lull to sleep, but instil dreams." The *insane root*, we find from other notes of Bacon's to be Hellebore, but the "soporfic drugs" are Poppy and Mandragora, and other "drowsy syrups," and benumbing poisons, of which he closely studied the effects when conducting criminal cases of poisoning. Every particular of this kind which he notes, reappears in due course in one or other of the plays.

The *History of Winds*, the *History of Dense and Rare and of Pneumatic Bodies*, are inextricably woven in *Macbeth*, with the

Histories or *Doctrines of the Human Soul*, and of the *Union of Mind and Body*. These again link themselves with the Doctrines of the *Biform Figure of Nature*, of *the Vital Spirits in all things*—the *Art of Prolonging Life*, and the *History of Life and Death*. Upwards of 100 notes are required in order to show Bacon's Science, his Law, his Ethics and Opinions re-produced in *Macbeth*. But to sum up briefly.

Vocabulary, Grammar, Habitual Phrases, *Promus* Notes, Tricks of Speech, Alliterations, Quibbles, Paradoxes, Antitheta, Sophisms, Analogies, a vast and universal system of Metaphors, Similes, and "Distinctions" or "Contraries"—some or all of these combine to form the varied, myriad-minded language of Francis Bacon. When to these we find added (even in works with the names of other and miscellaneous authors on the title-page) his Great Thoughts, the "fixed notions" and aspirations which are undeniably his own, who will deny his claim to the authorship? Upon what grounds can it be denied him?

One question more and we have done. "If the particulars enumerated are not sufficient to prove identity of authorship, *what can prove it?* or what standard can be established whereby the *style* of any author can be defined and identified?

In the "*Shakespeare Key*" the Table of Contents points out the features which are considered characteristic of, if not peculiar to the Poet's style. These features have been carefully compared with the prose writings of Bacon, and in every instance uses identical with or similar to those extracted from the poetry, have been found.

EXTRACTS FROM "TABLE OF CONTENTS" TO SHAKESPEARE KEY.

Abundant imagery
Affected phraseology
Alliteration
Antithetical style
Cant terms
Coarsenesses and delicacies
Coined words
Conceits
Deviating into various tenses
Dissonances
Double epithets
Elder, eldest
Elisional abbreviations
Elliptical style
Enigmatical phraseology
Exclamations, interjections
Familiar and homely expressions
Historians' passages adopted
Hyperbolical expressions
Idioms
Imperative mood; Subjunctive mood
Ironical phrases — sarcasm, satire
Italian idiom
Iterated words
Jesting
Legal phrases
Love exaggerations
Mode of address or salutation
Musical terms
Paradox
Paraphrases
Parts of speech diversely used
Passages of single words
Peculiar construction
Peculiar use of words
Perfect impression through imperfect expression (power of writing silence
Plays on words. Puns
Pleonasms
Provincial terms
Punctuation
Recurrence of particular points
Relatively used pronouns
Repeated words
Similes
Taking one bird for another
Technicalities
Things impersonated
Varied meanings
Verbs peculiarly used [&c.
Words like "blame," "fear,"

C. M. P.

BACON THE AUTHOR OF THE SONNETS.

AS an antidote to the anti-Shakespearean (*i.e.*, anti-Baconian) theories of the authorship of the "Sugared Sonnets," I submit the following parallelisms.

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds" (Son. xciv.).

This line is repeated verbatim in the anonymous drama of *Edward the Third*, which was composed some time before 1595, and printed many years later. Halliwell Phillipps quotes several passages therefrom, including the one containing the above line, and seems almost, if not quite, persuaded that Shakespeare composed them. And Mrs. Pott finds upwards of twenty-four allusions to Bacon's *Promus* notes in the single scene in which the aforesaid line occurs, which scene, she says, has been pronounced to be Shakespearean by one critic of the first rank (Bacon's "Promus," p. 75).

"Whoever hath his wish, thou hast thy will" (Son. cxxxv.).

"He had rather have his will than his wish" (Promus 113).

> "So the maid that stood in the way for my wish,
> Shall show me the way to my will"
>
> (Henry V., v. 2).

> "Why now thou hast thy wish. . . .
> Why now thou hast thy will"
>
> (3 Hen. VI., i. 4).

"Sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds" (Son. xciv.).

"The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours" (Lucrece, 867).

"Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall" (Rom. Jul. i. 5).

"Beware of the vinegar of sweet wine" (Promus 571).

Mrs. Pott adduces many more passages from the Sonnets that resemble the Promus notes, the more striking of which are numbers 133, 150, 154, 341, 405, 423, 473, 540, 665, 730, 859, and 953.

> "O thou my lovely boy. . . .
> Who hast by waning grown"
>
> (Son. cxxvi.).

"I care not to wax great by other's waning" (2 Hen. VI., iv. 10).

"Youth waneth by encreasing" (The Retired Courtier).

"The Retired Courtier" was Sir Henry Lea, the Queen's champion and master of the armoury, who resigned his office November 17, 1590, on the 33rd anniversary of Elizabeth's Coronation, when the beautiful lines of the poem were recited. See "Bacon's Promus," p. 528, and "Bacon and Shakespeare," p. 43, for proofs that the poem was composed by Bacon.

"But as the marigold at the sun's eye" (Son. xxv.).

"The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun" (Winter's Tale iv. 4).

"Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light" (Lucrece, 397).

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd thy beauty" (Son. xxiv.).

"To find a face where all distress is stell'd" (Lucrece i. 444).

"And quenched the stelled fires" (Lear iii. 7).

In Jephson's Glossary, stelled is defined as "set or fixed," and is characterized as "a doubtful word." Webster's Unabridged defines stelled as "starry," marks it as obsolete, and erroneously quotes "Quenched the stelled fires" as from Milton.

"When I perhaps compounded am with clay" (Son. lxxi.).

"Compound me with forgotten dust" (2 Hen. IV., iv. 5).

"When that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away"
(Son. lxxiv.).

"This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest"
(Ham. v. 2).

"Hath serv'd a dumb arrest" (Lucrece i. 789).

"Salving thy amiss" (Son. xxxv.).

"Prologue to some great amiss" (Ham. iv. 5).

"I would have salved it with a longer treatise" (Much Ado i. 1).

"Amiss, *n.* A fault or wrong (*Obs.*) 'Some great *amiss*,' *Shak.*" (Webster).

"Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy" (Son. xxxiii.).

"His countenance, like richest alchemy" (Jul. Cæs. i. 3).

"And you in Grecian tires are painted new" (Son. liii.).

The fourth meaning of the noun tire is thus defined by Webster:

"Attire, apparel. 'Having much rich *tire* about you.' *Shak.*"
"Besmeared with sluttish time" (Son. lv.).
"Sluttish spoils of opportunity" (Troil. and Cress., Induc. 2).
"Sluttish ground" (Ven. and Adon. 983).
"And patience tame to sufferance" (Son. lviii.).
"At least a patient sufferance" (Much Ado, i. 3).
"Of sufferance cometh ease" (2 Hen. IV., v. 4).
"Of sufferance cometh ease" (Promus 945).
"This sad interim" (Son. lvi.).
"A heavy interim" (Oth. i. 3).
"For she hath no exchequer now but his" (Son. lxviii.).
"Evermore thanks the exchequer of the poor" (Rich. II., ii. 3).
"Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me" (Son. lxxxviii.).
"But little vantage shall I reap thereby" (Rich. II., i. 3).
"Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best" (Son. cvi.).
"This eternal blazon must not be" (Ham. i. 5).
"And made myself a motley to the view" (Son. cx.).
"Invest me in my motley" (A. Y. L. I. ii. 1).
"I wear not motley in my brain" (Twel. N. i. 5).
"In so profound abysm" (Son cxii.).
"Abysm of time" (Temp. i. 2).
"Abysm of hell" (Ant. and Cleo. iii. 13).
"His gust" (Son. cxiv.).
"In sin's extremest gust" (Cor. i 6).
"With my extern the outward honouring" (Son. cxxv.).
"In compliment extern" (Oth. i. 1).
"Extern, . . . (Obs.). *Shak.*" (Webster).
"Nay, if thou lour'st on me" (Son. cxlix.).
"The clouds that loured upon our house" (Rich. III., i. 1).
"Still he lours and frets" (Ven. and Adon. 75).
"The ornament of beauty is suspect" (Son. lxx.).
"Her rash suspect" (Ven. and Adon., 1010).
"These vile suspects" (Rich. III. i. 3).
"Hold it a suspect" (Bacon's Essay on *Praise*).
"Distilled from limbecks" (Son. cxviii.).
"A limbeck only" (Mac. i. 7).
This word is used for alembic.

"Upon deceased I" (Son. lxxii.).

"O his poor she" (Lucrece, 1674).

Such violations of grammar are frequent in the plays.

"Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble" (Son. cxiv.).

"A cherubin thou wast" (Mer. Ven. iii. 2).

"Like a cherubin" (A Lover's Complaint, 318).

This wrong spelling, with a final "n" instead of an "m," is repeated in the plays at least six times. The right spelling, in Macbeth i. 7, is an alteration from the Folio, which has "cherubin." Cherubim, in Hebrew, is the plural of cherub.

"Much liker than your painted counterfeit" (Son. xvi.).

The word "liker' may not occur in the plays, but Bacon uses it at least twice, to wit:—

"For I am sure no man was liker to be a pensioner than Somerset" (Letters, vol. v., p. 265).

"We see that beasts have those parts . . . liker unto men" (Natural History, sub. 238).

> "Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face,
> And from the forlorn world his visage hide."
> (Son. xxxiii.)

Webster defines the noun rack thus: "Properly, moisture; dampness; hence, thin, flying, broken clouds, or any portion of floating vapor in the sky.

"'The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above, which we call *rack*.' *Bacon*."

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14, is this passage:—

> "Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
> A vapor, sometimes like a bear or lion . . .
> That which is now a horse, even with a thought
> The *rack* dislimns and makes it indistinct."

"When all the breathers of this world are dead" (Son. lxxxi.).

"I will chide no breather in this world but myself" (A. Y. L. I. iii. 2).

"Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise" (Son. xcv.).

"Dispraise the thing you desire to buy" (Troil. and Cres. iv. 1).

"What's in the brain that ink may character?" (Son. cviii.).

"These trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character."
(A. Y. L. I., iii. 2).

"These blenches gave my heart another youth" (Son. cx.).

Webster defines the obsolete noun blench as "A start or shrinking back," and quotes the above line from Shakespeare. The intransitive verb blench occurs several times in the plays, with a meaning analogous to the noun.

"I, my mistress' thrall" (Son. cliv.).

"And made her thrall" (Lucrece 725).

"Living in thrall" (Pas. Pilg. xviii.).

"We govern nature in opinions, but are thrall unto her necessity" (Bacon, 1590).

"Unear'd womb" (Son. iii.).

"Our earing" (Ant. and Cleo. i. 2).

"And never after ear so barren a land" (Ven. and Adon., Ded.).

"The lark . . . sings hymns at heaven's gate" (Son. xxix.).

"The lark at heaven's gate sings" (Cym. ii. 3).

"The lark whose notes do beat the vaulty heaven" (Rom. and Jul. iii. 5).

Many more rare, obsolete, and peculiar words in the Sonnets are used more or less frequently in the plays; for example:—

Niggard, largess, highmost, unperfect, presagers, alack, ensconce, outworn, forsworn, mouthed, preposterously, scanted, potion, razed, minion, audit, quietus, recks, level (at), in faith.

And the author's knowledge of law is shown in Sonnets iv., xlvi., lxiv., and cxxxiv.

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A PROMUS STUDY.

THE Promus note No. 463 runs thus, "*Nec fandi fictor Ulysses*" —("Ulysses, sly in speech"). Bacon thus notes that slyness is the mark and characteristic of Ulysses. This is a memorandum for literary use. In Bacon's prose works this quality is not referred to. Ulysses is two or three times referred to as "led by custom," and so *vetulam prætulit immortalitati*:—he preferred his old wife to immortality.—*Adv. L.*, last p.; *Ess. of Marriage*: but of his slyness no mention is made.

He is also referred to in the *Wisdom of the Ancients*—defeating the Sirens by stuffing the ears of his crew with wool, while he himself, with unstopped ears, was tied to the mast.—*Wisd. An.*, last chap.

Neither in this case also is the note of slyness introduced. In Shakespeare, however, Ulysses is never casually mentioned without reference to his slyness: and where he appears on the stage as a character his counsel is marked by the subtlety or slyness which the Promus note indicates. The instances are as follows:—

> "But the mild glance which *sly* Ulysses lent
> Shewed deep regard and smiling government."
> —*Lucrece*, 1399.

It will be remembered that the crafty Claudius, in Hamlet, is set down in Hamlet's *Promus*—his note-book—as a "smiling villain." He also is a case of "deep regard and smiling government." Smiling seems to be, in Shakespeare's mind, a note or expedient of slyness. For Richard III. can "smile and murder while he smiles": he can "speak fair and smile in men's faces," while he is plotting mischief against them. Donalbain, in Macbeth, says, "There's daggers in men's smiles." And Richard II. speaks of his rival and supplanter Bolingbroke as "Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles." There are other instances, but these will suffice to illustrate the specific connection in Shakespeare's thought between smiling and slyness. Some such idea may have been working in Bacon's mind, when he entered into his *Promus* the note (501), "Better is the last smile than the first laughter." At any rate it shews that in his mind also smiles are highly significant.

Of all Shakespeare's characters Richard III. is the most crafty and designing and perfidious. Slyness might will be attributed to him. So it is; but Ulysses is the type to which slyness is referred.

> "I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
> Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could."
> —*3 Hen. VI.*, III. ii. 188.

Some of the speeches of Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, are of surpassing wisdom and depth—slyness is too vulgar and grovelling an attribute to be connected with them. Yet even here a subtlety of purpose is shown which on a lower level of action might pass for slyness. In order to chastise the pride of Achilles, he wishes that Hector's challenge, which is really levelled at Achilles, should be taken up by some inferior champion, so that the reputation of Achilles may dwindle by an invidious comparison. Surely here is the very apotheosis of slyness:—

> "'Tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
> Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
> And think, perchance, they'll sell: if not,
> The lustre of the better, yet to show,
> Shall show the better. . . .
> No: make a lottery,
> And by device let blockish Ajax draw
> The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
> Give him allowance for the better man," &c., &c.
> —*Tro. Cres.*, I. iii. 358—392.

If such counsel as this could be irreverently criticised, it would be called sly: and accordingly Thersites, who is the type of irreverence and scorn, speaks of "that dog-fox Ulysses"—*Ib.*, V. iv. 11.

If we would see how the note of slyness attaches by a sort of necessity to Ulysses, we find it in the speech of Warwick, describing his purpose of surprising and seizing the young King Edward:—

> "Our scouts have found the adventure very easy;
> That as Ulysses and great Diomede
> With *sleight* and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
> And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
> So we," &c. —*3 Hen. VI.*, IV. ii. 18.

Observe that sleight is connected with Ulysses, and manhood with Diomede. Sleight (so spelt) evidently means slyness, and that is its

proper meaning; a one syllable variation of slyness was wanted, and here it is. The word, so spelt, occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. The same word, probably, is used once in *Macbeth*, but in the folio. our only authority, it is spelt *slight*. The meaning, however, requires the diphthong:—

> "Upon the corner of the moon
> There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
> I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
> And that, distilled by magic *slights*,
> Shall raise such artificial sprites,
> As, by the strength of their illusion,
> Shall draw him on to his confusion."
>
> —*Macbeth*, III. v. 23.

Doubtless this should be spelt *sleights*. But as Ulysses was not being referred to, the poet had nothing to keep him on the alert to maintain by accurate spelling the correlation of the word with slyness. This motive secured the proper spelling in the *3 Hen. VI.* passage.

Philologists say that *sleigh* is the old form of *sly*. Bacon uses the word sleigh in the squire's speech in his Device:—"Jugglers are no longer in request when their tricks and sleights are once perceived." —*Life*, I. 384.

It is plain, then, that Shakespeare's references to Ulysses show that he had probably made a private note in his collection of hints for invention—"N.B.—Ulysses must always be *sly*"—and the Promus supplies the reference.

R. M. T.

DR. GAISFORD (former Dean of Christchurch, Oxford) gave to Bacon the credit for most of the plays attributed to Shakespeare, and cried Phoo! pooh! to the notion that Julius Cæsar "could have been written by a strolling player."—*Temple Bar*.

MR. SHAKSPEARE, Q.C.

PART II.

IN the "*Tracts of the Law*" Bacon explains in simple language the meaning of the following terms, and the reader may in these few tracts inform himself on proceedings described by Lord Campbell as "the most abstruse in English jurisprudence."

Arrest by Constables.

"The office of the Constable was to arrest the parties, . . . which persons he might imprison in the stocks, or in his own house, as his or their quality required . . . until they had become bounden . . . to keep the peace. . . . Also these constables would keep watch about the town for the apprehension of rogues and vagabonds. And they ought also to raise a hue and cry against murderers, manslayers, thieves and rogues, &c."

See Com. Err. IV. 2. Where Adriana, hearing that her husband is arrested, is astonished that he, unknown to her, should be in debt :—

> *Adr.* "Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?"
> *Dro. S.* "Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing :
> A chain, a chain!"

Of the whole scene, Lord Campbell says* :—"Here we have a most circumstantial and graphic account of an English arrest on *mesne process* (before judgment) in an action on the case, for the price of a gold chain, by a sheriff's officer or bum-bailiff, in his buff costume, and carrying his prisoner to a sponging-house—a spectacle which might often have been seen by an attorney's clerk."

Bacon wrote a separate paper (not published till 1641) on the *Office of Constables*. Here the election of Constables, their length of office, their rank and order, their authority, and power, and oath, are clearly set down. We seem to see that the ridicule and gentle irony of the play had a serious purpose, and aimed at reforming abuses in the office. To the question, "Of what rank and order are the Constables?" the answer is returned :—"They be men, *as it is now used*, of inferior, yea, of base condition, which is a mere abuse, or degenerating from the first condition."

* "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements," p. 39.

He sums up thus : "The Constable's office consists in three things: (1) Conservation of the peace, (2) Serving precepts and warrants, (3) Attendance for the execution of statutes. Anyone who will take the trouble to compare this "Office of Constables" with the Plays, will be pleased and surprised to see with what care every detail has been noted. Here we give a few references : —

"*Petty Constables in towns ought to be of the better sort of resiants.*" —*M. Ado* IV. 2—72.

Not aged or sickly, but of able bodies. "An old man, sir ; his wits a little blunt."—III. v. 1—40.

"*To apprehend offenders.*" "You shall comprehend all vagrom men."—III. v.

"*To inquire of all offences against the peace, . . . matter of nuisance, disturbance, and disorder, quarrels, outcries, affrays.*"—III. v. 41—60 ; III. v. 61—71. (*Cries.*)

"Imprison or put in the stocks." "The knave constable set me in the stocks."—*Mer. Wives* IV. 5. 110—111.

"*Every one of the King's people within their limits are bound to assist them.*"—*Mer. Wives* IV. 5, 88; *M. Ado* III. 5.

