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* Bacon. Lead events of life, seen chronologically in P. 100.

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No. 17.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE event which, during the past year, has seemed to be pre-eminent in importance, is the bringing into full light the "*Manes*" of "the incomparable Francis of Verulam." The verses in his honour by no means diminish in interest as we proceed with the collection; and it is satisfactory to feel that no well-informed person can in future maintain the absence of documentary evidence showing Francis Bacon as the Great Poet of his Age, and recognised as such by his friends and contemporaries.

In truth, such documentary evidence has never been lacking since James Spedding discovered amongst the Northumberland MSS., the noteworthy paper book, on the outside leaf of which is a catalogue of the original contents. This list, included with Mr. Francis Bacon's "Essaies," &c., other works "by the same Author"—*e.g.*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*, *The Conference of Pleasure*, *Osmond and Cornelia*, and other pieces written for performance on State occasions—with orations, and verses to be delivered by the Earls of Leicester, Sussex, and Essex, to be passed off as their productions. "The Conference" remains intact, but the Plays have disappeared, the connecting string having apparently been cut for the purpose of removing these tell-tale pieces.

Neither can documentary evidence be honestly said to have been wanting since the publication, in 1883, of the mass of manuscript notes known as "Bacon's *Promus*," and the collation of these notes with passages in the "Shakespeare" plays and poems. None but

minds most prejudiced, or incapable of weighing evidence, can fail to perceive the force of the arguments derived from the coincidences between the titles of works included in the List of Contents on the paper book, and the titles of two of the acknowledged *Shakespeare* plays; or, again, the immense number of coincidences between the manuscript entries in the *Promus* and "*Shakespeare*."^{*}

Again, the word *Shakespeare* is many time scribbled upon the outside leaf of the paper book, and with it the word *Honorificabilitudino*. It seems as if the latter must be an attempt by the amanuensis to write down the wonderful word in *Love's Labour's Lost*—"Honorificabilitudinitatibus," and we may fairly regard this as evidence that the clerky servant who indexed the contents of the paper book, beguiled his spare minutes by scribbling the future pseudonym of the Poet—the "*Shakespeare*" which, for the first time, appeared on the title-page of every play after *Richard II.* was printed.† The pseudonym was at that time adopted and affixed to the Plays in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's jealous displeasure and alarm at the repeated performance, by the orders of the Earl of Essex, of that very play—*Richard II.* Can we doubt that the scribe, practising his pen upon the word (which was never so spelt or signed by any member of the Shakspeare, or Shaxpurre family, until twenty years after the death of the actor-manager), knew perfectly well of the connection between the Name, the Play, and the true Author?

In the course of a few years it may become a matter of inquiry and curiosity—Why, when there exists so much plain evidence of Bacon's poetic genius, of his connection with "*Shake-speare*," and of the fact that *these things were, and must be at the present day, known* to a considerable number of persons—why, or how comes it that any educated or intelligent man should be found wilfully and tenaciously clinging to proved fictions, and to unproved statements? Such would

* It is perhaps right to add that further research and collation show that the entries on certain sheets (chiefly of Proverbs and Turns of speech), are found in plays of various dates ranked amongst the "*Minor Dramatists*" of the Elizabethan period, and which we believe to be the juvenile or less polished productions of Anthony and Francis Bacon.

† We are informed that upon a sheet in a writing case which belonged to Francis Bacon, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, the word *Shakespeare* is similarly scribbled.

have us believe that Francis Bacon, "the Glory of his Age and Nation," "the most prodigious wit," the concealed man upon whom, if upon any man, "a beam from Heaven" had descended, was in spite of such a cloud of witnesses,

1. No Poet.
2. That he had no more connection with the great religious movements of the day, than he had with Poetry and the Stage.
3. That he knew nothing of "*Shakespeare*," or of Spenser, Cowley, Ben Jonson, Kemp, Burbage, and Alleyn, although these names recur often in Anthony Bacon's correspondence as "Servants" or subordinate agents in his work at home or abroad.
4. Sometimes it is positively added (though without proofs offered) that Francis Bacon could have had neither part nor lot in the institution of Freemasonry, and that this vast Secret Society existed for ages before his "Methods" were invented.
5. That the Ciphers lately discovered, and now vigorously worked upon by Baconians, are mere delusions and absurdities, and the results arrived at by their means, fictions, or impostures.

It is easy to listen with equanimity to objections which proceed either from innocent ignorance or from a kind of loyalty to hereditary beliefs, such as inclines the mind to perceive in any praise of the "Incomparable Francis of Verulam," a stab under the arm at William Shakspeare. *Not at the Poetry*, but at the man himself, the supposed Heaven-born Genius who, with no certified teaching, without a library, so far as is known, without a book, without even being able to write or to spell his own name, wrote the Plays "out of his head," by an inspiration which enabled him to quote glibly or allusively from the ancient writers of Greece and Rome as well as from modern works in French, Italian, and Spanish. An inspiration which enabled him to borrow, adapt, or to coin words previously unknown, but which have been received into our language, and are now part and parcel of the best English styles. Meanwhile, this unparalleled prodigy was pouring into his plays not only Science a hundred years in advance of his times, Rhetorical terms which even now require a footnote in explanation, the Law, not of a lawyer's clerk but of an Attorney-General or of a Lord Chancellor, and withal, the matchless metaphors and similes, the anxious and anti-

theses, the ethical and contemplative wisdom which we find in the most magnificent and poetical, or in the most condensed and pithy prose writings of Francis Bacon.

We never attempt in this little periodical to *review* books, but merely draw attention to those which can be recommended as most useful and to the point. Would anyone read an excellent and almost exhaustive *résumé* of the arguments and evidence, on either side, of the "Bacon-Shakspeare" controversy, we commend him to a work too little known in England, but now already running through its seventh edition: "Bacon *versus* Shakspeare; a Brief for the Plaintiff," by Mr. Edwin Reed, Member of the Shakespeare Society, New York.* This book is full of interesting and entertaining information imparted in a clear and most readable style, with authorities and references liberally appended. No one should set about discussing or writing upon this subject without having first read a work which, for its purpose, could hardly be better written. We are glad to hear that another book is soon to be expected from the same pen.

Since it is only right to hear all that can be said on the other side, we have strenuously endeavoured to glean from opponents definite statements of opinion concerning the "*Mimes Verulamiani*," and to learn how they would propose to explain away the force of these verses as evidence to the justice of our own conclusions. From writers for newspapers and literary periodicals we expected little, and have heard absolutely nothing. From strong Anti-Baconians and Shakspeareans we have received the following checks or criticisms:—

1. "I see nothing in the verses to support the notion that Bacon was a poet, or that he had anything to do with Shakespeare or the Drama."
2. "The verses are mere hyperbolical compliments after the fashion of the day."
3. "Perhaps these queer verses were written as a kind of joke by young men who considered that Bacon was absurdly overpraised. In these Elegies they meant to out-Herod Herod."
4. "The signatures of George Herbert, &c., may be forgeries."

* Pub. Boston, Mass., 1895. Copyright, London, for Joseph Knight & Co.

5. "Of course these Elegies are spurious, otherwise the over-zealous Baconians would have produced them long ago."
6. "Since this collection of laudatory verses is printed in the Harleian Miscellany, the editor of that Miscellany must have known whence he copied them. Why did he not say where we may see the originals? Where is the collection of Dr. Rawley's papers? Some one must know this. I cannot believe that there is no man living who can answer this question."

This writer adds that he does not "approve of mysteries, which almost always have some fraud behind them," hinting, though not in so many words, that this may be some device of the evil Baconians to exalt their hero, and to depress *Shakespeare*. With his remarks above, and with his objection to mysteries, we cordially agree, but many of us consider that the difficulties suggested may all be explained by the "Freemason Theory."

When Francis of Verulam confided to his faithful friends and allies the charge of his "cabinet and presses full of papers," to be by them perused, and, according to their judgment, published or suppressed, their judgment seems to have caused them to *suppress* for a considerable period, and afterwards by degrees to publish, that vast collection of MSS. In the same way, we consider it most probable that these "*Manes*" were first suppressed, and afterwards circulated amongst Bacon's Sons of Science, the highest literary and religious Freemasons; finally, when the NAME and fame of the great Verulam had been long in the shade, when the NAME "*Shakespeare*" had assumed the mask of the poet, then these Latin verses might safely pace forth. How many would care to read their "obscure" Latin? Mere compliments—hyperbolic flatteries—the fashion of the day—"words, mere words, nothing from the heart." That is what men, in days no wiser than now, would say; they have said it, and say it still. Truly Francis Bacon was "cunying in the humours of persons"—he knew that, as men were before and in his time, so in the main they would always be.

The other objections seem to be almost too feeble to invite attack; yet we call upon Common-sense to reply to one point. Can it be considered any "compliment" to commend a man for his skill in

things which he has never been known to attempt, or to extol in his gifts, powers, or any kind of talent which he was never supposed to possess? For example, could it be called compliment and hyperbolic laudation to describe our present Prime Minister, or even his versatile predecessor, as "one who in no light or trivial spirit drew on the socks of comedy and the high-heeled boots of tragedy?" Would there be wit, point, or sense in similar remarks applied to the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Royal Society, or the most distinguished man of science in any centre of learning? Or would it be more suitable, wittier, or more comprehensible, if we were to address such dignitaries as *Teachers of the Muses, ranking next to or equal with Apollo himself?* Would it improve matters if we were to describe them as *the Tagus of Oratory?*

Finally, is it credible that, on such a subject, some thirty scholars would have written, that Dr. Rawley would have preserved, that Lord Oxford and others should have handed down, and caused to be printed in choice and valuable books, a collection of poems with false signatures, untrue and absurd statements, or, as one correspondent describes them—"jokes"?

"MANES VERULAMIANI."

(English Translations continued.)

PART III.

WE regret that want of space should prohibit the publication in this magazine of the Latin versions of the "Manes Verulamiani" with their translations. Yet this regret is diminished by finding how few readers, even scholars, willingly attack the somewhat strange and ambiguous Latin. The originals may be seen printed (as already stated) in the Harleian Miscellany, Vol. X., and in Blackbourne's standard edition of Bacon's works, Vol. I. In order to secure the publication of documentary evidence of the supremacy of Francis of Verulam as a poet, Dr. Cantor first published the elegy which Blackbourne places last in the collection. Herein our poet is ranked next to Apollo, described as another Orpheus, a teacher of the Muses, and (with the frequent quibbling ambiguity) as Quirinus, the spear-slinger—"Shake-spear."

His position, as head or centre of a great secret society, is also hinted; he was the inaugurator of a new philosophy—the binder together of "The Roses." The verses published in October, 1896, exhibit Francis Bacon in the same light, but, in still plainer terms, they declare that it was with a serious purpose that he wrote his plays, and raised comedy no less than tragedy to the highest excellence. Again, reference is made to Henry VII. uniting the Roses, and with this allusion is coupled another quibble with regard to the words of Bacon being so many *Roses*. It is suggested that this repeated allusion to the Rose (so intimately associated with the ancient-symbolism adopted in Christian worship) may hint at Bacon's connection with the theological work of his time, and (since he could allow "divinity" alone a higher place than poesy) that his supreme aims were religious, and directed to the binding of the bands of the Roses; for "*religion being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is contained within the true band of religion.*"

Some of us who have gone deeply into this subject are confident that Bacon will prove to have been the chief reviser of the Bible, in editions published from 1589—1630; that he also helped similarly in the revision of the Book of Common Prayer (1604), and that he wrote the first metrical version of the Psalms and the first English hymns to be set to music and sung, to the glory of God, in places of Christian worship. Many of these sacred verses have been attributed to other authors, and scattered amongst their supposed works. But being brought together, and carefully compared, these verses display a remarkable affinity, and appear all to have emanated from the same source. Those few which are printed amongst Bacon's works have been, by good judges, commended as excellent first attempts to render into homely verse the sacred texts, Psalms and Hymns, intended to be set to simple tunes for the use of simple folk.

The same verses have, on the other hand, been assailed by unsympathetic readers, who, disregarding the aim of these "translations," have been pleased to criticise them as specimens of Francis Bacon's highest poetic efforts, and, thus judging, have covered them with contempt and abuse. It is, however, patent that Bacon's "Translation of Certain Psalms" compares favourably with a collection of verses of a similar kind attributed to John Milton, and *extolled, when supposed to be written by him.*

To return to the "*Manes*," there is, Mr. Wigston has observed in one piece which we now reprint, an allusion to the inscription beneath the monumental effigy of *Shakespeare* at Stratford-on-Avon. The *motif* of these lines is identical with that of the verses collected in an article on "Monuments and Epitaphs," in *BACONIANA*, Vol. III., p. 75. These all echo the sayings of Bacon, that

"The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power," &c.,^{*} and (repeating the former words) add that—

". . . The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation." †

The words of *Shakespeare* are to the same purpose, and indeed the references to men who, *though dead, yet live*, not by their epitaphs, or monuments, and tombs of brass and stone, but *in their fame*, are too frequent to be cited. Similar sentiments and expressions in the *Sonnets* are doubtless familiar to every reader of these pages—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

The poet's memory in his verse shall find his monument,

"When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent." ‡

The thought so often expressed by Francis Bacon, that a man's most precious earthly possessions—the only things in the world which he should really cherish and prize—are his *intellectual powers and a good name and fame after death* appear strongly in the poem signed I. Vincent, to which we have alluded.

Opponents may say their worst, the simple or ignorant may for a while repeat their statements or applaud their errors, but meanwhile truth is surely coming to light. Already it has come to those who seek. Is it, we say, possible to read these little poems, written by thirty of Bacon's educated contemporaries, without perceiving that they all agree—all in their general witness harmonise? Not worldly

^{*} *Device of Philautia. Hermit's Speech.* † *Advancement of Learning.*

‡ See *Tit. And.* i. 2—105, 205—207; 1 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2; *All's Well* i. 2, 48—50; *Hen.* V. i. 2, 228—233; *Ham.* ii. 2, 530—532, v. 1, 306, &c.; *Sonnets* 55, 64, 65, 81, 107.

wealth or dignities, neither the praises of the learned few, nor the flatteries of the shallow multitude, were the true aim and life-long aspiration of the "Incomparable Francis of Verulam." His whole soul centred in this hope, his whole life was bent to this great purpose, for which his heartfelt prayers went up to heaven—that by God's grace, and by due use of the great gifts which God alone bestows, he might be enabled to benefit the whole human race, even to the remotest ages of the world, effacing for a time his own personality, and ensuring only, that his good name and his fame should be his everlasting monument.

On the Death of the Incomparable Francis of Verulam, &c.

"Mourn now, and weep, ye boisterous running streams,
 Sprung from beneath the hoof of Pegasus,
 Run on, defiled with mud, and black with dust
 Such as your waters scarce would carry down,
 And let the glorious green of Daphne fall,
 Her branches withered and unfruitful be.
 Wherefore, ye Muses, should ye strive to grow
 Inutile laurels in your desolate groves?
 Nay, rather, with relentless axes cleave
 The stems of that unprofitable tree.
 To him alone it was your wont to bring
 The laurel crown, and from us he has passed.
 Verulam stormed the stronghold of the gods
 'Mid whom he wears a shining golden crown;
 He loves to sit above the vault of heaven,
 And downwards thence to gaze upon the stars.
 Envyng the secrets of th' immortal gods,
 The wisdom veiled from men in their abodes,
 He laboured to restore it to mankind,
 And bring new culture down into the world.
 No man on earth was ever known endowed
 With greater gifts of intellect than he,
 None living could so cunningly unite
 Order and learning—Themis' with Pallas' wit.
 Won by these charms, whilst yet he flourished
 The Muses' sacred chorus, in his praise
 Poured forth so full a stream of eloquence,
 That none remains, no language left, wherein
 His mourners duly can lament his loss."—*William Boswell.*

With this poem should be compared "The Lord Bacon's Character," cited in "Blackbourne" from "Benj. Johnson, *the poet, in his Discoveries*, edit. 1692, p. 701." After saying of "Dominus Verulamius," that "*In short, within his view, and about his time were all the wits born that could honour a language and help study*" (words which admit of two readings)), the writer continues in the same strain as William Boswell to lament the decadence of wit, wisdom, and eloquence which followed upon the loss of this one mighty pen:—

"Now things daily fall; wits grow downwards, and eloquence goes backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark or acmè of our language."

Do not these words bring forcibly before us the fact of how entirely the literary world was dependent upon the work of *one man*? and of how conscious the minor writers were that the springs of poetry would "run on, defiled with mud and dust," when he who alone could clear and purify them was taken away?

We cannot refrain from drawing attention to the conjunction seen in these examples of the names of *Johnson* (*sic*) and *Boswell* on the death of that most illustrious heroic lord, Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam.

"Muses, now pour perennial waters forth
 In funeral dirges, and in streams of tears.
 Apollo's floods, shed from Castalian springs,
 May emptied be. For these our scanty drops—
 Suffice not for the death of one so great,
 Nor crown thee, and fill up thy boundless praise.
 Persuasion's marrow! sinew of genius!
 E'en 'Tagus doth recite most precious gems
 Of hidden verse, and priceless literature.
 'Twas by the Fates (ah! cruel sisters three,
 Harsh race ye be), that noble BACON died.
 Now to the height our songs shall celebrate
 Thy name, and ever keep thy mem'ry green.
 Will not Minerva to thy genius grant
 (She will not sure begrudge thy genius)
 Those glorious monuments of Praise and Fame
 Which all the Ages met in one will rear?"

How learned, graceful, deep, and full a thing
 Is thy great work—*The Instauration*.
 How has it, by its light, dispelled the clouds
 Of sophists, and their old worm-eaten books,
 From Chaos bringing New Philosophy—
 Philosophy from Chaos new-creating.
 God by His potent hand revived and raised
 A man's dead body from the sepulchre,
 Therefore, O BACON, neither shalt thou perish.
 From Death, from Darkness, and from Sepulchre,
 GREAT INSTAURATION keeps thee ever sure."

—R. C., *Trin. Coll.*

Classical scholars, to whom we are deeply indebted for help and useful hints, have sent us the following notes:—

"*Tagus of oratory*" means *Leader of oratory*. *Tagus* is a Greek word in Latin letters, *Tagos* = a commander, arranger, organiser, leader," &c.

Another learned translator of the lines 8 and 9 is, however, of opinion that *Tagus* there does mean the river *Tagus*. Here again, then, we perceive one of the quibbles, confusing to the reader (and doubtless so intended), but which, when apprehended, are confirmatory of certain theories, and add to the pile of cumulative evidence which is based, not upon any of these verses, but upon far different foundations.

In the concluding lines happy use is made of Bacon's teaching in the "*Essay of Cupid*."

"The particulars related by the poets of Cupid, or Love, do not properly agree to the same person; yet they differ only so far, that if the confusion of persons be rejected, the correspondence may hold. They say, that Love was the most ancient of all the gods, and existed before everything else except chaos, which is held coeval therewith. . . . Love is represented absolutely without progenitor, excepting only that he is said to have proceeded from the Egg of Nox (Night); but that he himself begot the gods, and all things else, on chaos."

The object of Francis Bacon's Love was, we know, "The Beautiful Lady"—his "Sovereign Mistress," Truth; without whom he could not live, and whom, as he said, he would woo and win in the form of Natural Philosophy. The New Philosophy was no mere invention

of his own; it was drawn by pious and patient study of "the Two Books of God," from the Bible—the Book of God's will—and from Nature—the Book of God's works. Not from "the worm-eaten books" of the schoolmen, alluded to in the poem (the "*vermicular*" learning against which Bacon protests), but from the Word and Works of God Himself did our greatest poet draw his ideas, and the vital parts of his living and moving philosophy:—

"Philosophy from Chaos new creating."

He it was who, dispelling the clouds, "the gross vapours" of a night of darkness and ignorance, brought to the world the light of the Renaissance.

The stamp which adorns the bound volumes of BACONIANA shows, as on the reverse of a medal, the sun rising from behind a range of hills. This symbolic design is taken from the title-page of an old edition of Bacon's works: it shows how his friends identified him with the dawn of a new day. The portrait on the obverse, with a wide hat covering the brow, seems here, as elsewhere, to point to him as the concealed motive power in the great work.

*To the Passenger, gazing on the Monument of the most learned Lord,
Francis, Lord Verulam.*

"Dost thou suppose, O foolish Passenger,
That Phœbus' chorus, and the Muses' choir,
In frigid Marble is imprisonèd?
Pass on; thou art deceived. E'en now, O James!
The Boar* of Verulam, thy greatest Star,
Is shining on Olympus' † golden Hill."

To the Illustrious Man, Francis Bacon, &c.

There was an Englishman of old renowned,
Great Roger Bacon, who with pains and skill
Studied the ways of Nature and of Art,
Tracking their paths with ceaseless, breathless zeal.

* The Boar, crest of the Bacon family. See BACONIANA. Vol iv., p. 76.

† Observe, again, the reference to Mount Olympus, as on the Stratford monument. "*Olympus habet.*"

He joined together Optics, Chemistry,
 Physics and Mathematics, too, he joined
 Unto Perspective: this the brilliant work
 Of his own mind. For ever will he live
 In fame as brilliant as imperishing.
 There was another Bacon most illustrious,
 Ioannes, who interpreted the true
 But hidden meaning of the Oracles
 Enshrined in Holy Writ. What noble scions
 This house of Bacon has to Britain given;
 Men through the wide world famed. But now at length
 It bears this FRANCIS. Was there e'er a man
 Of nobler mind, greater capacities,
 A richer flow of polished eloquence,
 A mind more comprehensive and complete?
 This do his writings teach, wherein he dares
 To censure e'en the monumental works
 Of ancient sages, and chastise their errors.
 In one small book we see stupendous boldness:
 The *Instauration, History of the Winds,*
 The Image that he draws of *Life and Death!*—
 Who e'er unravelled with a loftier soul
 The mysteries of Nature and the Arts?
 Nor need I number the illustrious works
 Which he has left behind. *Some buried lie;*
 But Rawley, his "Achates" ever true,
 Has given leave that some may see the light."

Can anyone pass these last four lines without inquiry, or effort to ascertain what works were they which at the time when these verses were printed (1620—1626) *lay buried*? Where are the manuscripts which Francis Bacon entrusted to the charge of his "faithful Achates," Dr. William Rawley? In that same collection we should expect to find the original copies of these memorial verses.

The somewhat occult allusion which compares Bacon to Ioannes tends to confirm a conclusion arrived at by some amongst us, that our poet-theologian was the first who endeavoured to interpret the mysterious symbols and utterances of the Apocalypse. The allusion may, however, be more general, and may refer to his fixed and ever present belief that "every good gift cometh from the Father of Lights," and that by God's help all things are possible to him who believes them possible.

On the Death of the Lord Francis Bacon, Historian of Life and Death.

"Thyself Historian of Life and Death,
 Thou should'st, O Bacon, late in life have died,
 Or else for ever lived. Why dost thou bring
 Such darkness, by th' extinction of thy life?
 And why, since without thee we cannot live,
 Dost thou, departing, also blot us out?
 The life and death of each of us thou hast,
 O Bacon! in thy writings chronicled;
 But of *thine own life, or thy death, I ask,*
*What true, sufficient history has been writ?**
 Give place, ye Greeks, great Maro † e'en give way,
 Foremost in history of Latium;
 In speech, in writing most excelling; famed
 In Council-Chamber as in Learning's Schools.
 In arts of Mars (if Mars submit to Art)
 He still excelled: a Demi-god in skill,
 In every branch of knowledge, all pursuits
 Which have a glorious title, he excelled.
 Wealth he despises; *gold* he holds to be
 Far lighter than the unsubstantial *air*. ‡
 The kingdoms of the world he quits for Heaven, §
 And joyfully exchanges Earth for Stars."

—E. F. Regal.

*Dirge on the Death of the Most Illustrious, Brilliant and Heroic
 Lord Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam.*

"Till now I thought that such a wealth of gifts
 Could never co-exist in any man,
 Or that they ne'er could perish. Such seemed those
 With which thy life shone, like the heaven with stars.
 And followed still thy train of destiny.
 So great a mind! such flood of eloquence!

* We ask particular attention to the words in italics. It is hence seen that the history of Bacon's life and death were alike unchronicled.

† Virgil.

‡ There is here a Latin pun which cannot be rendered into English, between the words *aurum* (gold) and *aura* (air). Elsewhere we meet with a similar quibble between *aër* (the air) and *aes* (copper or money).

§ "I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow" (*Hamlet* ii. 2); and *comp.* Comenius of Coriolanus' contempt for wealth and grandeur (*Cor.* ii. 2).

The Jurist's fame, Philosopher's, no less!
 But now I see that this was possible;
 Yet (pardon me, my friends, for saying this)
 I think that if he comes not back to us,
 Neither will gifts like these be seen again.*

—J. Vincent, *Trin. Coll.*

To the Same.

"Some men believe that, being dead, they yet
 Will live in Marble; that eternal fame
 Is theirs by reason of their many works.
 And others shine in brass, or blaze in gold,
 And, self-deceiving, think to cheat the Fates.
 Another sort of men, like Niobe,
 Survive their numerous seed, and scorn the gods.
 No lofty column doth proclaim thy glory
 Nor on thy tomb read we—'Stay passenger.'†
 Should any man desire perchance to trace
 The parentage of this Great Progeny,
 'Tis not corporeal, but, Minerva-like,
 Sprung from the brain of Jupiter himself.
 First a perpetual monument is found
 In thine own virtue. Secondly, thy books
 No sooner than thy virtue can decay;
 Thirdly, we rank thy fame's nobility.
 E'en now the Fates thy triumph do foretell.
 Those Fates, O Francis, can but take thy clay;
 Thy better part—Mind, Reason, and good name,
 Survive the body gladly rendered up."

—T. Vincent, *Trin. Coll.*

* "He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again."—*Hamlet* i. 2.

† Mr. Wigston points out to the Cryptographer that counting from the first word of this poem, the words in italics (*siste viator iter*), are, in the Latin original, the 51st, 52nd, and 53rd words. Upon the Stratford monument we read that Shakspeare died in his 53rd year, and Mr. Wigston surmises that the words in italics have been purposely made to fall under the numbers 52 and 53 in order to furnish a cipher hint pointing to the monument. The number 53 is used in some editions of Bacon's works, and in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623 in peculiar ways, either as regards page numbers, or as italicised words in connection with important points. Mr. Wigston refers to his own works "*Hermet Stella*," and "*The Columbus of Literature*" for further elucidation on this subject. His theory is, that the numbers 52 and 53 stand as sign-posts pointing to something notable in connection with *the true Shakespeare*.

"In this poem," says Mr. Wigston, "there is a palpable allusion, by parallel, to the Shakespeare Monument at Stratford," where we read :—

"*Stay Passenger,** why dost thou go so fast ?
Read, if thou can'st, whom envious death hath plast
Within this Monument. Shakespeare, with whom
Quick Nature died, with all that he hath writ,
Makes living art, but page to serve his wit."

The final words of this poem echo the thought in Sonnet 74 :—

"When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The earth can have but earth which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me."

On the Death of the Same.

"If thou should'st seek, O Bacon, to reclaim
All thou hast given to Poesy and the world,
Or should'st thou wish their creditor to be,
Then Love—the whole wide world—Jove's treasuries—
The vault of Heaven—Prayer—Song—Incense of Praise—
E'en Grief itself shall fail, and bankrupt be.

What can craft do, or envious lapse of Time ?
Perchance malicious Envy yet may cease,
O Bacon ! but thy happy memory
Must be maintained; and sure it will be so,
For Ah ! tis true that Nature nothing has
That can repay the debts we owe to thee."

*On the Death of the Incomparable Francis Visct. St. Alban,
Baron of Verulam.*

"How long hast thou been forced to sigh beneath
The burden of a wasting, slow disease,
Whilst life with faltering steps still clung to thee !
Now I perceive in this the Fates' design;
For surely April only, is the month
In which thou couldst die; that thus with tears
Of flowers and with nightingale's laments
Thine obsequies may be accompanied
By rites, accordant with thine eloquence."

—George Herbert.

* See Note on p. 19.

Note that Shakespere, as well as Bacon, is said to have died in the month of April—a month recognised as the emblem of Spring, Resurrection, Revival, the Renaissance. The allusion is made plainer by the introduction of the nightingale (*Philo mela*, the lover of song). George Herbert seems to us to have adopted this emblematic allusion to the Poet's peculiar genius from Bacon himself, and from the symbolism which he taught to his disciples.

We would also ask attention to the description given here, and in the lines of Thomas Rhodes, of Bacon dying under a lingering disease or through many illnesses. It will be seen that another poet repeats this particular; but what are we to conclude from these records when we meet with one, such as the following, wherein the writer, G. Nash, challenges men to say that Francis Bacon has *not* been permitted to number *eighty Decembers*, at the same time likening him in age to Nestor? Nestor—whose very name is almost a proverb, to express the greatest wisdom *in the most aged frame*—"Venerable Nestor," "most reverend Nestor," "Old Nestor," "*one that was a man when Hector's grandsire suck'd*," these are Shakespeare's words, they never yet were held unfitting words, but are they words fit to be applied to Bacon, if he truly died, as we are usually informed, at the too early age of sixty-five?*

On the Death of the Incomparable Francis of Verulam.

"Whoso denies that thou hast numbered
 Eighty Decembers, must thy face have scanned,
 But not thy books. For if high qualities,
 If Pallas' wreaths on man could years bestow,
 Thou would'st exceed by far, old Nestor's age.
 If this thy looks disclaim or fail to show,
 Thy wisdom of the Ancients will suffice.
 To live, and heap up ages, like the crow,
 Is not for man—yet haply may he see
 Fruition of his long and well-spent days."

—G. Nash, *Aul. Pembroke.*

On the Death of the Most Noble Francis of Verulam, &c.

"At length thou'rt passed away! Death triumphs joyfully.
 'None greater than this Man,' says he, 'could I lay low.'

* See on this question *BACONIANA*, Vol. iii., p. 15.

By bold Achilles' hand, and with unaided might,
 The great-souled Hector mangled was, and slain,
 So, by one blow, great Caesar fell and died.
 But Death to thee dealt out a thousand illnesses,
 A thousand murd'rous shafts, and had it not been so,
 Can one believe that else thou should'st have died?"

—*Thos. Rhodes, Coll. Regal.*

An Address of Consolation to the Two Universities.