The Constable must "*take the oath of allegiance of all males,*" &c. —*M. Ado.* III. 5, 24—34 ; V. 2, 35—40.

The Constable must "make the hue and cry."—1 *Hen.* IV. ii. 4. 516 ; *Mer. Wives* IV. 5. 88, 89.

Attainder in Felony or Treason.

"A man is indicted of felony, being not in hold, so as he cannot be brought in person to be tried, insomuch that process of *capias* is therefore awarded to the Sheriff who, not finding him, returneth *non est inventus in balliva mea.* . . . Then a writ, called an *exigent*, is directed to the Sheriff commanding him to proclaim him to yield his body. . . . This is an attainder of felony, whereupon the offender doth forfeit his lands by an escheat to the lord of whom they were holden. . . . A man that being pursued for felony, flieth for it, loseth his goods for his flying," &c.

. . . . "But look to it :
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
O what we think against thee. . . .
. . . . . Well, push him out of doors :
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently and turn him going." (*Exeunt.*)

"A deep technical knowledge," says Lord Campbell, "is here displayed. The usurping Duke Frederick, wishing all the real property of Oliver to be seized, award a writ of *extent* against him, in the language which would be used by the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. '*Make an extent upon his house and lands.*' An *extendi facias* applying to house and lands as a *fieri facias* would apply to goods and chattels, or a *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person."

The *fieri facias* is illustrated in *Com. Er.* I. i. 20; *R.* II. ii. 3. 129—135; *Hen.* VIII. iii. 2, 341—345, &c.

Capias ad satisfaciendum is illustrated in *M. Ado* V. 4, 52 ("The lady I must seize"); *R.* II. ii. 1, 200—211; *Ant. Cl.* iii. 5, 10—13.

Assault and Battery.

"If any man beat, wound, or maim another, or give out false words which may touch his name, the law giveth an action of battery and an appeal of maim, by which recompense shall be recovered to the value of the hurt and damage."

In *Romeo and Juliet* (i. 1) the servants of the Capulets resolve to move a quarrel with some of the house of Montague. "My naked quarrel is out; quarrel, I will back thee!" . . . "Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin." "I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list." "Nay, as they *dare*. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bare it." And so the quarrel begins, ending in a fight. Let the scene be read, it is too long for insertion, but "it may be studied by a student of the Inns of Court to acquire a knowledge of the law of *Assault and Battery*. . . . We learn that neither frowning nor biting the thumb, nor answering to a question would be enough to

support the plea of *se defendendo.** To show the ignorance and stupidity of Sir Andrew Aguecheek (*Tw. N.* iv. 1.) in supposing that *son assault demesne* (that the Plaintiff gave the first) is not a good defence in action of battery, he is made to say: "I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria; *though I struck him first*, yet it's no matter for that."

Benefit of Clergy.

"Those prisoners which are found guilty by both Juries, the Judges condemn to death. But because *some prisoners have their books, and are burned in the hand*, and so delivered, it is necessary to show the reason thereof." Bacon shows that the scarcity of clergy in England was the cause of the law, whereby a man who could read was burnt in the hand and exempted from further punishment; but the prisoner had to prove this before the Justice of the Peace.

Cade: "Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them, when indeed only for that cause, they have been most worthy to live."—*See the whole indictment* 2 *Hen.* VI. iv. 7.

How acquired, I know not, but it is quite certain that the drawer of this indictment must have had some acquaintance with the "*Crown Court Companion*," and a full and accurate knowledge of that rather obscure and intricate subject, *Felony and Benefit of Clergy.*—*Campbell*, p. 76.

Conveyancing and Deeds Poll.

"Property by lands in conveyance is first distributed into estates for years, for life, in tail, and fee simple. . . . Estates of years, called leases, may be made by writing poll," &c.

"Three proper young men . . . with bills on their necks—*Be it known unto all men by these presents.*"

Shakespeare makes the lively Rosalind, who, though well versed in poesy and books of chivalry, had probably never seen a bond or a law-paper, . . . quite familiar with the commencement of all deeds poll, which in Latin was "*Noverint Universi per presentes.*"—"Be it known to all men by these presents."—*Campbell*, p. 40.

* "If a man kill another *in his own defence*, he shall not lose his life nor lands," &c.—*Use of the Law*, p. 1.

The Court Leet.

The jurisdiction of the Court Leet is to three ends. 1. To take the oath of allegiance. 2. To inquire of all offences against the peace. 3. To inquire of, punish, and remove all public nuisances and grievances concerning infection of air, corruption of victuals, ease of chaffer and contract, &c. To these ends the Court Leet hath power to inquire of all defaults of officers, as constables, tasters, and the like.—*Office of Constable.*

> "For though you lay here in this goodly Chamber,
> Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
> And rail upon the hostess of the house
> And say you would present her at the leet,
> Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts."
> *Tam. Sh. induc.*

"Shakespeare betrays an intimate knowledge of the matters which may be prosecuted as offences before the Court Leet, the lowest court of criminal judicature. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. there was a very wholesome law that, for the protection of the public against 'false measures,' ale should be sold in sealed vessels of the standard capacity, and the violation of the law was to be presented at the Court Leet."—*Campbell*, p. 53.

Descent and Purchase.

Property of lands by descent is where a man hath lands of inheritance and dieth, not disposing of them, but leaving it to go as the law casteth it upon the heir. This is called descent in law, and upon whom the descent is to light, is the question . . . . the law of inheritance preferreth the first child . . . . and amongst children, the male before the female.

> "His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
> More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
> Rather than purchas'd."—*Ant. Cl. i.* 4.
> "What in me was purchas'd
> Falls on thee in a fairer sort."—2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4.

"Lepidus, in trying to palliate the bad qualities of Antony, uses the language of a conveyancer's chambers in Lincoln's-Inn. . . . His faults are taken by *descent*, not by purchase. So in 2 *Hen IV.*

IV. the usurper king says to the Prince of Wales: I took by *purchase*, you will take by *descent*. Lay gents (viz., all but lawyers) understand by purchase, *buying* . . . . but lawyers consider that 'purchase' is opposed to 'descent,' &c.—*Campbell*, p. 94.

FEE SIMPLE—RECOVERY—FINES.

"Fee simple is the greatest, last, and uppermost degree of estates in land. . . . Recoveries are for assurances of land. . . . Upon fines, feoffments, and recoveries the estate doth settle according to the intent of the parties, &c."—*Use of the Law.*

"The fee-simple of my life."—*Rom. Jul.* iii. 1.

Cade "Here's the Lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple."—2 *Hen. VI.*, IV. 10.

Mrs. Page. "The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple with fine and recovery, he will never, I think . . . . attempt us again."—*Mer. Wiv.* iv. 2.

"Shakespeare's head was so full of the recondite terms of the law, that he makes a lady thus pour them out, in a confidential conversation with another lady. . . . This merry wife is supposed to know that the highest estate which the devil could hold in any of his victims was a fee-simple, strengthened with fine and recovery."—*Campbell*, p. 35.

"There's no time for a man to *recover* his hair that grows bald by nature—
May he not do it by *fine and recovery?*
Yes, to pay a *fine* for a periwig, and *recover* the lost hair of another man."

"These jests . . . . show the author to be very familiar with some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence."—*Campbell*, p. 38.

IN CAPITE.

"As touching . . . . whether a fine for alienation be due unto his majesty upon a common recovery suffered in Ireland of lands holden by knight's service *In Capite*," &c.—See "Touching Title to Lands," and Law Tracts, *In Capite.*

Cade. "The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be

married but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere she have. Men shall hold of me *in capite*, and we charge and command that their wives shall be free as heart can wish or tongue can tell."—2 *Hen. VI.* IV. 7.

"Cade's proclamation deals with still more recondite heads of jurisprudence. Announcing his policy when he should mount the throne he . . . . declares a forthcoming change in the tenure of the land, and in the liability to taxation: he is to have a poll-tax like that which had raised the rebellion; but, instead of coming down to the daughters of blacksmiths who had reached the age of 15, it was to be confined to the nobility. Then is he to legislate on the *mercheta mulierum*. According to Blackstone and other high authorities, this never had been known in England, . . . but Cade intimates his determination to adopt it (from Scotland), with this alteration, that instead of conferring the privilege on every lord of the manor . . . . he is to assume it exclusively for himself . . . . as his prerogative royal. He announces his attention to abolish tenure in *free-soccage*, and that all *men* should hold of him *in capite*, concluding with a licentious jest that, although his subjects should no longer hold in free soccage, 'their wives should be free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.' Strange to say, this phrase, or one almost identical—'as free as tongue can speak, or heart can think,'—is feudal, and known to the ancient law of England. In the tenth year of Henry VII. . . . Lord Hussey, Chief Justice of England during four reigns, in a considered judgment delivered the opinion of the whole Court of King's Bench as to the construction to be put upon the words, 'as free as tongue can speak or heart can tell.' "—*Campbell*, p. 76.

The following index to legal terms and allusions may perhaps be found useful by future writers who may desire to expand this subject into a book. It will be seen that nearly every allusion to law in *Shakespeare* is explained in Bacon's brief tracts—*The Use of the Law* and *Maxims of the Law*. To these law tracts references are given through Spedding's works (vols. vi. and vii.) with the page numbers. The index does not pretend to perfection, but it is sufficient for the purpose aimed at—namely, to show the sources whence "*Shakespeare's*" allusions flow, and that for elucidations as to the legal

knowledge contained in the plays we need seek no further than these simple expositions in Bacon's tracts.

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Seized (excludes Chattels) ...	vii. 424 ...	,, ii. 1. As Y. L. iii. 1.
Seizure	,, 325 ...	"
Sessions	,, 820 ...	Lear v. 3.
Sequestration	,, 763—4 ...	Oth. i. 3.
Sheltering a Traitor	...	R. III. iii. 5.
Sheriffs	,, 346 ...	1 Hen. IV. ii. 3.
Slander, Action for	...	M. M. ii 1.
Socage, or Tenure in Chivalry	vii. 483 ...	Alls W. ii. 2.
Star Chamber Matters ...	vi. 85 ... vii. 379 ...	Mer. Wives i. 1.
Statutes	,, 509, &c. ...	Com. Er. v. 1, &c.
Stocks	...	T. G V. iii. 1.
Strays Impounded	...	Hen. V. i. 2. 2 Hen VI. iv. 10.
Suborners	...	2 Hen. VI iii. 1.
Subsidies	vi. 88, 224 ...	3 Hen. VI iv. 8.
Suits Made or Granted ...	vii. 764 ...	(120 times)
Surgeons Punished	,, 348 ...	Alls W. ii. 2.
Tenants	,, 352 ...	R. III. iv. 4.
Tenements	,, 356 ...	Hen. VIII. iii. 2.
Tenures	,, 482 ...	Ham. v. 1.
Testament	...	As. Y. L. i. 1.
Testator	,, 504 ...	
Tithes	vii. 531 ...	Rom. Jul. i. 4.
Titles	,, 329 ...	3 Hen. VI. i. 1.
Toll an Entry	...	K. John iii. 1.
Treason and Traitors	,, 470, 486 ...	(250 times)

	Speeding Work.	Shakespeare.
Vagabonds	„ 469 ...	Rich. II. ii. 3.
Value, Legal	„ 565 ...	Tim. Ath. i. 1.
Verbatim	„ 597 ...	1 Hen. VI. iii. 1.
Verdicts	„ 341 ...	
Verges	„ 466 ...	*Name*, M.A. iii. 5.
Vulgar, Called in the ...	... „ 607—8 ...	L.L.L i. 2, iv. 1 Let.
Ward in Knt. Service	... „ ...	Alls W. ii. 3.
Warranties	„ 420 ...	Mer. W. i. 1. Oth. v. 2
Whipping	„ 473 ...	Per. ii. 1.
Will in Writing	„ 496 ...	R. II. iii. 2.
Witchcraft	„ 738 ...	Oth. i. 3, R. III. i. 3 / 1 Hen. VI. i. 5, v. 3.
Words, Idle	„ 587 ...	Tam. Sh. 2 Ind.
Wrecks, Property by ...	... „ 356, 501 ...	1 Hen. V. i. 2. / Com. Er. v. 1.

Quill-driver.

"INSOLENT GREECE AND HAUGHTY ROME."

[Compared by Francis Bacon with the New Philosophy.]

BEN JONSON'S eulogium of *Shakespeare* has been so much commented upon, and his opinion and authority so highly valued by Shakespearean authorities, that we desire also to have a few words on the subject.

It seems hardly yet to be realized by the general reader, that Jonson, who is said to have been one of Bacon's "able pens," amanuensis, and translator, if nothing more, eulogised his "Master, *Dominus Verulamius*, in the very same words which he used in praise of his "Beloved Master William *Shakespeare*, and what he hath left us," the eulogy, in the latter case, applying obviously rather to the works than to the man.

Of *Shakespeare* it is said:—

> "Leave thee alone for *the comparison*
> Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come." *

Of Bacon (after enumerating the poets and writers who were "for their times, admirable. . . . great masters in wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention met" †) Ben Jonson thus speaks:—

"... Lord Egerton the Chancellor, a grave and great orator,

* *Underwoods*, xii. † From this list *Shakespeare* is omitted.

and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able, though unfortunate, successor is he who *hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome.* In short, within his view, and about his times, were all wits born, that could honour a language, or help study. Now things daily fail, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward, so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and symbol of our language."

It is generally imagined that this comparison between the writings of modern times (in other words between the writings of Bacon) and those of Greece and Rome, was instituted by Ben Jonson, and that he was so short of words that he was forced to make the same form do duty for two different authors. But we may be sure that all this is an error.

Bacon seems from earliest youth to have had before him the thought that if only the knowledge and experience which had been accumulated in past times could be made easily accessible, and augmented by his "new-found methods" of experimental researches into natural philosophy, modern ages would show a vast superiority over the pupil age of antiquity. He had to be very careful not to rouse the hostility of the school men, and pedants of his day, by seeming to disparage the learning of the ancients, but, nevertheless, he ever stuck to his point, and insisted that modern times were capable of doing more and better than they did. It is curious, though painful, to see this great mind forced to manœuvre with the silly, ignorant, people amongst whom he lived and moved, in order, as it were, to obtain permission to work for their benefit. See how he strokes and coaxes the conceited pedants who represented literary opinion or authority in the time of James I.

"If I should profess that I, *going the same way as the ancients, have something better to produce*, there must needs be some comparison or rivalry between us (not to be avoided by any art of words) in respect of excellency or ability of wit. . . As it is, however, my object being to open a new way for the understanding, a way by them untried and unknown—the case is altered; party zeal and emulation are at an end, and I appear merely as a guide to point out the road." *

* Nov. Org. Pref.

He wishes to disarm their opposition, and to salve their vanity, if perchance it should be wounded by the suggestion that they did not know everything. And yet he returns to the charge:—

"It is idle to expect any great advancement in science from the superinducing and grafting of new things upon old. We must begin anew from the very foundations, unless we would revolve for ever in a circle, with mean and contemptible progress.

"The *honour of the ancient authors*, and indeed of all, remains untouched; since *the comparison I challenge* is not of wits and faculties, but of ways and methods, and the part I take upon myself is not that of a judge, but of a guide." *

"The *Idols of the Theatre*. . . . are received into the mind from the play-books of philosophical systems, and the perverted rules of demonstration. . . . Since we agree neither upon principles nor upon demonstrations, there is no place for argument. And this is so far well, inasmuch as it leaves the honour of the ancients untouched. For they are no wise disparaged—the question between them and me being only as to the right road.

"*Idols of the Theatre*, or of systems, are many . . . and were it not that now for many ages men's minds have been busied with religion and theology . . doubtless there would have arisen many other philosophical sects like to those which in great variety flourished once among the Greeks." †

Again he says:—"The sciences which we possess, come for the most part *from the Greeks. For what has been added by Roman*, Arabic, or later writers is not *much, or of much importance;* and whatever it is, it is built on the foundation of Greek discoveries. *Now the wisdom of the Greeks was professorial, and much given to disputations; a kind of wisdom most adverse to the inquisition of truth.* . . . Nor can we omit that judgment, or rather, divination which was given concerning the Greeks by the Egyptian priest—that "they were always boys, without antiquity of knowledge, or knowledge of antiquity." ‡

Only three revolutions or periods of learning can be properly reckoned; *one among the Greeks, the second among the Romans, and the last among us*, that is to say the nations of Western Europe. . .

* Nov., Org. i. 31, 32. † *Ib.* lxi., lxii. ‡ Nov. Org. i. 71.

The intervening ages of the world, in respect of any rich or flourishing growth of the sciences were unprosperous. . . In the age before (Christianity) during the continuance of the second period among the Romans . . . the greatest wits applied themselves very generally to public affairs. . . Again the age in which natural philosophy was seen to flourish most amongst the Greeks, was but a brief particle of time . . and in later times when Socrates had drawn down philosophy from heaven to earth *(as Bacon was now trying to do)* "moral philosophy became more fashionable than ever, and diverted the minds of men from the philosophy of nature." *

"It may be thought a strange and harsh thing that we should at once, and with one blow, set aside all sciences and all authors; and that too, without calling in any of the ancients to our aid and support, but relying on our own strength. And I know that if I had chosen to deal less sincerely I might easily have found authority for my suggestions, by referring them either to the old times before the Greeks . . . or even in some part at least, to the Greeks themselves. . . . But for my part, relying on the evidence and truth of things, I reject all forms of fiction and imposture; nor do I think that it matters any more to the business in hand whether the discoveries that shall now be made, were long ago known to the ancients . . . than it matters to mankind whether the new world be that island of Atlantis with which the ancients were acquainted, or now discovered for the first time." †

Elsewhere he explains his plans for "enriching languages" (*note, not the English language only*) "by mutual exchanges so that the several beauties of each may be combined (as in the Venus of Apellas) into a most beautiful image of speech." And he asks, "How came it that the Greeks used such liberty in composition of words, the Romans on the contrary were so strict and sparing in it? One may plainly collect from this that the Greeks were fitter for arts; the Romans for business. For the distinctions of arts are hardly expressed without composition of words; whereas for the transaction of business, simpler words are wanted."

In the *composition of words* drawn from other languages, he would

* Nov. Org. i. 79. † *Ib.* 122.

enrich modern tongues and make them superior for the expression of art, poetry, and beautiful speech of all kinds.

Finally, in concluding his eighth book of the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon looks back into those things which he has passed through, and "cannot but be raised to this hope that this third period (*of revival of learning*) *will far surpass the Greek and Roman in learning.*" If only men will wisely and honestly know their own strength and their own weakness, and take from one another the light of invention, and not the fire of contradiction.*

Now it is plain that throughout these scattered passages Bacon is endeavouring to instil a new and unpalatable idea. He is indeed trying to carry out the intention recorded in his private commonplace book, or *Commentarius Solutus*, to make the ancients "bow their proud tops to the nobility" of the new philosophy. Here are some of his entries to this effect, dated July 26, 1608. He seems to be about to lecture or discourse to his sons of science, and this is the drift of what he will tell them:—

"Ordinary discourse of *plus ultra* in sciences, as well the intellectual globe as the material; illustrated by discovery in our age."