"O sisters! had our mutual prayers availed
 (But ah! our plaint has come before its day),
 Between us there would be a strife in love,
 For rivalry in love is oft concealed.
 We each would win our friend back by our tears,
 Thee, Bacon, true Apollo that thou art!
 Thy country's Darling! What could Nature show,
 Or Virtue's store produce, greater than THOU?
 From Nature and from Virtue hast thou drawn
 Perpetual fruits of thine immortal Name—
 When wisest men first studied thy works
 They swore that thou alone wast fit to speak.
 Too long the fatal three have let him stay,
 A self-denial they not oft permit—
 He sure was worthy Heaven, but is it sin
 To pray that such a man as he should still remain?
 How happy is our lot! it is no crime
 But rather our good fortune and our crown
 That we did know thee, and can mourn thy death.
 Ye sisters cease your tears and sad laments,
 The funeral pyre cannot contain him all.
 Both yours and ours he was; hence comes the rivalry—
 Which of us two bears him the greater love?
 Our grief is common. Could so great a ruin
 Fall to the ground? Or could it only lie
 On one small spot? Surely this could not be."

NUMBERS TEN AND ELEVEN.

FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER SIGNATURE.

THERE are some who follow with interest the minute observations which, like the pebbles dropped by the lost children in the Fairy Tale, we at intervals let fall. These detached observations serve to guide us through a wood of difficulties, making its tangled paths by degrees familiar and passable.

Such more curious readers will remember a short paper entitled, "Number Eleven,"* wherein attention was drawn to certain regular irregularities observable in most books of the Elizabethan and later ages, and we may add, still used by "Freemason," "Occultist," or "Rosicrucian" † firms of printers at the present day.

A plate of examples from 26 books, or sections of books, accompanies the paper referred to; it is, therefore, needless to recapitulate the means by which Number 11 is variously marked. When that article was written the purpose of such "errors" remained inscrutable, and the writer confessed: "We have no explanation to offer, but philosophy begins in wondering, and the first step towards knowledge is to know that there is something to be known."

Happily, from an unexpected quarter, the knowledge has come; and to make all clear, we repeat the Footnote on p. 70—"Page 10 should also be noticed, but for the sake of simplicity, we prefer, at first, to focus attention upon Number 11." In fact, the varieties in Tens, though more difficult to produce, are almost as many as in the Elevens, but less noticeable, from the difference in form of 1 and O, whereas any difference between two figures 1, placed side by side, catches even an inobservant eye.

Amongst the Lambeth MSS. is a remarkable French letter written in cipher (*figures*), and very difficult to interpret, even using the invaluable hints left by that expert of experts, the late Mr. Bidder. At present, however, we have to do, not with the letter as a whole, but with certain particulars disclosed in the process of deciphering.

First, then, and doubtless in order to make confusion worse con-

* BACONIANA, Vol. III., p. 70, No. 10, July, 1895.

† It is still a question by what term we should describe these high, literary, scientific, religious Baconians. Let this matter be "inquired."

founded for the unwelcome decipherer, there are in this letter three distinct codes—two or three ways at least by which all the more frequent letters are expressed—and symbols of one or more figures expressing whole words.* Moreover, the spelling is sometimes phonetic, and in many instances similar sounds—labials, dentals, sibilants—are (as is common in old writings, and in other ciphers) interchangeable. Thus, B and P—C K Q—C S Z—F V—I J Y—V U W, frequently have the same symbols or numbers to represent them.

The three codes are as follows:—(1) Figures *dotted*. (2) Figures with a line or dash above. (3) Figures unmarked.

The letter *a*, for instance, has the symbol 8 with a dot above, also 13 without dot. 8 with a dash above is also *a*, but in this case it represents the French preposition *à* (at). Yet even here, in order to prevent the sense from being reached through a visible repetition of the word, a change of the symbol is arranged. In a sentence conveying the order that a certain “confident” is to be directed “here and to Twickenham Park”—“*à ici, et à Twickenham Parc*”—the first *à* is represented by 5 with a dot, but the second *à* is written 8 with a line or dash above. Elsewhere the third person singular of the verb *Avoir, to have*, is represented by 81 with dash above; thus 74 81 = “*il a*.” The same principle is throughout the letter, though with misleading deviations, well followed.

The letter-writer informs Anthony Bacon that “25 11 † praises us over and over again for past services,” and presently that “25 11” has promised to give orders for the safe passage of a “Mr. Bacoun Gordon,” and yet again, that “25 11 desires very expressly that all shall be managed with the utmost possible discretion, secrecy, and diligence.” The question remains, Who is 25 11?

It would have been comfortable could we have at once decided that the symbols stood for Francis Bacon. Whom but he have we ever found at the bottom of similar contrivances and mysteries? But the

* Conjunctions, propositions, pronouns, adverbs, and proper names are often thus expressed.

† It may be proper to note that these figures as written in the cipher letter resemble an italic *y*, they are, in fact, *ij*, as so often No. 11 is written in old books. Some day we hope to be able to reproduce this curious and enigmatical letter at full length, if interest is awakened on the subject.

first words containing an *f*—"chifare," "defense," "indefatigable"—are all ciphered with a dotted 2; and in the words "*fus*" and "*fait*" the symbol 22 is used for *f*. These same symbols, and also 18, also stand for *f* in the words "*favoriser*," "*fugitif*," and "*confident*." In the word "*affaire*," the first *f* is 22, and the second is 18.

As has been already said, F and V, or U, are interchangeable; hence, when we came upon 10 and 25 standing for v and u in the words "*vos*," "*quelque*," "*jusque*," and "*massure*," it seemed pretty certain that those numbers which stand for V stand also for F.

Happily in the name of "*Mr. Bacon Gordon*" (whosoever he may have been) Number 11 is found standing for B.

Here then, two difficulties seem to be mastered:—

(1.) 25 11 = F. B.; or, because the couples of figures have a long mark over each—(such a mark indicating a whole word)—25 11 means "Francis Bacon."

(2.) Since 10 and 11 signify the initials or the full name of Francis Bacon, we take those marked page-numbers in Baconian books to be signatures, or private stamps, intended to identify the Author of the book.

One other suggestive point comes out with regard to Number 11—without the line above, it signifies O = a cipher. It is difficult to believe this accidental when we remember Bacon's own remarks about ciphers, in their relation to figures. In the *Essay of Ambition*, he says:—

"He that plots to be *the only figure amongst ciphers** is the decay of an age;" and conversely he that accepts the humble office of *a cipher amongst figures* may do a great work with "imaginary forces" and may multiply indefinitely the weak and microscopic efforts of figures "standing in rich places." His work was not "for the decay of an age" but for all time.

"Since a crooked figure may
Attest in a little place a million;
. . . Let us like ciphers to this great account
On your imaginary forces work."†

* *A great man amongst nonentities*. Francis Bacon concealed himself, and reduced himself to the "the cipher, which standing lowest, multiplies many thousands more which go before it." See *Winter's Tale* i. 2.

† *Henry V.* i., *Chorus*.

There seems to be an allusion of the same kind in the speech of the Fool in *Lear* i. 4. "Thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now ; I am a fool, thou art Nothing."

Our theories are stated, are they confirmable by other evidence ? So it seems, and to this end let us read the following paragraph in the French letter :—

" Pour repouse à vos dernieres (lettres) au Mesnagier et à moi, vous pourrez voir aussi clair que le jour, tant par celles que **xxi.** vous a escrit de sa propre main, come ici le contenue le presente, qu'il me prie et charge," &c.

Another question—Who is **xxi.** who gives orders and "charges" for secrecy, discretion, and diligence in the unnamed work in which all alike are engaged ? The answer seems to be mathematical :—

$$10 \times 11 = 21 = \mathbf{xxi.} = \mathbf{Francis Bacon.}$$

Here are a few more strands to strengthen the thread of argument which we spin.

If we turn to the Comedies, besides those in which occur the marked 10 and 11, we find the same class of "errors" upon which we have been commenting. Other curious particulars mixed up with these must for the present be passed over ; there will be less confusion if we stick to our text.

The Two Gen. Verona.—Here the last two pages are headed, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, pages 37 and 38.

$$3 + 7 = 10 = \mathbf{F.} \quad 3 + 8 = 11 = \mathbf{B.} = \mathbf{F.B.}$$

The Merry Wives starts on p. 39, and continues orderly to p. 49, followed by 58 and 51, then continuing 52 to 58, and again 51. Here we observe that 50 has been twice missed ; *it is a marked number.* The Play ends p. 60, and *Measure for Measure* begins p. 61.

$$60 \div 50 = 10 \mathbf{F.} \quad 61 \div 50 = 11 = \mathbf{B.} = \mathbf{F.B.}$$

Meas. for Meas. begins p. 61 and the numbers are continuous (though erratically printed) unto the end of the *Comedy of Errors* facing p. 1 of *Much Adoe*, 100 and 101.

But in *Meas. for Meas.*, although the page numbers are regular, there are strange things in the "tail words," or "catch words" of some pages. See p. 72. The catch-

word is supposed to be an abbreviation of the name of one of the characters, "*Elbow*." Compare it with an abbreviation of the same word at the top of p. 73. In the former case it is printed $\text{\textcircled{E}}$, in the latter $\text{\textcircled{E}}$. Now the former (p. 72), we take to be a *reversed* 3, a 1, and a 6.

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} 3+1+6=10=\text{F.} \\ \text{page 74 is } 7+4=11=\text{B.} \end{array} \right\} = \text{F.B.}$$

But look also at the catchword of this p. 74. It passes for the word *Actus* on the next page, but it consists of three clear letters, A, E, D,—and then, confusion. On the wheel alphabet, A, E, D are equal to 154. $1+5+4=10.$ F.

On p. 75 (*Measure for Measure*) the italic letters of the catch-word are *A b h* = 128. $1+2+8=11=\text{B.}$ Thus again, F.B.

From the beginning of the *Tempest* to the end of the *Comedie of Errors*, and p. 1 of *Much Adoe*, the pagination is regular to 100 and 101, and as it would be impossible to explain the calculations in the rest of the "*Comedies*" without entering too far into other kinds of ciphering, we pass to the "*Histories*."

King John has pages 10 and 11 as usual printed crookedly = 10 and 11, F.B.; the numbers are in proper order until in

Rich. II.—We reach p. 36, followed by

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \mathbf{39, which is truly p. 37.} \quad 3+7=10=\text{F.} \\ \text{The next page is 38,} \quad 3+8=11=\text{B.} \\ \text{and then 39 recurs.} \end{array} \right\} \text{F.B.}$$

1 *Hen. IV.* begins p. 46, *falsely followed by 49.* This useful "error" serves to draw attention to the true numbers.

$$4+6=10=\text{F.} \quad 4+7=11=\text{B.} = \text{F. B.}$$

The pagination continues discreetly to err, until it reaches the end of

2 *Hen. IV.*, which ends with the marked figures $10^{\circ}, 101, * = \text{F. B.}$

* 101 is not printed in the "*Staunton*" *facsimile*, but it is to be seen in the "*Halliwell Phillips*" *facsimile*, where it appears as if photographed from a copy in which the figures were put in (large and small), by some penman—(Freemason?)—who understood the matter.

2 *Hen. IV.* begins incorrectly p. 74. $7+4=11=B.$ } = F. B.
 The play ends p, 10⁰. $=10=F.$ } 101 is the
 Epilogue.

Hen. V. (after p. 101) begins, *falsely*, with 69, and the numbers run thence consecutively to the end of

1 *Hen. VI.*, which concludes with pp. 118, 119.

$$1+1+8=10=F. \quad 1+1+9=11=B. \quad =F. B.$$

2 *Hen. VI.* continues the fictitious pagination from pp. 120, 121 (printed crookedly so as to exclude the 2, and to disclose 10 and 11). The play ends with pp. 145, 146.

$$1+4+5=10=F. \quad 1+4+6=11=B. \quad =F. B.$$

3 *Hen. VI.* continues falsely—147 to 172 facing the first page of *Rich. III.* 173.

$$1+7+2=10=F. \quad 1+7+3=11=B. \quad =F. B.$$

Hen. VIII. follows *Rich. III.* with the false pagination. In 210 and 211, the 10 and 11 are, as usual, distinguished. But at 215 the pagination is falsified anew, apparently in order to produce another 10, 11. After p. 215 follow 218, 217, the order being inverted.

$$2+1+8=11=B. \quad 2+1+7=10=F. \quad =F. B.$$

Were the pages of *Troylus and Cressida* numbered consecutively (after *Hen. VIII.*), the first two pages would be 234 and 235. But there are only three printed numbers to the pages of this play, and the first of these (79) falls upon the *true* page 235. The second (false) number 80 is on page 236, and the third (false) number 82 is on page 238.

We have formed no perfect rule with regard to the use of these false numbers, but the following particulars seem worthy of note.

If we take the three *true* page' numbers, and deduct from them the three *false* numbers, we have the following results:—

Page 1, <i>Tr. Cres.</i> :—	$234 \div 79 = 155.$	$1+5+5=11=B.$	} B.
" 2 " "	$235 \div 80 = 155.$	$1+5+5=11=B.$	
" 1 " "	$234 \div 80 = 154.$	$1+5+4=10=F.$	} F.
" 3 " "	$236 \div 82 = 154.$	$1+5+4=10=F.$	

Coriolanus begins again with page 1, and the numbers continue through *Titus Andronicus* and *Romeo and Juliet* to page 76, followed by 79. These pages numbered from the *true* page 235 (*false* 79) in

Troilus and Cressida should be respectively 261 and 262. As for the 79 in *Rom. Jul.*, it has only become so by a page being left blank and unnumbered between *Tr. Cr.* and *Coriol.* The number 79 should be 80. Now, if we subtract this false number 80 (printed 79) from the true numbers 261 and 262, we have the following results:—

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 261 \div 80 = 181. & 1 + 8 + 1 = 10 = \mathbf{F}. & \\ 262 \div 80 = 182. & 1 + 8 + 2 = 11 = \mathbf{B}. & \end{array} \quad \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{rcl} 261 \div 80 = 181. \\ 262 \div 80 = 182. \end{array}} \right\} = \mathbf{F. B.}$$

Tymon of Athens begins with 80 (*doubly false*), goes on to 82, and then returns to 81, 82, thus introducing two extra numbers, so that this play, which *seems* to end on page 98, followed by "The Actor's Names" on an unnumbered page, really ends on page 100, followed by an unnumbered page, 101.

Further calculations on the numbers (false and true) in *Tymon of Athens* may be made, but we fear to weary, and pass on to *Hamlet*. Here the last three pages are numbered, 280, 281.

$$\begin{array}{rcl} (280) 2 + 8 = 10 = \mathbf{F}. & & \\ (281) 2 + 8 + 1 = 11 = \mathbf{B}. & & \end{array} \quad \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{rcl} (280) 2 + 8 = 10 = \mathbf{F}. \\ (281) 2 + 8 + 1 = 11 = \mathbf{B}. \end{array}} \right\} = \mathbf{F. B.}$$

Julius Caesar begins with pages 109, 110.

$$1 + 9 = 10 = \mathbf{F}. \quad 1 + 10 = 11 = \mathbf{B}. \quad = \mathbf{F. B.}$$

Lear. The last two pages are 38, followed by 309.

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 309 \div 38 = 271. & 2 + 7 + 1 = 10 = \mathbf{F}. & \\ & 3 + 8 = 11 = \mathbf{B}. & \end{array} \quad \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{rcl} 309 \div 38 = 271. \\ & 3 + 8 = 11 = \mathbf{B}. \end{array}} \right\} = \mathbf{F. B.}$$

The list might be prolonged, for these signatures seem to be in every play, although the devices for their introduction vary. If any plays be found without a signature, it will be interesting to note such, and to endeavour to trace the mark of some other author. For the present we may conclude with the last page of the "Shakespeare Folio of 1623." This page should be numbered 399, but the figures are shifted as if to attract our attention, and stand thus: 993. $9 + 9 + 3 = 21$; and so we are brought back to the **xxi.** of Anthony Bacon's correspondent.

It is hoped that industrious readers will check these calculations by collation with a Staunton or Halliwell-Phillips *fac-simile* of the Shakespeare folio of 1623.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH.

PART I.

THE interesting collation of passages from Bacon's Essays and from *Shakespeare*, on the subject of Death, upon which he so "often thought," inclines the present writer to hope that a similar collation, showing the application of his scientific studies to the descriptions of death-bed scenes, and the causes, approaches, and symptoms of Death and Decay in the plays, may prove of interest to some of our more thoughtful readers. For we know that subjects upon which Bacon thought, he also experimented upon, and subjects upon which he wrote, or upon which he expressed positive and clear-cut opinions, were subjects which he had so closely examined, as to ensure that the aphorisms which he constructed, and the figurative language with which he adorned them, should be "*drawn*," as he says, "*from the very centre of the sciences.*"

The great importance attached by the Author to this subject upon which he had so often thought, appears in his greeting "to the present and future ages," published in the same year as the *De Augmentis*, the *Shakespeare* plays, and the great book of Ciphers, entitled, *Gustavi Seleni Cryptographicæ*. This coincidence of remarkable publications prepares us to expect something noteworthy in the *History of Life and Death*, but the "greeting" still farther challenges attention by the statement that although this treatise had been intended to be placed *last* in order of his "six monthly designations" (or parts) of his short treatises on experimental Histories, yet "the extreme profit and importance of the subject, wherein the slightest loss of time should be accounted precious, has decided me to make an anticipation, and advance it into the *second* place."

The manner in which he explains his hope and desire that this will contribute to the common good, suggests that this work is *ambiguous*, aiming at analogies between things "higher" than mere physical treatment of diseases of the body, and at the discovery of a similar method for remedying the diseases of the mind and soul as that of which he elsewhere treats. "Through this (study of the History of Life and Death) the *higher physicians* will," he hopes, "*somewhat raise their thoughts, and not devote all their time to common cures, nor*

be honoured for necessity only; but that they will become the instruments and renewers of God's power and mercy in prolonging and renewing the life of man; the rather because it is effected by safe, convenient, and civil, though hitherto unattempted methods. For although we Christians ever aspire and pant after the land of promise, yet meanwhile it will be a mark of God's favour, if in our pilgrimage through this world these our shoes and garments (I mean our frail bodies) are as little worn out as possible."

This is hardly the introduction which we should expect to a treatise merely scientific, as this has been considered; rather it recalls the many places in which Bacon treats of the union of mind and body. of the mutual relation and analogies between things material and things spiritual—of "heaven and earth mingled." We shall, however, have more than enough to do in a few pages if we confine ourselves to an attempt to inquire "concerning that death which proceeds from bodily decay, and the atrophy of old age," and "concerning the last step of death, and the final extinction of life, which may happen in so many ways both external and internal, yet all which meet as it were in a common porch before they come to the point of death."

Disregarding for the present Bacon's "Particular Topics or Articles of Inquiry" concerning the nature of Durable and Non-Durable inanimate Bodies and Vegetables, the duration of life in beasts and men, the means of Nourishing living bodies and of Prolonging Life, the various ways of working upon the Spirits, the Blood, and the Juices of the Body, with other particulars involving the Doctrines of the Union of Soul and Body (nearly every particular being illustrated in the Plays), we pass with Bacon to "the inquiry concerning the Porches of Death, that is, of the things which happen to men both a little before and a little after the point of death; that seeing there are so many paths that lead to death, we may know what are the common issues of them all, especially in deaths caused rather by a destitution of nature than by violence, though of these some notice must be inserted by reason of their connection with the subject."

"The living spirit seems to require three things for its subsistence, namely, suitable motion, moderate coolness, and proper aliment."

He then contrasts Life with Flame, which requires only two of these—motion and aliment.

Passing to the Spirit, he finds that

“Blood or phlegm entering into the ventricles of the brain causes instantaneous death, since the spirit has not space to move.

“A violent contusion of the head likewise causes sudden death, the spirits being straightened in the ventricles of the brain.”

Shakespeare is as well informed upon these matters as Bacon, and fully perceives that space and freedom of movement are needful for the perfect exercise of the functions of the vital spirits. We see how the scientific terms of the treatise are duly used by the pedant Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Nathaniel admires the “rare talent” of his friend displayed in the making of an “extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer.”

“This is,” says Holofernes, “a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, *extravagant spirit*, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions, begot in the *ventricle of memory*.”* Evidently this poetical gift was not “cabinéd, cribbed, confined” in the brain of Holofernes, but had plenty of room to wander freely, and to perform motions and revolutions at will. Holofernes is also aware that his brain requires “*proper aliment*,” nourishment, which he scientifically declares to be derived from the *pia mater*.

How many non-medical readers know what is the *pia mater*? We will quote a passage from Dr. Bucknill's work on the “Medical knowledge of *Shakespeare*,” a book which would have been still more valuable had the passages now collected from Bacon's Works been printed with the Shakespearian Extracts. Scarcely any further commentary would have been required to exhibit the source of the knowledge displayed in the Plays.

“The *pia mater* is no part of the brain substance, but the vascular membrane by which the brain proper is closely invested, and *from which it is mainly nourished*. That part of the brain especially which modern science indicates as the organ of thought . . . is in immediate contact with the *pia mater*, and *derives all its nourishment therefrom*.”

The writer then makes a statement in harmony with the belief that *Shakespeare* was the uneducated man supposed, but which may be disputed by those who believe that they are here considering the words of the Experimental Philosopher and Anatomist.

* *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2.

“The *pia mater*, therefore, is in very much the same anatomical relation to that portion of the brain in which thought is located, as the womb is to the embryo, and Shakespeare’s assertion that the *pia mater* is the womb that nourishes thought is, therefore, in strict accordance with modern physiology. *It is only, however, within a quite recent date that these views, localising thought in the grey substance of the convolutions, have been established, or even suggested, and therefore the full truth of this remarkable expression must be accepted only as a happy accident.*”

A truly Shakespearian manner of settling questions which involve too great knowledge in the supposed poet! On the other hand, we say, “Let it be inquired” whether this discovery, like that other of the Circulation of the Blood, was not a discovery by Bacon which was intended to remain unpublished until further examined into and *proved* by one of those Sons of Science to whom he bequeathed, for the benefit of the Future Ages, the whole store of his experiments, discoveries, and incomplete theories and speculations?

In a further disquisition upon the two kinds of spirits which are in all animate bodies—lifeless spirits (namely, such as are in bodies inanimate)—and a living or vital spirit, Bacon says that “all the vital spirit is continued in itself by certain channels through which it passes, . . . and this spirit likewise is of two kinds, the one . . . *permeating through small thread-like channels*, and the other having a cell in which is the fountain of the *streamlets which diverge from thence*. This cell is chiefly in the ventricles of the brain, which in the lower animals are narrow . . . but the nobler animals, and man most of all, have larger ventricles.”* This and much more, too long for quotation, reappears in *Coriolanus* i. 1, where Menenius, illustrating his arguments with the old parable of the belly and the members, enlarges the subject in true Baconian style—“note me this,” “true it is,” “fit it is:”—

“Because I am the storehouse, and the shop †
Of the whole body: but if you do remember
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, the seat o’ the brain:
And through the cranks and offices of man.

* *Hist. L. and D.* † *Promus and Conduis.*

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that general competency
By which we live!" *

"Opium and other strong narcotics," continues the *History*, "congeal the spirit, and deprive it of motion. A poisonous vapour that is directly hostile to the spirits causes sudden death, as in deadly poisons; . . . extreme *drunkenness* or *surfeiting*, the spirit being crushed, not so much by the malignity of the vapour . . . as by the quantity of it."

Of this we have illustrations in Lady Macbeth's plan for the murder of Duncan.

"His two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That Memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures *lie as in death.*" †

Note how pressure on the brain from "strong narcotics" is here as in the treatise associated with the idea of *death*. And similarly in the next scene, Lady Macbeth says (fully understanding all about it, and using the very same word "*surfeit*" to increase the graphic effect of this study from "the centre of the sciences")—

"The *surfeited* grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: *I have drugged their possets
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.*" ‡

Again we are told that extreme grief and fear, especially if sudden, as the news of unexpected misfortune sometimes produces sudden death, and "many have died from great and sudden joys;" but elsewhere we are shown how in this, as in fainting, the failure of pulsation in the heart is the cause. Many instances will occur to the recollection of the Shakespeare reader—as, for example, the fainting of Hermione at the news of the prince's death—

"This news is mortal to the queen,—Look down
And see what Death is doing." §

* *Cor.* i. 1. † *Macbeth* i. 7. ‡ *Macbeth* ii. 2. § *Winter's Tale* iii. 2, 147.

Again the "swooning" of some of those present at the death of the queen*—the exclamation of Cymbeline at the recovery of Imogen:—

"If this be so, the gods do mean to *strike me*
To death with mortal joy." †

And Edgar's description of the death of his father, the Duke of Gloster:—

"I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage; but *his flav'd heart—*
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
Burst smilingly." ‡

Also the death of King Lear—

Edg. "He faints! my lord, my lord!"
Kent. "Break heart: I prithee, break." §

"To sum up the things required for life, they are room for the spirit to move in the ventricles of the brain; pulsation of the heart every third part of a moment; respiration, food . . . and there appear plainly to be three porches of death—namely, destitution of the spirit in the motion, refrigeration, and nourishment thereof."

Prospero feels the oppression of the brain which is produced by an overcrowding of thoughts, so that *the spirit has not room to move*. Being old, he feels it the more, and, being of Bacon's mind, he knows the beneficial effect of gentle exercise, and its "refreshment to the spirits," especially in suppressed joys and "turmoil and vexation of the spirits."

"Sir, I am *vexed*,
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturbed with my infirmity;
. . . . A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind." ||

The things required for life are well summed up in Friar Laurence's speech in *Romeo and Juliet* (iv. 1 Q.V.), where the cessation of pulsation, and of movement or power to move, and the coldness or "refrigeration" noted in the scientific work, are all reproduced in the

* *Winter's Tale* v. 2, 75. † *Cymb.* v. 5. ‡ *Lear* v. 3 (and see lines 182—205).
§ *Ib.* 312, 313. || *Temp.* iv. 1.

poetry. It is curious to observe how closely the latter follows the former, not only in the general idea, but in particulars. Thus Bacon shows not only that the dead body does not move, but that it is *destitute of* the spirit which would enable it to do so. The Friar is made to say that in the borrowed likeness of "shrunk death," each part will be *deprived of* "supple government." Government by what? Surely by the mind which governs the motions of the body

Pulsation of the heart, breathing, warmth, motion—these, according to Bacon, are the invariable accompaniments of life. No pulse, no breath, no warmth, no power of moving, stiffness or rigidity and intense pallor, are the signs of death. If these were things generally known, and observed equally by everybody in Bacon's day, it is strange that he should have been at the pains to record them so particularly. There is no description of death in Shakespeare or in any of the Baconian plays, which fails to include some or all of these signs.

Let us now turn for a few minutes to consider and compare passages which concern the

SYMPTOMS OF APPROACHING DEATH.

"There are two precursors of death—the one sent from the head, the other from the heart—namely, *convulsions*, and extreme labour of the pulse; that deadly hiccough is itself a kind of convulsion. But this labouring of the pulse has a remarkable quickness, because on the point of death the heart trembles so violently that contraction and dilation are almost confounded. But, together with this quickness, there is a feebleness and lowness and often a greater intermission in the pulse, the motion of the heart failing, and being no longer able to recover itself stoutly and regularly."—*Hist. Life and Death: The Porches* 29.

"I have *tremor cordis* on me; my heart dances
But not for joy."—*W. T.* i. 2.

This is not of the trembling of death, but of unnatural excitement and anger, which Bacon says is chiefly seen "in sick folks" and weak folks. Here are other passages nearer the mark:—

"*In my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep . . .*

Thou would'st not think, *how ill all's here*
About my heart . . .
 The potent poison quite o'er crows my spirit;
 I cannot live . . . *he has my dying voice . . .*
Now cracks a noble heart!"—*Ham.* v. 2.

The image of death, we see, conjures up with the poet all these allied thoughts of the convulsive labouring of the heart, combined with the "motion of its failing under the strain put upon it." And we get the same in *Macbeth*, where the horrible suggestion of the evil one "*doth,*" says the wicked yet remorseful king,

"Unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature."—*Macbeth* i. 3.

And in *King John* we have the action of the pulse especially noticed in connection with the death of Prince Arthur of Brittany.

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? . . .
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"—*John* iv. 2.

"The immediate signs which precede death are (1) great restlessness and tossing of the body, (2) *fumbling of the hands*, (3) hard clutching and grasping, (4) teeth firmly set, (5) a hollow voice, (6) trembling of the lower lip, (7) pallor of the face, (8) *a confused memory*, (9) loss of speech, (10) cold sweats, (11) elongation of the body, (12) raising up the whites of the eyes, (13) alteration of the whole countenance, (14) *the nose becoming sharp*, (15) the eyes hollow, (16) and the cheeks sinking in, (17) contraction and rolling of the tongue, (18) *coldness in the extremities*, (19) a shrill cry, (20) thick breathing, (21) falling of the lower jaw, and the like."—*Hist. L. and D.* 316.

Mrs. Quickly says, in describing the death of Falstaff:—

"After I saw him *fumble with the sheets*, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for *his nose was as sharp as a pen*, and a babbled of green fields. . . . So a' bade me *lay more clothes upon his feet*. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and *they were cold as any stone*; then I felt to his knees, and they were *as cold as any stone*, and so upwards and upward, and all was as *cold as any stone*."

Mrs. Quickly's observations we see accord with Bacon's in the particulars numbered 2, 8, 14, 18, the "*fumbling*" of the sheets and the *sharpness of the nose* being peculiarly striking in the two passages.

In 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 2 we are presented with a painful picture of the murdered Duke of Gloucester. Warwick has witnessed many natural deaths, and gives as the chief signs of such deaths the *ashy paleness* and *leanness* which are particularised in Nos. 7, 15, and 16. He further accounts for the pallor as Bacon does in the "Natural History," p. 713: "The paleness is caused for that through the flight of the spirits upward, the outward parts are left destitute, and not sustained."

The language, too, in which the poet describes the *conflict* which the heart holds with its *enemy* death (when the heart calls to the rescue the blood which there cools and never again returns to the cheek) cannot fail to bring to our minds the description of the effect of deadly narcotics and poisons which "*congeal*" the spirit, are "*directly hostile*" and "strike the spirit with such aversion that it will no longer rise against so deadly an *enemy*."

War. "See how the *blood is settled in his face*.
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost
Of *ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless*,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who, in *the conflict* that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst *the enemy*;
Which, with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again."

From these symptoms of a natural death, Warwick turns to the contemplation of a violent one, where the blood remains in the face, and natural actions are distorted and exaggerated.

"But see, his face is black and *full of blood*,
His eyeballs farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man,
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was subdued."

Here we see the natural symptoms enumerated in Nos. 2, 3, 7, and 15, either reversed or turned from weak spasmodic movements to violent strife between the actions of life and death. Bacon, in the

"Natural History," goes on to account for "the standing upright of the hair," noted by Warwick: "It is caused for that by shutting the pores of the skin, the hair that lieth aslope must rise. . . . Pain causeth distorting of the face, grinding of the teeth. . . . This distorting of the face is caused by a *contention* (*note the word "conflict" in the poetry*) first to bear and resist, and then to expel." *

The same scene in *Henry VI.* which describes the appearance of the murdered Duke gives also a picture of signs of approaching death in his murderer :—

"Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side." &c.

Here again the fumbling with the sheets, playing with flowers, and babbling of green fields are exchanged for violent and agonised actions and for harrowing visions in the "confused memory." Beaufort in his ravings seems to see his victim—

"Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright."

He, like Warwick, has observed the standing up of the hair when the mind is in a state of horror. A terrible picture of the ghastly death of the wicked man, gasping, staring, clutching the air, raving and blaspheming as he "whispers to his pillow the secrets of his o'er-charged soul." Surely this is no mere picture of a death-bed scene; it is a sermon, a treatise on holy living and dying, an illustrated essay by one who had often thought upon death, and who for the good man found it "the least of evils." None but a profound student of the "Doctrine of the Human Soul," as well as of the "Doctrine of the Human Body," could have written these powerful lines.

Warwick, watching the dying man, observes, with Bacon, "the alteration of the whole countenance" (13). But again we note that here *the alteration amounts to distortion*, "caused" as we have already learnt from the "Natural History," "by a contention to resist and expel."

* "Natural History," p. 713, 714.

“ See how the pangs of death do *make him grin* . . .
So bad a death argues a monstrous life.”

Yet one more touch taken from Bacon's scientific notes—namely, in “the raising up the whites of the eyes” (12), (a distressing effect which necessitates the closing of them in death)—is to be found in the speech of the king which follows.

That the king's thoughts are fixed rather on the spiritual than on the physical side of this sad scene appears in the kindly, philosophic, truly Christian words with which the poet concludes the painful episode :—

“ Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain,
And let us all to meditation.”

(*To be continued.*)

ANTHONY BACON—WAS HE A POET?

TRIBUTES TO HIM AMONGST THE TENNISON PAPERS AT LAMBETH.

NOW, when interest has been awakened in regard to the many tributes paid in prose and verse to the memory of the Great Master, Francis Bacon, it behoves us to take care lest the memory of the elder brother Anthony be consigned to darkness and oblivion. Justice must be done to this “dearest brother,” “Antonie, my comfort and consort,” of whom some remarkable things have been said, who may have been as a star to a sun when compared to his more brilliant and gifted brother, but who was in all probability of untold use to him, in collecting materials for his writings, plots for his plays, and studies of character, especially from low life. Or he may even have written whole pieces, first sketches, and books which Francis may have “stuffed full,” polished, and published in after times. We read of the “twins,” writers in the reign of Elizabeth; may these have been the brothers described as “twins in mind though not in age?” Was Anthony the true *Ben Jonson*? perhaps the original *Montaigne*? Was he the greatest of the *minor Elizabethan Poets*? These questions must not be shirked, they must be faced and answered.

Let us begin by gathering from authentic MSS., and from standard

books, the few, but suggestive facts, which are all that we yet possess about Anthony.

“From notices scant but clear of the Lord Keeper’s (*Sir Nicholas Bacon’s*) household, we may see the two boys growing up together; both gentle and susceptible in genius; as strong in character as they were frail in health. . . . These children lived in the hurry and vicinity of great events. When Anthony was eleven, and Francis nine years old, there opened at York House (*their own home*) the famous conferences on Mary’s complicity in Darnley’s death; only two years later the Duke of Norfolk, sentenced by his peers for treason, was conveyed from Westminster to the Tower past the garden stairs, the headsman standing in the barge, his uplifted axe turned towards the Duke. . . . At twelve years old Francis and Anthony were sent up to Cambridge, where they entered as fellow-commoners of Trinity College, of which John Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was then master. The boys seem to have resided in his house. From him they learned what he had to teach, though little Anthony paid more for pills and potions, for meat from the Dolphin tavern, and for Dr. Hatcher’s drugs, than for Latin and Greek.”*

On leaving college, Anthony was entered as an “ancient” of Gray’s Inn, but when he was about twenty years of age the home at York House was broken up by the death of Sir Nicholas; Lady Anne retired to Gorbambury (St. Albans); Francis unwillingly betook himself to the law; and Anthony started for the Continent. His immediate object is left hazy; but he went to Paris, Geneva, Bourdeaux, and Bearn, “now discussing politics with William Parry, now cracking jokes with Michael de Montaigne, or gaily courousing with the courtiers of Henri of Navarre, from which places he sent home to Walsingham and Burghley notes on parties and politics, showing the most subtle insight and capacity for so young a man.”†

Upon the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Anne petitioned Elizabeth to command Anthony’s return, lest the news should reach

* Hepworth Dixon’s “*Story of Lord Bacon’s Life*,” ii. 21, 22; from *Athenæ Cantab.* ii. 314; Mignet’s “*Life of Mary Queen of Scots*”; *State Trials* i. 958; *Lady A. Bacon’s Letters*.

† Hepworth Dixon’s “*Story*,” pp. 27, 28; from *Athenæ Cantab.* ii. 314. Lambeth MSS. 640—650. Lansdowne MSS. xlili. 43. Pearce’s “*Inns of Court*,” 358.

and exasperate the Roman Catholic Courts. By this time, however, he had left Bourdeaux and the society of Montaigne for Montauban, the house of Philip de Mornay, and the head-quarters of the Huguenot party. Mme. de Mornay seems to have desired that Anthony should marry her daughter, but partly from a roving mercurial temper, partly in order to reserve Gorhambury for Francis, he set his face against marriage.* Mme. de Mornay, much displeased, then persuaded her husband to withhold a sum of money consigned to him for Anthony's use, and but for the kindness of the Bishop of Cahors, who lent him 1000 crowns, he might have starved at Bourdeaux, or been compelled to marry Mademoiselle.

In return for the Bishop's kind offices Anthony offered to solicit his uncle, Lord Burleigh, for the release of two Roman Catholic priests then detained in an English prison. But his messenger, on reaching London with a budget of news and a note on behalf of these priests, was also lodged in jail, for Mme. de Mornay had sent word to Lady Anne, who (ever trembling for the faith of her sons) persuaded Burleigh "to lay up the rogue who dared to bring him such a message out of France."

Meanwhile Anthony, after the quarrel with Mme. de Mornay, had returned to Bourdeaux, "the sunny home of his friend Montaigne." But again he was assailed for having procured the discharge from prison of his agent, Standen, suspected of being a Jesuit spy. The suspicion was not unreasonable; for Standen was a Roman Catholic, travelling and gathering information on matters of Church and State, but with no ostensible business, and under a variety of aliases. He was imprisoned and released under the name of Andrieu Sandal.

Lady Anne's alarm was increased on hearing of this episode. Again she summoned Anthony to return home. He did so, and having been long employed by and unpaid in the public service, he now besought his uncle for a place. "Clever, passionate, inventive, like his brother Francis, Anthony had none of that brother's patience. Burghley feared all rapid action, and distrusted all brilliant men . . . the impetuous youth must wait."†

* "Story," 37, 38. (He may have been moved by higher and still more unselfish motives.)

† "Story," p. 41. One is disposed to stop and question why Anthony should be here described as "inventive?"

Passing on, we find Anthony and Francis drawn to side with Essex in a dispute about an appointment which they all considered should have been bestowed upon Thomas Bodley, but which Burghley gave to his own son, Robert Cecil.

“Travel, and association with men, had made Anthony tolerant, just as profound study and reflection had made Francis tolerant of religious creeds. . . . The Queen’s young kinsman seemed to share their tolerant spirit . . . the brothers believed, as they had every reason to believe, that in entering the service of Essex they would be placing themselves on the true side in politics, and in the position for most efficiently serving their country and their Queen. Thus Francis became his lawyer and man of political business, Anthony his secretary and foreign correspondent. These services not only entailed upon the brothers much labour, but led them into expenses which they ought to have been repaid. No salary had been fixed for Francis; Anthony was to have had £1,000 a-year, a sum which Sir Henry Wootton (also one of the Earl’s secretaries) supposed was paid. They never could get a penny of their wages.”*

The few glimpses afforded of Anthony’s character are very attractive. Hot-tempered and impatient, he seems to have been, but withal warm-hearted, zealous, generous to a fault, totally unselfish and careless of his own interests, so long as he might forward the projects, and relieve the anxieties of that beloved younger brother. “All the notes from Francis to his mother, in the autumn of 1593, relate the sad romance of brotherly love and debt.” †

The “straits,” “necessities,” “difficulties” and debts, which are so frequently mentioned in the correspondence of the brothers, have led to the conclusion that the two young men were extravagant. But Dr. Rawley explains that Sir Nicholas laid by “a considerable sum of money with intention to have made a competent purchase of land for the livelihood of his youngest son, . . . but the said purchase being unaccomplished at his father’s death, there came no greater share to him than his single part and portion of the money dividable amongst five brethren.” The three half-brothers and Anthony were all separately provided for, Francis, the favourite son, was left poor.

Letters at Lambeth leave no doubt as to the way in which Anthony

* *Story*, p. 53. † *Ib.* 81.

spent his money; not in selfish luxury, but in travelling, corresponding, and paying secret agents in France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and Holland; paying them to do we know not precisely what, but paying them partly as reporters or "intelligencers," partly as agents for the printing and publication of books. Such things require much money, and we may be sure that the business, whatever it was, well repaid the labour and expense, or Anthony would not have been content to furnish the needful funds without so much as a grumble.

Neither can we believe that Essex was the sole or chief cause of these outgoings of money. Perhaps business for him was made the pretext for much else. At any rate it is certain that they bore with equanimity the deficits in their payments, and that the estate at Twickenham, which in 1595 was "enfeoffed" by Essex to Francis, was to be considered as a compensation for the failure of Essex to procure for Francis the Attorney-Generalship which he had been overconfident in requesting from the Queen. The Twickenham property was afterwards sold for £1,800, not one third of the sum to which (if reckoned as remuneration for work done) the two secretaries were entitled, both as salary and for the payment of expenses during a period of three or four years.

This matter would not be worth mentioning, but that a charge against Francis for "base ingratitude" to Essex, seems to be based chiefly upon this gift of land "munificently" bestowed upon him by the Earl.*

Henceforward Essex became an increasing anxiety to the brothers, and Lady Anne could not, in her letters to her sons, repress her feelings with regard to his conduct, and the irregularities of his private life. She even wrote to the Earl himself, "exhorting him to lead a worthier life; to which he answered that he would, and before the ink was dry in his pen, he fell back into his ancient riot." †

In a letter to Anthony, ‡ Lady Anne expresses her "grief, which is great, about Essex," and her fears that worse will follow. In another letter she tells Anthony, "I am sorry that your brother with inward

* See for fuller and interesting particulars of Francis Bacon's resistance to the acceptance of this land, Hepworth Dixon's "*Story*," pp. 98, 99.

† "*Story*," p. 92. ‡ Lambeth MSS. Tennyson Collection, fol. 171—223.

secret grief hindereth his health. Everybody saith he looketh pale and thin. . . . Yet though the Earl showed great affection, he marred all with violent courses. I pray God increase His fear in his heart, and a hatred of sin; indeed, halting before the Lord and back-sliding are very pernicious. I am heartily sorry to hear how he sweareth and gameth unreasonably. God cannot like it."*

About this time, as we learn from Dr. Birch, Anthony began to find the service of the Earl a thankless task. As Essex could pay him no wages he had offered him board and lodgings at Essex House, and thither Anthony removed; but soon found that he had made a grave mistake. "Instead of lessening his expences, he had much increased them. Under the Earl's roof he expected shelter and cheer, if not money; he found an empty chamber to lodge in; no wine, no food, not even a fire. . . . he was compelled to send out for coals on his own account, and the table spread by his cook he often had to share with his own guests." No wonder that Lady Anne was justly vexed with the mercurial Anthony for "squandering his substance in such a cause."

Soon afterwards came the expedition of the English fleets against Spain, under Effingham, Raleigh, Vere, and Mountjoy, with whom went the excitable Earl of Essex, and not many days passed before news was sent back to England of the taking of Cadiz, the burning of Porto Santa Maria, and the destruction of the Spanish fleet. "If many were made giddy by this great success, the head of Essex was completely lost." He returned intoxicated with pride and vainglory to find that Robert Cecil had contrived to get himself made Secretary of State during his absence, a circumstance which he took as a personal injury, and regarding which "he stormed upon the Queen."†

Again Lady Anne cautioned her sons against the dangers which she foresaw were brewing for them with Cecil in power, and on back terms with Essex. "You had more need now to be more circumspect and advised in your troublous discourings and doings. . . . For all affectionate doings he (Cecil) may hurt though pretending good. The father and son are joined in power and policy."‡

* Lambeth MSS., Vol. 6997, p. 72. † See Lambeth MSS. 658, fol. 21. Camden's Ann. Eliz., 1596. Bacon's Apologie 18, 20. Devereux Papers i. 380. ‡ Lambeth MSS. 658, fol. 21.

In 1596 Francis dedicated the first edition of his "Essays" to his brother Anthony, or rather, "*to our Love*, in the depth whereof I assure you that I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so excellent and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to those contemplations and studies for which I am fitted."

And now there was seen in Essex a good example of "a hot friend cooling." Francis never ceased to warn him of the results of his arrogance and ambition, and of his haughty bearing towards the Queen. "I always vehemently dissuaded him from seeking greatness by a military . . . or by a popular dependance, as that which might breed in the Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation." * He spoke to him so plainly that "Essex shrank from a man whose talk was wiser (*and less complimentary*) than he liked to hear." They had no quarrel, but Essex ceased to request the counsels he had no will to follow, and although from time to time we still find Francis striving to arrest the Earl on his road to ruin, yet anything to be called love or friendship was now quite at an end, the counsels which Francis continued to give were never followed by Essex, whose disloyalty and arrogance became increasingly displeasing to the Queen. When Bacon waited upon her at Nonsuch, she not only complained to him of Essex, his arrogance, his stubbornness and disobedience, but hinted her suspicion that he had some private ends in view. Dr. Birch records Bacon's bold and sagacious advice; that if instead of discontenting the ambitious Earl (yet putting arms and powers into his hands), the Queen were to have him at Court with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, continuing him in honour and as an ornament to the Court, then would he be in his right element. But it was now too late. We all know the miserable story of Essex's plots to surprise the Queen, depose his enemies, put his friends in power, and (it is thought) to make him King of Ireland, if no more.

One means of stirring the citizens of London in his favour was, as we have often been told, by causing the play of *Richard II.* (which Elizabeth considered treasonable) to be played repeatedly in the streets, courtyards, and theatres of London, "feeding the public eye with pictures of the deposition of kings." But the plots failed, Essex was

* Apology concerning Essex.

arrested with some of his followers, and, when Elizabeth learned from their confessions the depths of his guilt, she would then and there have brought him to public trial, but again Francis Bacon intervened in his behalf; yet although he tried every means, seized every opening for his plea, lavishing wit, eloquence, persuasion of the highest power on this ungrateful cause, the queen was not to be appeased.

Early in May, 1598, Elizabeth announced her intention of proceeding against Essex, rather for the purpose of curbing than of ruining him, and again Bacon opposed her plan, and modified it to a "council-table business," and yet again, when forced to take a part in the proceedings, Bacon closed the case in a speech so eloquent as practically for the time to save Essex and his fame.* So, by continual efforts, Francis Bacon persuaded the queen to relent, and at the very same time, armed as it were with fresh powers of evil, Essex, in the secrecy of his country house, renewed the plot. But from various causes, each in turn, his associates fell away. "Is it not strange," says Hepworth Dixon, "that the man who owed him least should stand by him when the rest were gone? that the man for whom (when in trouble) he would not suspend a game of tennis should fight for him against every enemy, even against majesty itself?"

Bacon hoped against hope that Essex was sorrowful and broken, and drafted letters for him such as might melt her heart; but Elizabeth had already found out too much, and Essex, knowing that he had sinned past hope, now set on foot a fresh plot to kill Raleigh, Cobham, and Cecil, to set aside the council, seize the person of her Majesty, and call a parliament of his own. Again the plot was discovered, the conspirators arrested and brought to trial, and, after overwhelming evidence had been produced against them, Essex and three others were condemned and executed, † February 25, 1601.

"That the lofty and gentle course which Francis Bacon pursued through these memorable events commanded the admiration of all his contemporaries, save a fraction of the defeated band, is a fact of which the proofs are incontestable;" ‡ but the curious point

* See *Story* 161, 162. Chamberlain to Carleton, Jul. i. 26, 1600, R.O. Confession of D. Hayward *ib.* Moryson ii. 68. Sydney Papers ii. 200.

† See Jardine i. 322, 372. Bacon's Apologie 66. Birch ii. 495. *State Trials* i. ‡ *Story* 183.

in this tragedy, of which we have been able to give but a mere hasty sketch, is that Anthony hardly anywhere appears mixed up in the matter, and that from this time he disappears from sight.

"About this time," writes Dr. Abbott, "Bacon lost his brother Anthony. His health, always infirm, had perhaps received a shock from the outbreak and death of Essex, to whom he remained faithful to the last—at all events, his correspondence breaks off at that point, and from that time forwards we have no record of the relations between the two brothers."*

Hepworth Dixon merely notices, by the way, that "Anthony Bacon's death, which took place in the very heat of the Devereux trials, left Bacon the house and gardens of Gorbambury, but hardly a shilling or an acre beyond them."

The only comment made by Spedding upon a loss which must have caused Francis the bitterest grief is with regard to a letter to Anthony dated May, 1601, to which the biographer adds the remark "that *Anthony Bacon died before May 27.*" The date is given upon the authority of a letter in the State paper office from Mr. John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carlton, bearing the date May 27th, 1601.

Where or how Anthony died, and where he was buried, still remain mysteries; but these are not the only mysteries connected with him, and readers with time and means at their disposal are earnestly requested to inquire more particularly and with greater persistency than has yet been used into the truths about Anthony Bacon and his pursuits. To come to the point about one thing—*Was he a poet?*

Dr. Rawley, Francis Bacon's chaplain and secretary (and who collected the "*Manes' Verulamiani,*" in the short "Life" which he wrote of his beloved master, uses these words when speaking of the "straits and necessities" to which Francis was driven in his youth:—

"For, as for that pleasant site and Manor of Gorbambury, he came not to it till many years after, by the death of his dearest brother, Mr.

* Dr. Abbott adds a quotation from Chamberlain, which he considers "important, because it seems to show that there was, at all events, *no known and open rupture between the brothers consequent on the fall of Essex.*" Who ever thought that there was any such rupture?

Anthony Bacon, a gentleman equal to him in height of wit, though inferior to him in the endowments of learning and knowledge; unto whom he was most nearly conjoined in affection, they two being the sole issue of a second *venter*."

Let us ask ourselves what we know or have ever seen hinted in books or old records of Anthony Bacon as a man *equal to Francis in height of wit*? We cannot forget that in a letter to Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Davis he desired him to "be good to concealed poets," but this was in March, 1603, at the time of "the king's first entrance," and Anthony is said to have died two years earlier. So, for the present, we pass by that remark about "concealed poets," and turn to another matter still more puzzling.

Amongst Anthony Bacon's voluminous correspondence at Lambeth Palace* is a copy of verses in French. We were first attracted to them by finding that the *folio 175 is omitted from the printed catalogue*. The previous letter (fol. 174) is noted in the catalogue as interesting; the subsequent (folio 176) is also catalogued. It was therefore highly probable that the "error" of omission would lead to something of interest or curiosity. Readers may now judge for themselves, and we shall be obliged to any who will give their opinion as to whether these verses are intended truly to apply to Anthony to whom they are addressed, or whether Anthony is here acting as one of his brother's many masks. If the former be the case, we have to acknowledge that we are very ignorant as to his life and capacities; and if these verses describe him faithfully, we cannot be blind to the remarkable coincidences between the particulars here recorded of Anthony, and those set forth in the *Manes Verulamiani* concerning Francis. For those to whom old French is unfamiliar we give a few preliminary notes:—

"Baccon," the flower of Englishmen and the honour of the Nine Muses and of Pallas, who now wander without guide or succour through the wood, is compared to a dart or ray from the starry regions, bringing light into a barbaric age. The holy flock of poets (who owe their wit to Phœbus and their birth to the heavens) are losing their laurels, and the poet mourns that in France there are so few left who will act the part of a Mæcenæus by patronising young poets, and

* Tension MSS., vol. xv. 661, fol. 175.

“giving them a shoulder up”—adding to their number in these isles and beyond the seas. He recalls the time when the French poets (whom he enumerates) sang better than the swans of the Thames. He laments like Ben Jonson that things go backward, an iron age has returned after an age of gold. Writers now talk or yelp like a pack of dogs, and, worse still, they profane the holy names of kings and princes. For himself, although he believes himself to have written more than anyone else, he is free from malice or venom, and can praise other men of wit and honour. Amongst the English milords * he perceives that his subject is as a brilliant star seen through the thick veil of night. He cherishes and rewards the priests of Apollo and his well-taught sisters. Bacon is apostrophised as “oracle of thine isle:” one whom to praise is to do an honourable deed. King James is commended for befriending Bacon, “ornament of his country.” The gods of heaven and earth, and of the infernal regions (Apollo, Minerva, Æsculapius, and Vulcan), are heralds of his messages; Themis, goddess of order and devout piety and pillar of the Church, offer to him, with the rest, their most precious gifts, that he may equal the immortal heroes. So rare a spirit, anxiously steering the helm of the Commonwealth in most tempestuous times, deserves that the Commonwealth should heed his labours.

Bacon, eye of wisdom, in whom happiness abounds, has raised mankind above himself and above the world. He retires into his own soul, a perfect and sacred place. His soul dwells in reason, his reason dwells in God.

AU SEIGNEUR ANTOINE BACON, GENTILHOMME ANGLAIS ELEGIE,

“Baccon, fleur des Angloys, et l'honneur des neuf Muses
 Des Muses et Pallas, qui tristement confuses
 Loing de leur cher Parnasse errent parmi les bois,
 Sans guide, sans secours, sans support, et sans vois.
 Est tu point esbahy (mon Bacon je te prie
 Donne ce trait astier à notre barbarie !)
 Dequoy ce saint Troupeau (qui doit ingenieux
 Son esprit à Phœbus, et sa naissance aux cieux)

* Of whom *Anthony* was not one

Perd ici ses Lauriers, et la sabranche attique:
 En si lache saison, qui tous vices pratique
 Ce que j' approuve moins, et qui pour m' ulcérer
 Au milieu de l' espoir me fait desespérer:
 C'est de conoigstre peu de Mecenes on Gaule
 Qui prisent leurs mignons, ou leur prestent l'épaule:
 Et que leur nombre soit desormais esclairey
 Non moins outre la Mer, qu'en voz Isles d' icy:
 Ou je rappelle en vain (et ne t' en scandalise !)
 Nos cygnes mieux chantaus que ceux de la Tamise.

 Eu peu d' espace, hélas ! (desastre non dernier)
 Nous perdimés Ronsard, et le tragic Garnier;
 Puis Aurat, Grec-Latin, et Bayf, et Saluste
 Qui ne meritayent moins que le port d' un Auguste !
 Or moy qui leur survis, et voy régner encore
 Ce dur siccle de fer, aprez leur siccle d'or:
 Ye ne laisse d' ailleurs a taxer l' insolence
 D' un zoitte mordant, et surtout s' il n' élance
 Son fiel sur l' Injustice: on d' affrontz, et de peurs
 Recharge la vertu, comme un tas de japeurs
 Escrivains, or parlans: qui pires que chiens memes
 Singerent d' abbayer les Puissances supremes
 Que Dieu commet sur nous: et d' une infame voix
 Prophanent le saint nom des Princes, and des Rois.
 L' attente qui voudra ! telle sotté malice
 Jamais n' engagera ma Plume à ceste lice !
 Onc Poète ne fit taut Œvres comme moy:
 Nul pourtant onc ne fut attaché de ma foy.
 Du los des granz seigneurs, j' émaille ma peinture
 Mon cœur est sans venim, mes escritz sans pointure.

 Quand je remarque un homme ou d' esprit, ou d' honneur
 Et duquel la vertu, compaigne de Bonheur
 Luit parmy ces Milords, comme par l' obscur voile
 Des plus tranquilles nuits, une brillante estoyle
 Y' admire sa valeur, y' en deviens amoureux
 Affecte son acces, et en suis desireus.
 Comme j' ai fait de toy, qui cheris, et qui prises,
 Les Pretres d' Apollon, et ses sœurs bien apprises.
 Oracle de ton Isle ! et qui plus digne fais
 Que ta louange est un honorable fait !
 Et n' estait que ta Rayne a nulle autre seconde
 Et ce Prince Escocoys, un miracle du monde
 Dans cette Angle du Monde, ou ta candeur m' attrait
 Ne paroistrayent qu' en ombre aus traits de mon pourtrait
 Je feroy beaucoup mieux reluire ta Princesse,

Et le nom de ce Roy, que j'aymeray sans cesse.
 L' as tu point jamais veu ? Ye t' assure Bacon,
 Que si toute l' humeur du scavant Helicon,
 Doutait en ma soif: et que la Renommée
 Me prestat sa Trompette, ou sa bouch animée
 D' un language inouy: dire je ne pourray
 La grace, et bontez, d' un si louable Roy
 Appuy des gentz de lettres: et qui bien n' ay merite
 Qu' au Temple des Heros sa gloire soit descrite,
 Et que le bon Destin qui benit sa Conseil
 Avec plus de faveurs le voye d' un bon œil.
 Il y a (ce dit on) un sorte de Pommes
 A l' entour de Sodome, abominable aux Hommes
 Qui poignent l' appetit: et d' un suc gracieus
 Ne tentent moins le goust, qu' elles plaisent aux yeux:
 Mais estant retasté d' une dent affamée,
 Ce traiste fruit esvole en suie, et en fumée.
 Il n' en est pas ainsi de ceux qui dignement
 Sont de leur dous pays l' espoir, et l' ornement
 Comme toy mon Bacon ! à qui Themis la sage
 Et ce Dieu qui Heraut expose son message
 Ore au Ciel, ore en Terre, ore au Royaume bas,
 Et celle qui là sus, achemine noz pas,
 Devotte Pieté, Colonne de L' Englise,
 Offrent leurs chers presentz; a fin qu' on t' egalise,
 Aux Heros immortelz ! et si bas meritant
 Que les mains de Faveur t' en presentent autant
 Car un si rare esprit, qui soucieus s' applique
 A garantir la hef de sa chose-publique
 Au tempz plus orageus: n' est pas moins digne aussi
 Que la chose-publique en prenne le souci.
 Baccon, l' œil de sagesse, ou le bonheur abonde
 Hausse l' Homme au dessus de soy-meme et du monde.
 Il se retire en l' Ame, entier et sacré lieu:
 L' Ame en l' Entendement, l' Entendement en Dieu."

—LA TESSEE.

MR. EDWIN REED'S work, "Bacon *versus* Shakspeare, a brief for the Plaintiff," Seventh Edition, is for sale by Messrs Gay and Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London; and Messrs. Joseph Knight and Co., Boston, U.S.A.

· ‘LIE THERE, MY ART.’

Pro. “ ’Tis time
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me—so;
 [Lays down his mantle.]
 Lie there, my art.”

To this passage Stevens has affixed the following note:—“Sir Will Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord high Treasurer, &c., in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say: *Lie there, lord treasurer*” (FULLER’S “Holy State,” &c., p. 257).

He might have added the following as equally apposite, and as being, perhaps, the original of the expression used by *Prospero*. Christopher Hatton (afterwards knighted and made Lord Chancellor of England) was a man of much personal grace and great excellence in dancing, “which captivated the queen to such a degree that he arose gradually from one of her gentleman pensioners to the highest employment in the law. . . . In 1589, on the marriage of his heir with Judge Gawdy’s daughter, the Lord Chancellor danced the measures at the solemnity, and left his gown on the chair, saying, *Lie there, Chancellor*” (see BIRCH’S “Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth,” I., pp. 8, 56, and NICOLAS’S “Life of Hatton,” p. 478).

In this year (1589) Francis Bacon was 28 years of age; he was “reader” in Gray’s Inn, and sat in Parliament for Liverpool. He may very well have been present at the marriage of Judge Gawdy’s daughter to the heir of the Lord Chancellor, and have overheard the expression, “Lie there, Chancellor,” as the sprightly Sir Christopher prepared him for the “measures,” and the expression may very well have remained in his memory for years afterwards, as such trivial things so often do. Perhaps he even tripped a measure with the bride herself.

A FEW Volumes of “The Journal of the Bacon Society,” 1886 to 1889, and the back numbers of BACONIANA can be supplied (bound or unbound) by Messrs. Banks, 5, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

A LINK CONNECTING A PICTURE WITH A PLAY.

WE all remember the flattering terms in which Bacon spoke to King James of his (the king's) "virtues and faculties which the philosophers call intellectual" in his dedication of the first book of the "Advancement of Learning." It is pitched in the high-flown diction of courtier-language so finely exemplified in the "Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." A similar instance of court flattery is found in the last scene of Shakespeare's play of *King Henry VIII.*, where James is referred to as heir to Elizabeth's virtues and power. He should be "as great in admiration as herself."

"So shall she leave her blessedness to one
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants of this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations."

There was, according to Malone, a picture of King James in the possession of Lord Grimston, which formerly belonged "to the great Bacon," and on which the king is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. A year before the revival of the play of *King Henry VIII.* (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia, and Malone conjectures that the last lines of the above quotation allude to the settlement of that colony.

We know that Lord Bacon was interested in the settlement of Virginia; and it may very well have happened that the matter was often discussed by him and the king; so that there seems to be established a link between the allusion to the creation of "new nations" in America (Virginia) and the picture of the king (bearing an inscription directly alluding to the same event) belonging to Bacon. Probably Bacon had the inscription placed on the picture, and no doubt he wrote the lines in the play.

Can anyone inform me what has become of the picture?

HENRY S. CALDECOTT.