"Discoursing scornfully of the philosophy of the Grecians, with some better respect to the Egyptians, Persians, Caldees, and the utmost antiquity, and the mysteries of the poets."

"Comparing the case with that which Livy sayeth of Alexander, *Nil alim quam bene ausus vana contemnere.*"

"Qu(ery) of an oration *ad filios*; delightful, sublime, and mixed with elegancy, affection, novelty of conceit, and yet sensible; and superstition."

"To consider what opinions are fit to nourish *tanquam ansæ*, and so to grift (*graft*) the new upon the old, ut religiones solent."

This must have been an interesting discourse, for it was to be "sublime, and mixed with novelty, delightful" to the "sons" whom Bacon was preparing to address. Say then, how was it that this very same *novel* doctrine of the superiority of modern over ancient learning, should be asserted or assumed in many books (chiefly poetry) before the publication of the *Novum Organum*, 1620, and in a few

* *De Aug.*, viii.

books before the date of Bacon's entry in his note-book, July, 1608?

The principle, *in general* or as a whole, is not enunciated excepting by the voice of Bacon himself, but in detail or *in particular*, the principle is instilled or "insinuated" in some treatise on almost every branch of knowledge, or in the life or description of its exponent. Here are a few instances, taken from a note-book as they were jotted down:—

Dr. John Dee.—In the preface mathematical to the English Euclid, published by Sir H. Billingsley Knight, he says (1570) that the book contains "many *more arts invented* by name, definition, property, and use, *than either the Grecian or Roman mathematicians* have left to our knowledge."

Franciscus Junius, 1589—1677.—"There is *little either in the works of the Greeks or Romans* which has escaped this author touching painting and the ancient painters" (*Bayle*).

Ben Jonson.—See verses to him by Richard Bridecake.

> "Pindar and Plantus with their double quire
> Have well translated, Ben, the English lyre.
> *What sweets were in the Greek or Latin known*
> A natural metaphor has made thine own. . . .
> That ages hence critics shall question make
> Whether the Greeks or Romans English spake."

Of "the Alchemist," also, James Shirley thus writes:—

> "The Alchemist, a play for strength of wit,
> And *true art, made to shame what hath been writ*
> *In former ages; I except no worth*
> *Of what or Greeke or Latins have brought forth*," &c.

And thus *Zouch Townley*, also to Ben Jonson:—

> "The world is much in debt, and though it may
> Some pretty reck'ning to small poets pay . . .
> Or understand the faith of *ancient skill*
> *Drawn from the tragic, comic, lyric quill:*
> *The Greek and Roman denizened by thee,*
> *And both made richer in thy poetry;*
> This they may know, and knowing this still grudge
> That yet they are not fit of thee to judge," &c.

Nathaniel Field, in verses to his "worthy and beloved friend Master," says of the poet

"That he writ with such a pen
Whose inspirations, if great Rome had had,
Her good things had been bettered, and her bad
Undone."

Anon. Verses to *Mr. George Sandys*, on his *Paraphrase of the Sacred Hymns*:—

"*Had all the Latin, all the Grecian quire,*
Been still (Pindar, Homer, Virgil, Ennius, Horace, Ovid) . . .
Give us but our psalter, and we'll not be poor."

And of *G. Sandys*, Michael Drayton also writes:—

"*That famous Greece, where learning flourished most,*
Hath of her muses long since left to boast."

Abraham Cowley.—In the "account of the life" with which Dr. Sprat (president of the Royal Society) prefaces the works of Cowley, he says:—"Whoever would do him right, *should not only equal him to the principal ancient writers of our own nation, but should also rank his name amongst the authors of the true antiquity, the best of Greeks and Romans.*"

Even in the address of the *Translators to the Readers*, at the beginning of the Revised Edition of the Bible published in 1611, the same idea is seen. Previous "*Latin translations*," says the writer, "were too many to be all good, for they were infinite. . . Again, they were not out of the Hebrew fountaine . . . *but out of the Greeke stream*, therefore, *the Greeke being not altogether cleare, the Latine derived from it must needs be muddie.*"

These examples are perhaps not a tithe of those which may be produced from *foreign* as well as English sources, during a period of one hundred years from the death of Bacon. How do we account for such a consensus of opinion in days when classical learning stood as the Hercules' pillars the *non plus ultra* of learning? Will our readers be content with the empty answer that these ideas were "in the air," "the fashion of the day," that "men copied from each other," and so forth? We trust not. Let it rather be inquired whether after the first revival of learning (by the printing and publishing of the great writings of Greece and Rome) there did not arise a school of philosophy, whose aim was not merely to revive or to imitate the ancient learning, but to advance and surpass it? And

(if this be shown to be the case) was there not a head or master of that school from whose mind emanated the doctrines taught? And, lastly, was there not a secret society or great band of brethren bound together by fixed rules, possessing a definite scheme and method by which their doctrines should be instilled, at first verbally (by lectures and conferences) and perhaps in manuscripts or secret writings, finally to be openly declared and published?

STUDENT.

THE STAGE-PLAYER IMPOSTOR, AND THE LATEST ROSICRUCIAN HYPOTHESIS.

AS a student of Rosicrucian literature and history, and as one who has always followed with keen interest every attempt to throw light upon the very curious problems which are connected with this Hermetic Brotherhood, I may perhaps be permitted to offer a few observations having reference to an attractive communication addressed to Mrs. Henry Pott by her German correspondent, G. L. R., and published in the May number of BACONIANA. The subject does not seem to be outside the larger issues of the Bacon controversy. The main thesis of that communication is relative to a now well-known passage in the *Confessio Fraternitatis R. C.*, which is supposed to allude to a certain "Stage-player Impostor," and it points out that the context undermines "the hypothesis put forward by Mr. Wigston and Mrs. Henry Pott," identifying the "Stage-player" with William Shakspere. It shows that the reference is solely to the fraudulent literature of Alchemy, abounding in unintelligible hieroglyphics and in "monstrous figures," and that the term "Stage-player" is only figuratively and contemptuously applied to some unnamed pseudo-alchemist, whose typological pretensions were peculiarly offensive to the authors of this Rosicrucian manifesto. Now, it is worthy of notice that the *Fama Fraternitatis R. C.*, which preceded the document in question, and is the first indisputable Rosicrucian publication (the *Communis et Generalis Reformatio totius Mundi* being of doubtful character), appeared originally in German, but the

Confessio originally in Latin. They were afterwards—that is to say, later on, in the year 1615—issued together, both in the Dutch language,* and from this version, which claims to be revised and amended, the reference to the "Stage-player" is omitted. It reappears, however, in a German edition of 1617. These variations have in themselves significance, for the Dutch corrected issue should be of equal authority as the Latin of the same year, which it may have followed after a very brief interval. However this may be, after a careful examination of the evidence, I find myself unable to agree with the hypothesis that the "Stage-player" (*Amphitheatralem histrionem*) can be an allusion to Heinrich Khunrath, the author of the *Amphitheatrum Sapientiæ Æternæ*, and for these reasons. Khunrath died in obscurity and poverty on the 9th of September, 1601, fourteen years before the promulgation of the *Confessio*. The *Amphitheatrum* was left unfinished, and was published some years after his death, with a preface and conclusion by his friend Erasmus Wohlfhart. The only edition which I have seen is that of Hanover, 1609, folio, though the catalogue of Langlet du Fresnoy registers an earlier impression, Magdeburg, 1608. A considerable number of years was, in either case, destined to elapse before the appearance of the *Confessio Fraternitatis R. C.* Why should Khunrath have been singled out as a special subject of Rosicrucian opprobrium? He had been long dead—dead before Rosicrucian manifestoes had ever been heard or thought of;† he made little impression on his period; he was not responsible for the publication of the *Amphitheatrum*, which, as we have seen, was a posthumous fragment; his works are strongly tinged with the highest species of religious philosophy; the *Amphitheatrum*, in particular, is full of perfervid devotional mysticism; and seeing that the Rosicrucians were a religious body professing the Hermetic tradition, it was more likely to commend itself to their favour than to excite their hostility. In a word, the sole reason for selecting

* This edition, which was published at Frankfort, claiming to be translated from high Dutch—*i.e.*, from German, is the earliest I have seen, the Latin *Confessio* excepted.

† It should be noticed in this connection that the *Ætas Nostra* of the Latin *Confessio* is rendered in the German version of 1617 by the words, "this time," and there can be little doubt that the reference was to things as they were at the moment, and not to past impostures.

Khunrath seems to be that he wrote a work entitled *Amphitheatrum*, and that, in common with innumerable alchemical books of that prolific period, it contained symbols. Moreover, a Lutheran Society, which the Rosicrucians professedly were, would have honoured a Lutheran adept, as Khunrath undoubtedly was, rather than have reviled his memory.

There is, however, a more important point to be noticed in the communication of G. L. R. As the appended editorial note very justly observes, the author assumes the Rosicrucian manifestoes to have been the work of Dr. John Dee. I was led to examine this theory in the year 1891 by the request of the editor of a well-known English Encyclopædia, for which I was writing on the subject of the mysterious fraternity. The evidence in its favour is centred exclusively in a manuscript preserved in the British Museum, which claims to be the work of Dr. Dee, and has been included by some of his biographers in the catalogue of his unpublished writings. This manuscript is devoted to the elucidation of Rosicrucian doctrines and secrets, and seeing that Dr. Dee died in 1608, he would be, therefore, the first person who alluded to the mystery and made use of the term Rosicrucian, from which it is inferred that he may have been the actual founder of the fraternity. It is undoubtedly an attractive hypothesis. Everyone who has studied the Rosicrucian problem desires its solution, and is aware, at the same time, that few tolerable constructions have been put upon it; but so far as this explanation is concerned, the student must still wait for his enlightenment. It is, unfortunately, another instance of theorising on the authority of uncritical bibliographies. The slightest examination of the manuscript would show that it is, at least, not an autograph, for the floriated title contains in a scroll the date March 12, 1703. Further, it is not a transcript of an original that has been lost, but it has required a somewhat wide acquaintance with Rosicrucian and alchemical literature to absolutely prove this point. The evidence I shall adduce is as follows. The manuscript consists of 501 folios, and belongs to the Harleian collection in which it is numbered 6485. It is beautifully written, but in a hand which could deceive no one, independently of the date which I have cited. It is illustrated with a few alchemical symbols, and is divided

into three parts. The first is alchemical and medical, and is a slightly adapted version of John Heydon's "Elharvareuna, or Rosicrucian Medicines of Metals," published in 1665. The second is an explanation of certain words hard to be understood in the works of Dr. Dee, and proves to be another imposition, for the words in question are not found in the extant writings of that philosopher, and is apparently an abridgment of prior alchemical dictionaries. The third part is equally fraudulent; it contains a methodical apology for the Rosicrucian doctrines, and is, in fact, an adapted translation of Michael Maier's *Themis Aurea*, which appeared in 1618.

The whole forms certainly a curious forgery. Its contents are calculated to deceive anyone but a specialist, for, as will be seen, they are derived from sufficiently recondite sources. Why in the eighteenth century an unknown person should have abridged John Heydon, translated Michael Maier, compiled an imaginary vocabulary, and then fathered the whole upon Dr. John Dee, it is impossible to conjecture, but such are the facts, and it is a fact also that this same manuscript represents John Frederick Helvetius addressing an account of the transmutation he performed at the Hague in the year 1667 to the mathematical philosopher of Mortlake, who died in 1608!

Outside the now exploded claim of this extraordinary imposture, there is no reason for connecting Dr. Dee, either remotely or approximately, with the Rosicrucians. But had the evidence been otherwise, and could it be definitely proved that he was responsible for the *Confessio Fraternitatis*, I should regard it as still more improbable that the reference to the "Stage-player" was intended for Heinrich Khunrath. That the author of *Monas Hieroglyphica* should take exception to the *Amphitheatrum Sapientiæ* because of its "monstrous figures" appears to me beyond probability.

I should like, in conclusion, to express my sincere hope that my criticisms will be accepted by G. L. R. in the spirit which has dictated them. Remote from the Harleian collection, he has not had my own opportunities for examining the Dee manuscript, or he would doubtless have forestalled my discoveries.

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

This symbolic design, being printed from the cover of a book, of course reverses the lights and shades. It is, however, sufficient to show the intention of the artist—namely, to identify Francis Bacon with the Revival of Learning.

BACONIANA.

VOL. I.—*New Series.* FEBRUARY, 1894. No. 4.

BACON'S USE OF THE WRITINGS OF TACITUS IN PASSAGES OF THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

"THE book of deposing King Richard II., and the coming in of Henry IV., supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her counsel learned, whether there were any treason contained in it? Who, intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a jest, answered '*No, Madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion that there is any, but very much felony.*' The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked, '*How and wherein?*' Mr. Bacon answered: '*Because he hath stolen many of his conceits out of Tacitus!*'"*

It is singular that with this clear piece of information as to the origin of some of *Shakespeare's* "conceits" no one, so far as we are aware, has been at the pains to collate Tacitus with the Plays, and to ascertain the amount of the poet's debt to that historian. No authority for the statement could be better than that of the poet himself, and the enquiry seems well worthy of being made.

Since the following extracts were made five years ago, the writer has observed a curious note in Spedding's "Life and Letters of Bacon."† This note throws a light upon the present subject which makes it desirable to draw attention to the circumstances connected with it.

In the letters and papers entered by Robert Stephens in his catalogue of Bacon's manuscripts "*there is one list to which nothing*

* *Apophthegms New and Old.* † *VII.* 593.

corresponding has been found."* This is the more singular because "Stephen's Catalogue" was copied from a list made by Dr. Tenison of the contents of a box of Bacon's papers which, in the opinion of Mr. Spedding, "*must have been extant and in the hands of Dr. Tenison as late as December*, 1682." There are upwards of ninety letters, instructions, and papers of notes, thus missing. The one which seems significant and relevant to the present subject is this. (No date is given.) "Notes from the first book of Tacitus, touching the making or breaking of factions." Is it not probable that some of these notes, whose subject has such affinity with the plot of *Richard II.*, will be found introduced into that Play, in passages of which Bacon so well knew the origin? In connection with these circumstances—(1) Francis Bacon's reply to Queen Elizabeth concerning *felony*, or passages stolen from Cornelius Tacitus and inserted in the play of *Richard II.* (2) Notes from Tacitus, missing from the list made from a box of Bacon's papers by Dr. Tenison. We have to draw attention (3) to another list purporting to record the contents of a paper book with draughts of some of Bacon's small pieces.

In 1592 Bacon wrote a device entitled "*The Conference of Pleasure;*" it is of the same nature as some of the "*Masques of Ben Jonson*," and was found in manuscript amongst a quantity of papers at Northumberland House in 1867, and edited and reprinted by Spedding. We pass over this interesting piece which is not to the present purpose, excepting as it contributes to the index written on the first page of the MS. book, which begins with the title "*Mr. Fr. Bacon of giving tribute or that which is due.*" Then follow the names of four speeches delivered by the four friends who are engaged in "the conference." They are described as

> The praise of the worthiest virtue (patience or fortitude).
> The praise of the worthiest affection (love).
> The praise of the worthiest power (knowledge).
> The praise of the worthiest person (the Queen—*Truth*).

This last is the same afterwards printed and published under the title of "*Mr. Bacon in praise of his Soveragne.*"

Besides these pieces, which are all contained in the paper book, seven more appear to have once formed part of the contents, but the

* *Add. MSS. British Museum*, 4259.

thread which fastened the whole has been detached, and the central pages removed.

According to the list on the cover of the book, the lost sheets should contain :—

1. *The Conclusion of Leycester's Commonwealth.*

2. Speeches of the six Councillors to the Prince of Purpoole at the Gray's Inn Revels 1594. These are catalogued: *Orations at Gray's Inn Revels.*

3. Something by Mr. F. Bacon about the "Queen's Ma^{ie}"—the rest illegible.

4. *Essaies* by the same author.

5. *Richard II. and Richard III.*

6. *Asmund and Cornelia* (a piece of which nothing is known).

7. *The Isle of Dogs—frmnt* (a play of which the introduction and 1st Act are said to be by Thomas Nashe, and the rest by "the players." Of this play no copy has been found, but evidently it was a "*fragment*," and a line beneath adds, "*Thomas Nashe and inferior plaiers*," so perhaps these finished it).

After these follow lists of speeches and letters written by Bacon *for* the Earls of Arundel, Sussex, and Essex, to be passed off doubtless as their own ; and then, as if by an idle clerk, eight or ten repetitions of the name *Shakespeare*, spelt as on the title-pages of the plays, but not as he or his family, until after his time, are known to have spelt it. We pass from this and other interesting points to matter now in hand ; and draw attention to the fact that here for the third time we find a link connecting Richard II. (and we may add, Richard III.) with Francis Bacon, and (according to his own showing) with Tacitus.

Death the End of All.

"Tarsa declared earnestly for instant *death*, and *the severance of all hopes and fears at once*."—*Annals*, B. iii. 50.

> "I will despair, and be at enmity
> With cozening hope . . . . *a keeper-back of death*
> Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
> Which false hope lingers in extremity."—*Rich. II.* II. ii. 68.
>
> "Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay
> The worst is death, and death will have his day."
> —*Ib.* III. ii. 102.

DEATH WITH HONOUR OR SHAME.

"We are to reflect that *death with honour* is *preferable to life with shame.*"—*Agricola*, Hist. B. III. 33.

"My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name
Despite of death that lives upon my grave
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have."
—*Rich. II.* I. i. 166.

"Fear and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :
And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath."
—*Ib.* III. ii. 183.

EMPIRE BOUNDED WITH THE OCEAN.

"Some said that Augustus . . . had yielded in many things to Antony and . . . Lepidus . . . seeing there was no means left to redress all discords in the Commonwealth than to bring under the obedience of one alone, who should governe. . . . the *Empire he had bounded with the ocean*, and other rivers farre off."—(*Annals* i. 3).

"England *bound in with the triumphant sea*,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious serge
Of watery Neptune is now bound in with shame."
—(*Rich. II.* II. i. 61).

FEMININE QUARRELS.

"Such animosities as arise between females."—(*Annals* i. 33).

"Besides this women s quarrels were mingled among."—(*Ib.* i. 8).

"The spirit of female rivalry."—(*Ib.* ii. 43).

"The orders of the ladies were peremptory and capricious."—(*Ib.* iii. 83).

"A woman, furious beyond her sex."—(*Hist.* ii. 63).

"'Tis not the trial of a woman's war :
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues," etc.
—(*Rich. II.* I. i. 47).

FLATTERY—BASE.

"L. Piso, high priest, . . . never of himself propounded any matter which smelled of flattery or base minds; and if he were forced thereto, he used great moderation in doing it."—(*Annals* vi. 3).

Gaunt: "Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee."
King Rich.: "Should dying men flatter with those that live?"
Gaunt: "No, no; men living flatter those that die."