Johannesburg, November, 1896.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPEATED inquiries, reproofs, and suggestions, oblige us reluctantly to go over old ground, and to reiterate the assurance that it is through no fault of the Council of the Bacon Society, or of the editors of *BACONIANA* that "Shakespearean" articles exhibiting "*the other side*" of the great questions which we investigate do not appear in this magazine. In vain have we urged non-Baconians to join hands with us in research, and to write, or to speak out, in fair and open debate, their opinions, objections, and opposite conclusions. Not one has accepted such an offer or challenge.

Every quarter some fifty copies of this publication are sent to the editors of leading newspapers and periodicals, as many more to secretaries of clubs, and to Freemasons of various ranks and professions. Neither refutations, emendations, or fresh information have been afforded to us by any of them.^o No offer from Baconians to meet "Shakespeareans" in friendly debate or conference has been accepted; no date proposed has ever suited Shakespearean engagements. Meanwhile, the letters received have been, to say the least, so shallow and silly that it would seem almost libellous to publish them, addressed, as they usually are, to some private individual, and sometimes accompanied with a remark to this effect: "Although I am a literary man, I do not wish to enter publicly into this matter;" or, "I request that my name may not appear, for, were I supposed to be interested in this controversy which (excuse me) is ridiculous and fruitless, my reputation might be impaired."

In most of these communications "General I" plays a prominent part: "I must say that I consider the attempt to deprive a man of his well-earned fame quite revolting to one's feelings, and a man with such a mind as Shakespeare; I think the thing all the worse because I have such a low opinion of Bacon. I am convinced that so cold and calculating and (I must add) so corrupt a man as I see him to be, could not have written *Hamlet*, for in him I see a reflection of the poet's innermost soul. . . . *Midsummer Night's Dream* is my favourite comedy. How elegant, sprightly, and full of wit it is! Bacon doubtless had *wits*, hard-headed, scientific, logical brains (not that I ever could read his kind of writings), but certainly he had no fun or real wit about him, and I consider that *Midsummer Night's Dream* is full of fun and real wit. Then Falstaff! I am certain," &c., &c.

* Several librarians have volunteered valuable help and encouragement. To these we offer cordial thanks, and wish that others may follow their bright example.

This is a fair example of, the average "criticism" which reaches us by post. Choice specimens in various forms and styles set forth—

(1) That the writer never before heard of such things as are discussed in our pages. (*Ergo*, there can be no truth in them.)

(2) If there had been in them any basis of truth, wiser men than we would long ago have made it apparent. (*Ergo*, we are deluded fools.)

(3) The writers have consulted Mr. A, Prof. B, or Dr. C, and find that these gentlemen have read nothing on the subject, and are disinclined to enter upon it. (*Ergo*, we are naught.)

But, since we desire that these may be the last words printed with regard to our supposed (but imaginary) reluctance to hear "the other side," we cannot refrain from the temptation to refresh our readers with a copy of a letter received within the last half of this dying year. We repress the name and address of the writer from respect to the feelings of his relations, and of the members of the distinguished literary club from which he dates this effusion:—

"MESSRS. EDITORS, 'BACONIANA.'

"Sirs,—I did not know that there were bigger . . . *doubledyed fools* in the world than the bimetalists, but, picking up in the club your July number, I regret to find that God has invented people who belong to a Bacon Society. You make Bacon out a first-class idiot—no use to go into reasons in detail. Why tear your hair because there was a Shakespeare? There is no proof of the absolutely rotten pretensions Baconist-phobists present. Bacon was a proud man, and thought much of himself, and could not let William Shakespeare take credit for the plays. Stop being foolish. Don't waste your money printing rot.

"'Oil and water will not mix,'
The saying's very old ;
No use to kick against the pricks,
Shakespeare's the man of gold.'

Don't publish stuff to make Bacon a God-invented idiot. Some lunatics . . . tried to do it, but in vain. Kindly send me photos of the editors of Bacon Society.

"&c., &c. (Full name and address).

"P.S.—Go into 'Lucas,' east-side bottom of Parliament-street, see Inspector Frost or Inspector Jarvis, of Scotland-yard, at 5.30 p.m., any day, and get arrested for libel on William Shakesp—, and save your Bacon for breakfast. Mention my name. Don't forget the photos."

We trust that correspondents will now rest satisfied that to publish letters such as the above, or even those collectively described, would be sheer waste of good paper, and most undesirable with our present limited space. Such communications are, however, carefully preserved, and may some day help to furnish an appendix to the "Curiosities of Literature." But it would be too cruel were we to publish them during the lives of the writers.

As to true criticism, correction, contradiction, confutation, fresh facts or suggestions "on the other side," we ask for them, appeal for them, and will heartily welcome them from whatever source they may come.

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BACONIANA.

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No. 18.

A BIT OF THE BACONIAN THEORY.

“Its chief champion visits Verulam and St. Albans, and finds support for Anti-Shakespearean pro Bacon Beliefs.”—London, Special Correspondence, June 30th, 1883.

I OBSERVE that an American writer, Mr. Grant White, has cautioned his fellow-countrymen, “if they wish to preserve any elevated idea connected with Shakespeare’s personality,” not to visit the place where he was born and buried, and “the museum of doubtful relics and gimeracks” which are there to be seen. May I be permitted to say that a visit to St. Albans, with the ancient town of Verulam, the wonderful Abbey, and its wealth of archaeological and historical curiosities would amply compensate most intelligent sight-seers for the loss of any pleasures of the imagination which they might have anticipated from a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. Apart from any thought of the great man, Francis Bacon, whose country home at Gorhambury is a mile from the town, and whose monument is in the Church of St. Michael’s, at the foot of the hill, the place is full of interest; but for one who sees in it one of the inciting causes for the composition of the historical plays called *Shakespeare’s*, and especially the 2nd part of *Henry VI.*, and *Richard III.*, St. Albans and its neighbourhood are in the highest degree suggestive and instructive. Gorhambury was one of the boyish homes of Francis Bacon. When, at the age of 19, he was recalled from his gay life at the court of the French Ambassador on account of the sudden death of his father, it was to Gorhambury that he retired with his widowed mother. Thus he found himself on the very scene of the main events which form the

plot of 2 *Hen. VI.*, and whether or no he actually wrote the play at this early period (1580—81), there seems little reason to doubt that he could at least have planned and sketched it under circumstances in every way favourable to its production. The play culminates in the great battle of St. Albans, which took place in a field about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Gorbamby. As a boy, Francis must have heard the battle described by old men whose fathers may even have witnessed it. He must frequently have passed beneath "the ale-house paltry sign" beneath which Somerset was killed by Richard Plantagenet (2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2). He must have trodden the Key Field where the battle was fought, and in which the last scene of the play is laid. It was a scene not likely to be forgotten. The Lancastrians lost 5,000 men, including the detested Duke of Somerset, and other nobles, and the poor weak king, Henry VI., was taken prisoner by the Yorkists. Considering the mildness and moderation which were invariably exercised by the Duke of York, and the violent and bloodthirsty course pursued by Queen Margaret, it is no wonder that this, the first Yorkish victory of the Wars of the Roses, should be hailed with delight by peace-loving people, and that its remembrance should be kept green of the spot where it took place:—

" 'Twas a glorious day;
St. Alban's battle won by famous York,
Shall be eternis'd in all ages to come."

Before entering the Abbey, let the visitor take a glance around. To the north of the town stands the old Church of St. Peter, and in its graveyard lie the bodies of many of those who were slain in the great battles between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. To the left is Bernard's Heath, the scene of the second battle of St. Albans, when the Yorkist army was defeated, as is related in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. In the distance may be seen Hatfield House, the noble residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, but formerly the property of William of Hatfield, second son of Edward III. (see 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2). Within a short distance is King's Langley, the birth-place and burial-place of the famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York, who is mentioned in 1 *Hen. VI.*, ii. 5. He was, as we are told in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2, the "fifth son" of Edward III.

On the east of the town lay the Key Field, the arena, as has been

said, of the first battle of St. Albans. Across it may be seen the ancient Manor House, formerly inhabited by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. To the right is Sopwell Nunnery, where Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn.* The history of the monastery to which the Abbey is attached, is intimately associated with English history. To go back no farther than the 14th century. There Edward II. was a frequent visitor; thither, after the battle of Poitiers, Edward III. and the Black Prince brought the French king captive. After the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, Richard II. and his chief justice came in person, and tried the rioters. A conspiracy to dethrone Richard began at the dinner table of the Abbot, when Gloucester and the Prior of Westminster were his guests.

This Gloucester was "Thomas of Woodstock," described in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2, as "the sixth son of Edward the Third." At a subsequent meeting of members of the conspiracy, the Duke of Gloucester, "Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby" (*Rich. II.* i. 3), the Earl Marshall (*ib.*), Scroop, Archbishop of Canterbury (*Rich. II.* iii. 2), the Abbot of St. Albans, and the Prior of Westminster (*Rich. II.* iv. 1), were present, and the perpetual imprisonment of the king was agreed upon. In the play of *Richard II.* every name mentioned in the old manuscript which records this meeting is included, *except one*—namely, the Abbot of St. Albans, and yet in the old records, priority is always given to him over Westminster. The present writer conjectures that the omission was intentional, and that the Author of the Plays desired to avoid the frequent repetition of the name St. Albans, which would be likely to draw attention to his own home, and might even raise awkward questions as to how *Shakespeare* became so well acquainted with the locality and its history.

At the Monastery of St. Albans rested the body of John, Duke of Lancaster (1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4), on the way to London for interment. His son Henry (afterwards Cardinal Beaufort) (1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3, &c.) performed the essequies. Richard II. lodged at St. Albans on his way to the Tower, whence, having been forced to resign his throne to Bolingbroke, he was taken to Pomfret, imprisoned and murdered. Meanwhile, the resignation of the king being read in the House, the Bishop of Carlisle arose from his seat, and stoutly defended the cause of the

* The present Earl of Verulam now resides here.

king. Upon this, the Duke of Lancaster commanded that they should seize the Bishop, and carry him off to prison at St. Albans. He was afterwards brought before Parliament as a prisoner, but the king, to gratify the Pontiff, bestowed on him the living of Tottenham. These events are faithfully rendered, or alluded to in the plays, the only notable omission being as before, *the omission of any single allusion to St. Albans.*

Passing over many similar points of interest, let us enter the Abbey Church by its door on the south side. There the visitor finds himself close to the shrine erected over the bones of the martyred saint. To this shrine, after the defeat of the Lancastrians at the first battle of St. Albans, the miserable king, having been discovered at the house of a tanner, was conducted, previous to his removal as prisoner to London. In the shrine is seen the niche into which handkerchiefs and other garments used to be placed, in order that the miraculous powers attributed to the saint, should be imparted to the sick and diseased who prayed at his shrine, and thereby hangs a tale.

Close by the shrine is the tomb of "Good Duke Humphry," of Gloucester, who plays such a prominent part in "*Henry VI.*" The inscription on his tomb is not such as most students of history might expect to find as an epitaph upon the proud and pugnacious, but popular warrior. No hint is conveyed of his prolonged struggles with the Duke of Burgundy, or of his warlike contest for the possession of Holland and Brabant. Three points are noted concerning him, namely, that he was protector to Henry VI.; that he exposed the impostor who pretended to have been born blind; and lastly, that he founded a school of divinity at Oxford.*

The story of the pretended blind man forms the subject of 2 *Henry VI.* ii. 8, where it is introduced in much detail. Sir Thomas More quoted the incident as an instance of Duke Humphry's acuteness of judgment; but the circumstance which seems to connect the epitaph, not only with the play, but directly with Francis Bacon himself, is that this inscription was not written immediately after the death of the

* The Bodleian Library at Oxford is intimately connected with this. Duke Humphry is claimed as the founder, and there is a large collection of books which I think were from Bacon's library, although they pass as the collection bequeathed by his intimate friend Selden.

Duke, nor at the time when the monument was erected to him. It was written, as the lines tell us, *tardily*, so tardily that it has been said to have been probably the production of John Westerham, head master of the St. Albans Grammar School in 1625. This supposition rests upon another supposition or assumption, namely, that the schoolmaster was the only man at that time likely to be capable of writing such an epitaph. But at this very same date Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, shamefully slandered and degraded, had quitted London, and returned to his old residence at Gorhambury. The lines on the tomb of "Good Duke Humphry," may well have been an echo of a thought which Bacon treasured with regard to his own name and fame, words which are as often reflected in the poetry of "*Shakespeare*" as in Bacon's authentic prose.

"Post funera vivit."

"*He lives in fame who dies in virtue's cause,*"* "the opposite whereof is fury to a man . . . for what is more heavy than evil fame deserved? Or likewise, who can see worse days than he that, yet living, doth follow at *the funerals* of his own reputation?" †

A phrase in the inscription—*invida sed mulier*—applies to Margaret of Anjou, Henry's "proud, insulting queen," whose tomb, with her device of "Margerites," or daisies, is not far from the shrine of St. Alban. It was by the intrigues of Margaret and her partisans that Duke Humphry was arrested at Bury. The following night he was found dead in his bed: slain, as some old writers record, by the hand of Pole, Duke of Suffolk (2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 223—281, and ii. 1, 1—202.)

Not much removed from these interesting monuments are two more tombs which should attract the attention of Shakespeare scholars. One is the resting place of Sir Anthony de Grey, grandson of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, "the fourth hole sister to our sovaine lady the queen"—that is, Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV.—She had been formerly married.

* *Tit. And.* i. 2.

† Posthumous essay "of Fame." The above was written in 1888. Our pilgrims to St. Albans inform us that this inscription (recorded in Dr. Nicholson's handbook to the Abbey) is no longer to be seen. Inquiry should be made as to this matter.

“ At St. Alban’s field
 This lady’s husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
 His lands then seized on by the conqueror.”—3 *Hen. VI.* iii 2.

Her suit to Edward to restore her confiscated property, and her subsequent marriage with him, form a prominent portion of the plot of 3 *Hen. VI.*

Last but not least, we must not overlook the mausoleum of the “Neville’s noble race,” the family of the great Earl of Warwick, the “king maker.”

In the second part of *Henry the Sixth* v. 2, Warrick swears by his

“ Father’s badge, old Nevil’s crest,
 The rampant bear chained to the rugged staff.”

The passage is vividly brought to our minds by the sight of a row of little rampant bears, each chained to his rugged staff, and surmounting the monument erected over the grave of the great family of warriors and statesmen.

As the traveller turns away from St. Albans to retrace his steps to London, he may perhaps look backward into the abysm of time, and picture to himself the changes which that now tranquil town has witnessed even during the last four centuries—the courts, the camps, the fights, the triumphs of which it has been the scene; the many-coloured life which has swept through it. Thus musing, the thoughtful sightseer may perhaps for the first time perceive the aptness of a figure in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2, and which otherwise (and especially from the pen of the Stratford butcher boy) would seem far-fetched :—

“ As common as the road ^{way} between ^{Saint} ~~St~~ Albans and London.”

C. M. P.

mentioned 12 times
 in 5 Plays.

(Saint) Alban - mentioned 3 times

REFLECTIONS IN SHAKESPEARIAN PLACES.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE fame of Stratford-on-Avon, as the birthplace of Shakespeare has, like the wisdom of Solomon, been noised abroad over many lands, and when the unprejudiced visitor undertakes this pilgrimage in the spirit which led the Ethiopian Queen to visit Solomon, he will with her exclaim, "The half was not told me"—*but* he will be far from adding that it "exceedeth the fame which I heard." The beauties of Stratford-on-Avon are much overrated, and the townspeople, especially those in charge of any "relics," seem to have imbibed that love of money which, if we may judge from the town records, was so marked a trait in the character of William Shakspeare himself. At the church they will for a small sum sell you "old tiles found under the stalls," and "chips from the altar slab."

As for the house in which William was born, though the exterior is not unpicturesque—a dark, low-built cottage kept in excellent repair,—its interior at once strikes one with an air of gloom and discomfort, the room in which he first saw the light, (or the glimmer which succeeded in penetrating it) is a dark, low-built little room enclosed by what were once white-washed walls, with a beam across the plastered ceiling, and the furniture consists of two small tables, a desk, and a chair. Many notable men and women have scratched their names on the walls and ceiling, but some of the scrawls are suspicious. Some years back one signature was pointed out as that of Schiller, but it was written in *Roman* letters.* In a smaller room at the back, is the "Stratford" portrait of Shakspeare in a scarlet doublet and loose black gown without sleeves, the only portrait ever discovered representing Shakspeare in this dress. But although £5,000 is said to have been offered for it and refused, its originality is doubted, and it certainly more resembles Francis Bacon than it does the "Stratford" bust in the church (or some 28 portraits, all differing, in the museum downstairs), which latter depicts the "Bard of Avon" as a man of very heavy features and clean shaven. Sixpence is charged to see these two

* Lately a leading journal has been so bold as similarly to question the authenticity of the Registers concerning W. Shk. in the Parish Church; they are most suspiciously detailed.

rooms, and another sixpence to see the museum. In the former, if one comes here to make acquaintance with a spirit which has been before to us but a dream from the fairyland of books, one is sadly disappointed, and impossible is it to discover that secret analogy between the home and its surroundings, and the nature and genius of him who dwelt therein which is to be found in other literary scenes. In the Museum there is more food for reflection, but not to the advantage of "the gentle William." Here is the only existing letter to "Wm. Shakespere;" it is from Quynney; and here we see the desk which he *is said* to have used at the Grammar School, though there is no evidence that he ever went to that school. But before some of the lesser "relics," thoughtful visitors will seriously ponder upon the extraordinary manner in which the admirers of Shakspeare perpetuate trifling anecdotes which are slanderous to the man who really wrote those famous plays. Look, for instance, at the chair brought from the Falcon Inn at Bidford, and the old sign of that same drinking house, brought here because tradition has it that here he spent his latter days "drinking hard," and caught the fever that resulted in his death. Other relics are articles made from the mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare at New Place, and even some juice from its fruit. The grave and bust of the "Bard of Avon" in the Church of Holy Trinity, and the records of the family to be found there, and in the Town Hall, have been noticed in *BACONIANA*.

WILTON HOUSE.

Wilton House stands conspicuous amongst the noble seats of England, as a haunt of genius, a treasure-house of art, and the home of one of the noblest families of Britain, of whom it has been said that "all the men were brave, and all the women chaste." Here was born, it is believed, Philip Massinger, the son of the Earl of Pembroke's secretary or steward; here lived Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and Countess of Pembroke, William Herbert, the earl-poet, and George Herbert, the celebrated poet and divine. Hither also came the prince of English aristocracy, Sir Philip Sidney, to write part of his "Arcadia," and lastly, but by no means less important, hither came Francis Bacon, Poet, Philosopher, Statesman, to while away many a pleasant hour with his friends of the Herbert family.

The whole of the interior is regal in its decoration and *ameublements*, but the chamber which possesses the most interest to philomathic minds is that known as "the Double Cube Room," proclaimed by Charles II. "the best-proportioned room I ever saw." The elegant ceiling is the work of Tomasso, illustrating several stories from Perseus. The panels by the windows portray, limmed in antique tracery, the story of Moysa and Dorcas, of Musidorus and Philoclea, or to use the words of Milton, "the vain amatorious poem of Arcadia." It was in this room that several of Shakespear's plays were first performed, amongst the number being *Measure for Measure*, played here before its publication. King James I. was holding his court at Wilton at the time, having come down there to be near Winchester, where Sir Walter Raleigh was being tried. Bacon was amongst the company at the house, and it is believed that he wrote the play with an intention of softening the King's anger against Raleigh, who ever had a friend in Bacon. Win. Shaksper is said to have been amongst the players, and, when the King demanded to see the author, after all sorts of excuses had been made in vain, William was brought forth and introduced at a distance as the author. The King seems, however, like Elizabeth, to have believed *another* to be the author. There is also introduced into this play much about "obsolete laws," upon which Bacon had but just previously made a speech.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH

PART II.

IN the description of the terrible death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, we drew attention* to the *distorting of the face*, noted by Bacon as one of the signs of approaching death where there is "contention" or "conflict"—resistance to the advance of that relentless foe. There are, however, circumstances under which the approaches of death are not dreaded, but welcomed. For,

"*Death arrives gracious* to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons, . . . to despairful widows, pensive

* BACONIANA, Jan., 1897, Vol. v., p. 39.

prisoners, and deposed kings : to them whose fortune runs back, and whose spirit mutinies ; unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest."

In such cases our ever-observant poet presents *the alteration*, but not the *distortion*, of the dying person's face. 'Take, for instance, the death of Queen Katharine, to whom even her enemy, Cardinal Wolsey, was constrained to say,

"I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm."

In the beautiful scene where Katharine is led in by her faithful Griffiths, and being sick unto death, is placed in a chair, she half sleeps, half dreams a heavenly dream, suggested to her mind by the sad notes of the musicians, and which help her meditations on "that celestial harmony I go to." But the vision has raised her mind above all earthly music, and she bids that the musicians may leave off—"They are harsh and heavy to me."

The near approach of death is now observed by the waiting-woman :

"Do you note (she whispers to Griffith)
How much her Grace is altered on the sudden?
How long her face is grown? how pale she looks?
And of an earthly cold? *Mark her eyes!*"

(Griffith reads the meaning of those signs :)

She is going, wench. Pray, pray; Heaven comfort her!"*

Similarly in the last sickness of King Henry IV., *the hollowness of the eyes*, the "changes," and "altered" look in his face are duly noted :—

"*Clarence.—His eye is hollow,† and he changes much.*

*P. Hen.—*Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.
*P. Humph.—*He altered much upon the hearing it."

There seems to be the same idea in the mind of our poet when he makes Antony murmur : "I am dying, Egypt, dying. . . . The miserable *change* now at my end, lament not nor sorrow at . . . My *spirit* is going, I can no more." *The change is bodily; the spirit remains unaltered* in kind, though exalted and purified from earthly passion and corruption. See how this purification, by the fire of deep

* *H n. VIII., iv. 2.*

† "*A full eye will wax hollow.*"—*Hen. V., v. 2.*

grief and bitter adversity, is shown in its weak beginnings, in the changed temper of Cleopatra herself, when once she has begun to feel within her "*immortal longings*":

"I am air and fire, my other elements
I give to baser life—"^a

Note, too, that she then gives to her friends "*the last warmth* of her lips, and dies *as in a sleep*, though with "the raising of the whites of the eyes," which draws forth the loving tribute of admiration from Charmian:—

"Now boast thee, Death; in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—*Downy windows close;*
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes so royal!" †

But to return for a few minutes to the death scene of *Henry IV.* Can we fail to observe throughout this scene how *the doctrine of the union of mind and body* is being taught to us at every turn. The physical signs incidentally noted are interesting and true, but having now been instructed in them, we flatter ourselves that they are such as everybody would observe. The effects of mind upon body, of the spirits upon health and life, are less patent, and therefore in the play the more noteworthy; connecting the physical and the metaphysical precisely as Bacon himself teaches us to connect them.

"*Great joys*," says the Philosopher, "attenuate and diffuse the spirits and shorten life. . . . Joy suppressed, and sparingly communicated, comforts the spirits more than joy divulged and published." ‡ Too great emotion of the spirits, in the weak heart, on the sudden hearing of "the good news" of victory, and of the discomfiture of his rebellious subjects, makes the old king faint and giddy, and thus he reflects:—

"And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
O me! come near me, I am much ill."

Gloucester, Clarence, and Westminster, like many other well-intentioned, but mistaken persons, think to restore the sick man by "cheering him up," but Warwick knows that "prevention of respiration produces death."

"Be patient . . . stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well."

* *Hen. IV.*, iv. 4. † *Ant. Cl.* v. 2. ‡ *Hist. Life and Death.*

Warwick supposes this to be only a temporary sickness, and that "*respiration*," "a thing required for life," will be quickened by the free circulation of "pure air" about the patient. Clarence, however, sees that his father's illness goes deeper, and he gives the cause to which he attributes it.

*"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."*

For "a life which is passed in leisure, and in meditations which, having no relation to the affairs of life, *breed no anxiety*, but delight, tend," Bacon says, to "longevity," whereas "youth and manhood should be so ordered as to leave new comforts for old age, whereof *the principal is moderate rest*. And, therefore, old men in honourable places who do not retire to a life of leisure, offer violence to themselves," &c.*

There is a lethargy from which Bacon observes that the patient may sometimes be revived by a "sudden and shrill noise." The attendants seem to suppose that the king's attack is of this kind, or that at least loud voices will do him no harm, and they imprudently discuss his case before him. But Warwick again interferes to the purpose:—

"Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers."

Prince Humphry doubts it:—

"This apoplexy sure will be his end."

But Henry begs to be carried into another chamber, and (like Queen Katherine) that *there be no noise made*,

*"Unless some dull and favourable hand
Whisper music to my wearied spirit."*

Like Katharine "*he changes much*" upon the playing of the music, and again Warwick thinks that the sound is too much for him. "Less noise, less noise," he whispers, to hush the musicians, or perhaps to hush the loud voices of the irrepressible sons, who continue to discuss their father's condition and the great news which had produced in him this alteration *for the worse*. The buoyant Prince Hal (how to the life are these word portraits) exclaims cheerfully,

* See *Hist. of Life and Death. Of Length and Shortness of Life in Man*, 17; and *Prologation of Life*, 97.

" If he be sick with joy,
He will recover without physic."

And once more the sensible and sympathetic Warwick :—

" *Not so much noise, my Lords, sweet Prince speak low,
The King, your father, is disposed to sleep.*"

And so, though not at once, the old king passes quietly away. The "cares" and "affairs," the anxiety about his son, all which had "*worn him so with labour and troubles as there was little hope of life in him,*"* or as in the poetry, "*The incessant care and trouble of his mind that had wrought the mure so thin that his life would break out,*" all this was at an end.

" Thou bring'st me happiness and peace," he says,
" But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, withered trunk ; upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period."†

In the death of Lady Macbeth, whose end could not be "peace," we are reminded of "the shrill cry" included amongst "the immediate signs of death" in the *History*.

" *Wherefore was that cry ?
The Queen, my Lord, is dead.*"‡

The *screaming* of the owl, the *cry* of the crickets, and the "strange screams of death" ominously introduced in earlier scenes of the tragedy are traceable to the same line of thought.§

"Death," continues Bacon, "is succeeded by deprivation of all sense and motion, as well of the heart and arteries, as of the nerves and limbs ; by inability of the body to support itself upright ; by stiffness of the nerves, and parts ; by loss of all warmth ; and, soon after, by putrefaction and stench."||

At the date of the publication of the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, these particular notes had not been made, but, as early as the writing of the *Promus*, Francis Bacon had noted the connection between *Death, Loss of the Power of Motion, and Coldness*.

" *Falsa quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago.*"

This description of *Sleep as but the cold and icy image of death*, is

* State of Christendom. † 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. ‡ *Macb.* v. 5. § *Ib.* ii. 2, and ii. 3. || *Hist. Life and Death*.

frequent in passages written later than the *Promus* entry—passages which we attribute to Francis or Anthony Bacon. The figure is traceable to the poetry of the ancients: but the notes by Bacon in the *Hist. of Life and Death* may be found gradually utilised in the subsequent poetry. To give one example of what is meant, let us take the *Variorum* editions of *Romeo and Juliet*—quartos I. & II. (1597 & 1599). In *Act iv. Scene 1*, we read:—

- (1597) "When presently through all thy veynos shall run
A dull and heaueie slumber
No signe of death shall testifie thou liv'st."
(1599) "When presently through all thy veines shall run
A cold and drowsie humour
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou livest.
*Each part deprived of supple government
Shall stiffe and starke and cold appeare like death.*"*

Eight descriptive lines are added in the 1599 edition. We pass to the next *Scene 5*, l. 25:—

- (1597) "Mother: Ah shee's dead, shee's dead.
Capt.: Stay, let me see, *all pale and wan.*"
(1599) "Mother: Alack the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
Fath.: Hah, let me see her, out alas *shee's cold
Her blood is setled, and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene separated;
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.*"

The cessation of the action of the heart, nerves, and "parts" or limbs having been noted, the Poet next exhibits the "after-signs" in the decomposition of the body. *Act v. 2.*

- (1597) "Fr.: Who is it that consorts so late the dead?
What light is yon? If I be not deceived,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capel's* monument?"
(1599) "Frier: Blisse be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
*To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,
It burneth in the Capel's monument.*"

Act v. Sc. 3:—

- (1597) "Fr.: Lady come forth, I heare some noise at hand."
(1599) "Fr.: I heare some noyse Lady, come from *that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall sleepe.*"

* These passages should be studied at full length in modern editions. Limited space alone prevents us from printing them here,

At the conclusion of Juliet's subsequent soliloquy, she kisses Romeo, saying, "*Thy lips are warme.*" This is not in the 1597 edition; but the observant Poet having by the year 1599 assured himself that the space of time allowed between the swallowing of the poison, and the entry of the Friar to Juliet in the tomb, was insufficient for the coldness of death to have taken possession of Romeo, adds the graphic touch, "thy lips are warm," a touch repeated farther on, where we find that in the earlier, as well as in the later form of the play, *warmth* was associated in the poet's mind with *fresh bleeding and recent death.*

(1597) "*Capt.* : O noble Princo, see here
(*Daniel v. 3 l. 204*) *Where Juliet that lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris,
Likewise newly slaine.*"

(1599) "*Watch*
(*Daniel v. 3 l. 180*) . . . Pittifull sight, heere lies the Countie slaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead :
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.

(" " 203) Soucraine, here lies the County Paris slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before
Warme and new kild."

In *Measure for Measure* Claudio's terror at the prospect of death is heightened by the idea, not only of the coldness, but also of the putrefaction and corruption of the body after death.

"Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become,
A kneaded clod."

In vain his sister utters Bacon's oft-repeated axiom that, "*The sense of death is most in apprehension,*" that thought of lying in the cold earth to rot overcomes all philosophical reflections. "Most of the philosophers," Bacon says, "increase the fear of death in offering to cure it . . . they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy against whom there is no end of preparing." He shows, on the contrary, that Death is as natural, and should be as easy to man as Birth, and that it is merely from weakness, ignorance, or from a bad conscience that men dread a change so "common." Yet it is natural to all men to dread the "something after death," of which they know so little positively, but of which they have, alas ! often been taught such terrifying doctrines, and for which such gruesome preparations are wont to be made. An untaught man without religion,

though he has no hope, is yet without "apprehension," and this is clearly illustrated in the character of Barnardo :—

"A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep."

Sleep still, but with no beautiful dream, no celestial harmonies or visions to lift his soul a few yards above the earth.