* * * * *

King Rich.: "I am in health, I breathe and see this ill."
Gaunt: "Now He that made me knows I see *thee* ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick," etc.
(*See Gaunt's Admonition; Rich. II.* II. i. 86; IV. i. 164—5).

FLATTERING HOPE.

"Mutianus spent upon Antonius many good words . . . and secretly laded him with promises putting him in hope. . . . And when Mutianus had filled with these winds of hope his vainglorious mind, he proceeded subtlely to infringe his power."—(*Tac.*).

"I will despair and be at enmity
With cozening hope—he is a flatterer."
—(*Rich. II.* II. ii. 68).

FREE THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

"Times when men were blessed with the rare *privilege* of *thinking with freedom, and uttering what they thought.*"
—(*Hist. Book* i. 1; *and Ib.* i. 16—17, 54—55).

"He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow."
—(*Rich. II.* I. i. 122-3).

King Rich.: "And thou, a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's *privilege*
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, etc..
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders."
—(*Rich. II.* II. i. 115).

Ross.: "My heart is great, but it must break with silence," etc.

North.: "Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm! . . .
(*Ib.* 228.)

. . . . . I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is."
Willo.: "Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours."

Ross.: "Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts—therefore be bold."
—(*Ib.* 271).

MONUMENTS OF BRASS AND MARBLE.

"Not that I would reject those semblances of the human figure which are *engraven in brass and marble;* but as their originals are frail and perishable, so likewise are they: while the form of the mind is eternal, and not to be expressed by any foreign matter or the artist's skill, but by the manners of the survivors. Whatever in Agricola was the object of our love, of our admiration, remains and will remain in the minds of men, transmitted in the records of fame, through an eternity of years. For, while many great personages of antiquity will be involved in a common oblivion with the mean and inglorious, Agricola shall survive, represented and consigned to future ages."—(*Tacitus' Life of Agricola, concluding Reflections*).

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, etc. . . .
. . . . . Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king.
Keeps Death his court . . .
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise . . .
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh . . . were brass impregnable."
—(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 144—176).

[In this passage the frailty of the body is compared with the durability of brass. The nobler part of the thought as to the Eternity of mind is absent from the Play.]

MONUMENTS OF FAME.

Senrea being informed that he was to die, called for tables to make his will, and as this was prohibited he told his friends that—"Since

he was debarred from requiting their services, he bequeathed to them that which alone was now left him, but which yet was the fairest legacy which he had to leave them—the example of his life."

—(*Annals* xv. 62).

King Rich.: "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, etc.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so—*for what can we bequeath*
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?"

—(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 145).

NAMES CONFOUNDED.

"Under specious names he confounds the nature of things: calls cruelty, justice; avarice, economy; and massacre, military discipline."

—(*Tacitus' History* i. 37.)

"Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death . . .
Call it not patience, Gaunt, *it is despair*."

—(*Rich. II.* I. ii. 25).

Taking only the Play of *Rich. III.* (coupled with *Rich. II.* in the catalogue on the MS. book) and the two parts of *Hen. IV.* (coupled with *Rich. II.* in Bacon's anecdote) we may multiply by ten the number of such allusions. But, in fact, they abound and increase in number throughout the Historical Plays, and in sprinklings throughout the whole *Shakespeare* series.

For fear of unduly intrenching upon the space allotted in this magazine, I suppress a quantity of notes on the philology of the *English translation* of the *Works of Tacitus*, published in 1622. This 8vo. volume bears on its title-page neither the name of the translator, printer, or publisher. The Introduction is a Letter to the "Rt. Honble. Earls of Essex and Ewe," and this Letter is signed at a distance of four inches from the text—"RICHARD GREENVVEY." An address to the reader follows; and in place of a signature, the word "Farewell."

Following some hints thrown out for the detection of Bacon's style by one of your contributors in a paper on the Sonnets (*August*, 1893), I have collected and methodised the characteristics of Bacon's diction with this translation of Tacitus, and am not afraid to

say that the work will prove to be one of the many translations made by Bacon in youth, and in accordance with his remark that although he could read the works of classical authors in the originals, yet he could not "*exercise his judgment*" upon them except they were first translated into his mother tongue. Observe that in the passage in the "*De Aug*," vi. 4, where Bacon is speaking of the "Appendices of the Art of Transmission," and of the training of the youthful mind, and of the value of stage-playing as a discipline, he quotes, almost verbatim a passage and anecdote from the *Annals of Tacitus* i. 10.

". . . Surely the culture and ordering of youthful or tender years has a power which, though latent and not perceptible to everybody, neither length of time, nor assiduity and earnestness of labour in mature age can afterwards countervail. It will not be amiss to observe also that even mean faculties, when they fall into great men, or great matters, sometimes work great and important effects. Of this I will adduce a memorable example; the rather, because the Jesuits appear not to despise this kind of discipline, therein judging (as I think) well. It is a thing indeed, if practised professionally, of low repute; but if it be made a part of discipline, it is of excellent use—I mean stage-playing: an art which strengthens the memory, regulates the tone and effect of the voice and pronunciation, teaches a decent carriage of countenance and gesture, gives not a little assurance, and accustoms young men to bear being looked at. The example which I shall give, taken from *Tacitus*, is that of our Vibulenus, formerly an actor, then a soldier in the Pannonian regions. This man had, at the death of Augustus, raised a mutiny, whereupon Blæsus, the lieutenant, committed some of the mutineers to prison. The soldiers, however, broke in and let them out; whereupon Vibulenus getting up to speak, began thus:—'These poor innocent wretches you have restored to light and life; but who shall restore life to my brother, or my brother to me? whom being sent hither in message from the legions of Germany to treat of the common cause, this man hath murdered last night by some of his swordsmen, whom he keeps and arms for the execution of soldiers. Answer, Blæsus, Where have you thrown his body? Enemies themselves deny not burial. When with tears and kisses I shall have satisfied my grief, command me also to be slain beside him; only let these fellows, seeing

we are put to death for no crime, but because we consulted for the good of the legions, have leave to bury us.' With which words he excited such excessive jealousy and alarm, that, had it not shortly afterwards appeared that nothing of the sort had happened, nay, that he had never had a brother, the soldiers would hardly have kept their hands off the prefect; but the fact was that he played the whole thing as if it had been a piece on the stage.'"

I find it to be in a high degree probable that the early English translations of the classical authors were made as useful exercises by Francis Bacon, and used by him throughout his life. Should space be available I hope to continue this subject in a future number of BACONIANA.

TACIT.

THE SONNETS.

SO many attempts have been made to clear up the mystery of the Sonnets, and the success of even the most learned and the most subtle of these attempts is so doubtful, that plain men, who have no skill in reading riddles, and no critical faculty for the discussion of mystic or speculative interpretations, may well conclude that the puzzle of them is insoluble. Not that a just appreciation of the value and beauty of these peerless poems depends upon any of these expositions. And if these interpretations are unsatisfactory, it by no means follows that they are to be despised or neglected. Any kind of historic or cryptic speculation may bring out special features of interest, special aspects of beauty, and consequently most of them, even those which are most difficult to accept in their entirety, may be studied with advantage.

I do not find that the transcendental explanations which have been offered can be easily fitted to the details of the Sonnets. It is indeed possible that the poet's wooing may in some of the stanzas refer to truth, or beauty, or art—his own art or universal art. But it seems to me that abstract personalities cannot furnish the motive or the circumstance for many of them; and even where such interpretation

is possible, the reason for it may only be that the world and all life is an allegory, that all the facts of nature and history have many planes of meaning, and are true in "discreet degrees" of truth; that whatever is physical is also metaphysical, and thus whatever is spoken of the phenomena of the visible world or the outward events of human life, infolds some deeper thought belonging to the laws and facts of the spiritual world.

When, however, the poet is not praising but *dis*praising his mistress, or the subject of his verse, as in Sonnets 130, 131, 137, and many of the later Sonnets, I cannot, with such limited vision as I possess, find any transcendental key that fits the intricacies of their structure. But then, on the other hand, no other key is more helpful, the meaning seems hopelessly inwrapped, not to be disclosed by any forces of incubation which we can bring to bear upon it. We simply do not know what are the facts and persons alluded to, and one guess is pretty nearly as good as another. For want of biographic detail some of the Sonnets (such as 35, 40, 67, 120) are quite unintelligible. What, for instance, can be made of such a couplet as this?—

> "If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
> By self-example may'st thou be denied.—(142).

Perhaps by some circuitous process such language might be linked to its transcendental interpretation; but, *Cui bono?* no one can see these explanations without the help of mystically-coloured glasses. With Darsie Latimer, in "Red Gauntlet," when I venture into these remote regions, I am inclined to say, "But I am returning to a fruitless and exhausted subject. Do not be afraid that I shall come back on this well-trodden yet pathless field of conjecture."

As to duplex or multiple authorship, a co-partnership arrangement with Sir Philip Sydney and others, I have nothing to say to it. The idea seems to me scarcely worthy of serious discussion.

The best explanation, perhaps, is to be found in Mr. Gerald Massey's book: the book of a true poet, well able to respond to the most delicate suggestions of the poet of poets. Moreover, he has equipped himself for his task by a careful historic survey of the times, and especially of the personal history of those who may be alluded to in these poems. His eloquence and enthusiasm are inexhaustible, and if he is frequently too diffuse (for he is absolutely

incapable of concentration), yet he is always clear and often highly suggestive. He ought to treat those who differ from him more courteously, and he might, perhaps, occasionally abate a little of his secure and positive certainty, and offer his conclusions as gifts which may without offence be refused; for often, like the terrible queen, he holds his cup with one hand and a dagger, or at least a whip, in the other. He is evidently one of the *genus irritabile*, and yet he does not bring poison in his cup, but poetic wine of the choicest bouquet.

All students of Shakespeare, and especially all Baconians, should read his book, in which, as I have said, the best explanation that I know is to be found. The interpretation, however, is secreted, it is lying *perdu* in Mr. Massey's text, it is not announced, and it is not Mr. Gerald Massey's own. He is hopelessly and, as usual, acrimoniously prejudiced on the question of authorship, and consequently his theory, as he holds it, must appear ridiculous to any Baconian, and, one would think, to anyone moderately acquainted with the state of society in the Elizabethan age. Adapted, however, to the Baconian theory it is reasonable. To suppose that the plebeian playwright, William Shakspere, was the bosom friend, the household intimate of Lord Southampton, —almost sharing bed and board with him,—a participator in all his secrets and friendships,—enjoying the same social advantages as those reserved for the bluest blood in England ; to imagine that the proud aristocrat permitted the despised actor to help him in his most private intrigues, to assist his wooing and write love poems for him, and enter into the most hidden arcana of his life, appears to me totally irreconcilable with all that we know of the social life of England at that time, and the barriers of class, and caste, and privilege which divided the upper from the lower and lowest sections of society. The fact, however, that such explanations really derive considerable support from a critical analysis of the Sonnets simply raises the question of authorship from another point of view, and adds another pillar to the Baconian edifice. For the absolutely impossible intimacy which Mr. Gerald Massey assumes to have existed between Lord Southampton and the actor, who, however deserving in himself, was legally a vagabond and socially an outcast, becomes a rational and entirely satisfactory hypothesis, if Francis Bacon's personality is sub-

stituted for that of William Shakspere; and if we read Francis Bacon's name between the lines of Mr. Gerald Massey's book there is very little in it which may not be taken as reasonable and plausible. My impression is that the personal history of Francis Bacon, and especially his relations with the queen and Lord Essex (who must in many of the Sonnets be substituted for Mr. Gerald Massey's hero, Lord Southampton) supply the key to many of the personal allusions of the Sonnets, and throw a flood of light on their meaning. These biographic facts, in the first place, justify the supposition that many of these poems are dramatic in character, written by the poet not for his own case but for that of others. This, we know, was Bacon's very constant practice. He himself refers to it more than once in his "Essex Apology," and many of the letters published in "Spedding's Life" were originally used, as their own compositions, by Essex, Walsingham, Anthony Bacon, and others. Moreover, his relations with Essex were so close and confidential that the obvious references to love affairs and love scandals in these poems is not in the least inconsistent with what we know of the terms of intimacy that existed between them.

The character of Essex, and the way in which it exhibited itself in his public action and in his intercourse with the queen, is one of the most strikingly individual portraits in English history. The queen's affection for him was so strong that no excess of waywardness and no rude behaviour of the testy favourite could permanently alienate him from her. They were perpetually quarrelling, and perpetually "making it up." Never was there a more apt instance of the proverb *iræ amantium redintegratio amoris*. At these times it is certain that Bacon did all he could to heal the ruptures which the petulance of his friend had occasioned. Some of these efforts at reconciliation we know; it is not at all likely that we know all, and it is not improbable that he would occasionally put the apologies and self-reproach of Essex into a poetic shape. All the group of Sonnets from 109 to 125 might have thus originated. We know that in his sulky moods Essex would absent himself from court for a considerable time, but he could not do this permanently; his "home of love" (109) was always there. If he has "gone here and there" in his fantastic, fitful moodiness—a "motley" spectacle, gnawed and tormented by his own fret-

fulness, throwing away the best treasures of his heart—"gored his own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear"; yet "these blenches" only confirmed his old affections, and in almost abject terms he pleads for his restoration:—

> "Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
> Even to thy pure and most most loving breast."—(110).

He excuses himself because of the brand which fortune has put upon him as one immersed in public business (111). He has lost reputation by his follies, but this "vulgar scandal" he despises:—

> "You are my all the world, and I must strive
> To know my shames and praises from your tongue.—(112).

And so on. It is not difficult to see the testy humour of Essex reflected more or less clearly in the entire group referred to.

Let me here parenthetically note that the same individuality, the same "humorous predominance" so characteristic of Essex—

> "His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
> The passage and whole carriage of this action
> Rode on his tide "(*Tro. Cres.* II. iii. 139)—

may, I believe, be detected in the portraiture of Achilles (see *Tro. Cres.* II. iii. 83—277). The conference between him and Ulysses might well represent the kind of schooling which Bacon would use in his interviews with Essex (III. iii. 70—215). Bacon might have taken leave of Essex, after one of these conferences in the words of Ulysses,—

> "Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
> The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break" (III. iii. 214).

We also know that Bacon in his own proper person interceded with the queen on behalf of his friend, and with such unwearied importunity that he even brought down on his own head some of the queen's displeasure. Let it be imagined (the supposition is by no means far-fetched) that on one of these occasions the queen, resenting his persistance, vented her annoyance in some such terms as this: "Mr. Bacon, your pleading for your friend is something too urgent; you almost give your own orders for his release. Am I the queen, or am I not? Is my will to prevail or yours?" And Bacon, with the consummate

tact which carried him through so many straight passages in his dealings with royalty, replied:—

"Nay, my gracious mistress, I am not your ruler but your slave. You were wont to call me your 'watch-candle,' and I must wait patiently for your decision, not attempt to control it, as I once told you in a Sonnet you were gracious enough to accept,—

> 'Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
> Whilst I, my sovereign, *watch the clock for you*.'—(57).

I grieve that my intercession should vex you; but, gracious lady, I seek not to govern your will, but to persuade it. My will is nothing, even all my troublesome wishes are lost in the largeness of your sovereignty, and serve not to slay your will but to augment its great volume."

The next day this apology came to the queen in the following poetic address:—

> "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
> And will to boot, and will in overplus:
> More than enough am I that vex thee still,
> To thy sweet will making addition thus.
> Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
> Not once vouchsafe to hide thy will in mine?
> Shall will in others seem right gracious,
> And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
> The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
> And in abundance addeth to his store;
> So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
> One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
> Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,
> Think all but one, and me in that one will."—(135).

This little bit of fiction is strictly founded on fact, and it makes the whole poem luminously clear, which would otherwise be almost unintelligible. The same strain, even more apologetic, is continued in 136.

Bacon's own relations with the queen are reflected in this Sonnet, and in many others. Her estrangement and his loyalty, which no injustice on her part can alter, may be read in 55—62 and 87—93, especially in 57 and 58.

In the "Discourse in Praise of the Queen" (Device: *Life I.* 126),

among other excellent qualities, Bacon celebrates the equanimity with which she fronted the attempts made upon her life, and the warlike preparations of foreign enemies: "With such majesty of countenance, such mildness and serenity of gesture, such art and impression of words, ... it was not seen that her cheer, her fashion, her ordinary manner was anything altered; not a cloud of that storm did appear in that countenance wherein peace did ever shine." And precisely the same unchanging serenity of temper and feature is described in the 93rd and 94th Sonnets:—

> "For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
> Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
> In many's looks the false heart's history
> Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange.
> But heaven in thy creation did decree
> That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
> Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
> Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell '(93).

The Sonnets have been a happy hunting ground for many dreamers and guessers. But some highly orthodox and respectable Shakespearean critics have surpassed all outsiders in their curious speculations on what is termed the rival poet. This series of Sonnets includes those from 78 to 86, inclusive. Rival poets may also be distantly alluded to in 38. The critics have been unusually busy with these Sonnets. Mr. Gerald Massey is quite sure that the rival poet was Marlowe. Dr. Mackay thinks it was Dante. Malone supposed Spenser to be the rival. Minto pronounces it to be Chapman, for which happy thought Dr. Furnivall instantly puts him on a pedestal of lasting renown and chants resounding pæans in honour of the immortal discovery.

Now, when we turn to the text—and let me request my readers to study these nine Sonnets very carefully before advancing any further,—we find the following facts not obscurely intimated:—

1. The rival poets are not one but many—quite a company of them—the sonneteer himself being the model for their imitation. These "alien pens" (not a very submissive way of naming them) have "got my use." In "others' works," as well as his own, the subject of his poetry is praised.—(78).

2. These rivals are "alien pens"—intruders into his province—

more obtrusive than he dares to be, for their ostentatious homage puts him to silence; they out-voice him, for he will not condescend to complete with them on their own terms. "*Their* gross painting" really dishonours the subject of it; "in thee it is abused" (82, 83, 84, 85).

3. It follows that he does not retreat from this rivalry with any real sense of inferiority, but rather in contemptuous disdain of the unworthy comparison between his truth and their hollow pretence, which will be forgotten while his praise shall never cease to be remembered.—(78, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85).

4. Their praises are superficial, as well as artificial, and insincere—"gross painting," "strained touches." It is true that they gain some merit from the subject they have chosen, but this only improves their "style." Their learning and courtly grace derives a "double majesty" from their subject. But he is touched more deeply, and his work has a higher value:—

> "Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
> Whose influence is thine, and born with thee:
> In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
> And arts with thy sweet graces graced be:
> But thou art all my art, and dost advance,
> As high as learning, my rude ignorance."—(78).

This depreciation of his rivals is most abundantly reiterated. Their compliments are unreal "breath of words; it is the conventional utterance of

> Dedicated words which writers use,
> Of their fair subject, blotting every book (82).

They owe their success to fashion—"some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days." Their "strained touches," their inflated "rhetoric," ought not to be preferred to the "true plain words," the "truly sympathizing" speech of a "true-telling friend."

5. Unfortunately his mistress has a depraved appetite for exactly the sort of false praise which these writers bring; this it is which gives them their opportunity (86 couplet). She blames his silence and imputes it to him as "a sin" (83), for she is "fond on praise"—*i.e.*, she wooes Praise the handmaid, instead of Virtue the mistress (see Promus, 70) and this is a fault which is to her "a curse," for it

damages the eulogy which is offered to her. But he is content to bear this censure of his "dumbness and silence" (83), for he knows that "*others* would give life and bring a tomb" (83). These scribblers cannot confer real immortality: that is reserved for his nobler verse (81).

6. But although he is silenced by these pretenders, he makes his mental comments upon them; he is looking on scornfully. For the sake of good "manners" he is tongue-tied, while he is compelled to listen to "comments of your praise richly compiled," written with a "golden quill" (perhaps he means that the poetic compliment is bought by some golden consideration), and "precious phrase by all the muses filed." But if he is silent, he "thinks good thoughts while others write good words," and as he listens to "every hymn that able spirit affords," he contemptuously joins in the responses like an "unlettered clerk," and says, "Amen"; or, like a drawing-room toady, he gives a polite assent, "'Tis so! 'tis true!" and perhaps puts in an additional touch of his own (85). But he really despises this "breath of words," and knows that his own "dumb thoughts, speaking in effect," are better than all that a "modern quill"*—*i.e.*, a common, trivial, ordinary writer can indite.

7. If, in this crowd of rival poets, one is pre-eminent, it is only that his swelling self-assertion may be more keenly satirized; not that he inspires any more respect than the "others." This pompous person seems to have been most accepted, and accordingly, with admirable raillery, with inimitable mock-homage, the poet makes his salaam before this august presence. "Oh, how he faints!" when thus confronted; he is quite "tongue-tied," as he was before the rest of them, when he behaved like an "unlettered clerk." He sees before him a

* The expression "modern quill," is, by some interpreters, supposed to refer to the comparative antiquity of the rival poet. But this is not the meaning. The word *Modern* occurs about ten times in Shakespeare, and not once with any of that time-signification which it bears in our present usage. It always means ordinary, common-place, trivial. Thus "Violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy." "Wise saws and modern instances." "Our philosophical persons make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless." This last sentence evidently means "Our Sciolists explain away things supernatural and make them commonplace, &c. So invariable is this usage that I do not see how the sense of *recent* can be attached even as a secondary or sub-meaning.

stately vessel, riding on the "soundless deep" of his lady's merits, while he, a "saucy bark,"* ventures to float on the same "broad main," wilfully braving a comparison with this "tall building and of goodly pride," and running the risk of being run down and of sinking under the gigantic structure :—

> "Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
> The worst was this,—my love was my decay."—(80).

This evidently means that love is rejected by the lady who is so "fond on praise," and pompous adulation is accepted, instead.

8. But, lest there should be any mistake, lest his pretended self-abasement should be mistaken for defeat, his scornful sense of superiority breaks out in the 86th Sonnet :—

> "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
> Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?"

Was he "struck dead" because this tall person pretended by the help of spirits—(some "affable familiar ghost"!)—to write with a more than mortal elevation? Was he, as well as his rival, to be "gulled" by the nightly visits of this communicative spectre? Not he! he is not to be intimidated or "astonished"* out of his self-possession by any such tricks. "I was not sick"—(he writes almost in the slang of a modern schoolboy)—"of any fear from thence." The only reason of his defeat was that his deluded lady allowed herself to be imposed upon by such a rival :—

> "But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
> Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine."—(86).

So that he is only suppressed for a time. He belongs to the future; his fame is immortal.

It is difficult to imagine any one but the Queen who could at that

* Compare Bacon's letter to the king advising him to call another parliament. In this letter one of the objections combated is the rivalry of a former and a successful parliament, and Bacon repeats the expression of the Sonnet, in which an analogous rivalry is referred to: "But they will say the experience and success of the last two parliaments doth intimidate and *astonish* them to try the same means again."—*Life*, v. 176.

time have been the cynosure of so many grandiloquent admirers. And doubtless the "air of the Court" is the atmosphere which surrounds the whole poetic situation. Perhaps a better acquaintance with the personality of the Queen's Court might enable us to identify some of these loquacious poetasters who filled her ears with flattery and pandered to her appetite for praise. Certainly our poet's satire on them is couched in the most delicate form of hidden raillery, worthy of Thackeray's best fooling, when he affects the most solemn respect for the pomp and aristocratic grandeur which he inwardly despises,—bowing and bowing and bowing, with cringing reiteration and simulated awe, till the very extravagance of his homage betrays its satirical intent. And yet one would suppose that the satire is not too subtle for a keen nineteenth century critic to penetrate. It is indeed surprising that the critics, one and all, have failed to see the joke. Still more do I wonder that any genuine admirer of Shakespeare could imagine that he, of all poets, could seriously profess himself inferior to any of the rivals that are supposed to have discouraged or daunted him. Even Dante or Spenser could not have crushed out the heart of "Shakespeare"; but to suppose that young Marlowe (as we know his works) or Chapman could have done so is too marvellous for permissible comment.

For, of all poets that ever lived, not one ever made more confident appeals to posterity, never did any poet more triumphantly discount the immortality of which he was absolutely assured. If we only take the couplets of his Sonnets, this assurance of lasting renown is more or less clearly expressed in nearly a score of them—in Nos. 15, 17, 18, 19, 54, 55, 60, 63, 65, 74, 81, 100, 101, 104, 107, 123. And in many of the Sonnets the vision of future fame is the leading idea of the entire poem, as in Nos. 55, 63, 65, 74, 81, 100, and 101.

This very marked characteristic of the Sonnets is another reason for attributing to many of them a dramatic character. The poet who was so proudly conscious of future fame could not, in his own person, have written 71 and 72; the bold claimant to lasting renown could not have said on his own account—

> "For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
> And so should you, to love things nothing worth."—(72).

This mood, however, does not last long, for when we pass

on to the next Sonnet the dramatic *entourage* has changed. Bacon is speaking for himself, and the very premature consciousness of old age which led him, when comparatively a young man, to write, "I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass," expresses its sense of antiquity in the dejected minor strain,—

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."—(73).

But the strong grasp on futurity remains—we soon hear the note of triumph mingling with the sense of physical decay; his "line" will live after his body has passed away: Let that which is to be the "prey of worms," or the "coward conquest of a wretch's knife"—be forgotten :—

> "The worth of that is that which it contains,
> And that is this, and this with thee remains."—(74).

This anticipation of immortality is one of the most characteristic marks of the poetic temperament, and the same bold appropriation of future fame is remarkably characteristic of Bacon. That proud appeal to posterity which pervades the Sonnets (it could not have found equally clear expression in the dramas or the other poems) finds equally articulate voice in Bacon's Will, and in the frequent professions which he makes that his writings are intended to secure "merit and memory" in succeeding ages, even if he and they are neglected or misunderstood by his contemporaries. There is a magnificent audacity in some of these declarations which is only paralleled by the equally daring prophesies of these poems. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is one that has not hitherto been specially noticed. In Bacon's Dedication of his "Advancement of Learning" to the King, he refers to the fortune and accomplishments of that variously gifted monarch as uniting "the power and fortune of a King, the knowledge and illumination of a Priest, and the learning and universality of a Philosopher"; and then he refers to his own work in these most astonishing terms: "This propriety [*i.e.*, property or characteristic], inherent, and individual attribute in your Majesty, deserveth

to be expressed, not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, nor in the history and tradition of the ages succeeding, but also in SOME SOLID WORK, FIXED MEMORIAL, AND IMMORTAL MONUMENT, BEARING A CHARACTER OR SIGNATURE BOTH OF THE POWER OF A KING, AND THE DIFFERENCE AND PERFECTION OF SUCH A KING. *Therefore I did conclude with myself that I could not make unto your Majesty a better oblation than of some treatise tending to that end.*"

A more majestic and poetic anticipation of immortality never issued from human pen. It could only have come from the same pen which, a few years before, had written :

" You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men."—(81).

" Thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."—(107).

Not often in straightforward prose do we meet with the Horatian vaunt:

" Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum."

But Bacon is equal to this immense self-consciousness, which, in an inferior writer, would be insufferable audacity. There is nothing inconsistent with what we know of his own self-estimation in supposing that he, and he alone in that age, was capable of this proud utterance :

" Not marble, nor the gilded ornaments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful wars shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Not Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear the world out to the ending doom."—(55).

R. M. T.

SECRET MARKS IN PRINTING.

PART OF A PAPER BY MRS. HENRY POTT, AT THE SOMERVILLE CLUB, NOV. 7, 1893, AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

"*Everything is subtile till it be conceived.*"—*Promus.*
"*All difficulties are easy when they are known.*"—M. M. iv. 2.

I WISH to interest you this evening in some curious matters connected with printing which have come under my notice in consequence of other studies. I think that a great deal grows from these apparently trifling particulars, and I shall be very glad if some of you will lend me your eyes and your ears, to assist in confirming or confuting my statements. I do not ask or wish anyone to believe without examination, and indeed I am not sure that we can really and truly believe anything which we have been at no pains to examine and understand.

"He that ne'er doubted never half believed."

And so I ask you to let my words sit loose upon you, but all the same resolve to test them by observation, and not to wrap yourselves in prejudice which would clog any efforts towards further advance or discovery.

Bacon notes in his *Promus*, that "Everything is subtile till it be conceived," and *Shakespeare*, in *Measure for Measure*, tells us that "All difficulties are easy when they are known." The two axioms, though antithetical, or considering the question from opposite sides, coincide and confirm each other. I think that you will by-and-bye agree with me that these curiosities of printing are some of the inventions to which Bacon alluded when he said that, "First men will not believe that any such thing can be found, and when it is found out, cannot understand how the world can have missed it so long."

It is in connection with my belief that Francis Bacon was the pivot and centre, if not the actual inaugurator of the English Renaissance, that all matters connected with the making, printing, and publishing of books appear to me of such immense importance, if we would truly and honestly study the history of English literature from the

time of Elizabeth. This history, closely followed into the recesses of the great printing houses and the great paper mills, from that time to this, discloses the perpetuation of traditional, secret marks, signs, or symbols, the same to this very hour as they were in Elizabeth's reign—marks and signs proving the existence in our midst of the same great Secret Society which, planned, perhaps, by Sir Nicholas Bacon and his friends, before Francis was born, fell to him, with his extraordinary powers of mind, his enthusiasm, energy, and sanguine imagination, to make practical and enduring.

We know now, that Francis Bacon founded the great scientific institution afterwards incorporated as the "Royal Society." Strange, is it not, that this simple but highly important fact should remain screened from the public eye, and that all ordinary books should nourish the belief that the Society was of a much later date? The only reasonable explanation is found in the other fact that, evidently in close connection with this Scientific Society and its various ramifications, was a great secret League, or Brotherhood, bound, "in times dark and dangerous," by solemn vows of mutual aid and support, and which later on became known by the name of the Free-masons. I need not say that a Brotherhood or Guild of *Masons*, in the true sense, had existed long before. To them we owe our beautiful old churches. They perpetuated the symbolism of the most ancient religions, using it partly as a means of self-protection, partly as a means of instruction, and mutual understanding amongst their own circle. Francis Bacon evidently borrowed from this earlier mysticism much of his own symbolic language in connection with the building up of his Palace of Truth, his new Solomon's House. But to-night we have no concern with the sacred mysteries of Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, or India, nor even with the Knights Templars, nor with the old religious architects and their own special secrets, although I may remark that the architects seem to have coalesced with the Freemasons so-called—Bacon's Society for the Advancement of Learning, the re-formers and re-builders of everything in science, literature, philosophy, and even religion.

The Baconian Brotherhood consisted (and I think consists) in its lower grades, of artificers and handicraftsmen, together with all sorts and conditions of men who become members for much the same

reason as men join any Benefit Club, or Association for purposes charitable or social. The majority have *no secrets*, excepting the supposed secrets about their ceremonies, many of which once, no doubt, impressive and astonishing, are now ludicrous anacronisms, and consequently are being gradually discontinued. But craftsmen in the various branches of paper-making, printing, and engraving have, as you will see, traditional secrets of which the lower degrees of Masons understand neither the origin nor the meaning, though they put these secret marks into nearly every book.

I ask you to look at Plate I. Nos. 1—20 are Letters and Stops taken from the *Times*, *Standard*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Pall Mall*, *Daily News*, and others. But almost any newspaper would serve our turn and show these marks.

How many persons in this room have hitherto observed that their daily paper contains at least three marks in its headlines? The letters in Plate I. show a white spot in one of the large letters. But some papers, like the *St. James's*, have frequently three headlines in which a small piece seems to be punched out of the capital J's in pages, *after* the title. Others, like the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Literary World* vary the letters out of which they punch their dots, or mutilate certain letters on a system, as you may see by specimens in this album. These marks gave rise to much controversy. First I was assured that *they did not exist*. When this was refuted by large collections of these slips, it was said that they were the mere results of wearing in the type, "batters," "set-offs," and I know not what besides. When the magnifiers disproved this, and I appealed for explanations to gentlemen connected with publishing houses (but *not printers*), they pitied my simplicity, seemed quite sorry that a woman of ordinary common sense should credit such things as feasible or possible. "Have you *ever* witnessed the printing of a newspaper, the speed, pressure under which it is done? Think of the trouble, the expense of putting in such marks, and to what end," &c., &c. But I continued my appeals, and the slips were submitted to experts and chief printers. Then the answers took a different tone. "I do not know," said one gravely, "how you can have been told that these marks are batters or accidents; it would not be true of me to say so." He volunteered no explanation,

Plate I.


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expressed astonishment that the marks should have been observed, and on being pressed to explain their object, said that in the present day they are used as a means of identifying the printers. Another gentleman, a publisher, who discredited the whole thing, kindly took a collection of such strips to the editor of the newspaper which contained them. Editor, like publisher, discredited the spots, but was so noble as to refer the matter to his chief printer, calling upon him to clear up the matter. I hold the reply in my hand. It begins, "The lady is right; there are eight such marks used in your office," and he said much the same as to their use being to identify the printer. I leave it to your judgment to decide if this could have been the *original* object of a system pronounced by all but printers themselves to be impracticable or very costly, or why, *if* the printers are to be identified, they should all use marks so much alike, and why any mystery in the matter? My own theory is that, by traditional obligation, Freemason printers assert their presence, and testify that, consciously or unconsciously, they are still aiding to hand down the Lamp of Tradition, and to carry out the plans of their great founder. By inserting such marks they also enlighten other Masons, and I think it probable that 300 years ago the brotherhood were bound to aid in the dissemination of books thus identified.

Some newspapers, especially those professedly literary, the *Athenæum*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, *Literary World*, &c, and some Church papers, the *Guardian*, *Church Times*, and others, affect, instead of the spotted letters, broken lines or *Rules*, of which you may see examples, Plate I., 21. This mark somewhat resembles the "Morse Alphabet" used in Telegraphy. It is to be seen in the catalogue slips of the British Museum and other great libraries, and in the bars of music in the Richter Libretti, and is a much modified form of the broken rule lines of fine old books, where the type is excellent and the whole expensively produced. Here are some such on the table. But the most glaring specimens I have met with are in books of cipher, or evidently containing cipher. One such is the 1st edition of "*Mercury, or the Swift and Secret Messenger*" (an anonymous book of ciphers afterwards fathered upon Dr. Wilkin), and in the "*Feminine Monarchie of Bees*," attributed to Butler, where "The Bees' Madrigal" is full of marvellous breaks and irregularities. In

Richter's Libretti and in the musical passage which illustrate an article on "The Abolition of Musical Clefs," in the *Universal Review*, June 15th, 1889, these breaks are most delicately made, though a magnifier shows them to be of precisely the same kind as those which stare us in the face (pretending to be imperfections) in printed books 300 years old.

When, years ago, I was examining such so-called errors in printing, I observed certain dots or spots which at first I thought accidental, but which I soon perceived were made with a purpose. For months, years, to the amusement of my friends and the detriment of my eyes, I pursued these dots and spots, and registered their presence and appearance. I wanted to find out when they ceased to appear, but never could reach that date, for they continue until to-day.

Some of these spots were rusty red, some scarlet, others translucent, as if made with white wax, more rarely with green wax, and these sometimes carefully rayed round with pen and ink. Under a magnifying glass the black and red spots often assumed definite shapes, such as you may see in the lower part of Plate I., and which I will presently describe.

You will not wonder that as these and other matters more astonishing came under my eyes, I took note of all that I saw, and made the most strenuous efforts to obtain information and elucidation. I drew diagrams of the figures found under the microscope, in modern Bibles and Books of Common Prayer especially, and submitted them to many sharp eyes in libraries, book-shops, literary circles, and elsewhere. By the advice of the chief librarian at the British Museum, I sent some of the drawings to the Clarendon Press, at Oxford, to the Queen's printers, and to others in whose publications the marks were found, explaining the course of my investigations and my object in inquiring, adding that I did not ask *how* these marks were made, or *why*, but whether it were not true that they were *intentionally* inserted into the books? The answers which I received would amuse you, as they still amuse me whenever I read them. One and all are ingenious arrangements of words, framed to evade the giving of any information to the point, whilst at the same time steering clear of positive untruth. Not one contradicts or discredits my statements or the conclusions drawn from observation.

Not one hints that the marks are not as I described them. But it was asked, Was I aware that books kept in damp places develop vegetable growths? or that paper imperfectly made has a tendency to form crystals? Some writers enforced the impracticability, others the immense expense of such a system as I claim to exist—wondered what could have made me seek for such things, or how I first noticed them? One expressed surprise that I should find more spots in Bibles than in other books—(I had not said so). All conveyed, with varied euphuisms, regrets that they were unable to aid my researches, "*could not tell*" how the spots and dots came into their books.

One famous firm did not answer my letter. I wrote again, requesting that if they were bound by any obligation not to give such information, they would, in token, send back my first letter. A courteous apology for delay was returned; they "had no alternative but to comply with the suggestion contained" in my Second Letter, *and they enclosed the First.*

And so we may visit printing houses or paper mills, may flatter ourselves that we have seen every process in the production of a book or a newspaper, and yet there is much behind. Try to get direct and unequivocal answers about our marks, or about the early history of paper-making and printing, and you will presently come up against a dead wall. Those who had been most forward in giving information will become evasive, obtuse, or perhaps annoyed.

I will recapitulate the chief marks in the old books, reproduced and modified in the present day. Each of these is intended to pass as one of the many mishaps or ills to which books are heir, through carelessness or the destructiveness of time. But the true observer will soon be satisfied that these are products of design and care, not of chance or carelessness.

(1) In the margins of pages, or in the open eye of letters such as B, C, O, &c., are to be seen such dots, like stops. These Dots are not Blots. Blots, the more you magnify them, the more blotty they look; but our Dots are neat and compact. Sometimes they manifestly form part of a cipher system, with which we are not now concerned, but often they take, as I have said, definite shapes, especially when examined under magnifiers of various powers. Here the question of *eyes* comes in. Yet I have seldom found any

difference of opinion as to the *shape* of the dot, when the observer was capable of using a magnifying glass and a Coddington lens.