The "deprivation of *sense and motion*" which is a forerunner of death, presents us with a combination of ideas often found coupled in Shakespeare. Hamlet thinks that his mother's moral sense must be deadened ; or surely she would behave differently and more as if she had a living soul.

"Sense, sure, you have,
Else would you not have motion, but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd."†

Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, speaks of "the stings and *motions of the sense*," and there are many other places where the ideas, if not the very terms, are combined, and where we are repeatedly taught that life, whether intellectual or physical, is a combination of sense or feeling with motion or a quickness in movement. The opposite "deprivation of all sense of motion as well of the heart and arteries as of the limbs, by *inability of the body to support itself upright, by stiffness of the nerves and parts*" receives ample illustration in the *Shakespeare Plays*.

First, we have the detailed description of the well-informed and doubtless "experimented" Friar who is about to produce upon Juliet by means of his drugs the borrowed likeness of shrunk death. Follow his words and note how closely they are in accordance with the observations of the great experimental philosopher :—

"Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep."—*Rom. Jul.* iv. 1.

* *M. M.* iv. 2. † *Ham.* iii. 4.

Before her peaceful departure, but very near the end, Katharine of Arragon is made to illustrate in a different way the deprivation of supple government in the limbs, together with the "alteration" and pallor of the face, and the wandering of the mind already commented on.

"*Grif.* How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
 My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
 Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair:
 So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease."

And as the organs of motion, so also do the organs of speech. One of the signs of advancing age is, according to Bacon, to be observed by alteration in the voice, from fulness to hollowness, with breathlessness.

"His big, manly voice changed to childish trebles."*

And the Chief Justice taunts Falstaff, who would "call himself young."

"*Is not your voice broken, your wind short, . . . and every part about you blasted with antiquity? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John.*"†

But then we have the forcible picture of the death of John of Gaunt, in which the loss of voice is attributed, not as Falstaff would have it, to over-exertion "with hollaing, and singing of anthems," but to the increasing difficulty of breathing; for "the prevention of respiration produces death."

"*Gaunt.* Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth?
York. Vex not yourself *nor strive not with your breath,*
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath will thou lose.

Gaunt. O but they say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony:
 Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth *that breathe their words in pain.*"

He dies, and we read:—

"*K. Rich.* What said he?
North. Nay nothing, all is said;
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
 Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent."‡

* *As Y. L. ii. 7. † 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.* Is there an occult allusion to the cessation of *motion* in the epilogue to this play? "*My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you Good-night.*" ‡ *Rich. II. ii. 1.*

The last words of Harry Hotspur are these :—

“ O ! I could prophesy
But the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—” (Dies.)

“ *For worms, brave Percy,*” adds Prince Henry, continuing his reflections, however, in the noble strain in which our contemplative philosopher so frequently addresses us.

“ Fare thee well, great heart !
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now too paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
Be not remember'd in thy epitaph.”*

In this passage we see the reflection of Bacon's meditations on the “ loathsome ” side of “ this frail act of death, whose style is the end of all flesh, and the beginning of corruption.” From the earliest to the latest of his writings we see this repulsive thought pursuing him, yet continually overcome and through poetry and religion transformed into thoughts as cheering and hopeful, as they are elevating and true. The grandeur of the tragedies and plays of the later period are in part no doubt attributable to the increasing influence of the spiritual over the mere materialism of science, and the inevitable unsettlement of ideas in a mind so sensitive, and yet equally persistent in researches into the painful and gruesome facts of Natural Philosophy, as into her delightful and exhilarating revelations.

In *Romeo and Juliet* we are presented with a blood-curdling picture of “ a charnel house, o'ercrowded quite with dead men's rattling bones, with reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.” This is Juliet's idea of what she would sooner have been shut up in, than marry the unloved Paris. But before swallowing the sleeping draught provided by the Friar her reflections are still more horrible, and combine all the elements of loathsomeness which Bacon has brought together in his notes on Putrefaction and kindred subjects.

“ How if when I am laid into the tomb
I wake before the time . . . There's a fearful point,

* 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 5.

Shall I not then be stifted in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no wholesome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the horror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for this many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:
 Where bloody Tyball yet but green in earth,
 Lies fester'ing in his shroud. . . .
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth . . .
 Shall I not be distraught? " &c."

The same horror of "stench" and loathsome smells in connection with death, is brought to our notice in *King John*, in the passage where Constance (aptly impersonating Bacon's "despairful widow to whom death comes gracious") calls upon death to end all.

" Death, death, O amiable, lovely death!
 Thou oderiferous stench! sound rottenness
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night."†

Hotspur, as a hardy soldier, resented the affectation (so he considered it) of the courtier fop who complained of the loathsome smell from the bodies of the dead after "the fight was done." For

" as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
 He call'd them, untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility."‡

Hamlet meditates on the scientific side of the question, just as Bacon does in the *Sylva Sylvarum*, and discusses it with the grave-digger.

" How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot? . . .
 Your water is a sore decayer of your dead body . . .
 Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i'
 The earth? . . . and smelt so? pah!" §

Then in *Lear* the combined thoughts of rottenness and mortality of evil and corruption of mind as well as body appear together, and with this example we conclude this short paper on a long subject which surely leads from the region of physics to that of metaphysics and to the doctrine of the union of the mind and body.

"*Lear*.—There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,

* *Rom. Jul.* iv. 3. † *John* iii. 4. ‡ *1 Hen.* IV. i. 3. § *Ham.* v. 1.

scalding stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination . . .

Glo.—O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear.—Let me wipe it first; *it smells of mortality.*

Glo.—O ruin'd piece of nature, this grent world shall so wear out to naught! *

“I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of evils” —far less an evil than the death of the senses, or the loss of intellect. A far less evil still than the loss of that hope, faith, and charity without which he would cease to be a man and descend to the level of the beast that perisheth—without hope so that like King Richard III. he may “despair and die;” without faith like Barnadine, “a man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what’s past, present or to come; *insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal,*” or worst of all without charity, like Shylock, “an inhuman wretch, uncapable of pity, void and empty of any dram of mercy,” a “damned inexorable dog whose currish spirit governed by a wolf hanged for human slaughter,” made Gratiano inclined to believe with Pythagoras that souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of men. Hamlet out of tune with himself thinks the majestical roof of the heavens no other thing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours, and himself a quintessence of dust. He tries to think so, but better thoughts prevail.

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! in form and *moving*, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

But the death of Hamlet is not the death of a mere animal. When the poison administered to him quite o’ercrows his spirit, he dies with a sense of quiet and peace—“The rest is silence”—and his friend regards him as in a calm and happy sleep when he wishes him farewell:—

“ Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

* *Lear* iv. 6.

EMBLEM PICTURES IN BACONIAN BOOKS.
TREES, SHRUBS, AND FRUITS.

EFFORTS have from time to time been made to interest lively minds in the Hieroglyphic or Symbolic Designs which decorate the pages of famous books of the 16th and 17th centuries, and which may be seen—we have often repeated this—faithfully handed down, varied, modified (*but never altered*)—sometimes copied or reproduced *fac-simile* by Freemason printers, photographers, and electrotypers of the present day.

This is not an age when “God’s gift”—imagination—is cultivated and delighted in. Poetry, say what we will, is at a discount under the present system of education. Hard facts, science, and statistics are at a premium. As for Parable, Allegory, Symbolism, or any attempt to show “*Figures in all things*,” these are, by the general, regarded as too slight, vain, and useless to be worthy of serious attention. A great mistake, great loss of pleasure and profit to those who entertain such low notions of the gracious “gift” which Francis Bacon so highly prized. We do not stop to combat these prejudices, but reiterate that he who professes to despise such things as appeal to the understanding through the imagination,

“Like the base Indian, throws a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.”

The hieroglyphic pictures or designs to which attention is again directed appeal to the bodily eye of the matter-of-fact observer, as well as to the mental eye of the imaginative and inquiring.

The first impression produced by these designs is usually that they are *ornaments*, queer, quaint, elegant, well or ill executed as the case may be, but book-ornaments—nothing more. We desire to show that they are something more; that they have a constant and coherent meaning; that they convey information, and that they are means by which the Baconian (*Rosicrucian? or Freemason?*) traditions have been transmitted for more than three hundred years.

The objects which form component parts of these designs, though varying in arrangement and combination, *never in themselves vary*. The same flowers and creatures, natural or mythical, the same

enigmatical forms and figures, are still introduced into modern designs printed by Freemason firms, as are seen in "Baconian" works of the 15th and 16th centuries. None have been added and none taken from the original code of Symbols and Hieroglyphics. Should anyone discredit this statement let him, as Bacon says, "Go and prove it."

Manifold are the flowers, fruits and trees, the beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, many the mythological creatures, and the implements of the arts in peace and war which lend themselves kindly to artistic design. But from all this wealth of materials *only a certain few objects from each class were, and are used* in the construction of the head and tail pieces, the printer's stamps, vignettes or devices, and the decorative frame-work of the borders of the pages found in "Baconian" books, old or new. We find nothing added to the list of objects, either in number or in kind. But the *arrangement* of the symbols, like the fragments of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope, shifts into an almost infinite variety of combinations, and the harmony or unity of design which results, would be miraculous were it not the effect of a first cause—the effect of forethought and contrivance.

In a previous paper we dealt briefly with the flower-symbols collected from Baconian books. In the present sketch it is proposed to glance in an equally superficial manner at the trees, shrubs and fruits which we find associated with the flowers. Tree emblems are chiefly seen in the printer's devices on title-pages. For instance, the vignette or device of Grafton has a tree or graft springing from a tun. A poor pun but quite equal to the average. The tree of knowledge is also as frequent as might be expected, usually covered with fruit or bearing some suggestive motto. The vine, too, is of course frequent and needs no explaining.

But apart from these are trees whose symbolism is independent of either fruit or flower. The palm, the pine, cedar, oak, acacia, olive, laurel, bay and myrtle all flourish on our pages; they are all sacred trees, *evergreens*, emblems of Eternity or Immortality, of "The Everlasting," Eternal Truth, and of all that is permanent and incorruptible. Hence came the custom of decking our churches and our homes at Christmas-tide with holly, yew, laurel and other "things which," says Bacon, "are green all the winter."

Such symbolism with regard to trees was, however, derived from

times far more ancient than the 15th century. Bacon studied the traditions and mysteries of antiquity, and he could not fail to know that evergreen trees were under different names dedicated from remote ages to Wisdom or Truth, who in Egypt was worshipped as Osiris ; in India as Astarte ; in Greece and Italy as Pallas and Minerva.

The palm is conspicuous especially in religious works. Vignettes of the head of " The Crowned Truth " are seldom without a background of palm leaves, and on many buildings erected in and after the time of Bacon, and devoted to learning, palm branches are arranged on either side of the mirror (of Nature), carrying out visibly the idea so often expressed by Bacon that Truth and Nature are inseparably wedded.

The ancients conceived the palm to be immortal, and that could not be destroyed, but when dying was revival by a renewal or resurrection. From its Greek name *Phoinix* the fable of the bird Phoenix is said to be derived, and this fusion of ideas did not escape the mystic designers who so often contrived pictorially to combine the symbols of the tree and the bird.

The palm symbol is of remote antiquity, and we must all recall its frequent use in Holy Scripture ; how Deborah, exercising an office which demands pre-eminently in its minister Truth and Wisdom, is said to have *judged Israel under a palm tree* ; how the *righteous* were promised that they should flourish like the palm tree ; how Solomon himself, addressing his spouse (Divine Truth or Wisdom) exclaims :—

" How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights ; thy stature is like a palm tree."

In the symbolic details of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem, observe the frequent recurrence of the mystical palm and its associations ; and in the vision of the prophet Ezekiel, where the Temple is seen with its posts or pillars, " Upon each post were palm trees . . . palm trees also to the arches of the windows . . . and the seven steps up to the entrance and the arches . . . the Inner Court also had palm trees."

In the ornaments of the Inner Chamber of the mystical Temple, the palm was even more conspicuous. This chamber was covered with carved work, " from the ceiling to the doors, and from the ground up to the windows . . . with cherubims and palm trees, so that there was a palm tree between a cherub and a cherub," &c.*

* See Ezek. xli. 16—26 ; Joel i. 2, and Exod. xxv. 18.

This beautiful emblem probably suggested to the architects of the 16th century the exquisite "Fan tracery," which may be seen in perfection in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, and which strongly resembles the spread leaves of the "Fan" Palm.* For it is manifest that the great builders like the great printers of those times were well imbued with the meaning of the ancient symbolism, and beauty in church architecture goes ever hand-in-hand with deep symbolic meaning.

Some of the sacred books of India are found covered with leaves of the palm, glued or sewn together. A traveller found an old man giving instruction from such book to a circle of young men, as he sat, like Deborah, at the foot of a palm tree.

There is a book, little known excepting in Freemason libraries; it is entitled, "*A Treasure or Store-house of Similes:*" both pleasant, delightful and profitable for all estates of men in general. Newly collected into heades and common-places. By Robert Cawdrey."

The date of this book is 1609, and therefore we do not believe in Mr. Cawdrey as the *Author*, although he was probably the agent who published this book. We discredit his authorship, because in Bacon's *De Augmentis*, Bk. ii., he repeats all that he has previously said about the use, but neglect of "fables, parables, enigmas, and similitudes," with which, he says, "the antient times are full," but which in his own time ("*mihi silintio,*" of myself I am silent) were in the year 1623 "deficient."

Could he have said this in the face of a treasure-house or *Promus* of similitudes published fourteen years before, and in which we find written down, arranged and numbered with Baconian method and order, at the least 6,300 similitudes between things earthly and things heavenly?

One paragraph, after drawing analogies between the olive tree, the almond, and the bramble bush, continues: "Or as the palme tree, though it have many waights at the toppe, and many snakes at the roote, yet still it sayes: I am neither oppressed with the waights, nor distressed with the snakes: so Christ . . . did most flourish when He was most afflicted. Like as the palme tree where there is a great

* In many old churches the pillars are seen to represent the stem of the palm, with the leaves truncated to form the capital.

waight laid on it spreadeth and flourisheth the broader, or *as camomel with treading or walking on it waxeth thicker*, even so to a faithful Christian, the more persecution he suffereth the more his faith is increased."

Observe in passing, Falstaff's adaptation of the similitude placed in italics, in days when similes were *deficient*: "*Though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows*, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears" (1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4).—Other references p. 10 MS.

The palm, as an emblem of unconquerable strength, is well presented in a design on the title-page of a parabolic book, entitled, "*Dendrologie on la Forest de Dodonne.*" In a small ellipse at the top of an elliptical frame is a palm-tree with this motto: *Curvata Resurgo*, according to the interpretation of Aulius Gellius (a writer of the second century, often cited by Bacon), who describes the palm as an emblem not only of eternity but of strength, and of ability to stand upright under any pressure.

The Laurel and the Bay have kindred meanings, generally well understood. "Nobility," says Bacon, "is the laurel with which Time crowns men; and it is curious to note how many portraits *much resembling each other* are thus seen crowned in Baconian books. In the "*Treasurie*" Pliny is quoted, to show the laurel as an emblem of "constant vertue," but in the "*Dendrologie*," the laurels are specifically made to represent in allegory "*Men of Letters.*"

Bays, sometimes confused with laurels, express ardour, mingled with endurance.* Bacon, when recording his observations on the properties of evergreen trees and shrubs, notes: "*Bay is a hot, aromatical wood, and so is rosemary for a shrub.*" This note gives point to the otherwise senseless exclamation in *Pericles*, of the coarse woman whose will Marina resists:—

"Marry, come up, my dish of *chastity with rosemary and bays.*" She expresses the belief that Marina's coldness is feigned, or incompatible with her hot temper.

The olive we all recognise (even by the use of its oil in the sacred

* There seems to be a further allusion to the ardour of men of letters and the enduring nature of their works, in the *Treasurie*, p. 190, of calamitie, where we read that the "*Laurel cannot be burnt up with any fire that burneth out of the clouds.*"

ceremonies) as a symbol of comfort, nourishment, healing and peace. "There is a treasure to be desired, and oil in the dwelling of the wise." Truth the treasure, peace the oil; for without peace, as Bacon teaches, truth itself can make no advance, even in the dwelling of the wise. Hence olive branches wind around the spires of aspiration, and surmount the porches of Solomon's house. On title-pages where these are seen, we shall hardly fail to perceive this emblem of peaceful prosperity.

Nor—in connection with the palm, which the more it is weighted the better it thrives, and with the camomile, which the more it is trodden on the faster it grows—let us not forget the myrtle, ever green and very sweet, which, "*the leaves being pressed*, it gives forth its most powerful perfume;" a beautiful image of true love and faithful friendship, sweetest when trouble or oppression comes upon either friend.* Compare the words of Bacon in his famous and most poetical essay, "*Of Adversity*": "Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed."

The cedar, with its evergreen, wide-spreading branches, and the permanent shelter which it affords, has been accepted as another apt emblem of the Church of Christ. "A moth, a worme, doth not breede in the cedar, being a goodly and odoriferous tree, alwaies fresh and florishing, the wood whereof doth not rot." †

The great builder of the New Solomon's House did not forget that the Temple of Solomon was framed of the imperishable and all-sheltering cedar. He compared the great and powerful patrons of his work to *great trees*. Not that all great trees do good; on the contrary, they may prove hurtful "by starving all things in their neighbourhood! If you leave your staddles too thick you shall never have clean underwood, but shrubs and bushes." ‡

Titus Andronicus similarly associates the idea of shrubs with oppression, and starving or tyrannising by the cedars.

* Ripa. *Iconologia Novissima*, p. 26. An Italian emblem-book, which we attribute to the pen, or at least the influence of Francis, or Anthony Bacon.

† "*Treasurie*," and see 2 Sam. vii. 2, &c.; 1 Kings v. 6, 9—11; 1 Chron. xxii. 4, &c.

‡ See the Essay on *True Greatness of Kingdoms*. But happily, in England at least, the case is altered; the presence in country districts of rich landed proprietors and of the "great house" is an almost certain guarantee that the 'underwood' will *not* be starved but excellently well cared for.

“ Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-boned men framed for the Cyclops' size ;
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.” *

Again, in the speech where, at the end of *Henry VIII.*, Cranmer is supposed to be paying a pretty compliment to Queen Elizabeth (but in which we see the poet surreptitiously commending his sovereign mistress, the Lady Truth), King Henry is compared to a mountain cedar flourishing, and at the same time benefiting the shrubs and lowly growths of the plains and valleys beneath.†

Uprightness is continually associated by our poet-philosopher with the idea of a cedar. So Dumain, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3), describes his lady-love, the most divine Kate,

“ As upright as a cedar,”

and the same will be found in many of the minor poets of the same period. Yet who, unprejudiced, and out of his own observation and judgment would distinguish the cedar by the epithets “ tall,” “ straight,” “ upright ?” Rather might it be described as “ spreading,” “ wide,” “ umbrageous ;” for the width and shelter of the cedar are far more conspicuous characteristics of the tree than the height or straightness, which are chiefly perceptible when the trunk is stripped of its branches.

An old tradition recorded by Curzon in his “ Monasteries of the Levant ” may possibly have reached the ears of our poet, for whom, as it concerns Solomon, and connects him with the culminating episode in Christianity, it would assuredly have possessed a strong attraction. “ Solomon,” says this tradition, “ cut down a cedar and buried it on the spot where the pool of Bethesda used to stand. Before the Crucifixion this cedar floated up to the surface, and was taken from the pool and used as the upright of the Saviour's cross.”

* *Tit. And.* iv. 3.

† The allusions in this speech to the clustering vine twining around the Tree of Knowledge, the ripening of the fruit in the sun, the Phoenix (the new philosophy rising from the ashes of the old) the star-like rising of the Queen of Wisdom, and the Peace and Plenty which accompany her advent, form a group of metaphors and symbols too well knit together, too Baconian and suggestive to be overlooked. Note also the allusions to Solomon, the Queen of Sheba and the promised “ gifts ” symbolised by the lily-flower of light.”

No object is commoner in our designs than the acorn. Not only is it to be seen in the flower-scrolls, baskets, garlands, and cornucopias, but in many books whole rows of acorns are used to form frames, and bars, or dividing lines (often mixed with dots and notes of interrogation and other small figures).

In metaphorical language the oak signifies strength, endurance, and power of resistance; it is an emblem of God Himself.

"*Shakespeare*" speaks of "the hardest timbered oak," "the un-wedgeable and gnarled oak," "the oak not to be wind-shaken," and so forth, but the *endurance* of an oak is in Bacon's mind always coupled with the fact that *this tree bears acorns*.

"The lasting of trees," says Bacon, "is most in those which are largest. *Trees that bear mast*, are commonly more lasting than those that bear fruits, *as oaks*."

Again, he says that "The nature of everything is best considered in the seed," and that "great matters have many times small beginnings;"* or in the poetry,

"Most poor matters point to most rich ends."†

Acorns then signify—

" Things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured."‡

They also remind us of those "Seeds of Time" to which Francis Bacon looked forward in faith, knowing that in due season his incipient efforts would be brought to ripeness.

"Most poor matters point to most rich ends."

Sometimes we have suspected in the oak an emblem of *a great author preyed upon by inferior growths, which draw their whole nutriment from him*. "There is no tree which, besides the natural fruit, doth bear so many bastard fruits as the oak doth; for besides the acorn it beareth galls, oak-apples . . . oaknuts, and certain oak-berries sticking close to the body of the tree."§

* *Promus*, 1451, and Spedding *Let. Life*, vii. 374. † *Temp.* iii. 1. ‡ 2 *Hen.* IV. iii. 2.

§ See the *Nat. Hist.*, cent. vii. 633—638, and the "*Treasurie*," p. 183, where the misletoe is described.

The nuts, almonds, walnuts, and chestnuts, and "pine-apples" (fir-cones) which are seen in our symbolic pictures are described in the same places as having *watery juices which, as they gather spirit burn and inflame like wine*. The sentence would seem inexplicable unless regarded as a parable in which we may learn that the "watery" minds of the poet's hangers-on or assistants were kindled into zeal and enthusiasm by the knowledge which they imbibed from him.

The almond is one of the many symbols of the Holy Spirit of God. The great candlestick made for the temple had three branches, and there were three bowls or sockets to each branch. The bowls were "made like unto almonds," each ornamented with "a knop and a flower."* Here we have the joint emblems—light, the flower, and the almond—representing Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and in many other places the almond is introduced with symbolism of the same kind. We cannot fail to remember Aaron's rod which budded, "*bloomed blossoms and yielded almonds in God's holy place,*"† or of the *vision of an almond tree*,‡ which was presented to Jeremiah, when he was called forth to root out error and to plant truth afresh.

Perhaps the almond became a symbol on account of the light which can be produced from its oil. The olive is of still more frequent use as an emblem of nourishment, healing and peace. "There is a treasure to be desired, and oil in the dwelling of the wise."§ Truth is the treasure, peace the oil, and without peace Bacon assures us that learning (or truth) can make no way even in the dwelling of the wise. The olive|| with the ancients was sacred to Minerva, Pallas, or Athene, and the Athenians boasted that they came from Sait (equivalent to Athene). They claimed, therefore, to derive their name from "the Olive of Heaven," or Wisdom. No wonder therefore that the obelisks or spires of aspiration so often seen surmounting the porch of Solomon's house on Baconian title-pages, are entwined with the Olive of Peace and Good-will—"words smoother than oil."

The vine readily associates itself in our thoughts with the olive, and it has elsewhere been shown how the grape more than any other fruit furnished Bacon's bright imagination with images by which he could explain to his disciples his ideas of the cheering and stimulating effects

* See Job xiv. 2; Psa. ciii. 15; Isa. xxviii. 1, xl. 6—8. † Numb. xvii. 8. ‡ Jer. i. 11. § Prov. xxi. 20. || Olive oil was the ambrosia of the ancients.

of true knowledge; its tendency as a vine to spread and ramify, and in its fruits to cluster. "Chance," he says, "discovereth new inventions one by one, science finds them *by clusters*."*

The bunch of grapes is one of the most characteristic water-marks † in the paper of Baconian books, and the great poet himself explains their meaning. "I find," he says, "the wisdom of the ancients to be *like grapes ill-trodden*, something is squeezed out; but the best parts are left behind."‡ He likens the laws to "grapes that, being too much pressed, yield a harsh and unwholesome wine," and with regard to religious teaching he reflects that "as wines which flow gently from the first treading of the grape are sweeter than those that are squeezed out by the wine-press, because these last have some taste of the stones and skin of the grape, so those doctrines are very sweet and healthy which flow from a gentle pressure of the Scripture, and are not wrested to controversies and common-places."§ And in the matter of sciences he finds that "other men have drunk a crude liquor like water, either flowing spontaneously from the understanding, or drawn up by logic as by wheels from a well. Whereas I pledge mankind in a liquor pressed from countless grapes, from grapes ripe, and fully seasoned, collected in clusters, and gathered, and then squeezed in the press, and then finally purified, and clarified in the vat."||

These words well express his own "method, as wholesome as sweet," tolerant of other men's opinions, whilst firm in his own, and we may all join in his prayer, "God grant that we may contend . . . as the vine with the olive, which of us shall bear best fruit, and not as the briar with the thistle, which of us is most unprofitable."

Before leaving the vine we would draw attention to Bacon's notes, amongst which it figures as one of the "plants that creep along the ground, or wind about other trees or props, and cannot support themselves." Not only ivy, woodbines and clematis, but the great Vine of Truth pictured on Bacon's title-pages, need stout props or pillars to support it, and a collation of many passages assure us that the figure is intended to teach the need of powerful props to learning and to the learned, such as can be afforded by the encouragement and favour of

* *Int. Nat.* 11; *Gt. Instn. Plan*, and *Nov. Org.* i. 70. † See "*Francis Bacon and his Secret Society*," chap. xi. ‡ *De Aug.* ix. 1. § *Conts. of the Church.* || *Nov. Org.* i. 123, q.v.

Royalty, or by the assistance given to the poor student by a wealthy patron.*

Next to the vine there is no fruit more frequent in our "book-ornaments" than the pomegranate, again an Indian symbol of the Holy Spirit of God. Everywhere we seem to recognise this symbol. Think of Aaron's ephod of the heavenly blue embroidered with pomegranates of blue, purple, and scarlet, and between them bells of gold. "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about." And in the "Song of Solomon" Christ Himself is represented as thus speaking of Truth or the Church: "A garden enclosed is My sister, My spouse. . . . Thy fruits are as an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits."

The Greeks, who seem to have taken almost all their ideas from the wisdom of the Egyptians, dedicated this fruit to Juno the Queen of Heaven, "the passive principle of nature, and who conceives the seeds of things in her divine womb." Juno is sometimes portrayed crowned and with a pomegranate in her hand. Pausanius draws especial attention to the fruit; "but," he adds, "as these particulars belong to an arcane discourse, I shall pass them by in silence."†

The ancient Persians carved upon their sceptres and walking sticks,‡ and the god Rimmon was sometimes represented holding in his hand, this mystic fruit, which, because it abounds with seed, was thought by the Jews to be a fit emblem of the Shekinah, or glory of God, containing the elements of nature and of the future world. Doubtless, Bacon agreed with, and adopted their interpretation, finding in the pomegranate an excellent suggestion of the things

"As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured,
Such things become the hatch and brood of time,"

of those "future ages" for which Francis Bacon so unselfishly and so unremittingly laboured. The following notes in his "*Promus*" occur in significant proximity.§

* See *Nat. Hist.* 594. *Apologia. Hist. Hen. VII. Petition of Tenures. Notes of Recusants. R. III.* iii. 7. *Mcr. Ven.* ii. 2, 70. 3 *Hen. VI.* i, 65. *Per.* iv. 6. † "Book of God" v. 702 (*footnote*). ‡ Is it not possible that for the same reason the ancient and "old-fashioned" doctors used to carry their insignia, knobbed-ending walking sticks? § *Promus*, 1448—1454.

“*That of which the origin is good, is good.
No man gathereth grapes of thornes nor figges of thistells ;
The nature of everything is best considered in the seed.
Primum mobile twines about the orbs ;
A good or yll foundation.
Out of good customs good laws.*”

“*The seeds of things,*” he says in his prose, “*are of much latent virtue, and yet of no use except in their development.*”² “*A politic man uses his very thoughts for seeds.*”[†] “*The examples of Antitheta collected in my youth are really seeds, not flowers.*”[‡] “*A man may make his labour as a seed of somewhat in time to come.*”[§] And to Trinity College, Cambridge, he writes in 1623:—

“All things, and the growth thereof are due to their beginnings. And therefore, seeing that I drew my beginnings of knowledge from your fountain, I have thought it right to return to you the increase of the same, hoping likewise that these things of mine will spring up the more happily among you, as being in their native soil.”^{||}

As usual we observe that he mixes his metaphors, and beginning with the springing of a fountain, ends with the springing of a seed, and he concludes his last great philosophical work with these words:—

“As the greatest things are owing to their beginnings, it will be enough for me to have sown a seed for posterity, and the immortal God; whose Majesty I humbly implore, through His Son, our Saviour, favourably to accept these, and the like sacrifices of the human understanding, seasoned with religion, as with salt, and offered up to His glory.”[¶]

We hasten to an end, but ask leave for a few concluding words on the Baconian fruits in general. He divides them broadly into wine-making and *non-wine-making* fruits. The grape, apple, pear, cherry and pomegranate are of the former kind. The apples of the tree of knowledge can indeed be made to express much excellent wine to make glad the heart of man. The golden apples of the Hesperides, like the apples of Eden, bestowed the gift of knowledge upon those who ate them. It is said that the plucking of those golden apples by Hercules signified his possessing himself of the knowledge which would

* *Nov. Org.* i. 121. † *De Aug.* iv. 3; *Antitheta.* ‡ *Ib.* vi. 3, and *Adv.* i. § *De Aug.* viii. 2. || *Ib.*, *end.* ¶ *Ib.*

secure the success of his labours. The Oriental roots of the word "garden" are also said to be akin to the root of the word which signifies "*the much desired*;" and we cannot forget that the tree of knowledge was "*a tree to be desired to make one wise.*"

But there are other fruits which, according to our Poet-philosopher, "*though they be not in use for drink, yet they appear to be of the same nature;*"* as plums, services, mulberries, rasps, oranges, lemons, &c. "And for those juices, as they cannot make drink by expression, yet perhaps they may make drink by mixture with water." And quoting Virgil, he adds:—

"Potulaque admistis imitantur vitea sorbis."