The most common shapes of the black dots are Suns, Roses, Trefoil, and Fleur-de-lis, Maltese Crosses, Crowns, and in modern books, Hearts and Acorns. But I will return to these things presently. The white spot on those black capital letters, seems now to fill the place of the old round Black Dot.

(2) But there are also Dots of Scarlet or Rust, and these magnify into such forms as I have mentioned, with the Bud, Lotus, Lotus-leaf, and Olive, and other symbols which trace their pedigree from Egyptain philosophy, whence, if I mistake not, Francis Bacon derived many ideas which he grafted into the Symbolic and Parabolic language of his Secret Society. Freemasons will recognise the significance of these symbols. Amongst them are the mystic numbers 4, 5, and 7, notes of Exclamation and Interrogation, Colons, and various Cabalistic marks.

In this little copy of the Book of the Revelations there is, chap. x. ver. 1, a blur in the word *rainbow*, between the r and the a. This blur, when magnified, shows the letters *R C* in italic capitals, as if written with scarlet ink. In another copy I found a tiny R S (Roman capitals) in black in the margin. The explanation suggested with regard to these letters was that *they might be the initials of the printer*, and that there were two or three printers between the reigns of Elizabeth and James II. whose initials were R. C. or C. R. But as this little book was recently published in Northumberland-avenue, I did not see the point of this remark, and (of course) preferred my own theory, that these letters R. C., R. S., are only some amongst many indications—"subtile till they be conceived," "easy when they are known"—by which we may trace the progress and existence of the true brethren of the Rosie Cross—the very top and acmé of the Freemason Pyramid.

(3) *Dots of white wax*, formerly as large as a finger-tip, now fine as a pin's-head, are very common. Much rarer are the

(4) *Spots of green wax*, of a dark emerald green, and sometimes in old books rayed round with a pen. I thought these spots extinct, until I came upon one in a reprint of Fuller's "*Good Thoughts in Bad Times*"—which is here on the table. Since finding this, I have

spied several others in reprints of old books. The spots seem now to be made with some lac, or green varnish.

(5) Knots, or raised spots, are made in old books by the insertion of particles of glass, quartz, or sand, &c. I have read that the object of this mark is that an initiate may recognise the nature of a book *by the touch*, and in the dark.

(6) Next I must mention the *spluttering*. In old books this is made apparently with a pen or fine paint brush dipped in red paint. There are several such books on the table, and a prayer-book, in which you will see how the modern Bookmakers (Binders, I think) substitute for the old style a sprinkling of red dots, such as is made by passing a wet brush across a comb. In America black dots are sometimes *printed* to imitate this; at least here are four of five copies of a book in which all the fly-leaves at the end are thus uniformly marked.

We are meant to suppose this red spluttering to be caused by the running-in of paint from the red edges. See for yourselves if that holds good.

(7) Quitting the subject of Dots and Spots I ought yet not to omit the marks in gold and silver, or in iridescent metal, which seem to be of recent invention. A great many of these have been inserted into my own book, lately published in America, and some seem intended to represent Suns and Roses. Now you are doubtless aware that people who have not gone too deeply into a subject are ever the readiest to give positive opinions upon it; as for instance, Shakespearians who have studied least about Francis Bacon, are the most positive that he did not write the Plays. Well, as soon as I discovered these Golden Suns, I was peremptorily assured that "*of course*" they were mere accidental sheddings of particles of gold-leaf from the lettering of the binding. Although I in no way believed this explanation, I sat down for a while under the shadow of that "of course," but with my eyes wider open than before. Not long afterwards I found a beautiful golden spot in the *Standard* newspaper, and since then, bidding good-bye to "of course," I have traced a number of these golden or iridescent Suns in newspapers, and quite recent books. Lately I was delighted to find in a folio copy of Dante's Great Poems (translated by Cary, and illustrated by Doré) a

perfect little *Silver* crescent, raised to the touch, and large enough to be easily seen. Is it, do you think, impossible or improbable that this silver crescent in such a book may symbolise to the initiated the *Light in the Night* of the First or Italian Renaissance, the attempt to revive learning in the midnight of ignorance? Is it impossible that the Suns now appearing, symbolise in like manner the full Day—a Day in which the full Light of Truth is to be let in upon humanity, and invited to shine on the Cottage as well as in the Palace? These things are to be thought of and examined into—not to be made subjects of dogmatism, or of pedantic assertion.

(8) I leave the spots and dots, with the remark that the Seals and wafers found in some old books (and of which here is one in the "Guida Fedele") may perchance be replaced in present days by the red edges, red bindings, and other red marks, which usually accompany Rosicrucian and Religious publications. The object of all these being, as it seems, to indicate the source whence the book emanates, so that educated members of the society shall at a glance recognise such publications, and help the cause by purchasing and disseminating them. Certainly Baconian books are preeminently distinguished by such marks, and if presently you care to look at these volumes from the Letters, Life, and Works of Francis Bacon, you will see how clear and varied are the little branch marks which pervade this edition of 1861 onwards, by James Spedding. In one volume are ten such marks, no two alike. . . .

I turn for a few minutes to another class of Freemason marks, in which, I think, the Book-binders are concerned.

(9) The diagrams on Plate II. represent *foldings*, sometimes as at No. 1. Simple; as Iachimo would say—"Here the leaf's turned down"—or in sequence, each turned corner being graduated in size from small to large—or the folds are backwards and forwards in complicated creases, as in Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5.

In old books all these were very common, and often much larger than in our reduced fac-similes. Modern books reproduce these strange marks on a very diminutive scale, and by some mechanical means, such as by pushing a fine wire between the pages when the book is bound and under pressure—at least so I judge from experiments made upon books fixed in a letter-press.

Now the first impulse of experienced observers to whom such folds are pointed out, is to declare them nought—"mere dog's ears"—it is, therefore, best to say at once, that this idea is *provably* erroneous. I have books on the table which prove this.

The folds are neatly made, and hot-pressed. Sometimes they are sized or pasted, so as to prevent them from being upraised and flattened. Here is a copy of Dr. Abbott's "Bacon," and here a story book, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, where the folds are thus treated. Also in books, where for appearance sake it may be thought unwise to introduce them, they are well imitated by diagonal indentations made across the pages or corners. These indentations represent the creases which would have remained had the corner been folded in one or more creases, and afterwards unfolded and flattened out. . . .

When friendly Freemasons connected with printing or paper-making establishments have been earnestly pressed to say whether such conclusions as I have laid before you are *incorrect*, whether the idea that these things are matters of design is *a delusive idea*, whether such folds, curved bends, and tearings are *intentional*, and inserted with a purpose, the answers have been uniformly evasive, or else tacitly consenting to the fact that such things are *not* accidents, but that they *are* part of a system.

And, indeed, were this otherwise—if, I say, it were a delusion to suppose that these marks are the systematic products of a secret society—what possible objection could there be to the fulfilment of my repeated and urgent request to be told if I were wrong? I, and all who have shared my researches, have had but one aim and one wish—to get at the truth, and we have observed that no one supposed to be an authority, no one whose opinion on such subjects has the smallest claim to respect, has ever scouted our theories or denied our conclusions. Clearly we are right in part, if not in all, and those who really know about these things are too honourable to assert otherwise. Indeed, one gentleman at the head of a distinguished firm of printers, being challenged to declare why he allowed Spots, Dots, and Folds to be put into his books, hastily replied: "What folds?—Do you mean this sort of thing?" and pleated up the corner of his table napkin much as in Nos. 2 and 3.

The girls who fold the sheets in printing offices are generally taxed with causing these "imperfections" in new books—"The folders are very careless!" But not so. If the folders do this thing, they must be as methodical and persistent as their supervisors or "collators" are slack in overlooking them. Five copies which I possess of the "Globe Shakespeare," have the Glossary or the Introduction thus marked, albeit *the pages are uncut*, so that the fold had to be made through four thicknesses of paper. Machinery, as I said before, and *not* a folding girl, seems to have formed those difficult creases.

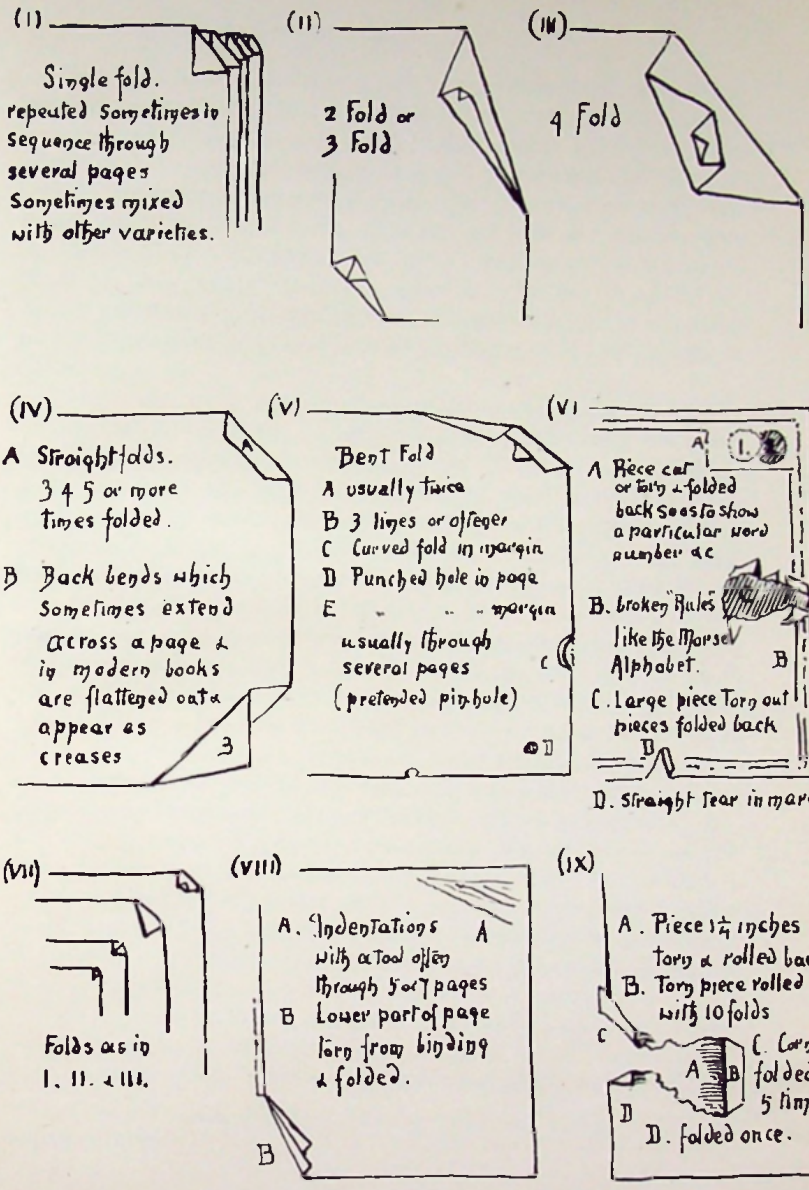
Until 1891 (I do not answer for subsequent editions) hardly a Bible, unless very distinctly marked in other ways, was to be found *without* these foldings. Handsome illustrated editions with gilt edges are not exempt. I spent some time at one of our great Bible depôts examining various editions, and horrified a young attendant by showing him the results of my researches. He seemed to think these marks a badge of disgrace, and a slur on the Society—"You will not, I am sure, find them in these fine Family Bibles, gilt edges and all, and so expensive." But, taking up the first that came to hand, and holding it so as to catch the light on the gilt margin, a slight irregularity was perceptible, and on opening the volume at that place we came upon a sequence of five turned pages. I cannot forget the surprised face of that young man.

Where corners are not turned, curves are made in the edges of the margin, or sometimes the lower part of a page is pulled out from the binding and pleated or cut.

(11) Now please to look at No. 6 on Plate II. It represents a contracted diagram of a page from a book of the end of the 17th century, and shows the pear-shaped or horseshoe-shaped tear, from the margin towards the centre of the book. Sometimes in such instances the torn piece is removed, otherwise portions are folded back.

Here is an allegorical romance which professes to be a translation from the German of Wieland, and whose title, *Sylvio de Rosalba*, bespeaks its origin and ambiguous interpretation. The torn piece in pp. 87-88 is so large as practically to destroy the page. It matters not, for *a second page* 87-88 has been printed, and bound up in the original binding *after the Table of Contents*. This additional page is detached at the bottom and folded back from the binding.

Plate II.


(I)
Single fold.
repeated sometimes in
sequence through
several pages
Sometimes mixed
with other varieties.
(II)
2 Fold or
3 Fold
(III)
4 Fold
(IV)
A Straight folds.
3 4 5 or more
times folded.
B Back bends which
Sometimes extend
across a page &
in modern books
are flattened out &
appear as
creases
3
(V)
Bent Fold
A usually twice
B 3 times or oftener
C Curved fold in margin
D Punched hole in page
E " " " margin
usually through
several pages
(pretended pinhole)
C
D
(VI)
A
1
A Piece cut
or torn & folded
back so as to show
a particular word
number &c
B. broken Rules
like the Morse
Alphabet.
B
C. Large piece Torn out
pieces folded back
D
D. Straight tear in margin.
(VII)
Folds as in
I. II. & III.
(VIII)
A. Indentations
with a Tool often
through several pages
B Lower part of page
torn from binding
& folded.
A
B
(IX)
A. Piece 1¼ inches
torn & rolled back
B. Torn piece rolled
with 10 folds
C
C. Corner
folded
5 times
A
B
D
D. folded once.

No. 9 on Plate II. shows how this extraordinary and deleterious mark is perpetuated. The example is from a copy of St. Luke's Gospel which I have here, and which was bought at the depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queen Victoria Street. Here, a strip 1¼ inches long is torn from the margin inwards, and rolled up, being pressed flat into 10 folds. The corner of the tear on the upper side is turned-in 5 times, and the lower corner once. A handsome Student's Bible from the S.P.C.K., given as a present to one of my family, was found to be similarly treated, and a chapter in the Book of the Revelations mutilated in a minor degree to this in *Sylvio de Rosalba*.

Commenting upon these facts to an assistant at the depôt, the prompt answer was given, "I am sure that in such cases we never make any difficulty about exchanging the Bibles;" a reply which assures me that "such cases" are of no uncommon occurrence. Yet a tear, narrow at the margin, and expanding in the page, could not happen by accident; to produce it is a matter of some delicacy. And further: in some books are pear-shaped holes torn in the midst of the type, and not near the margin. Elsewhere pieces are cut out over the page number, so as to expose a figure different from the true page number. In all such cases I have found, either arrangements made with a view to cipher, or exceedingly ingenious anagrams of the name Francis Bacon. I should have liked to show you some of these, but fear to do so on account of the books in which they are found. I have traced down to the present day, and find that these Anagrams are perpetuated, although by a more refined system than by tearing holes.* The anagrams are, I think, the most curious and interesting of the many devices by which the friends and successors of "*Our Francis*" (as he is called abroad) contrived to keep green the memory of their Great Master. These anagrams fulfil the further purpose of securing the feigned or suppositious author from the charges, in future ages, of cheating, of stealing or plagiarising the works of others.

With the name of Bacon, backwards and forwards anagrammatised —with type altered for the purpose, with holes, stains, &c., directing our eyes to the fact—it can never be fairly said that those who under-

* The tear and reprinted page in *Sylvio de Rosalba* are made to exhibit an anagram—Bacon.

took to edit, father, revise, and publish Bacon's accumulations of manuscripts, stole them, or were dishonest in their treatment of them. In one very short page of a letter dedicatory I found a remarkable letter I, and in a different part of the page another marked I. Laying a ruler from one to the other of these points, and drawing from one to the other, lines which are never discontinued excepting to turn an angle, I followed the clues, and on the lines thus ruled there appear letters forming on each line a word, thus: "*I Francis Bacon Lourd Verulam writ these treatises*," and other words with which I do not now trouble you. The important words are usually formed three times, as if to assure the seeker that he is right.

On several such pages I have been encouraged to the pursuit by the thrice-repeated occurrence on the lines of the word "*Dig.*" Faithfully digging, I have never failed to find; but it is impossible, on such an occasion as the present, to exhibit these things, even were I not, as I have said, too cowardly to face such a letting-out of waters amidst strangers. . . . .

(12) The small holes punched in books of the 18th and 19th centuries may be modifications of the old tears. I have more than once been told that such small holes in old books are, "of course," merely weavil holes. If so, the weavil must be a beetle of exceptional intelligence, and of high literary tastes; because not only does he choose for his operations books of a certain class, but sometimes he even draws a line in some dark fluid round his perforations. He contrives to bore into the very centre of a book without having eaten his way thither, and he cuts his holes into various shapes—as a Heart, a Leaf, or a Letter. In the book which I hold, you may see at the marked page a capital C "weavilled" in minute dots in the centre of a stain.

As a rule, the "pin-holes" in modern books, seem in some degree to correspond to the "weavil" marks. Now and then they are amongst the type, and I have in three instances found them in additional strips, bound-in with the leaves. Here is a copy of a book of the New Testament thus treated. (The speaker here explained the symbolic meaning of the Colours Scarlet or Red, Green, Blue and Gold, with White and Black—the "Contraries of Good and Evil"—briefly running through the chief emblems used in the secret marks.

Want of space obliges us to omit this portion of the paper, which may be introduced on a future occasion.)

. . . . . .

Time, patience, good sight, and magnifiers of high and low powers, are needed for this research. To those who are unprovided with some or all of these, or who think "to find out all about it," by a hurried inspection, or (worse still) who come to the work with a mind resolved that "*of course* there is nothing in it"—to such let me say that their search will probably be fruitless, and that they will doubtless find more favourable scope for their abilities in other departments of knowledge.

But there must, I am sure, be many present who can both think and observe, and to such I say, "Come over and help us."

These small matters of printing and secret marking, of symbolism and ambiguous allusion, may appear insignificant; it may at first be difficult to grasp their connection with the great movement for the Advancement of Learning which I call the Baconian Renaissance, Bacon's "New Birth of Time." But the more we study these things, the more certainly we find a vast Chain welded with an infinite number of minute but strong links, and forming a clue which, from whatever part we grasp it, leads infallibly to the discovery of Francis Bacon—"the concealed man"—a clue to the labyrinth of his mighty and ubiquitous Society. To make this Great Organ or Engine, perfect and indestructible, it was necessary that every detail, even to the humblest part of the mechanism, should be perfect as human skill could make it. *Perfect*—Some wise man (Isaac d'Israeli, I think) says that "Little things produce Perfection, but Perfection is not a little thing.' In a similar strain Bacon tells us, not once but over and over again, that in order to arrive at *Generals*, we must begin with *Particulars*; first collect and examine into facts, before we begin to generalise and to build up theories.

And this is the bone which we Baconians have for the most part to pick with opponents, and sometimes, even with members of our own community. They do not sufficiently collect, sift, and examine all available facts before taking upon them the responsibility of pronouncing positive opinions. They are too ready to undervalue work in which they have taken no part. And truly, I may say, that

although many are found ready to talk, criticise, and denounce, there are too few who take the trouble to examine, weigh, and consider that very important "Other Side," which exists with regard to every question. And so I end by saying with someone in an old play:—

"Before you judge, be pleased to understand,"

and when you have read, weighed, and examined these things, if they have excited your interest, and roused your spirit of inquiry, come over and help us.

FRANCIS BACON'S METHOD.

"If this be madness yet there's method in it."—(*Ham. II.* 2.)

THOSE who know very little about the philosophy of Bacon, yet can usually tell thus much, that Bacon had a new "method," or system of his own, and that this method is inductive. Others, better informed, will allow with Mr. Ellis that "our knowledge of Bacon's method is much less complete than it is commonly supposed to be," and that "it is certain that an attempt to determine what his method, taken as a whole, was, or would have been, must necessarily involve a conjectural or hypothetical element." The same writer continues, "it is, I think, chiefly because this circumstance has not been sufficiently recognised, that the idea of Bacon's philosophy has, generally speaking, been imperfectly apprehended."*

Students are heartily advised to read and consider the excellent exposition of Bacon's system of inductive philosophy, ably set forth by Mr. Ellis. It fills upwards of 55 pages 8vo., and is therefore unsuited for reproduction in our little space, but the following remarks aim at supplying some of the "conjectural or hypothetical element," requisite, according to this high authority, for the perfect apprehension of Bacon's *method*. And in the first place it may be said that the cause why Bacon's general scheme or idea of Natural Philosophy appears in his acknowleged works to be, as Mr. Ellis shows, imperfect and exclusive, is because these works are not *merely*

* General Pref. to Bacon's Philosophical works, by Robert Ellis. "Works," Spedding and Ellis, I., p. 21.

scientific. They are, like nearly all else that Bacon wrote, "double-meaning," or ambiguous. Principles which ostensibly apply to the world of nature, and to the building up of a new system of philosophy, in the first instance, experimental and inductive, are made by Bacon's genius and command of language, to apply not only to the "particulars" of which learning is constructed, but to the "generalities," the universal method, by which mankind was to be unconsciously educated or built up.

In other words, the method or system of Bacon is *supposed* to have been the opposite of that which was adopted by the thinkers called mystics, as for example, and to cite an instance of the period—Robert de Fluctibus (Robert Fludd), the author of "Mosaical Philosophy." It was what is called the Aristotelian, as distinguished from the Platonic; but in fact both methods are necessary to the "Advancement of Learning," and both would be appreciated by a mind like Bacon's at their proper worth. In fact, a study of the Baconian method will approximate its discoverer towards those mysteries of which it is undiscerningly thought that he is in opposition, whereas from all fields of speculation, and from all regions of research he derived whatsoever seemed to him good and sure.

An attempt has recently been made* to sketch the plan upon which Francis Bacon proposed "to frame the whole model of the house of wisdom," and to restore the great fabric of learning, sadly fallen into decay. By his vast and comprehensive method, all parts of the building were to be simultaneously reared "in an ascending scale," the whole level of human thought raised, and men's minds led gently upwards, by steps easy and enticing, without coercion, and with little personal effort.

Now by whatever figures or metaphors Bacon may have described his method, however much his purpose may be folded up in learned or disguised language, the method itself was eminently practical and understandable; a method whose great strength lay, like the strength of Sampson, *in hairs*—in infinitely small particulars to be handled separately, in other words in subdivision of labour. By pegging

* Fr. Bacon and his Secret Society, pp. 11, 115, 182, 291, 367-8. The writer has no faith in the notion that Bacon's philosophy ended with induction. Baconians should study the first "English translation" of *Descartes*.

down hairs on the head of Gulliver, the pigmies of Liliput mastered their prodigious captive. By nine hundred cords thin as packthread they slung him on to a carriage; by ninety-six chains, and thirty-six padlocks they chained him up, and finally by the aid of two thousand Liliputians and their tiny ropes and engines, Gulliver launched the boat which conveyed him home.

Francis Bacon perceived that by method and subdivision of labour immense results could be achieved with very weak instruments. Every man with the will, could be made instrumental in the launching of his great ship of learning, destined to traverse the whole wide world. "Order is heaven's first law," and upon a study of the marvellous order and unity in nature, Bacon based his method. The highest top, the culminating point of his efforts and aspirations was the attainment of truth, or absolute certainty about things. But to win truth in any department whether of science or philosophy, requires not only an orderly subdivision of labour in research, but an infinitely greater subdivision and apportionment of official and mechanical labour, to regulate and secure the preservation, dissemination, and ultimate application of knowledge to the wants of man.

Bacon, if he be intentionally somewhat vague as to the subjects which were to have completed the *Novum organum*, has left us in no doubt as to his method of advancing, spreading, and perpetuating knowledge. Up to a certain point this is clearly detailed in the form of a narrative in his *New Atlantis*, the so-called "fragment" of which (twenty years after its publication) Joseph Heydon published the evidently *earlier* edition, under the title of *A Journey to the Land of the Rosicrucians*."*

Here, after a description of the various institutions, beneficent or scientific, which formed part of the "College of the Six Days," or "Solomon's House," the several employments of "our fellows" (the Rosicrucian fraternity) are enumerated and catalogued. Some, we read, were "to sail to foreign countries to collect and bring home books, abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all parts of the world;" others to reduce them into books. Some should "collect" the experiments, and yet another and higher class, draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them.

* See at the end of this article some remarks confirming this statement.

The monumental "Collections"—forerunners of the modern Encyclopedias and Books of Reference—published towards the end of Bacon's life, or soon after his death, bring before our eyes, in very solid forms, the results of all this travelling and note-taking, this sifting, sorting, and cataloguing of the heterogeneous products of research and observation. A shining host of willing workers passes across the field of mental vision. Travellers for business or pleasure —Soldiers, Sailors, Geographers, Historians, Antiquarians—Astronomers, Mathematicians, Physicians, Experimental Chemists and Herbalists—Grammarians, Linguists, Theologians—Architects, Mechanicians, Opticians—yes, and even Sportsmen, Gossips, Wits, Snappers-up of unconsidered trifles of news in Church or State—not one but could contribute his quota to the store, which the more intelligent would examine at leisure, "transporting" into various Collections, after the manner of Bacon's own "Transportata," the items and scraps of information appropriate to each.

Work of this kind is for the most part mechanical, requiring little learning or special cleverness, no qualifications in the worker excepting obedience or respect for instructions, perseverance or industry, accuracy, and neatness. In this class of "our fellows" we shall find the reporters, or, as Bacon calls them, "intelligencers"; the copyists, amanuenses, collators, catalogue-writers, and so forth. Examine with regard to this matter the lives, as well as the works, of such "authors" as Sir Walter Raleigh, the three brothers Shirley, Hackluyt, Purchas, Du Bartas, Grüter, Camden, and the brothers William and Robert Burton, Baxter, Clarke, Daniel, Baker, Heylin, Alexander Ross, Gerarde, and the like. Neither genius nor depth of learning were needed to produce, under one great directing Head, such books as these, *destined to be revised by the Master Mind, and by masterly touches transformed from mere "collections" into sterling "literature."* Nevertheless, such "mechanic" work as this was of enormous value to all succeeding students, and represented not only a vast expenditure of time and patience, but also of money.

More difficult was the mental work of those "Dowry Men or Benefactors" in the Fraternity, "that bent themselves, looking into the experiments of others, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life." Here Judgment, Reason, and

some Imagination were needed, and the "Fellows" appointed for such work must have been of rarer stuff than those included in the first category. We read of "divers meetings and consultations of the whole number," of their "directing new experiments of a higher light," and of discoveries raised into Axioms and Aphorisms; three Fellows only, "the *Interpreters of Nature*," were considered capable of such work.

Consider this elaborate plan for division of labour, and see how admirable an engine was here devised for carrying on the mighty work. Any man, however poor his abilities, or small his stock of learning, might find, if he would, some employment fit for his capacity, and if only he were faithful in the little entrusted to him, the "hodman's work" which so retarded Francis Bacon, would be taken from his shoulders; others could grind the clay, and make the bricks, whilst as Architect he would design, and as Clerk of the Works he would *bend himself* to the labours of supervision and direction.

That, in the first instance, Bacon was actually obliged not merely to write primers, as it were, for each branch of knowledge, but also to read, and practically to edit, all works of any importance—these very books plainly declare. For that was an age (we have had to say this before)—an age repeatedly pronounced by Bacon himself to be deficient in all that constitutes a fine model of language, or, as the phrase is, a fine style. And yet we take up book after book, on whatever subject, and having anatomised these books, find one and all to accord in certain particulars more or less marked according to the quality of the work. Such books always contain examples of the many characteristics of a good style, which Bacon, with a significant "*mihi silentio*," pointed out as "*deficient*" or totally absent from the writings of his time. Scarce one but has a good sprinkling of his most habitual phrases and tricks of expression, together with words and terms entered in his note-books, and for his own use—*Formularies and Elegancies* which he found wanting, and of which accordingly he made a "store" to aid his invention as well as his memory.

In these books, too, is found that remarkable antithetical style of his, that habit of balancing the Contraries of Good and Evil, of considering both sides of every proposition, which is characteristic rather of the mind of the man, than of his style. With these Antitheta we

find mixed the Resemblances or Analogies, the Metaphors and Similes, which form not only the basis, but the crown of his most beautiful style, exhibiting (as we hope some day to show) an ingrain knowledge and comprehension of the symbolism of the classical writers, and of the Bible, and an equally profound acquaintance with the occult or mystical philosophies of India, Arabia, and Egypt. In this connection it may be remarked that, assuming the Rosicrucian Mythos to have been a veil under which Francis Bacon pursued his purposes for the Advancement of the World, the special character of that veil is evidence of his profound acquaintance with the Mystics and their philosophy, more especially on its physical side. This consideration leads the way to fresh fields of study into which we must not now diverge, but neither must their existence be ignored. To keep to the present subject of the peculiar characteristics found more or less in all the literature of the New Philosophy, which (though probably sown long before), sprang up and developed with Bacon himself, what can we think but that it was *his* mind that breathed life into the dust and bones of ancient learning, *his* which gave to the writings of that age, the finishing touches, the charm which undoubtedly they possess? Science may have outgrown those old Treatises, Commentaries, and Epitomes. How few look into them now! Yet they are very interesting, and full of information, not only as to the matters of which they treat, but also as to the subjects of which it was necessary to teach the very elements three hundred years ago. These were the Stones of the House of Wisdom.

But suppose these stones to have been all shaped, and fitted to their places, and the great frame of the edifice advancing to completion, it was yet too vast and too complicated, to be perfected, adorned, and furnished, within the brief span of the Architect's life. Moreover it must, in the future ages, be kept in repair, and probably enlarged. Who would undertake that this should be done?

"For this purpose," continues the narrator in the *New Atlantis*, "we have as you must think, *novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men, do not fail*, besides a great number of servants and attendants, both men and women."

Here again is the plan for maintaining a perpetual succession—that "*Handing down the lamp*," which was to be performed by

Bacon's Sons of Science, the Rosicrucian Fraternity. And with this *traditional teaching* was to be combined the *Secrecy* which played so important a part in the rules of the Society. Necessitated, in the first instance, by the ignorance and bigotry of the times, this secrecy appears to be now an anacronism, and an obstruction to knowledge, at least in regard to the History of Literature and its attendant arts and crafts. That such a system should in any way endure to the present day appears a marvel, and only to be explained on the assumption that some hitch or imperfection in the machinery renders it impossible or difficult to pull up or slacken speed without a break-down in the whole system. Surely Francis Bacon never intended that rules made to assist advance should be retained until they became mere obstructions. It was with regard to "Inventions," or works of imagination, and to the then much-suspected experiments and discoveries in Natural Science, that the secrecy was to be maintained, and something in the history of Masonry or Rosicrucianism must have gone wrong, or the present mysteries and anomalies could not exist.

Mr. Ellis dwells somewhat upon that part of Bacon's method which makes use, not only of an "enumeration of particular cases," but of "exclusions and rejections." "The doctrine is taught in the exposition of the fable of Cupid . . . coming forth from an egg whereon Night had brooded. . . . Knowledge obtained by exclusions and negatives results, so to speak, from darkness and from night. We see, I think, from this allegorical fancy . . . how firmly fixed in his mind was the idea of the importance, or rather of the necessity, of using a method of exclusion . . . the exclusion of error will necessarily lead to truth."

The writer is considering these and such passages in their relation to Bacon's method for the formation of scientific conceptions, the interpretation of Nature; but the *New Atlantis* shows us that the "exclusion" has, like the rest, a double meaning. It alludes to the exclusion of some discoveries from the published reports, and of the exclusion of the uninitiated (the unsympathetic or "profane") from the knowledge of such discoveries.

"This we do also: we have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and

which not: and take all an oath of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the State, and *some* not."

"But yet," argues a friendly critic, "why any secrecy or mystery about so good and praiseworthy a work? Bacon made no secret of his desire for the advancement of learning, nor of his opinion as to the deficiencies, the barrenness and ineffective methods, of learning in his day. It was no secret that he was trying to teach his disciples to take notes, to experiment, to arrange and methodise their knowledge, to establish libraries, lectures, and learned societies, to preserve and augment it. Wherein, then, lay the secret, or the need for one?"

The need lay in the fact that, in days when pedantry, bigotry, and ignorance joined hands to resist the introduction of new ideas of any kind, and when advancement was impossible, excepting by the most gentle and imperceptible "insinuation," it was of imperative necessity for the safety of all concerned to screen the fact that already, here, there, and everywhere, the great work had begun. Men were being taught "like babes, with easy tasks," and before long they had begun to speak Baconian prose without knowing it.

It should here be noted that Bacon's continental collaborators (and these, we know, were very numerous) stood in even greater danger from religious intolerance, and hostility to the progress of knowledge, than did he or his brethren in England, and his secret method would be especially a safeguard for those who worked with him abroad. It is very difficult at the present day to appreciate the position in which every man placed himself at that period, when he entered a new field of investigation or proposed any innovation. No devices were too far-fetched or too elaborate where it was a question of screening the lives or liberty of those who were risking both for the sake of their great cause.

Had the Universal Co-operative Reform Association announced its inauguration by a flourish of trumpets, dogged opposition would have bristled his angry crest, persecution and tyrannical edicts would have suppressed or annihilated the band of brethren. Their refuge, then, was in patience, silence, and secrecy; and because, after a while, the existence of such a society could not be concealed, they managed to

mislead the public mind by absurd and fictitious reports connecting it with alchemy, sorcery, astrology, and all manner of diabolical arts. The allegorical literature which was produced in order to encourage these views, whilst to the initiated it conveyed information of a very different kind, is sufficient to furnish a library; but meanwhile the true aims and labours of the Brotherhood remained concealed, and to this day there are but few who believe in the existence of the true Rosicrucians, fewer still who associate the idea of Freemasons with Francis Bacon and his "Method," or indeed with any working plan for a *Renaissance*, "A New Birth of Time," a Revival of Learning.

When surveying the manifold devices for secret communication and transmission of information—the hundred schemes for speaking by signs and gestures, by telegraphy, and by ciphers or secret writings, "each capable of indefinite variety," which were known to Bacon's friends—the shorthand writing or stenography which he reckons as a branch of cipher-writing, and which he seems to have developed and rendered subservient to his purposes, it really appears as though no possible detail was overlooked which could help and perfect the method.

First, with regard to books and documents, the very paper was made, by water-marks and other devices, an "organ" for transmission. Next (if we mistake not), the forms of type, its irregularities, and the so-called errors in setting it, were made to serve the turn of the cryptographer, who by their aid could impart secret matters, or afford clues to cypbers worked by means of a table-key or wheel. Even the words could be adjusted so as to furnish the important word-cipher of which, amongst others, Bacon speaks, and upon which anxious cryptographers are labouring with so much ingenuity and pertinacity.

Not only the paper and type, but even the ink, could be used as a means of secret communication, and we read of words being made to appear and disappear under the influence of heat or moisture, or of chemical applications. The Jesuits were, and perhaps are, experts in such methods. Of tradition, of knowledge "by interpretation," we cannot now speak. It is the most interesting of all, and must be treated separately, requiring engravings for its elucidation; but, by some or all of the methods enumerated, Francis Bacon and his

friends ensured that no crumb of truth (perhaps no particle of current history) should be lost or gathered in vain. Carefully collected and treasured, all was to be passed on to an organised succession of "wits," who should, according to their abilities and opportunities, work upon the materials, with patterns placed in their hands, that so, as the ages roll on, and "men run up and down through the world" knowledge may be perpetually increased and made serviceable.

C. M. P.

"THE JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE ROSICRUCIANS" AND THE "NEW ATLANTIS."

The statement that the "*Journey to the Land of the Rosicrucians*," attributed to Joseph Heydon, is an earlier edition of the *New Atlantis* (perhaps originally circulated in manuscript), is founded entirely upon the internal evidence of the *Atlantis* itself, because no argument could be based on the authority of Heydon, who either was one of the Brethren charged with the duty of handing down works by Bacon (and perhaps by others), or else he must lie under the imputation of having systematically purloined from several Rosicrucian writers. The resemblance between the two tracts in question amounts almost to identity; yet there are a few differences.

The earlier date of the later edition is traceable partly by the spelling. It is not conceivable that, twenty years after the publication of Bacon's *New Atlantis*, another writer or plagiarist should, in putting forth his work, have reverted to the antiquated spelling of "*The Journey*"—*e.g.*, Æthiop, borcelane (porcelain), broyding, buryed, cambrick, colledge, commeth, croud, cryes, dotts, entrie entoyled, extream, farre, forrainer, ghest, heroicall, inventour, kinde, kingdome, lanthorne, linnen, lusture, marriners, mought, mouled (moulded), mountaines, oyled, palme, pœsie, satten, scroule, severall, syder, tendernesse, traffique, tred, &c. Such spelling was used by Francis Bacon in his youth; but he reformed the spelling of his day, and it seems as if we may hereafter be able scientifically to assign a date to any given work by means of a comparative anatomy of its orthography.

The *Atlantis* has paraphrases and additional sentences elucidating "*The Journey*"; ellisions too, and changes of names, which show

that Dr. Rawley (Bacon's secretary and editor) deemed it unadvisable to acquaint the world with the fact that the allegory tells of the constitution of the Rosie Cross Society. Wherever, in *The Journey*, the "Rosie Cross Brethren," and the "Temple of the Rosie Cross," are spoken of, the name is either omitted in the *New Atlantis*, or it is changed to "the family," "the brethren,' "the College of the Six Days," or "Solomon's House." Sometimes, in *The Journey*, this building is entitled "the Holy House." Proper names and titles are also changed. The reputed Founder, "F.H.R.C." or "Eugenius Theodidactus," of *The Journey*, becomes Solomona in the *Atlantis*. St. John the Divine is changed to St. Bartholomew. Jesus Christ, entitled in both versions "the Milken Way, and the Eliah of the Messiah," has in *The Journey* the additional title of "Emepht."

The Rosie Crucian Father of *The Journey* is the Tirsan of the *Atlantis*, and so forth. The "Holy Island" of *The Journey* is, in this earlier version, called by no less than eight names:—Apanua, Aquanna, Chassalonia, Chrisse, Hierusalem, Jerusalem, Judea, Phroates, besides its general designation of "the Holy Island." All these names are expressed in the *New Atlantis* by the one word "Bensalem."