Not being able to procure the finest wine "the ruder sort" must content themselves with beer, and with the cider made from service-berries. We take this as a hint that men by whom the nobler kinds of knowledge are unattainable may yet be refreshed and nourished by simpler drinks "brewed to a weaker and a colder palate."†

Such a fruit is the mulberry, sweet and wholesome as it is, wine, the finest drink, cannot be brewed from it. The Egyptians by it symbolised numerals or mathematics, and their name for the mulberry, *kadonis*, makes one wonder if there is here any possible connection with *Kadmus*, the traditional introducer of the alphabet into Greece? But Bacon from first to last seems to have seen in the mulberry an emblem of the delight and sweetness, the gentleness and humility to be found in true Wisdom. He did not overlook its *durability*; and, in the recorded instances of his having planted a tree, note, that *it is a mulberry.*

In the "*Treasure*" we read of the mulberry as "*the wisest of trees, because it only bringeth forth leaves after the cold is past.*" The *Promus* has an entry from the Adages of Erasmus, 975:—

"*Riper than a mulberry (of a mild soft mannered man).*"‡ Here the sweetness only of the mulberry is the thought; the only idea presented in the earlier Plays and Poems. The birds found such pleasure in the presence of Adonis,

"That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him *mulberries and red-ripe cherries.*"§

* *Nat. Hist.* 633. † *Tr. Cr.* iv. 4. ‡ *Promus* 869. § *Ven. Adonis*

Titania, doting on Bottom, will

“ Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees.”*

But in the later Plays the mulberry has developed a disposition of *humility*. The shy fruit retires behind its leaves, it cannot face the cold or endure rough handling. Volunnia, in her admonition to her son, entreats him to use gentle words to the people, urging that it is necessary not only to have, but *to show* respect and consideration for the feelings of others.

“ Go to them . . . correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the stoutest mulberry
That will not hold the handling.”†

And was not this the result of Francis Bacon's life-long experience and the secret of his almost miraculous though little recognised success, in those “ days dark and dangerous ? ” In his youth he wrote :—

“ It is better to bend than break.”‡

In his old age, and after he had both bent and been broken, his faithful secretary, Dr. Rawley, wrote of him that “ The king whom he served gave him this testimony, *That he ever dealt in business suavibus modis; which was the way that was most according to his own heart.*”

“ So, like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, nor sharpness: if they were
His equal had awak'd them:
. . . . Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times.”§

* *M. N. D.* iii. 1. † *Coriol.* iii. 2. ‡ *Promus* 944. § *All's Well* i. 2.

ELEMENTARY BACONISM.

PART I.

THE question has been proposed to the Bacon Society, "Setting aside all negative and inferential evidence, what direct and circumstantial testimony can be brought to prove your case?"

In replying to this reasonable and time-honoured inquiry, we propose to do no more than to reiterate statements, and to suggest inquiries brought forward 13 or 14 years ago by one of our own members,* and many of which had even then been suggested or published by previous writers. The present notes will exclude all dissertation upon the more than 1,560 notes which formed Francis Bacon's early "*Promus*" or "promptuary store" of *Formularies and Elegancies* "to help his memory and his invention." That mine of wealth in the matter of internal evidence seems to be excluded by the question. We will also pass over for the present the 30 or more Latin eulogies now in course of translation and re-publication in this magazine. We are curious, nevertheless, to know how opponents will explain away what these pieces tell us of Francis Bacon as the *one great concealed Poet, Orator, Teller of Tales in the Courts of Kings; Phœbus Apollo, Teacher of the Muses*. After whose death "wits went backwards."

Let us begin by considering

The place and manner of performance of the plays.

It is very striking to any thoughtful reader when he comes first to consider the circumstances under which the "*Shakespeare*" Plays were first acted, to find that, far from their having been brought out (as is the popular notion) at "Shakespeare's Theatre," they appeared, and were often written for the purpose of performance at Court, before Queen Elizabeth and later on before James I., that these plays were for the most part played, not by a "player's company," but by the servants, and at the houses of Francis Bacon's personal friends. For

* See "Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespeare," 1884 and 1885. Parts I. and II. reprinted R. Banks, 1893. For further developments see *The Great Cryptogram*, Part I. T. Donnelly. "*Francis Bacon and his Secret Society.*" E. Bormanns' "Shakespeare's Secret." E. Reed's "Bacon v. Shakespeare." &c.

instance, we read of their performance by the servants of the Earls of Leicester, Essex and Sussex (for whom Bacon, we know, also wrote speeches and devices), and *Measure for Measure* was first performed at Wilton, the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Bacon's life-long friend. Several of these plays, likewise, first saw the light in the Middle Temple, and in the New Hall of Gray's Inn—*Bacon's Inn*, of which he was for many years the star, the centre of all that was witty and gay.

When William Shakspeare absented himself from London, even when he died, these events seem in no way to have affected the performance of the plays, and nine plays at least were published, unheard-of plays appeared, nearly eight years after William Shakspeare's death. At the same time that these new plays were put forward as "*Shakspeare's*" others which had before been included amongst the works of that Poet were withdrawn, and labelled "spurious" or "doubtful." These circumstances have formed one basis of doubt concerning the true authorship of the Plays, and the further research is urged in this direction, the further from William Shakspeare, and the nearer to Francis Bacon, does the inquirer find himself drawn.

Circumstances in the lives of the two men next arrest attention. "I cannot," says Emerson of Shakspeare, "marry the life of this man to his works." A remark so true, and so unlike the utterances of most Shakespeareans, that we are tempted to wonder if Emerson knew more than he was allowed to say. The utmost efforts of the old and new Shakespeare Societies have failed to exhibit any chain of connection between the life of William Shakspeare and the Plays, whereas the leading events in the life of Francis Bacon are seen succeeding each other in due order in the Plays, as *chronologically arranged* by Dr. Delius.*

1577.—Francis was sent in the suite of the British Ambassador to the Court of France, travelling through the provinces and towns which are the scene of the first Shakespeare Play (*1 Hen. VI.*) Blois, Tours, Orleans, &c., finally settling down at Poitiers, where he studied hard, collecting information on modern history.

* This subject treated at length, fills a volume. Briefly handled it was gone over and published twelve years ago. See "Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespeare?" The present is, therefore, an abridged abridgement.

1579.—One night he dreamt that his father's country house was plastered over with black mortar, and immediately afterwards he was summoned home by news of the sudden death of Sir Nicholas, and found that in consequence of a paper being unsigned he was left with only a fraction of the portion intended for him. At first he retired to live with his mother at Gorhambury, St. Albans, the scene of *2 Hen. VI.*

1579-1586.—Anthony Bacon goes abroad, travelling and living chiefly in the south of France, at Bourdeaux, and in Italy, at Padua, Verona and Venice. *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Love's Labour's Lost* are, by Malone, attributed to this date.

Francis Bacon, in 1581, began to keep terms in Gray's Inn, and little is heard of him. "What particular studies absorbed him we are not told;" the law, however, did *not* absorb him. In 1582, he was called to the bar, but long remained briefless. In 1583 he is sighing for the return of Anthony, with whom he kept up perpetual intercourse by letters.

1587.—Francis helps in getting up *the Gray's Inn Revels*, and in the presentation of the anonymous Play, *The Tragedy of Arthur*. About this time he also assists in some *Masques* to be performed before the Queen.

1588-1591.—Still without sufficient professional employment. "*The contemplative planet carries me away wholly.*" He threatens "*to become a sorry bookmaker,*" and divides his time chiefly between Gorhambury and Twickenham, where the Queen visits him and he presents her Majesty "*with a Sonnet—for she loves to be wooed and to have Sonnets writ in her honour.*" *The Sonnets* are supposed to have been written about this time (some earlier). *Comp. Sonn.* iv. lviii. lviii.

Henceforward the *Shakespeare* Comedies continue to exhibit the combined influence of Anthony Bacon's letters from France and Italy, with the legal studies of Francis in Gray's Inn.

1592.—In the beginning of this year Anthony returns to England, and resides in Chambers with Francis. Together they fulfil the *unpaid* duties of secretaries to the Earl of Essex. Francis had lived very frugally and modestly, but he became greatly hampered by want

of money, and we find him borrowing sums so small as £1 at a time from the Jews and Lombards, one of whom, Sympson by name, actually cast him into a sponging house on account of a bond which was not to fall due for two months. Anthony, on his return, finding his brother thus distressed, mortgaged his property, taxing his own credit and that of his friends, in order to release Francis from the burden of debt and from the usurer, "the hard Jew." To these episodes are attributed the Merchant of Venice, which was put on the stage three years later.

In this same year, 1592, Robert Greene, in the Groatsworth of Wit, distinctly asserts that Will Shakspeare was an odd-job man, a "utility" player, attached to the theatre, a conceited, bombastic, inferior actor, "an absolute *Johannae factotum*, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country."

1592-3.—Bacon composes for a festive occasion a device entitled "A Conference of Pleasure." In the list of contents on the outside of the MS. book which contains this courtly piece, are included several "speeches," "orations," and letters written for the Earls of Essex, Sussex, and Leicester, and with them the plays of Richard II., Richard III., Esmond and Cornelia (Edmund and Cordelia, an early form of Lear?), and the "Isle of Dogs" fragment attributed to Thomas Nashe.

Venus and Adonis now appears anonymously, but with a dedication to Francis Bacon's young friend the Earl of Southampton. Note that when by-and-by Bacon quarrelled with Southampton on the score of his disloyalty, the poem was republished *without the dedication*. In the year 1593, the Plague breaks out in London. Francis, with some congenial friends, removes to Twickenham, and to this date Shakespearean critics assign 3 Henry VI.

1594.—A sheet in Bacon's Promus, or Note Book, bears the date Dec. 5, 1594. It contains a number of entries which reappear in increasing numbers and varieties of use in successive editions of Romeo and Juliet (1597-1599). The phrase, figures, and quotations which are associated in the Promus and in the play are absent from the old stories whence the play is derived. The Promus also contains 1,560 entries repeated or alluded to sometimes many times in the Shakespeare plays.

In this year, on Dec. 29th, Francis Bacon is called upon to assist in "recovering the honour of Gray's Inn" "lost" on the previous night through the miscarriage of a Christmas Revel in which also he was concerned.

About this time the Calvinistic strictness of Lady Anne Bacon's principles received a severe shock from the repeated and open proofs given by her sons of their taste for stage performances. Anthony has gone to live in Bishopsgate-street, near the "Bull Inn," where ten or twelve of the Shakespeare plays were acted. Lady Anne writes that she "trusts they will not mum nor mask nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn," but they were already deep in preparation for the proposed festivities. A device or elaborate burlesque which turned Gray's Inn into a mimic court, was arranged, the Prince of Purpoole and a Master of the Revels chosen, and the sports were to last for twelve days, beginning on December 20th. The entertainment was so gorgeous and produced such excitement on the first night that the throng of people exceeded anything that had been expected, and so crowded the Hall that the actors were driven from the stage. The tumult having partly subsided, the guests were obliged, in default of those "very good inventions and conceits which had been intended," to content themselves with dancing, followed by "A Comedy of Errors," played by the players.

This was on Dec. 28th. The next night was taken up with a mock legal inquiry into the cause of these disorders, and after this, which was a broad parody of the administration of justice by the Crown in council, they held "a great consultation for the recovery of their lost honour," and ended by resolving that the Prince's Council should be reformed, and some "graver conceits" should have their places. It is certain that Bacon's "Order of the Helmet," in which he took a principal part, was produced on Jan. 3rd, 1595. This entertainment is described by Spodding as "one of the most elegant that was ever presented to an audience of statesmen and courtiers."*

In 1594 Lucrece was published, dedicated (like Gen. Ad.) to Lord Southampton, still intimate with Francis Bacon, and who is said to

* See Spodding Letters and Life of Bacon, i. 323—345. Halliwell Phillips, in relating the whole story, studiously omits the name of Bacon.

have given a large sum towards the erection of the "Globe" theatre on Bankside, where the Shakespeare plays were performed.*

During this same year, 1594, Bacon vainly applied for the places of attorney or solicitor. It is considered that he would have succeeded but for the injudicious and arrogant interference of Essex, who, really anxious in some way to pay his secretaries (but being himself deeply in debt), attempted to coerce the Queen into giving Bacon this appointment, for his (Essex's) sake and at his bidding. Bacon was again passed over and retired much hurt, and feeling disgraced to Twickenham. To Sir R. Cecil, he writes: "Upon her Majesty's 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 I hoped her Majesty would not be offended if, not being able to endure the sun, I fled into the shade."

To Essex he wrote that the Queen was offended at his wish to travel:—

"Surely . . . it is such an offence as it would be an offence to the sun, when a man to avoid the scorching heat thereof flieth into the shade . . . for though mine heart be good yet mine eyes be sore, &c. . . I hope that her Majesty of her clemency, yea and justice, will not suffer me to pine here with melancholy."

A little later he writes to his uncle, Lord Burleigh:—

"I drew myself last term to my house in the country . . . I confess a little to help digestion, and to be out of eye, I absented myself."

These letters should be compared with some of the *Sonnets*, wherein the author, *alone*, *outcast* and (as he thinks) *disgraced*, turns for comfort and consolation to his mistress and sovereign lady, his muse or truth and beauty, science and poetry, the subjects of his muse:—

"Let those who are in fortune with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

* There is no evidence whatever that Southampton ever had "friendship" or fellowship with W. Shakspeare, unless the supposed signature of the latter's name *wrongly spelt*, to the dedication, be considered evidence.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eyes,
 For at a frown they in their glory die," &c.

Son. xxv. ; and comp. *Son.* xxxiii.

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewail my outcast state . . .
 I think on thee," &c.—*Son.* xxix. ; see xxx.

See also of the war between Eye and Heart in *Son.* xlvi., xlvi.

The stormy passages between the Queen and Essex having for the present cleared away, we find that in November, 1594, Francis Bacon wrote a "Device" for Essex to present to her Majesty as a kind of olive branch on the "Queen's Day." This piece, entitled "*The Device of an Indian Prince*," bears many points of strong resemblance to the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," which appeared soon after Francis Bacon's retirement into the shade at Twickenham Park. At this time he describes himself as "poor, and working for bread."

About this time he made the following entry in the *Promus*:—

"*Law at Twickenham for ye mery tales.*"

Some of these merry tales are thought to be *The Midsummer Night's Dream*,* *All's Well that Ends Well*, the two parts of the play of *Hen. IV.*, and perhaps *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Rich. III.*, attributed by Dr. Delius to this period.

1595.—January 27th is the latest date entered in the *Promus*. To this year Shakespeareans assign the completion of the *Merchant of Venice*, wherein "the hard Jew" who had persecuted Francis Bacon is immortalized in the character of *Shylock*, whilst *Antonius* represents the generous Anthony, who had sacrificed his own interests and "taxed his credit" in order to relieve that beloved younger brother. †

1596.—The biographer finds that Francis Bacon's affairs had now reached a crisis. What plans he had made, or what course he pursued for the purpose of clearing himself, does not appear. No letter has been found to say precisely what he was about at this time. Some

* In this play Bacon brings to his aid in creating his fairies his studies of the winds, especially of the zephyrs and lighter breezes.

† The *Mer. Ven.* also connects Anthony's intimate acquaintance with Italy, and the legal studies of Francis.

critics attribute to it the finished plays of *King John*, *Rich. II.*, and *1 Hen. IV.*

1597.—Bacon wrote in the intervals of business the *Colours of Good and Evil* and the *Meditationæ Sacræ*, for which preparations are found in the *Promus* entries and utilised repeatedly and with excellent effect in the plays.

The "*Speech for the Earl of Essex at Tilt*" referred to above bears this year's date.

In letters to Sir Tobie Matthew, with dates and other particulars mysteriously obliterated or garbled, F. Bacon, alluding to certain of his own works which Sir T. M. had been reading for him, speaks *without naming them* of "*other works*," "*works of my recreation*." Elsewhere he refers to some of his works as "*the alphabet*," a mysterious term, we believe, for his tragedies and comedies, since in the *Promus* (before 1594) was this entry—

"*Tragedies and comedies are made of one alphabet.*" *

On October 15th of this same year, 1597, Francis writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury from Gray's Inn, to borrow a horse and armour for some public show. He tells Mountjoy at this time that "*it is now my manner and rule to keep state in contemplative matters.*"

Romeo and Juliet is published again full of Italian colouring and English law. Folio 111 of the *Promus* contains 38 entries, of which 33 are reflected in that tragedy, some of them several times.

1598.—The Queen, having again quarrelled with Essex, is greatly offended by the play of *Rich. II.*, which is considered to be connected with a pamphlet published by Dr. Hayward, and which she considers to be treasonable. Bacon tries to soothe her Majesty with a jest, saying that the play contained no treason, but much felony: "And when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English, and put them into his text."

Shakespearean commentators seem to have utterly ignored this

* Since Francis Bacon's chief cipher is the A B cipher, it cannot be thought improbable that the Shakespeare plays "stuffed" with cipher are thus alluded to.

remarkable speech, which Bacon nevertheless took care to perpetuate, and which is printed amongst his apothegms. It has remained for Baconians to test the truth of their master's statement, and to trace the sentences of Tacitus in the Shakespeare plays.

Writing in later years about this time Bacon says:—"Her Majesty had a purpose to dine in Twickenham Park, at which time *I had—though I profess not to be a poet—prepared a sonnet . . . to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation to my lord of Essex.*"

Before the autumn of 1598, Bacon wrote to Lord Burghley, offering to furnish a masque as "a demonstration of affection" on some occasion unspecified. He now is known to have been prosecuting *secret studies*.

1599.—The anonymous poem, *The Passionate Pilgrim** (in which *Son. xii.* should be compared with Bacon's treatise of *Youth and Age*) and the *Merry Wives* are said by Malone to have been written. Dr. Delius adds *Much Ado* and *Hen. V.*

1592-1601.—Now follows Francis Bacon's "dark period," the "dark period" of "*Shakespeare*," when Will Shakspere was busy accumulating land and other property, and in obtaining for himself a coat-of-arms apparently granted under a misapprehension and on account of mis-statements.

Lady Anne Bacon went out of her mind, passing apparently through all the stages of mental disease noted in *Hamlet*—

"She . . . fell into a sadness,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness, wherein,"

like Hamlet, "she raved, and her children wailed for." From this time the symptoms of madness and brain disease are studied by the poet and introduced into *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*.

The mysterious poem of *The Phoenix and the Turtle* is now published. It seems to be capable of interpretation by the "Renaissance" and "Rosicrucian" doctrines of Baconians.

1601.—Essex having stirred the Queen's subjects to rebellion in

* Dr. Furnivall "likes to think that this poem" is Shakespeare's, although *anonymous*.

Ireland, brought armed trains to London, and caused an outbreak, in which, however, the citizens would not support him. Being arrested and impeached of high treason, the Queen, to spite Bacon for the way in which he had continually tried to palliate Essex's offences, forced him, in his official capacity, to take part in the prosecution. The subsequent condemnation and execution of the brilliant man who had once been his friend, although he had long ceased to be so, and had proved a traitor of the deepest dye, must have been a cause of misery to Bacon. The graphic account of the execution of Buckingham introduced into *Henry VIII.* first published (and apparently unheard of until) 1623, is held by Baconians to be a faithful picture of "the noble ruin'd man" in his last hours. (Readers are requested to study this subject.)

Anthony Bacon, "dearest brother," "comforte and consorte," was in very bad health. It is thought that this tragedy hastened his death, which occurred soon afterwards.

The correspondence of this year shows Francis Bacon now connected by marriage with the family of Sir Thomas Lucy the *Justice Shallow* of the *Merry Wives*. A daughter of Sir Thomas married a nephew of Lady Anne Bacon. The Lucys lived within a drive of the Pakingtons, from which family Francis Bacon afterwards took his wife. He must, therefore, have been perfectly well acquainted with that part of Warwickshire.

Essex's rebellion is pointed out by Shakespeareans as the direct cause of the production of *Julius Cæsar* in 1601. "Julius Cæsar is not the hero of the play; Brutus is."² Dr. Delius assigns to this play the date 1603, which accords with a passage in a letter from Bacon to Sir Tobie Matthew (1608-9), where, in alluding to a rough draft of *The Felicity of Elizabeth*, he says: "At that time methought, you were more willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* than *Elizabeth* commended." About this date Sir Tobie Matthew says in the postscript to a letter to Bacon acknowledging the receipt of some work not specified:—"I will not return you weight for weight but *Measure for Measure*."

1603.—*Measure for Measure* was played apparently for the first and only time (previous to its publication in 1623) at Wilton, the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The occasion was the presence

* See Forewords to the Leopold Shakspeare lxxvii., lxxviii.

at Wilton of James I. and his court during the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh at Winchester. The Play was acted by Shakspeare's company, and in it is repeated the gist of Bacon's speech about obsolete and sleeping laws, and of "the law's delay" in the Essay "*Of Judicature.*" *Measure for Measure* also has passages which recall Bacon's efforts to improve morality in great towns, and to legislate against abuses in weights and measures. Isabella's speech is believed to have been interpolated, to incline the king's heart to mercy on Raleigh's behalf.

1605.—B. Jonson, Marston and Chapman are imprisoned, in consequence of their attacks made upon the stage against the Scots and the king's book on Deimonology. The play of *Marbeth* is published, in which, mixed up with Bacon's legal and scientific inquiries into Witchcraft, there is much which illustrates his *Hist. of the Winds*, of *Dense and Rare*, and of the action of the *mind upon the body*.

1606-1609.—Bacon marries Alice Barham (step-daughter to Sir John Pakington, of Westwood-park, near Worcester). He is made Solicitor-General. Frequent entries in his diary show him to have suffered much from "dyspepsia, accompanied by a very sensitive nervous system, through which it affected the imagination." He often refers to his "*symptom . . . melancholy . . . doubt of present peril . . . strangeness in beholding . . . darknessness . . . inclination to superstition . . . clouds . . . cloudiness,*" &c.

1609.—The *Sonnets* dedicated to "Mr. W. H." (William Herbert) were published by one T. Thorpe, under the title of "SHAKE-SPEARE'S *Sonnets*, never before Imprinted." The manner of publication remains mysterious. In December of this year Bacon laments to Sir Tobie "the death of your good friend and mine, A. B. . . . I think myself most unfortunate to be deprived of two whom I regarded as *no stage friends*, but private friends (*with whom I might freely and safely communicate*), him by death and you by absence."

1610.—Bacon's mother dies raving mad. In inviting a friend to the funeral he writes: "*Funeral feast make I none,*" compare *Hamlet* of ostentatious displays on such occasions and "*Funeral baked meats.*"

1610-11.—Bacon, with Southampton, Pembroke and Montgomery, is now member in the company which sent out a fleet under Sir John Somers, to Virginia. The ship "Admiral" is wrecked in a violent storm upon the Bermudas—"still vexed Bermoothes"—of which a

thrilling account is published in Jourdan's "*Discovery of the Bermudas . . . the Isle of Divels.*"* To these facts *The Tempest* is attributed. Bacon is writing his tracts on the *Ebb and Flow of the Sea*, the *Hist. of the Winds*, and *The Sailing of Ships*.

His charge on opening the Court of the Verge embodies the views concerning the *Office and Duties of Constables*, and in his answers to *Questions Touching the Office of Constables* of which *Much Ado* presents a popular picture.

1612-1613.—Bacon takes a principal part in the preparation of a Masque presented by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Prince Palatine. This Masque, though attributed to Francis Beaumont, was shortly afterwards printed with a dedication thanking those who had "set forth and furnished this masque . . . and you, Sir Francis Bacon, especially."†

"On Wednesday, it came to Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple's turn to come with their masque, of which Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver."

1613.—Bacon is appointed Attorney General. On the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with Lady Essex, he once more produced a magnificent masque for the four Inns of Court to present in their honour. (See Chamberlain in a letter of December 23rd, 1613).

New plays now cease to appear until the publication of the Folio of 1623, excepting Othello, 1622, reprinted with alterations in 1623, after Bacon had revoked his will in his wife's favour "for just and great causes, leaving her her own right only."‡

1623.—In this year Bacon wrote a fragment of the *History of Hen. VIII.* to carry on the *History of Henry VII.* which is complete. *The reign of Henry VII. is omitted in the Plays.* In the original draft of a letter from Bacon to the king in 1622, he quotes the words put into the mouth of Wolsey in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2, 454—457. But, Bacon adds, "My conscience says no such thing; for I know not but in serv-

* Hepworth Dixon in *Personal History*, pp. 197—200.

† Chamberlain's *Court of James I.*, i. 227. Spedding *L. L.* iv. 344.

‡ She soon afterwards married her gentleman usher.

ing you I have served God in one. But it may be, if I had pleased men as I have pleased you, it would have been better for me."

This passage was cut out in the fair copy of the letter, and its original idea appeared in the following year in the Play.

(Cont^d on p. 123)

"M."

"MANES VERULAMIANI."

PART IV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD FRANCIS OF VERULAM, &c.

"BEHOLD with flashing speech from starry vault
A second time is Bacon to be heard—
(The 'Instauration,' sure, is wonderful).
Enrobed in white this most pure Judge gives ear;
A stole he wears dyed in Thy blood, O Christ!
He too has died to be regenerate.
'O earth, thou hast my body!' he exclaimed,
And to the stars his noble shade flew up.
Pursuing Astrea* to realms of light
Great Verulum now sees unclouded Truth."—T. P.

LINE 5 in this short piece seems to refer us to the *Rosicrucian* or Religious Universal Brotherhood which Francis Bacon established, and which, if we are to credit our own repeated experiences, and the words of "Brother John Hogg," is still carrying on its work with undiminished zeal!† We abridge one passage:—

"Modern times have eagerly accepted in the full light of science, the precious inheritance bequeathed by the Rosicrucians. . . . *It is not desirable in a work of this kind to make disclosures of an indiscreet nature. The brethren of the Rosy Cross will never, and should not under peril and alarm, give up their secrets. This ancient body has*

* Astrea, Goddess of Right or Justice, and daughter of Zeus, God of Heaven and Earth, and of Themis, Goddess of Order—"Heaven's first law."

† We have no means of ascertaining whether Bro. Hogg was pseudonym for a Baconian initiate, but in so far as mysterious people with secrets to keep can be true, he seems to be so. See the Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, edited by K. R. H. Mackenzie, ix., pub. by Bro. John Hogg, 1877. The whole passage is also printed in "*F. B. and his Secret Society*," chap. vii., *The Rosicrucians*.

apparently disappeared from the field of human activity, but its labours are being carried on with alacrity, and with a sure delight in an ultimate success."

With such a passage before us, and with others from the same Freemason source enlarging upon the *religious* character of the work of the Rosy Cross Brethren—their resolute determination to make the Church of Christ Universal, tolerant, free from bigotry and tyranny, and finally a united (though not perhaps a *uniform*) Church—in the light of such derived from standard Freemason authorities—it is, we repeat, incomprehensible how Freemasons of education can doubt or dispute the connection existing between themselves and the Rosy Cross; or how any man of letters can take upon him to assert that *no such secret Rosicrucian work as we have repeatedly described, is, at the present day, still carried on.*

The words of "Brother Hogg" are as true now as they were when printed in 1877. We heartily thank him for giving us these words as a thread to be spun upon, and for his statement "*worthy of remark that one particular century*" (the century in which Francis Bacon and his father Sir Nicholas flourished) *is distinguished in history as the era in which most of these efforts at throwing off the trammels of the past occurred."*

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

"None may your urn with violets sweet bestrew
Nor mark your tomb with lofty masonry;
Enough that fruits of study keep for you
Your FAME.—These records Death indeed defy."

—Williams.

The signature, without the Christian name or initial, may be that of Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, to whom Bacon bequeathed his register-book of speeches and letters, and with whom he consulted as to the erection of Lectures in Perpetuity at the Universities; two such lectures Bacon himself desired in his will to endow, "They be for Natural Philosophy, and the sciences thereupon depending; which foundations I have required my executors to order, by the

advice and direction of your Lordship and my Lord Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield."*

To this letter Williams, who had in early days been distinctly hostile to Bacon, returns an answer full of sympathy and cordiality. It is plain that their relations were now altered. It is also plain that the Bishop was prone to relieve his feelings by going off into Latin verse, for thus he concludes:—"That which made me say thus much, I will say in verse, that your Lordship may remember it better;

"Sola ruinosis stat Cantabrigia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua disertast† invocat artes.

"I will conclude with this vow: *Deus, qui animum istum tibi, animo isti tempus quam longissimum tribuat.* It is the most affectionate prayer of

"Your Lordship's most humble servant,

"JO. LINCOLN."

Williams, it seems clear, made promises to Bacon for some services on behalf of Dr. Rawley—possessor of the collection of the *Manes*. The nature of these promises is not recorded, nor yet their fulfilment, but there are in Stephen's Catalogue two other letters from Bacon on the same topic. *Both are amongst the letters inexplicably missing.* In the one published by Spedding, Bacon says:—"I am very much bound to your Lordship for your honourable promise to Dr. Rawley. He chooseth rather to depend upon the same in general, than to pitch upon any particular: which modesty of choice I commend."

"Does thus Aonia's chiefest glory fall?
Can one still trust Aonian fields for seed?
Reed-pens are broken, note-books are torn up;
Thus far, at least, the Fates may work their will.
Ah, what a tongue! what eloquence is hushed!
Whither's the meat and drink of genius fled?"

* See for the letter and the Bishop's approving and affectionate answer, Spedding, *Lct. L. v.*, pp. 546, 547.

† Spedding notes, "So in the printed copy," which is Stephen's second collection, p. 190. The questionable grammar in the Latin of this learned Bishop may afford a hint to Baconian critics.

Closely are we, the Muses' pupils, touched
 When Phœbus falls, the leader of our choir.
 If neither care, nor faith, nor vigilance
 Can turn aside the clutching hand of Fate,*
 Why set ourselves these tasks in such brief span?
 Why seek inscriptions sunk in crumbling mould?
 Whilst we forsooth snatch work worth better fate
 From Death, he neath his sway may drag us off.†

"Then why in vain pour I these nothings forth?‡
 When *thou* are silent, who would care to speak?"

TO THE SAME.

"Hush, for our grief a speaking silence§ loves;
 Now he is gone, *our only Orator,*
Teller of Tales, that mazed the courts of kings.
 He who freed anxious slaves from irksome laws,
 A mighty work! yet Verulam restores
 Our ancient arts, and founds as well the new.
 Not as our forbears, but with genius bold,
 He calls forth Nature from her secret nooks.
 'Now stand, and scatter wide these things,' said he,
 'Bequeath what's found to help a newer age.
 Let it suffice that through your wit, our times
 Tell what has been for this fresh youth made known;
 A thing there is in which th' approaching age
 May boast. What that should be I, only, know.
 You should from fairest limbs have made a form
 Whose perfect parts none else may imitate;

* † Comp. these lines with *Ham.* v. 1, *song*.