The only other remarkable difference between the two editions is that, whereas, in the *New Atlantis*, no references occur to other books, *The Journey* specifies several which the initiate brethren should read: "See my *Rosie Crucian Infallible Axiomata*"; "Read the *Harmony of the World*" (*rep.*); "Read my *Cabbala*, or Art by which Moses shewed so many signs in Ægypt"; "Read *The Familiar Spirit*"; "Read our *Temple of Wisdom*" (*rep.*)

It seems hardly worth while to fill space here by an elaborate collation of the two editions. Mr. Wigston, in his "Bacon and the Rosicrucians," has already brought together a considerable number of extracts in parallel columns; yet, to assure readers who may be unacquainted with these works—of their identity of authorship—we append the sentences which begin and conclude this singular fragment.

"Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians."	"New Atlantis."
We travelled from Sydmouth for London and Spain by the South Sea;	We sailed from Peru, where we had continued for the space of one whole year, for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals

taking with us victuals for twelve moneths' space and more. But then the winds came about into the West, so as we could make little way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back.

Then there arose strong and great winds from the South, with a point East, which carried us up toward the North, by which time our victuals failed us, and we gave ourselves up for lost men, and prepared for death.

* * * * *

When he had said this, he desired me to give him an account of my life, that he might report it to the Brethren of the Rosie Crosse, after which he stood up;

I kneeled down, and he laid his hand upon my head, saying, "God blesse thee, my son, and God blesse these relations which we have made! I give thee leave to publish them for the good of other nations, for we are here in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me, having assigned a value of about two thousands pounds in gold for a bounty to me and my follows, for they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions.

for twelve months' space or more; but then the wind came about and settled in the West many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then, again, there arose strong and great winds from the South, with a point East, which carried us up, for all that we could do, towards the north; by which time our victuals failed us, and we gave ourselves up for lost men and prepared for death.

* * * * *

And when he had said this he stood up;

and I, as I had been taught, kneeled down, and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said, "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made; I give thee leave to publish it for the good of other nations, for we are here in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me, having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats for a bounty to me and my fellows; for they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions.

A SURMISE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SURNAME SHAKESPEARE.

FRANCIS BACON was, it is well known, a profound student of the Greek Mythology as his admirable Essays on the Wisdom of the Ancients abundantly prove. In his early youth he audaciously claimed that he had taken all knowledge as his province. This was the lofty title Cowley gave him—Lord Chancellor of Nature.

Thereby hangs a tale which, like the tail of the peacock, requires to be expanded to exhibit its extreme effulgence.

Pallas Athene was, amongst the Greeks, the most illustrious of all their deities, she was the patroness of literature, art, and science, her sobriquet was the Shaky Lady with the Spear; all knowledge was her province. By a curious coincidence, the first and last syllables of

her sobriquet are (old style) shake, and speare—the hyphen indicating the omitted words in the title. These in conjunction form the signature appended to plays, and poetry written in the days of Queen Elizabeth, which has made Shake-speare and English literature renowned throughout the civilized world.

The author thus seeming to insinuate that the comedies, histories, tragedies, and poetry were written by the goddess who presided over all knowledge, or by some one especially selected by her, and who more likely to be chosen, or think himself more fit to be her representative heir, or adopted child, than Francis Bacon, who thus stands confessed the author of the Shakes-peare Plays.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

OF SOME LAUDATORY VERSES WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF FRANCIS BACON.

BY THE REV. W. BOURCHIER SAVILE.

A GREAT number of compositions in Latin verse laudatory of Lord Bacon were written after his decease. About thirty of them were published by Dr. Rawley, and he says he suppressed others—very many and those the best "*plurimas et los optimos.*" The reason he gives for the suppression of these is—"Because he (Bacon) took no pleasure in a great pile (mole), I have made it *not* a great one. Let it suffice, to have laid these foundations as it were, in the name of the present age. Succeeding ages will, I think, decorate and amplify the fabric. It is known to God only, and the fates, what age it will be that shall put the last hand to it." If Dr. Rawley intended his readers to understand that from what he knew of Bacon he would have no pleasure in having a great number of verses written in his honour after his death, and, therefore, that he (Rawley) published comparatively few of them, and those *not the best*, he would have acted more consistently with his conviction if he had published *only* the few and said nothing about the very many and the best. If this were his meaning, why should he say that the few (verses ?) might suffice for the foundations of the fabric for the age

then present ? or say that successive ages would decorate and amplify the fabric (of verses ?), or say that it was known to God alone, and the fates what age would be the last that would put a finishing hand to the said fabric (of verses ?) ?

Dr. Rawley was not a person to write nonsensically, and I infer from his language that his reason for the suppression of the laudatory compositions he speaks of, was, that they contained allusions, or mention more or less direct to *Works of* Bacon, which it was known he did not desire to have made known as his productions during his lifetime, nor the then present age. If they could only be found—those Latin and perhaps some of them English, verses !

The Latin verses published by Dr. Rawley, I have found in the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. x.

COMMUNICATION BY THE LATE REV. W. BOURCHIER SAVILE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PARMENIDES, STUDIED BY FRANCIS BACON, REAPPEARS IN HAMLET.

(FROM NOTES BY THE LATE MRS. A. ALARIC WATTS.)

"To be or not to be" (*Hamlet* iii. 1).

IN an article of the *Fortnightly Review*, *vol. xviii.* (*new series*), upon the "Eleatic Fragments" (by John Addington Symonds), we read :—

"*Parmenides*, a native of Elea, who flourished about the year 503, enjoyed a reputation in his native city *scarcely inferior to that of Pythagoras at Crotona*, of Empedocles at Aragus, or of Solon at Athens. Cebes talks about a Pythagorean or Parmenidean mode of life, as if the austere *ascesis* of the Samian philosopher had been adopted or imitated by the Eleatic. Indeed, there is good reason to suppose that Parmenides held intercourse with members of the Pythagerian sect, his neighbours in the south of Italy. Of Parmenides some precious notices have been preserved by Plato. The relation of the phenomenal universe to real existence were for the first time treated in the school of Elea, and these ideas appear especially to have occupied the mind of Parmenides. The unity of the Being of

Parmenides was the barest metaphysical abstraction, deduced, we are tempted to believe, in the first instance, from a single observation of language, and yet, when formed, not wholly purged from corporeity. Being is proved by the word ἐστί. The singular number indicates the unity of the subject; the present tense proves its eternity, for it neither asserts a *has been*, nor a *will be*, but an everlasting IS. The antithesis *Not-Being* is impossible and inconceivable : οὐκ ἐστί.

"Completing *his conception of Being* as the sole reality, and carrying out *the arguments attributed by Aristotle* to his master, Parmenides shows that the Eternal One is indivisible, immovable, continuous, homogœneous, absolutely self-identical beyond the reach of birth, or change, or dissolution. Furthermore, it is finite and spheroid. . . . As opposed to this unique ἀρχή, the sole and universal reality, which can only be apprehended by the reason, and which is eternally and continuously One. Parmenides places the totality of phenomena, multiplex, diverse, subject to birth, change, &c., as mere names, the vague unreal dream-world of impotent mortals. Yet he cannot deny their phenomenal extreme. . . . Parmenides feels bound to offer an explanation of this cosmos of illusions. . . . His teaching consequently contains a paradox deeply imbedded in its very substance. . . . The Fragments of Parmenides, which contain this philosophy of *Being and Not-Being*, appear to have formed portions of a Poem in hexameters. It opens with an allegory in which the Poet or the Soul of Man is drawn by horses in a chariot to the House of Truth, where dwells the Goddess the *Divine Sophia*, who instructs him. After this exordium come fragments of *a lecture delivered by the Divine Sophia* :

"'Come now, for I will tell, and thou hear and keep my words, what are the only ways of inquiry that lead to knowledge. The one that certifies that being is, and *that not being is not*, is the pathway of persuasion, for *truth follows it*. The other, which declares *that being is not, and that not being must be*, that I affirm is wholly unpersuasive; for neither couldst thou know *not-being*, since it cannot be got at, neither couldst thou utter it in words, seeing that thought and being are the same. To me it is indifferent where I begin, for again to the same point shall I return. It must be that speech and thought is *being*, for *being is*, and that *not being is nothing*, which thing I bid

thee ponder. First keep thy mind from that path of inquiry, then from that in which mortals who know nothing wander in doubt; helplessness sways in their hearts the erring mind; hither and thither are they borne, deaf, yea, and blind, in wonderment, confused crowds who fancy *being* and *not-being* are the same and not the same; the way of all of them leads backwards.'

"The next fragment resumes:—

"'Never do thou learn to fancy that NOT-BEING is; but keep thy mind from this path of enquiry; nor let custom force thee to pursue that beaten way, to use blind eyes and sounding ear and tongue, but judge by reason the knotty argument which I declare. One only way of reasoning is left—that being is. Wherein are many signs that it is increate and indestructible, whole in itself, unique in kind, immovable and everlasting. . . . Neither birth nor beginning belongs to Being. WHEREFORE EITHER TO BE OR NOT TO BE IS THE UNCONDITIONED ALTERNATIVE. . . . THIS, THEN, IS THE POINT OF DECISION—IT IS OR IT IS NOT,' &c., &c."

The extract runs on for a considerable space, still constantly ringing the changes upon *Being and Not-Being.*

Can there be a doubt that the substance of this remarkable philosophic fragment—(from a source which Bacon specified as being too little known to readers in his time,* and which certainly is not much more widely known even in these days) were condensed into a perfect form in the world-famous soliloquy of Hamlet, "To be or not to be, that is the question?"

* *De Augmentis*, iii.; Spedding, Works, i. 567. Bacon also quotes Parmenides' opinion that the earth was "*primum frigidum*" in *Historia Ventorum* (Spedding, Works, ii. 370; again, on the same subject, in the *Natural History*, or *Sylva Sylvarum*, Cent. i. 69). In the *De Principiis atque Originibus* Bacon points out that "Parmenides maintained two principles of things, fire and earth or heaven. For he asserted that the sun and stars were real fire. . . . And these opinions of Parmenides Telesius has in our age revived."

Bacon speaks with approval of the theories of Parmenides, and adopts his opinion as to the sun and stars being real fires. "This theory of mine," he says in the *Thema Coeli*, "affirms *that the stars are real flames.*" In this place, and also in the *Descriptio Globi Intellectualis*, he discusses the question at some length, and this is the conclusion at which he arrives. Hamlet's saying in his

THE RIDDLE OF THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

IN "*The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*,"* which some of us believe to have been written in early youth by Francis Bacon (but which was first published at Strasbourg in 1616), we read of "a fair and glorious lady," "*Virgo lucifera gratiositas*," who inspires the mind of Christian and leads him about the Palace of Truth. In one place the Latin edition describes her as *Præconissa*, the Fore-knowledge of Truth. Before the wedding begins Christian becomes so familiar with the beautiful virgin, that he "adventures and requests her name." The virgin smiles at his curiosity and replies:—

"My name contains five and fifty, and yet hath only eight letters; the third is the third part of the fifth, which added to the sixth will produce a number, whose root shall exceed the third itself by just the first, and it is the half of the fourth. Now the fifth and seventh are equal, the last and first also equal, and make with the second as much as the sixth hath, which contains four more than the third tripled. Now tell me, my lord, how am I called?

The answer was intricate enough, yet left I not off, but said:—

"Noble and vertuous Lady, may I not obtain one only letter?"

"Yea," said she, "that may well be done."

"What then," I proceeded, "may the seventh contain?"

"It contains," said she, "as many as there are lords here." (*No number of lords is given.*)

love-letter to Ophelia was then no outbreak of madness, as many suppose; it was an earnest exhortation to doubt anything in heaven or earth sooner than doubt his love and fidelity. It will be observed that he combines with his declaration that the stars are fires, Bacon's great fallacy in believing that *the earth has fixed poles* (*Nov. Org.* xlvi.; *Thema Coeli, last page*; *De Fluxu et Refluxu*, Maris. Spe]. Works, v. 450, &c.):—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love" (*Ham.* ii. 2, 116).
"Guards of the *ever-fixed pole*" (*Oth*, ii. 1).

* Printed in English in the "Real History of the Rosicrucians" chap. v. A. E. Waite 1887, pub. Redway.

† See Article on the Sonnets. *Ante.*

With this I easily found her name, at which she was well pleased, saying that much more should be revealed to us."

Mr. George Bidder, Q.C., has kindly given us permission to publish his solution of this Rosicrucian Riddle; wherein, by resolving numbers into letters of the Greek alphabet, he produces the word *Alethinia.* There is no such word in the Greek language, but *Aletheia* is Truth, and *Alethinos* means *agreeable to truth.* Perhaps we may take it as equivalent for Francis Bacon's expression concerning himself, where he describes himself as being "nimble" in mind, "apt" to discover analogies and hence especially suited to become a discoverer of truth. *Alethinia* seems to be a suggestive and euphonious feminine name, for a spirit of *aptness for truth*, and it suggests that the poetical author of the allegory, intended to represent in the person of his glorious and gracious guide,—*Truth præconissa*—that fore-knowledge or intuitive perception of Truth, that "beam from Heaven," which Dr. Rawley said, seemed to be upon Francis Bacon, "who though a great reader of books, yet had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions from within himself."

Let a, b, c, d, e, f, g, and h stand for the eight letters; then we have

$$\left.\begin{aligned} a + b + c + d + e + f + g + h &= 55 \\ c &= 3c \\ c + f &= (a + c)^2 \\ a + c &= \tfrac{d}{2} \\ g &= c \\ h &= a \\ a + h + b &= f \\ f &= 4 + 3c \end{aligned}\right\} \quad \begin{aligned} &\ldots\ldots\ldots (1) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (2) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (3) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (4) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (5) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (6) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (7) \\ &\ldots\ldots\ldots (8) \end{aligned}$$

From (6) (7) and (8) we get

$$b = 4 + 3c - 2a$$

From (4)

$$d = 2a + 2c$$

Substituting these values, and those in (2), (5), (6) and (8), in (1), we get

$$a + 4 + 3c - 2a + c + 2a + 2c + 3c + 4 + 3c + 3c + a + 55$$

$$\therefore 2a + 15c = 47 \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (9)$$

Now the values of a and c that satisfy this equation are

$$\left.\begin{array}{rl} a = 1, c = 3 & \} \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots \text{(i.)} \\ \text{and } a = 16, c = 1 & \} \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots \text{(ii.)} \end{array}\right.$$

But of these solutions, (ii.) does not satisfy equation (3), while (i.) does.

∴ (i.) is the correct solution.

∴ We have

1st	letter	= 1	5th	,,	= 9
2nd	,,	= 11	6th	,,	= 13
3rd	,,	= 3	7th	,,	= 9
4th	,,	= 8	8th	,,	= 1

Now taking the numerals to represent the letters of the Greek alphabet in their order, we have

1	represented	by α	9	,,	,, ι
11	,,	,, λ	13	,,	,, ν
3	,,	,, η	9	,,	,, ι
8	,,	,, θ	1	,,	,, α

∴ Whence we get, by a slight alteration of the third letter, Αληθινια (Alethinia).

Bacon being asked by a lady if some property adjoining Grey's Inn belonged to it or not, replied, "Madam, it is ours as you are ours, to look upon, and no more."

Apopthegms.

"Like fools, who in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in more pleasure to bestow them
Than the mere gouty landlord that doth owe them."

—(*Pass. Pilgrim, verse* 20.)

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE PORTRAITS OF FRANCIS BACON.

[Extracts from Letter by Dr. Georg Cantor, The University, Halle at Saale].

THE following are some extracts from a letter sent by Dr. Georg Cantor, containing the measurements of the Kesselstadt or Darmstadt Mask, taken by Dr. Hermann Schaafhauzen, Professor of Anthropology in the University of Bonn. These are placed side by side with measurements taken by Dr. Garson of the Anthropometric Laboratory, South Kensington from the authentic death-mask of Shakspere.

It will be observed that no two measurements accord absolutely. Also that such measurements of the skull fail to show certain great discrepancies in likeness of features as apart from likeness of *skull*. For instance, the nose in the Darmstadt mask is long, inclining over the short upper lip. The nose in the "Shakespeare death-mask is short," and the upper lip very long. The face in the Darmstadt mask tapers to a fine chin—that of "Shakespeare" is very wide, even puffy on the jaw or jowl:—

"With regard to the portraits of Francis Bacon, now extant, I think that it would be advisable to make,

(1.) A complete list of all the portraits that are known, together with a brief notice of the authors in whose works they are found.

(2.) Researches for other portraits of F. B., hitherto unknown. By reason of the immense number of his friends and devoted admirers I believe that not in England alone, but in other countries, portraits of him are discoverable, of which hitherto, *the general public* have had no knowledge. In particular we may expect to find such pictures in the noble families of England.

I would remind you of a passage in Rawley's "Life of Bacon" (*Spedding, vol. i.* 15):—"One carried his Lordship's picture from head to foot, over with him into France, as a thing which he foresaw would be much desired there." This picture was (according to the Latin version) presented to the owner by Bacon himself. Let it be inquired whether this full-length portrait be still extant in France?

(3.) The measures of the Darmstadt (or Kesselstadt) Mask, taken by Dr. Hermann Schaafhausen, Professor at the University of Bonn, should be republished. They are printed in an article of the tenth Year-book of the German Shakespeare Society, page 81."

MEASUREMENTS.	Darmstadt Mask. Millemetres.	Shakespeare Mask. Millemetres.
1. Total length from top of brow to chin ...	210	221
2. Total length to lower eyelid	95	90
3. Total length to root of nose	85	82
4. Length of nose (root to base)	55	52
5. Length of upper lip to slit of nose	24	26
6. Length from slit of mouth to chin (mouth open	46	73*
7. Greatest breadth of forehead (midway) ...	145	140
8. Breadth of face on line of the jawbone (zygomatic arch)	151	149
9. Distance between cheek bones (middle) "prunette"...	115	118
10. From the outer angle of the eyes (one side to the other)...	103	94
11. Length of eyelid at the opening	39	30
12. Breadth of mandible at angle	111	113

Our Frontispiece this month is taken from a stamp used in one of the old editions of Bacon's acknowledged works, and lent to us by Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, who adopted the design to adorn the cover of his book on "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians."

This book-stamp is peculiarly interesting, because it affords another instance of the intention of Bacon's followers to identify him with the second Renaissance, the Dawn of the New Day of Learning. The Sun, the Light of Truth, is seen rising into the heavens from behind the hills. Those who sat in the shadow of the valley will now rejoice in that heavenly light.

Readers who will turn to our number for August, 1893, p. 102, will observe the resemblance between the symbolism of this book-stamp (a supposititious medal) with the beautiful portrait-medal (undated) of which a copy is preserved at the British Museum, and which bears on the reverse side an elegant design of Aurora, with the motto "NON PROCUL DIES."

* This measurement is taken in Shakespeare to behind the beard.