"Age with his stealing steps,
 Hath clawed me in his clutch," &c.

‡ Comp: "Her speech is *nothing*.
 Yet the unshap'd use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it
 And botch the words up, fit to their own thoughts."
 —(*Ham.* iv. 5).

"I'd rather have one scratch my head . . . than idly sit
 To hear my nothings monster'd."—(*Cor.* ii. 2).

Comp. "There was speech in their dumbness." *Wint. T.* v. 2, 8—18.
 "My heart a working mute and dumb." *Ham.* v. 2, 137.
 "Your silence cunning in dumbness," &c. *Wint. T.* iii. 2, 130—133.

*This might (though incomplete) Appelles grace,
Since none paint beauty such as he bequeathed.*

His tale was told, and Nature, madly blind,
Severed alike his thread of life and work ;
But thou who dar'st catch up the dangling warp,
Alone shalt know *the man these records hide.*"

H. T. Coll. Trin. Socius.

This remarkable piece should receive peculiar attention. Again the writer reiterates that in the death of Francis Bacon, the world, and his followers or *alumni*, have lost *their only Orator, Teller of Tales that mazed the Courts of Kings*. Who will set about to explain this away? How will anyone interpret it as meaning anything but that which is distinctly stated—that Bacon was the only great writer of an age, and the writer of Tales told in the Courts of Kings, whether read or acted at the Courts of Elizabeth and James or abroad, what tales were these?

Note particularly Bacon's instructions to his disciples and followers, who in so many of these poems confess that without him and his encouraging voice and pen, they can do nothing—they are to hand down the lamp of tradition according to his "method," already several times described.*

It seems clear from the lines which we have printed in italics that Bacon knew the weakness and incapacity of his faithful sons of science. Their goodwill he did not doubt, but for the present their strength was to sit still. They should be content to "stand," not trying to advance until they had mastered their manifold tasks, and assimilated the mass of material prepared by him to minister to their wants and infinite "deficiencies."

"Stand," he says, and let it suffice that *through your wit*, the generation in which you live shall be made to know all that has been already done for this new birth of time, this "fresh youth" of the world. He had often declared *the present age* to be the true Antiquity; that which we are wont to speak of as *Antiquity* was the world's infancy.

* See "*Francis Bacon and His Secret Society*" (chap. vii., p. 216, Rule 8), and *BACONIANA*, New Series, I. 216, &c.

But in the matter of modern learning in his own time, Bacon held that it was worthless; built upon rotten foundations, almost worse than nothing, since it satisfied the mind of man with the vain belief that having heaped up dust hills of words, words, mere words, he had attained "the end of study."

If, therefore, true advance were to be hoped for the learning must be born afresh, and must come before the world as a little child, the babe, or infant love of knowledge, which symbolises upon so many Baconian pages this his "fixed notion." And now we see how completely these verses cast upon Francis Bacon the entire responsibility of this Revival or Renaissance. Something there is which the coming age shall reveal, but which during his life was known *to himself alone*. What was this secret, which should be disclosed at the end of an "age," the Rosicrucian *hundred years*? It was the marvellous fact disclosed in this (and in several of the other poems) that *he was the only great writer of that age*. He himself had said that all knowledge should be handed down as "a thread to be spun upon by others," and the writer of the verses appeals to whomsoever may be so daring, *to catch up the dangling warp* ("the unravelled thread"). Such an one "*alone may know the man these records hide*." Such an one may recognise the "concealed man," the "concealed poet," who hid himself, and put others forward, in order that the wisdom, beauty, and learning which appear almost incredible as the work of the one, should be believed in, and pass current as the work of the many-headed.

We may, in passing, draw the attention of some who may not be well acquainted with the greater works of Bacon to the passage from the *De Augmentis** whence the allusion in Bacon's speech is taken.

"The noblest species of grammar, as I think, would be this: if some one well seen in a great number of tongues, learned as well as vulgar, would handle the various properties of languages; showing in what points each excelled, in what it failed. For so, not only may languages be enriched by mutual exchanges, but the several beauties of each may be combined, *as in the Venus of Appelles, into a most beautiful model and excellent speech itself, for the right expressing of the meanings of the mind.*"

This is precisely what we believe Bacon to have done, not only for

* Chap. vi. 1. p. 441.

England, but, indirectly, for other nations. It seems almost indubitable that besides Latin and Greek, he was "well-seen" in Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish and the provincial dialects of his own country, the mediæval and "vulgar," which he carefully studied, as well as the learned and courtly which he did so much to beautify and to bring to perfection in his own writings and speeches.

To the passenger gazing on the monument of Francis Lord Verulam :—

"Dost thou imagine, foolish passenger,
That he who led Apollo's sweetest choir
Of Muses fresh from the Pierian springs,
Entombed in coldest marble is immured ?*
Pass on, you err, for even now Great James,
Thy brightest constellation, Verulam's Boar,†
Shines glorious in Olympus' radiant sky."

"THE SCOTSMAN" ON THE BACONIAN MYSTERY.

DEEPER than ever plummet sounded is the Baconian Mystery. Those who thought they had got to the bottom of it in the works of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly will discover their mistake on perusing Mrs. Henry Pott's *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society*. Not merely did Lord Verulam write Shakspeare ; he wrote, or where he did not write, he dictated or inspired nearly all the poetry, philosophy, and science of his time. This and much more which Mrs. Pott gives, not by way of suggestion, but of established proposition, appears to be founded chiefly upon a chance phrase of Ben Jonson, in which he says that Bacon "filled up all numbers," meaning, as it is interpreted, that he wrote in all kinds of metre on all kinds of themes. Many have thought it a mystery that the Shakspeare of the orthodox myth should

* To the same effect is the epitaph on the Monument to "*Montaigne*." *He is not there.*

† The Boar, *the crest of the Bacon family*. It is perhaps needless to add that no such constellation is enumerated in the list of Astronomers. See *BACONIANA*, April, 1896, of the Boar's Head.

have written in so many styles. But it is all made plain and understandable when it is assumed that Bacon is the author of Shakspeare's plays, and of a myriad of other works, for which other men have obtained credit. But since it is impossible that this wonder of the ages could have performed the feat with his own hand, the conclusion is inevitable that he was at the head of a Secret Society—associated with the Rosicrucians or the Freemasons, Mrs. Pott is not quite sure which—and through this breathed his spirit and his genius into all the letters of his time. It seems that he was the introducer of a shorthand cipher, which it appears probable he taught to his young assistants and secretaries, "and that by this means a great deal of his wonderful conversation and the contents of many small treatises, tracts, sermons, &c., were taken from his lips; such discourses being at leisure written out, sometimes revised by himself, and published at various places and under various names when the opportunity arose and when the time was ripe." The traces of this are to be found cryptographically hidden in the typography and typographical errors, in the pagination, headlines, prefaces, indexes, and tables of contents of the literature of the time, and even, and specially, in the water marks and paper marks and in "the tooling of the binding" of books, all these revealing, to those who know how to look, "a complete chainwork, linking one book to another," and "invariably leading up to Francis Bacon and his friends as the authors, producers, or patrons of those works." The most curious fact of all is that this Secret Society still exists, and continues to set its mystic marks on the books that issue from the press, although Mrs. Pott has not yet been successful in inducing the Rosicrucians and Freemasons whom she suspects among the printers, bookbinders, papermakers, and publishers of the time to render up to her the master key of the mystery. Hence her ingenious exposition is incomplete. "The vows of a secret society" hold them silent, but "some day, when the secret brotherhoods, especially in the higher grades, shall have persuaded themselves that 'the time is ripe,' or when narrow protectionist systems shall, liberally and *pro bono publico*, give way to free trade in knowledge, then it will, we are convinced, be easy for those who hold the keys to unlock this closed door in the palace of truth." Mrs. Pott warns off "common sense" from pronouncing any judgment on her

book. She is quite right. Common sense has nothing whatever to do with it. This is sheer midsummer madness—madness, however, with some method in it.—*Scotsman*, March 14, 1892.

OUR BOOKSHELF.

MR. THORPE, in his "Hidden Lives of Shakespeare and Bacon," manages to unearthen some fairly unpleasant, but withal, highly interesting facts, or rather, theories about them both.

The "new light" he brings on to the "hidden life" of Shakspeare (the actor) is, that he made money by the lowest form of gambling; and in support of this theory, Mr. Thorpe quotes the following passages from Harrington's "Nugæ Antiquæ":—

"There is a great show of popularitie in playing small game—as we have heard of one that shall be nameless (because he was not blameless), that with shootynge seaven up groates among yeoman, and goinge in vayne apparell, had stolen so many hartes (for I do not say he came trewly by them), that hee was accused of more than felony."

"Pyrates by sea, robbers by land, have become honest substanceall men, as we call them, and purchasers of more lawful purchas."

"With the ruyn of infant young gentlemen, the dycing box maintains a hungry famylee." Explaining them thus:—

Sir John Harrington's cousin and great friend, Lord Harrington, lived at Combe Park, about five miles from Coventry; he 'preserved highly' and would as a natural sequence detest a poacher. Shakspeare fled from Stratford on account of a deer-stealing fray, deer-stealing being in those days *felony*.

In 1597, the year "Nugæ" appeared, Shakspeare took "seisin" of New Place, an event which would greatly "rub up" the squirarchy of the neighbourhood.

Shakspeare severely punished any attack made on him, and his quarrel with Chettle, the Lamponist, in 1598, would still be fresh in Harrington's mind. The taking possession of the ruined home of the Clopton's gives colour to the statement that the place was won in a gambling hell from a ruined infant young gentleman. "Mr. Thorpe makes the fact that gambling plays so small a part in the plays, a proof, first, that Shakspeare, the actor, wrote them; and second, that he had been a gambler, and was silent on the subject for shame of his shameful past!"

And now for Bacon, the abuse that Mr. Thorpe heaps upon him is very terrible to the lovers of the great man; he accuses him of having betrayed

and hounded Essex to his death; ° of being lost to every sense of honour and honesty. Mr. Thorpe's authorities are a MS. copy of "The Apologie" issued from Bacon's "Scrivenry" at Twickenham (?), and Essex's dying statement (who was, says Chamberlain, writing on Feb. 28th, and March 5th, 1600 "somewhat crazie" and "quite out of mind"), made in a letter to the Queen, written in May, 1600:—"I am subject to their wicked information that first envied me for my happiness in your favour, and now rate me out of custom, but as if I were thrown into a corner like a dead carcase, I am gnawed on, and torn by the vilest and basest creatures upon earth. *Already they print me and make me speak to the world, and shortly they will play me in what form they list upon the stage.*"

Mr. Thorpe interprets this as meaning that Bacon vainly tried to coerce Shakspeare to produce a libellous play on the fallen favourite which Shakspeare with exquisite virtue refused to do. But the great point that arises seems to be this. If "*prints me*" is to be taken as *proof* that Bacon issued the Apologie (with intent to ruin Essex) why should not "*play me in what form they list upon the stage*" be taken as proof that Bacon was a writer of plays, and that Essex knew it? But space forbids our going further into the question or even touching on some others of high interest that Mr. Thorpe brings up. We must just call attention to his statements that Bacon was Shakspeare's (the actor) *copying-clerk* (a bouleversement of our previous notions on the subject!) and that Bacon borrowed large sums from the "Factotum Manager" of the Globe Theatre. Both of which we should be glad to have "followed up" some day.

In "*Sidelights on Shakspeare*," Miss Rossi and Mrs. Corbould have done good work, and their aim is the high one of putting *ideas* in the plays into the shallow head of the average schoolgirl, who is only too apt to read her "*Shakespeare*" as a task, to be classed with Colenso and Lindley Murray.

Miss Rossi's work is immeasurably the best. She really has shed "new light," that is to say, given new readings in those plays which she has taken as her share, but in her first chapter on "The Sonnets," which is more or less of a biographical sketch, it is a pity she confounds *tradition* with *fact*. The pleasing romance she weaves round William Shakspeare, is made up of myths, almost as universally acknowledged to be myths, as is the statement that Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in Hertford Castle, or that the Count of Monte Christo was really confined in the Chateau D'If.

Apart from that, the book is good; and one, therefore, all the more regrets that there is such positive assertion made, of "*facts*" which are now proved to be "*fictions*."

* Compare these statements with those in an article in the January BACONIANA, entitled: "Anthony Bacon—A Poet."

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No. 19

“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

THE words penned by the great “Shakespeare” in prophetic praise of “Golden Eliza” are so beautifully applicable to our “Diamond Victoria” that I feel I owe no apology to the readers of BACONIANA for their insertion at this present juncture.

“She shall be

- “A pattern to all princes living with her,
- “And all that shall succeed ; Saba was never
- “More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
- “Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
- “That moved up such a mighty piece as this is,
- “With all the virtues that attend the good,
- “Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
- “Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
- “She shall be loved, and feared : her own shall bless her,
- “Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
- “And hang their heads with sorrow ; good grows with her :
- “In her days every man shall eat in safety
- “Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
- “The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours ;
- “God shall be truly known ; and those about her
- “From her shall lead the perfect way of honour,
- “And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
- “— She shall be, to the happiness of England,
- “An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
- “And no day without a deed to crown it.”

Henry VIII., Act V., Scene IV.

E. B. Wood.

ANOTHER CONCEALED POET OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

FEW people have troubled themselves to find out that the sixth Earl of Derby (born 1661) was a concealed poet, and *no one* has pursued the subject in order to find out what he wrote, or how, when, and where he wrote it. Yet I cannot but think that a search might prove highly interesting and might be productive of astounding results.

It has been said that if a document could be produced (and proved to be absolutely genuine) saying, "I, William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon did *not* write any of the plays attributed to me, but——, under the name of 'Shakespeare,' *did*, three quarters of the English-speaking people would not believe it! but even these of little faith must find it hard to go against State paper evidence.

In two letters written by one George Fenner, one to his partner at Antwerp, Balthazar Gibels; the other to Sir Humphrey Galdelli, at Venice, we read this astounding statement: "Our Earle of Derby is busye in penning comodyes for the common players;"—and: "The Erle of Darby is busyed only in penning comedies for the common players." Both these letters are to be found in the Domestic State Papers, Elizabeth, vol. 271, Nos. 34 and 55. And now to some facts about this writer of comedies. William Stanley, afterwards sixth Earl of Derby, was sent to St. John's College, Oxford, at the age of 11 in company with his elder brother, Ferdinando, Lord Strange, and his younger brother Francis. At the age of 21 he went to travel in France with his tutor, Richard Lloyd, a relation of the celebrated Dr. Dee, who he introduced to young Stanley, and through whom the Earl may have acquired that knowledge of divination and medicine found in the reputed Shakespeare plays.

Derby visited in turn France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Egypt, the Holy Land, North Africa, and Constantinople, where he was thrown into prison by the Sultan. After his release he visited Russia, and at Moscow is said to have met again with Dr. Dee, who informed him that his father had been dead for eight years, and his brother for one, and that he was consequently Earl of Derby. This story we find in "The History of the House of Stanley," but unfortunately for its

veracity, certificates give the date of the death of the fourth Earl as 1593 and of the fifth (William's elder brother) as 1594; we also find that Dr. Dee was not in Russia after 1566. A Ballad written in 1800 (?) on the subject of young Stanley's travels, states that he was away for 21 years and that he penetrated as far as Greenland; but one feels more disposed to go by Mr. Greenstreet, who calculates that he was away 11 years, starting in 1582 at the age of 21. He is said to have revisited England shortly before his father's death, and then joined in the war in the low countries until his brother's untimely death in 1594 (supposed, and with apparently good reason, to be by poison) recalled him to take up the duties appertaining to his position. During the father's lifetime "Ferdinando" had set up a troupe of players, amongst whom was *William Shakespere*.

In 1584, after William had quitted Spain, there came out a book entitled "The Story of the Nine Worthies," written by Richard Lloyd. The pageant therein described was subsequently worked up into the play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which takes place in France and Spain, and in which the characters masquerade as Muscovites or Russians.

Richard Lloyd, the author of the book on the worthies *and tutor to Stanley*, was taken off in it under the character of Holofernes, and very faithfully too, if one may judge of him from one of the few letters of his extant, written in just the same queer pedantic admixture of English and Latin put into the mouth of Holofernes, *even the same phrases being used*. That William Stanley was the "gentle Willy" of Spencer's lines can well be; they were relations and friends, and Stanley's sister-in-law was sung of by Spencer as "Sweet Amarillys." I have a good deal more to say as to the possibility of William Stanley being the author of the "Shakespeare" plays which must be put into a future article, but one or two points I must just touch on now, one—that as to *handwriting*; all that Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Reed, and others say about the handwriting of *Bacon* as compared with that of "the man of Stratford" applies equally to William Stanley, who wrote a beautiful and scholarly hand. The other, that William, sixth Earl Derby, ceded his possessions to his son James in 1637, and retired to his "cell" hard by Chester; where for five years he would have had leisure to pursue his literary work; a leisure wanting in the life of Francis Bacon, and which is one of the strong

arguments against his having produced such *immense* works as the plays. This son James married Charlotte de Tremouille, "the Queen of Man," celebrated for her heroic defence of Lathom House and also for her highhanded condemnation of William Christian.

The Derbys were sufficiently near the throne of England to be cordially detested by Elizabeth. William Stanley's mother was a daughter of Charles, Duke of Brandon by Mary, sister to Henry VIII; so he was Elizabeth's "Welsh nephew," and that she did not love him is evident from the fact that before he went to college (at the age of 11!) she was rancorous about something the child had said or done, and it was not till *James I.* ascended the throne that the Earl could get possession of his kingdom of Man, the *rights* to which he had bought from his nieces *years* before; so Derby, Bacon and the *writer of the plays* were all three unfriendly to Elizabeth, and *Derby* had a very strong reason for being so!

William Stanley came of an highly intellectual race, and his brother, the ill-fated Ferdinando, was an *acknowledged poet*. By descent or marriage he was related to most of the noble families of England.

More than a hundred years after his death, his then successor showed that he had inherited his ancestor's love of the stage by marrying an actress. *His* son was celebrated for his wide knowledge of Zoology, and his *grandson* for his masterly transaction of the Iliad.

And so to the present day—a race of statement and politicians, but above all of *scholars* and *authors*, rejoice in the possession of an ancestor who, without doubt, was a man of great learning, and who I, at least, confidently believe, was the greatest Poet and Playwriter that England has ever had.

T. U. D

A FEW EXAMPLES OF THE PECULIAR ASSOCIATIONS OF CERTAIN WORDS AND IDEAS IN BACON'S PROSE AND IN THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

PART I.

ABRIDGE. ABRIDGEMENT.

ABRIDGING powers and means.—*Let. Life*, i. 150.

The commandment of the sea is an abridgement . . . of an Universal Monarchy.—*Let. Life*, i. 132.

Abridged from such rate (of expense).—*Mer. Ven.* i. 1.

This fierce abridgement hath to it circumstantial branches.

—*Cymb.* v. 5.

ACCIDENTS OF TIME—LIFE.

The accidents of Time.—*Let. to Villiers*, 1616.

Accidents of life.—*Let. to Cecil*, 1616.

The king was much moved with this unexpected accident.

—*Hist. Henry VII.*

Moving accidents by flood and field.—*Oth.* i. 3, see *Ib.* i. 1, v. 1.

The shot of accident nor dart of chance.—*Oth.* iv. 7.

Uncharge the practise, call it accident.—*Ham.* iv. 7.

Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.—1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2.

&c.

ADVANTAGE OF YOUTH—TIME.

Use the advantage of your youth, and be not sullen to your fortune, &c.—*6th Counsellor, Gesta Grayorum.*

Such as took a little poor advantage of these latter times.

—*To Mr. Matthew*, 1620—1.

Take . . . the first advantage of better times—*Digest of Laws*, 1622.

Yet hath Sir Proteus . . . made use and fair advantage of his days, &c.—*Two G. Ver.* ii. 3.

Take advantage of the absent time.—*Rich. II.* ii. 3.

Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.—1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours.—*Rich. III.* iv. 1.

The advantage of the time prompts, &c.—*Tr. Cr.* iii. 2, & see ii. 2, 204.

We lose advantage which doth ever cool
T' absence of the needer.—*Cor.* iv. 1, & ii. 3, 197.

Take advantage on presented joy, &c.—*Ven. Adonis*, 68.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR WARNING.

I did not forbear to give my lord faithful advertisement, &c.

—*Apology concerning Essex*, and in *Lopez Case*, and *Observ. on Libel*.

He doth give us bold advertisement.—1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1.

We are advertised by our loving friends.—3 *Hen. VI.* v. 3, and

2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 9, 23.

&c.

CAUTERIZE.

The great Atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things without feeling, so as they must needs be cauterized in the end.—*Ess. Atheism*.

Speak and be hang'd,
For each true word a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue
Consuming it with speaking.—*Tim. Ath.* v. 2.

CAVEAT.

Hereof they have *caveats* enough.—*Adv. L.* i. 1.

He gave him a special *caveat*.—*Hist. Hen. VII.* and *Let. to Cecil*, 1594, and twice in *Speech of Lopez Treason*.

Caveto be thy counsellor.—*Hen. V.* ii. 3.

CHECK TO SPEECH.

Seneca giveth an excellent check to speech.—*Adv. L.* ii. 1.

Be checked for silence, never taxed for speech.—*All's Well* i. 1.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

To use *too many circumstances* ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.—*Essay* 32.

So by your circumstance, you call me a fool—

So by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

—*Two G. Ver.* i. 1, and iii. 2, 30, 38.

You know me well, and herein spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance.

—*Mer. Ven.* i. 1.

Why this peroration with much circumstance?—2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1.

CIRCUMVENT—CIRCUMVENTION.

A man should not rest . . . upon practice to circumvent others.
—*Obs. on Libel.*

This might be the pate of a politician. . . one that would circumvent God.—*Ham.* v. 1.

Wisdom . . . which lays all its hopes in the circumventing of others.
—*De Aug.* viii. 2.

By cunning and circumvention they have gotten the seven years' lease.—*Fee-Farming*, 1612.

Wit which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider.—*Tr. Cr.* ii. 3.

Compare:—My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to catch mine enemies.

—2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1, and *Rich. III.* i. 3, 243; *Oth.* ii. 1, 169.

COMMON—POPULAR.

I say I reckon myself as a common, not *popular* but *common*; and as much as is lawful to be enclosed of a common, so much your lordship shall be sure to have.—*To Essex*, Oct., 1595.

Art thou base, *common and popular*?—*Hen. V.* iv. 1.

DIGEST INTO A METHOD.

Another diversity of method . . . is the delivery of knowledge in aphorisms, . . . illustrating it with examples, and *digesting it into a method*.—*Adv. L.* ii. 1, ref.; *De Aug.* vi. 2.

He called it an excellent play . . . *well digested* in the scenes . . . an honest *method*, as wholesome as sweet.—*Ham.* ii. 2.

DIGESTION SOUR.

Ashis majesty first conceived, I would not have it stay in his stomach so long, lest it should *sour in the digestion*.—*Let. to Villiers*, May 5, 1616.

Things sweet in taste, prove *in digestion sour*.—*Rich. II.* i. 3.

EDGE REBATED.

Justice, with but the *edge and point taken off* and *rebated*.

—*Of Essex*, 1599.

One who never feels
The wanton stings or motions of the sense,
But doth *rebate* and *blunt* his natural *edge*
With profits of the mind.—*M. M.* i. 4.

EXTRAVAGANT SPIRIT.

You may doubt the springing-up of a new sect, if there should arise any *extravagant and strange spirit*.—*Ess. Vicissitude*.

I have . . . a foolish, *extravagant spirit*.—*L. L. L.* iv. 2.

The *extravagant and erring spirit* lies to his domain.—*Ham.* i. 1.

An *extravagant and wheeling stranger*.—*Oth.* i. 1.

FAMILIAR AND HOUSEHOLD.

Private and Particular good falleth into the division of Active and Passive: for this difference of God (not unlike to that which amongst the Romans was expressed by the *familiar or household terms of Promus and Conduis* is formed also in other things.—*Adv. L.* ii. 1; *De Aug.* vii. 1.

Our names, *familiar* in their mouths
As *household words*.—*Hen. V.* v. 3.

FIGURES IN ALL THINGS.

Hence in the first ages . . . *all things* abounded with *fables, parables, similes, comparisons, and allusions*.—*Wisdom of the Ancients. Pref.*

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

HURT MINDS.

Opinions that depressed or *hurt the mind*.—*De Aug.* ii. 13.

Sleep . . . balm of *hurt minds*.—*Macb.* ii. 2.

INJURIES OF TIME.

Things secured from the *injuries of time* are only our deeds and our works.—*De Aug.* viii. 2.

The *injuries of a wanton time*.—1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up.—*Tr. Cr.* iv. 4.

LURK (almost always associated with Evil).

There *lurk* at intervals *falsities or errors*.—*Nov. Org.* i. 118.

If there be *Recusants*, it were better they *lurked* in the country than here in the bosom of the kingdom.—*Charge to the Court of the Verge*, 1611.

Some *lurking passion or hidden lust*.—*Ess. Dionysius*.

Here *lurks a treason*.—*Til. And.* ii. 2 and *Hen V.* i. 1.

Danger lurks.—3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7.

Ugly treasons lurk.—1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3.

Mute *wonder lurketh* in men's ears.—*Hen V.* i. 1.

In each grace . . . there *lurks a still and dumb-discoursing devil*.—*Tr. Cr.* iv. 4.

LINEAMENTS AND BRANCHES.

I have thought it good to lay before you all the *branches and lineaments* and degrees of this union.—*Touching the Union*.

Let it answer every strain for strain

As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every *lineament, branch, shape and form*.

Much Ado v. 1.

PICK QUARRELS, &C.

Upon a *quarrel picked*, Squire was put into the Inquisition.—*Let. of Squire's Conspiracy*.

Pick strong matter of revolt.—*John* iii. 4.

The king is weary of such *picking grievances*.—2 *Hen IV.* iv. 1.

No awkward *claim picked*.—*Hen. V.* ii. 4.

PIECE OF WORK.

How shall we prove against their denial? *It is an endless piece of work*.—*Sp. of Undertakers*, 1614.

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.—*Jul Cæs.* ii. 1.

What a *piece of work* is man!—*Ham.* ii. 2, and see iii. 2, 47.

'Tis a knavish *piece of work*.—*Ham.* iii. 2, 25.

'Tis a likely *piece of work*.—*Oth.* iv. 2, and see *Ant. Cl.* i. 3, 159.

POSSESSION—RIGHT.

Whether as having former *right* to it or having it then in fact and *possession*.

I mean to take *possession* of my *right*.—3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1.

My *right* must my *possession* be.—2 *Hen IV.* iv. 4.

Our strong *possession* and our *right*.

Your strong *possession* with much more than your *right*.—*John* i. 1.

PROPORTION KEPT.

When circumstances agree, and *proportion is kept*, &c.—*Advice to Rutland*.

Time is broke, and *no proportion kept*.—*Rich. II.* v. 1.

QUIDDITY.

Heat itself, its essence and quiddity is motion, and nothing else.—*Nov. Org.* ii. 20.

Note the connection exhibited in this section with natures *restrained and obstructed and kept within bounds by other natures* : of the flame and excitement, the vehemence and violent motion of heat, its easy communication, one thing heating another, with a tendency to self-expansion, and compare the description of each other by Falstaff and Prince Hal, in which occurs:—

How now, how now, *mad wag!* What, in thy quips and *thy quiddities*.—1 *Hen IV.* 2, i. 63.

The skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now?—*Ham.* v. 1.

QUIETUS EST.

Your last two acts which you did for me in procuring the release of my fine, and my *quietus est* I do acknowledge.—*To Buckingham* : *Cir., Dec.*, 1621.

I may not forget to thank your Majesty for granting my *quietus est*.—*Memorial to the King*, *Mar.*, 1622.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time

When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin?—*Ham.* iii. 1.

Her audit, though delayed, answered must be,
And her *quietus* is to render thee.—*Sonnet* 126.

ELEMENTARY BACONISM.

PART II.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

IN a brief compass we endeavoured in April last to answer a question proposed to the Bacon Society by an opponent:—

“*Setting aside all negative and inferential evidence, what direct and circumstantial testimony can be brought to prove your case?*” It will be observed that in this proposed investigation all evidence was to be discarded, which is of the kind used by “Shakespearean” critics and commentators, when endeavouring to prove connection between the man William Shaksper, and the plays called “*Shakespeare.*” Such evidence, is indeed, almost entirely “negative and inferential;” and may be said to be written for the most part in the subjunctive mood. William Shaksperc, *may, might, could, or perhaps* did, this and that. “*Probably,*” or “*surely,*” such and such *must* have been the case. All “circumstantial” arguments in favour of Shaksper’s authorship are “*negative and inferential.*”

Then as to *internal evidence*, with which we are now concerned. Whence is this internal evidence derived? *It is derived from the Plays and Poems themselves.* Each is supposed to prove the authenticity of the other. Different as are the “styles” and general character of the Plays, yet certain language, and certain casts of thought are seen to connect one with another, and the resemblances are so distinct and well-defined that they “prove” the same author to have written them. Does this prove *who was that author?*

The *Sonnets* are also found on analysis to be products of the same mind and genius, differently developed—“*therefore, William Shaksperc, of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote them.*” Is this a logical conclusion?

But then, in spite of strong resemblances, there are strong differences. Some plays are greatly superior to others. Parts of the same plays differ immensely in quality, and sometimes in “style.” The Shakespearean critic easily gets over these difficulties by assigning the weak parts to some inferior writer; as if it were likely that a master-artist like “*Shakespeare*” would allow weak or incompetent pens to deface his work!

Leaving all such arguments, which prove nothing, but which turn for ever in a circle, let us go about this inquiry in a methodical and business-like way. The question is not, "Did William Shakspeare write the plays?" but, "*Did Francis Bacon write the Plays called Shakespeare's?*" What then is the most practical and commonsense plan by which we can *prove* identity of authorship?

We think that nothing can be more reasonable or more just than that we should apply to the works of Bacon, precisely the same system of analysis which has been hitherto applied to *Shakespeare*—and that, having thus analysed *both groups* of works we should then compare results, just as, in endeavouring to prove identity of authorship in the Plays, Shakespearean scholars have compared the characteristic peculiarities of the one, with similar or identical peculiarities in the other.

In point of fact this has been done, and Baconians would neither be so foolish nor so conceited as to come forward and assure the world that Francis Bacon wrote *Shakespeare*, had they not first carefully informed themselves upon both sides of the question. Some years ago a great authority in Shakespeare circles, whilst hotly affirming the absurdity of Baconian theories, made the admission that he had "never read Bacon." Upon further interrogation, he said that he had read one essay for an examination, but he was uncertain which was the essay, following up this admission by the remark that he was sure he could not have patience to read "that kind of stuff." "Then," it was answered, "you are incapable of arguing this case, for you have only heard one side. What would you think of a Baconian who said, 'I am certain that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays, though I never read *Shakespeare*?' " Our Shakespeare scholar retorted, that there was no parallel between the two cases; and of this we leave readers to judge.

The most perfect order in which such an analysis as is proposed should be conducted, would be to begin from the very bottom, and to examine in detail the vocabulary and language of Bacon and *Shakespeare*, comparing the words, peculiar uses of words, new or rare turns of speech, habitual expressions, grammar; then the imagery, metaphors, similes, quibbles, antitheses or "*contraries*," alliterations, epithets, construction, and all else which constitutes the "style" of an author.

These things have been collected and compared, but, in the first instance, they were not aimed at or attempted. It was only when other kinds of evidence had been accumulated, that these philological particulars were taken in hand. The grammar of Bacon and *Shakespeare* was paralleled point by point, and some 60 characteristic peculiarities or "specialities" of Shakespearean diction, enumerated in Cowden Clark's "*Shakespeare Key*," were taken as the text for a crucial, and perhaps exhaustive analysis. The results of this investigation have been continually published and alluded to, during the past 15 years. But since our opponents have studiously overlooked or ignored them, whilst few even amongst our own allies have been at the pains to master them, we again rehearse the method of our pen, but with the utmost conciseness and brevity compatible with clearness.

It is found that excluding from the poetry Latin terms in law, and absolute technicalities of science not likely to be used in poetical works*—and excluding from the prose absolute (but intentional) solecisms in language, coarse expressions and oaths put into mouths of the vulgar or brutal (such are unlikely to be used by any author in works legal, scientific, philosophical, or religious), it is found that the words in Bacon's prose, which occur also in some form in the plays, average 98·5 per cent., counting repetitions of the same word; or about 97 per cent., not counting repetitions.

Bacon's most familiar and household terms, and all the short forms or "elegancies" which he entered in his note-book also abound in the plays, although hardly one can be found in books proved to have been written before Bacon began to publish (circ. 1579).† Amongst his jottings and short turns of speech are about 200, such as the following:—"Say that." "As is." "The rather." "Incident to." "What will you?" "For the rest." "Is it possible?" "Not the lesse for that." "You put me in mynd." "I object." "I demand." "Well." "More or less." "If that be so." "Best of all." "I was thinking." "I come to that." "Say then how." "Say that." "Much lesse," &c., &c.

* There are, however, more of these than might be conceived probable, or possible, by those who have not entered unto such hypercriticism or analysis.

† We do not attempt in this place to argue the question whether F. B. was the "prodigious" wit, whose friends published for him poems written when he was 10 years old.

We should miss the brevity at which we aim were we to multiply instances, and after all such instances as could be printed in these pages would only be as a drop in the ocean. Moreover, anyone who chooses, can read the far more detailed *resumés* of these things which have already been printed in the "introductory chapter" to the *Promus* and other places. It may, however, be well to repeat, for the information of those who have not seen the earliest numbers of this magazine, a few remarks upon Bacon's style, and upon the question. "How can you describe or discriminate the writings of Bacon by internal evidence? How is it possible to declare without hesitation, *This is Bacon's writing*; we know it by his style?"

In return we ask, "Upon what general principles does anyone propose to harmonise the 'styles' of Bacon's authentic works? Say, for instance, the style of the *Essays*. Are they all in the same style?" Macaulay did not think so. But how do they compare with the style of the "*Novum Organum*," or the "*New Atlantis*," with the "*Order of the Helmet*," or the "*Conference of Pleasure*," or these again, with the "*Tracts of the Law*," with the beautiful verses, "*Life's a Bubble*;" or yet again, "*The Praise of the Queen*," with the too much despised "*Translations of Certain Psalms*," the "*History of the Winds*," or of "*Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury*?"

The only general ground upon which these and many other unlike styles in Bacon's works are to be accounted for, is that pointed out by the great master-writer himself, when he declared that *the matter only of any piece of writing should determine the style; and that a man should adopt for his writing the style best suited to the subject of which he treats; in short, that the subject matter determines the style.*

Now Bacon took all knowledge for his provinces. He noted all the deficiencies in learning (they were very many), and he tells us that he had noted no deficiencies which he had not endeavoured to supply. These deficiencies included the theatre or stage plays; they included some parts at least of almost every conceivable branch of learning; and in his great charts, maps, or calendars of knowledge (for these and no more are the *Advancement of Learning*, the *Novum Organum*, and his other *acknowledged* works) there is perhaps not a part or branch of learning upon which he has not touched and of which he has not indexed the deficiencies.

It follows then that if he endeavoured to supply all the defects which he noted, *he must have written so as to supply these gaps or deficiencies in learning and literature.* If also he gives it as his *dictum* that *style is according to the subject matter*, he must have written in *as many styles as there were subjects upon which he wrote.*

Is this possible? Certainly. The fact illustrates itself in his own authentic writings. It has been vouched for by words which have never yet been questioned, and which it would be reckless special pleading to call in question at the present hour. It 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 the wits born, that could honour a language, or help study. Now things daily fall; wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward, so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and acme of our language."*†

Doubtless we should all like to be able to do as Bacon airily suggests, and to write upon every subject with equal facility, and in the "style" most suitable to our theme. But to do this we must have a *knowledge* of every subject such as he alone (excepting Solomon) seems to have ever possessed. "*Le style, c'est l'homme;*" words are images of thoughts, and we cannot properly use words which reflect no thought. It is humiliating to our conceit in these highly educated days to think that wits have grown downward, and eloquence backward, and that there should be no one man living, or who has lived since those words of "*Ben Jonson's*" were written, who has been able to do more than adopt all the beautiful words which he coined or introduced, the "elegancies," or graceful or pithy forms which he invented, the antitheta, the images, similitudes, metaphors, and deep-reaching axioms drawn from his keen and perceptive observations of human nature and the "humours of men," in which he was so "cunying," and "from the very centre of the sciences" in which he was so much in advance of his age.

Any attempt to examine Bacon's enormous vocabulary is beyond

* Numbers = Poetry, Vorso.

† "*Ben Jonson's*" Discoveries. Scriptorum Catalogum. N.B.—In the list of "wits" here given *Shakespeare* is omitted.

the scope of the present paper. The readiest way in which our statements concerning it can be tested, is to take one piece of Bacon's authentic writing, say the short *History of Hen. VII.*, and to compare it, word by word, with the *Shakespeare Concordance*; we trust that readers will be found with sufficient industry and love of truth, thus to test and examine. But there are other points more slippery of observation, to which we draw attention because, once mastered, they afford a still more serviceable touchstone.

There are certain *habitual* words, pet phrases, and turns of speech, of which hardly a page or passage of Bacon is entirely barren. We can only instance a few of the nouns:—

Advantage	Effect	Man, "A Man who," &c.	Proportion
Aim	End	Matter	Purpose
Art	Form	Method	Question
Cause	Image	Nature	Reason
Character	Inquiry	Note	Sum
Color	Instance	Nothing	Thing
Conclusion	Kind	Observation	Time
Contrary	Knowledge	Occasion	Truth
Defect or deficiency	Law	Order	

We at once perceive that these words are all infinitely connected with Bacon's philosophical system or "method," and with things uppermost in his mind. In the *aphorisms* at the beginning of the *Novum Organum*, he says that, "*Where the cause is not known, the effect cannot be produced; for the cause in the process of contemplation is the effect in the working; and the cause of nearly all defects is that whilst we admire the noble faculties of the mind, we neglect to seek for its helps.*"*

Now, when Hamlet's stepfather and the Queen, distressed at the "transformation," both in mind and body, which has overtaken their son, enjoins Polonius to discover if there be any remedy for Hamlet's melancholy, Polonius soon returns with the news that he has "found the very *cause* of Hamlet's lunacy."

"I will be brief. Your noble son is mad, . . .
 Mad, let us grant him then, *and now remains;*
That we may find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause." †

* Bohn's translation of the scientific works shows the resemblances between Baconian and *Shakespearian* diction better than Spedding's more picked phrases. † *Ham.* ii. 2.

Bacon's tract and reflections on the "*colors of good and evil*," on "*contraries*" "*conclusions*," "*sympathies and antipathies*," &c., are seen in such expressions and phrases as the following :—

"I do fear *colourable colours*."—*L. L. L.*, iv. 2.

"I must be unjust . . . *under colour* of commending."—*Tw. G. Ver.* i. 1.

"A bald *conclusion*."—*Com. Err.* ii. 2.

"The blood and baseness of our natures would lead us to *most preposterous conclusions*."—*Oth.* i. 3 and *Oth.* i. 1, 15.

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

The best examples of *contraries* come (like many of the more remarkable expressions) from the later plays :—

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

". . . Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!"—*Tim. Ath.* iv. 1.

Gonsalo, picturing to his friends the Utopia, which he would establish, had he "the plantation of this isle," declares that

"In the Commonwealth, I would by *contraries* execute all things."
Temp. ii. 1.

His system would have been admirably suited for the production of such a society as Timon vowed would be the bane of Athens.

Then Bacon's use of the word "*form*," has been the subject of learned discussion, and is considered peculiar, if not exceptional. It is concluded in many cases to signify *the inherent properties, nature, or characteristic qualities* of a thing rather than its "shape" or "figure," words which are usually considered analagous to "*form*" (and in which sense Bacon also uses it). "Things heterogeneous agree in the *form or law*. . . . The *form* of a thing is to be found in each and all the instances in which the thing itself is to be, otherwise it would not be the *form*. . . the *form* is found much more conspicuous in some instances than in others, namely, in those whercin *the nature of the form* is less restrained," &c.*

* See the whole passages, *Nov. Org.* ii. 17, and ii. 20, of the Forms of Heat and Cold.

In the plays the word *form* is used in the same unusual manner.

"This is a gift that I have . . . a foolish extravagant spirit.

Full of *forms*, figures, shapes," &c.—*L. L. L.*, iv. 2.

"Forms varying in subjects."—*L. L. L.*, v. 2.

"Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms."—*Rom. Jul.* i. 1.

"Proportion, season, *form*, office."—*Tr. Cr.* i. 3.

In the passage from *Nov. Org.* ii. 20, quoted above, the word "*instance*" may be observed, and it is, as it were, a key-note to one important part of Bacon's method. Every point of doctrine or teaching should, he says, be fortified and made clear by examples or "*instances*." It does not appear that the term was common until he made it so by repeated use. But here it is in *Shakespeare*. We all remember the Justice with his "wise saws and modern *instances*," and Touchstone to the shepherd, who says that "courtesy would be uncleanly were the courtiers shepherds."

"*Instance briefly*," says Touchstone, "come, *instance*." The shepherd ventures an example, but Touchstone snaps him up:—"Shallow, shallow, *a better instance*, I say, come." But the second attempt is no better than the first, and the shepherd is required to "*mend the instance*."

This word, both in the prose and in the plays, is sometimes used synonymously for *evidence*, *witness*, or proof, as where Twilus exclaims:—

—TWILUS

"The spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O *instance!* strong as Pluto's gates;

Instance, O *instance!* strong as Heaven itself."—*Tr. Cr.* v. 2.

It is in vain for us to multiply such examples or "*instances*;" we can but "ring a bell," and "point the way," well aware that the traveller or explorer will value more highly any fragment or flower which he has himself picked up than any prepared collection of specimens, or handful of flowers gathered by others. Let us then point to another particular, which helps us to recognise Bacon from his style.

Often, in one sentence in the Play there is a combination of Baconian *ideas* with a similar linking or combination of *words*, thus:—

“Good, active and passive, not unlike that which amongst the Romans was expressed in *the familiar and household terms of Promus and Conducus.*”—*Advl.* ii. 1. *De Aug.* vii. 2.

“*Familiar in their mouths as household words.*”—*Hen.* V. iv. 3.

“To avoid the *condign punishment* of their crimes.”—*Of the Union.*

“I never gave them *condign punishment.*”—*2 Hen.* VI. iii. 1.

“Ireland . . . blessed with all *the doweries of Nature.*”—*Sp. for Naturalization.*

“Britain endowed with so many *doweries of Nature.*”—*Of Planting in Ireland.*

“*Nature this dowry gave.*”—*Per.* i. 1.

“Supplying with her *virtue everywhere,*
Weakness of friends,” &c.—*Masque of the Indian Prince.*

“That every eye which on this forest looks
Shall see thy *virtue witness'd everywhere.*”—*A. Y. L.,* iii. 2.

Without encumbering the page with references* we will add a few more such examples. Shakespeareans will recall the following:—“Of *admirable discourse,*” “take . . . *advantage of the time*” (*days, youth, &c.*), “*affoction* (not) *affection,*” “pleasures, &c., *that the world can afford,*” “*alacrity and spirit,*” “he is . . . *all in all,*” “*strange and odd . . . antic,*” “*auguries of hope,*” “*buried in oblivion,*” “*nature betrays itself,*” “checked . . . for speech,” “*this compounded clay, man,*” “*common and popular,*” “*do the deed,*” “dull and heavy,” “dull thing,” “*fair and foul,*” “*a fearful dream,*” “frighted with *false fire,*” “*I am for whole (or great) volumes in folio.*”

Such a coupling of terms is noteworthy, and when first a few of them were brought together and shown to Shakespearean philologists they considered them so remarkable that they were moved to devise means of accounting for them. Perhaps Bacon caught up the expression from *Shakespeare* or perhaps *Shakespeare* took it from Bacon. But when from a collection of metaphors and similes these conjunctions of words and remembrance fitted appeared not in single spies, but in battallions, the tune altered, and we were assured that such expressions were “in the air,” or *common to Elizabethan literature.*

* We shall be happy to send the references to anyone who is working on the subject.

This last conclusion believers in the universal authorship of Francis Bacon certainly will not dispute; but that in those days of ignorance and "deficiencies" in forms and elegancies of English composition dozens of authors should have sprung up ready armed and equipped at all points with the characteristic graces of Francis Bacon's Proteus "style," and with the myriad thoughts and inventions which radiated from that "brayne cut with many facets," is to the mind of one who has examined into this subject absolutely inconceivable.

Such details as have been dwelt upon are to many people distasteful. They are impatient of them, and say that they want more wide and general ideas or theories. They would like, without much study or thought, to be enabled to grasp the whole subject with one hand and to feel that they knew all about it. So should we all, but the thing cannot be done. Can the thoughts of one who took all knowledge for his province be distilled into a quintessence and swallowed at a gulp? Can that mind of infinite be bounded in nutshell? It cannot be, and there are but two alternatives for those who desire to know the truth of these things, either to *work*, examine, compare, collect, and by accumulating an infinite multitude of small details to raise a pyramid of fact so broad and so high as to be incapable of shaking or subversion, or else—easier but less delightful alternative, to "sit and see," and to "bear free and patient thoughts" towards the labours and researches of others who toil that they may, without fatigue, be satisfied.

The "Shakespeare Grammar" of Dr. Abbott is announced by that distinguished philologist in his *Preface*, to be intended for students of *Shakespeare and Bacon*. The rules and instruction which the grammar contains serve indeed equally for both groups of works, although Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, informs that *us not being satisfied with the restraints puts upon language, he had made a kind of grammar of his own*.

But apart from vocabulary, turns of speech, grammar, and all the other points enumerated at the beginning of this paper, there is one characteristic which (to the mind of the present writer) stamps as with a hall-mark of piece of Bacon's sterling coinage. This is *his use of figurative language*. This is the very coinage of his own brain; it is the most effective and conspicuous means which he employed for

enlarging and fertilizing and filling with beauty the dry, narrow, poverty-stricken language of our own, *and other* countries; it was one of the agencies by which he hoped to "mingle earth and heaven," to bring high and spiritual thoughts within the reach and comprehension of dull and "earthy" minds; it was a means by which he would wed mind and matter, science and poetry, art and nature, truth and beauty.

At the present hour Bacon's imagery and figurative language has so grown into the very heart of our mother tongue, it is woven into the whole tissue of its substance that we hardly realise that this characteristic was the result of plan or design. Probably most people, if asked to account for the sudden appearance of these almost countless figures, would be inclined to conclude with Topsy, "spect's they *growed*." Truly they have grown and increased, but yet it is equally true that to Francis Bacon we owe their "pricking in," "sowing," or "grafting" into our now rich and pliable English. How should we get on without such now familiar and household terms as—*absence of mind*, the matter *advances* by strides, a *bald* argument, a *bare* possibility, a *barren* subject, the *blackest* crimes, a *brilliant* speech, to *cancel* grudges, to *build* hopes, to *carry out* or to *carry through* a plan, to *come home* to our feelings, to *cultivate* our minds, to *cure* grief, to be *crowned* with glory, to *dabble* in science, a *deal* time of year, the *ends* he *drives* at, *entrance* to a quarrel, to *fall* a prey, *flat* contradictions, *fruitless* efforts, to *ga'her* from these remarks, to *grasp* the subject, to *get to the bottom* of a subject, to *ground* conclusions, arguments which do not *hang* together, an *influx* of people, *jaundiced* opinions, to *jump at* an offer, to *link* or *couple* ideas, the *march* of intellect, a *master-mind*, in the *nick* of time, to *nourish* genius, an *open* question, a *poor outlook*, to make *overtures*, to *patch up* a quarrel, to be *plunged* in thought, to *remedy* an error, a *repelling* manner, to *smooth rubs*, a *scion* of a noble house, *shades* of opinion, a *sound* reason, to *sound* his intentions, a *sour* old fellow, a *stale* joke, a *step* in the right direction, a *stream* of people, to *steer clear* of offence, *stuff* and nonsense, a *sweet* lady, not to my *taste*, a *tissue* of falsehoods, the whole thing *turns* upon this *point*, an *unfounded* report, a *world* of business, he is *wrapt* up in himself, &c., &c.

Such unobtrusive figures as these literally swarm on the pages of

Bacon; it is, the present writer believes, mainly by their means that his hand may be traced in *Shakespeare*, and in a host of other works which will doubtless some day be acknowledged as his. Nothing can be a clearer proof of the hold that Bacon's language has taken upon us all, than the fact that those who have seriously bent their backs to the solving of these great questions, remain for the most part under the impression that such forms and figures as have been instanced were "*used by everybody*," "*in everybody's mouth*," and so it comes to pass that one and all, according to our modicum of learning, talk Baconian prose and poetry (like Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*") *without knowing it*—not that we must be supposed to claim all these metaphors and similes as Bacon's own invention. Many he took from the Psalms of David and from other parts of the Bible, many are from the classic poets and great writers of Greece and Rome. But we do claim for him that he alone conceived the idea of "mingling earth and heaven," of wedding mind and matter, science and poetry, at the same time fashioning a noble model of language by means of comparisons, analogies, similitudes, and images for ever true and derived from "God's Two Books: The Book of the Bible and the Book of Nature."

In the introduction to the *Promus* it is said that the *fundamental* figures in *Shakespeare* from which the imagery of the plays is derived is about 300. But this estimate has been found considerably below the mark. All branches of learning and knowledge of every description from astronomy and mathematics to sports and pastimes, from statesmanship or architecture to cosmetics and cookery are by turns laid under contribution. This fact has caused commentators, led by their own peculiar lines of study, to suppose that they perceive in the author of these plays, a countryman and a grazier, a butcher's son, a school teacher, the lawyer's clerk, a young man who "walked the hospitals," a devoted student of the Bible, a musician, a traveller abroad, an observant attendant at the court, an omniverous reader of *translations*, even though he may have had "little Latin and less Greek" and no acquaintance with continental languages, yet the evidence in favour of the author's knowledge of French, Italian, and perhaps Spanish, is so strong as to present a great stumbling-block to honest minds, and many strange and improbable suggestions have been made to account for the phenomenon.

So many pages in this periodical have been devoted to "parallels" chiefly of metaphors, and similes, and so many articles are prepared or written in detail on almost every branch of this subject that we may be content to conclude for the present with a general review of this system of Baconian imagery which to those who examine it for the first time will probably afford an insight which will astonish them into the "method" and ubiquitous knowledge of the "great master."

The following is a table of the *fundamental* projects from which Bacon drew his figures. It must be understood that each such basis or fundamental idea is made to furnish images from every detail mentioned in connection with it: for instance, with agriculture, husbandry, and horticulture are connected:—

1. Nearly every *appliance, tool, implement, every method of cultivation* of the ground, *seeds, plants, herbs, flowers, fruits, shrubs, trees;* every part of these—*root, stem, branch, bud, leaf, &c.*

2. The same particulars noted in Bacon's scientific works will be found reproduced in the poetry, the same subdivision of plants and flowers into useful and ornamental, medicinal or for perfumes.

3. The same coupling of ideas and words, "the *blue violet*," "the *wild thyme*," "roses washed in morning dew," &c.

Under the heading, "Natural History," we are to include every *bird, beast, reptile, fish, insect*, noted by Bacon. All but two of these will be found in the plays. The beasts, birds, and insects are for the most part used in order to illustrate the natures, dispositions, or *characters* of men, and these similitudes or resemblances are identical in the scientific notes and in the poetry, and so with everything else. We are somewhat reluctant to quote numbers or calculations which have not been absolutely checked and verified. Nevertheless, we venture to say that Bacon's "figures in all things" cannot be fewer than 3,000, and that each is used on an average not less than four times with variations.

Internal evidence of Bacon's authorship of the plays and poems is also afforded by the *ethics* exhibited in them, the *axioms* and *wise sayings*, the *opinions* on all subjects touched upon, the tastes and antipathies expressed, the aims and aspirations which are perceptible throughout.

Bacon's intimate knowledge of the Bible is equally perceptible; and by a comparison of the texts apparently alluded or quoted in

"*Shakespeare*" with those similarly used in Bacon's authentic works, we find that, in each group, there are texts from two-thirds of the books of the Bible, and that *the same Books*. On a future occasion we hope to be able to illustrate in some detail this statement about Bacon's knowledge of the Bible, and also to show his earnest but tolerant religious views uttered from the lips of the personages in his plays. As we may read in one of the "Elegies" collected by Dr. Rawley, it was in "no light and trifling spirit that he put on the socks of comedy and the high boots of the tragedian." For a high and noble purpose he did it, to hold a mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, vice her own deformity, and to raise mankind heaven-born poetry and a method as wholesome as sweet "a few yards above the earth."

A list of some of the fundamental figures, allusions and comparisons used by Bacon and Shakespeare.

Accounts.—*Money, Bills, Payment, Audit, Debt, &c.*

Acoustics.—*Sound, Noise, Strain, Voice, Twang, &c.*

Actions.—*Physical Activity, Stir, Ferment, Agitation, &c.*

„ *Passive, Dull, Flat, Stale, Slow, Heavy, &c.*

„ *Voluntary, Deed, Touch, Stroke, Work, Step, &c.*

Affections.—*Personal, sympathetic and moral. Humour, Rage, Comfort, Cheer, Beauty, Gravity, Sullenness, Love, Joy, Mercy, Hope, &c.*

Agriculture, and Implements, &c.—*Sow, Plough, Harvest, Fallow, Tilling, &c.*

Alchemy.—*Conversion, transmutation, Philosopher's Stone, &c.*

Antiquities.—*Tombs, Sepulchres, Ruins, Pyramids, &c.*

Architecture or Building.—*Foundations, Pillars, Arches, Stairs, Windows, &c.*

„ *Appliances and Tools.—Axe, Hammer, Mallet, Rule, Square, Nails, Ladder, &c.*

Avenues or Entrances.—*Gate, Door, Porch, Conduit Pipe, &c.*

„ „ *Road, Path, Way, &c.*

Astronomy and the Universe.—*Sun, Moon, Stars, Planets, Comets, Milky Way, &c.*

„ „ *The Canopy, Sky, Welkin, The Spheres, Primum Mobiles, &c.*

- Art.—*Painting, Music, Musical Instruments, &c.*
- Banking business.—*Exchange, Usury, &c.*
- Chemistry.—*Chemicals, Drugs, Combustibles, &c.*
- Colours (see Light).—*Of Hair, Beards.*
- Cooking (compared to Rhetoric).—*Baking, Boiling, Roasting, Flavouring to the palate, taste, &c.*
- Cosmetics.—*Enamelling, Painting, Dyeing the hair, &c.*
- Cryptography, Ciphers, Anagrams, Acrostics, &c., *Allusions to*
- Diseases and their Remedies.—*Blind, Deaf, Lamé, Lethargies, Cramps, Fevers, Plaisters, Salve, &c.* (See *Drugs and Medicines*).
- Domestic Work—Servants and their Appliances.—*Sweeping, Washing, Scouring, Waiting, &c.* (See *Cooking*).
- Dress and Fashions with their Accessories, Personal Ornaments, &c.
- Dyeing.—*Stain, Tincture, Hue, Colour, &c.*
- Earth and Physical Geography.—*Flats, Shallows, Rivers, Sea, Floods, &c.*
Mountains, Valleys, Champaign, Steeps, &c.
- Egypt.—*The Nile, Sphinx, Pyramids, Hieroglyphics, &c.*
- Elements.—*Earth, Air, Fire, Water.*
- Engineering—Military.—*Artillery, Engines, Petard.*
- Fishes and Fishing.—*Bait, Hook, Nets, &c., and List of Fish.*
- Foods, Drinks, Drugs, Soporifics, Poisons.—*List of these.*
- Games, Sports, and Exercises.—*Bowls, Cards, Chess, Dancing, Wrestling, Fencing, Archery, Riding, Hunting, Swimming, &c.*
- Gestures.—*Laughing, Smiling, Frowning, Bending, Wringing the hands, &c.*
- History, Personages in Ancient and Modern, and in the Bible.—*Adam, Cain, Noah, Moses, Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Cæsar Nero, Machiavelli, &c.*
- History (Natural), Beasts, Birds, Reptiles, Fish, Insects.—*Lists of each, compared in detail as to habits and various qualities, with analogies to the various characters of men.*
- Horticulture.—*Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Flowers, their culture and uses or beauties.*
- Implements and Appliances in general use.—*Knife, Spoon, Needle, Pin, Thread, Ink, Pen, Tablets, &c.*

Jewels and Precious Stones.

King and his State.

Law and Legal terms.

Light.—*Sun, Star, Lamp, Taper, Torch, Candle, &c.*, *beam, flash, glimmer, ray, &c.*

Man, The Body of—*Limbs, Members, and Organs.* (The Senses, see). *The Noblest of Animals, &c.*

Magnetism and Electricity.—*Adamant, Magnet, Lightning, &c.*

Maps and Charts.

Mathematics and Arithmetic.

Medicine or Physic.—*Remedies, Prescriptions, Pill, Potion, Infection, Plague, &c.*

Metallurgy, Mineralogy, and Mining. (List of Metals and Minerals).

Meteorology.—*Meteors, Comets, Portents, Moon, Ebb and Flow of the Sea, Tides, Inundations, &c.*

Military Terms, Titles, and Appliances.

Music and Musical Instruments.—“*Shepherd’s Oaten Pipes,*” &c.

Mythology.—*Gods and Goddesses, Nymphs, Satyrs, Demi-gods and Heroes, Mythical Creatures, and Places, &c.*

Nautical Terms.—*The Management of Ships, &c. Their parts and appliances.*

Parliamentary terms, and customs.

Physics (Natural).—*Electricity, Light, Heat, Sound, Dense and Rare Motion, Attraction, Gravitation, &c.*

Plantations or Colonies.

Printing and Publishing.—*Imprint, Impress, Print, Edition, volumes in folio.*

Professions.—*Callings and Trades.*

Putrefaction, Maturation, Germination.—*Of Life, Death, and Decay, of Revival and a “New Birth.”*

Qualities, Conditions, or Properties of Things.—*Sweet, Sour, Soft, Hard, Stiff, Supple, Light, Heavy, Keen, Blunt, &c.*

Rank, Title, &c.—*King, Queen, Prince, Lord, &c.*

Relationships.—*Father, Mother, Brother, Child, Heir, &c.*

Revival or Renaissance.—*New Birth, Babe, Cupid, Phœnix, Æson, Prometheus, &c.*

Rhetoric, Terms in—*Oratory, Speech, Language, &c.*

Senses, The five—*Blind, Dim, Eye, Seeing, “Gate of Affection,” Ear, Hearing, Deaf, “of the understanding,” Taste, Relish, Loathe, Touch, Feeling, Smell, &c.*

Social Life.—*Banquet, Feast, Revel and Friendship, Enmity, Crowd, Market, Fellowship, League, Neighbour, &c.*

Stage, The—*Theatre, Actor, Play and Part, Prompt, Feign, Mask, Rehearse, Comedy, &c., &c. (Of The World and Life).*

Trades, List of—(see Professions, &c.).

Vehicles and Methods of Transport.—*Chariot, Couch, Posthorse, Azle, Wheels, Sails and Oars, Wings, &c.*

Winds, The—*Chart of all the points of the compass and the Winds, Breezes, Storms, Tempests, Hurricanes, &c.*

Witchcraft, Sorcery, &c.—*Magic, Black Arts, Charms, Enchantments.* To Bewitch, Fascinate, Evil Eye, &c.

M.

“MANES VERULAMIANI.”

PART V.

IN the following pieces the same notes are sounded as in those already published. Again Francis Bacon is likened to Phœbus Apollo bearing the light of the Muses; he is the delight of mankind as well as of Nature, whose praises he celebrates. One remarkable particular must strike any thoughtful mind—when the Fates ordain the death of Francis Bacon, one of the Muses pleads for his life. Which is she?

We should not be surprised were she Urania, the Muse of Astronomy. Holding in her palm the globe of the world, and gazing up into the vault of heaven, we might see in her a fit patroness of him whose aim it was to mingle earth and heaven. But it is not Urania: it is Melpomene who thus pleads with Fate for the life of the Light-bearer, and Melpomene is “the singing goddess”—*the Muse of Tragedy.*

Here is no reference to the poet’s early efforts, “humbly creeping upon the ground, wearing the flat sole of Comedy,” as we read in a previous poem. There we were told that *he restored Comedy completely afresh*, but in the present verses Comedy is ignored and the dramatist

is presented to us as one who had risen to the height on the loftier buskins of the tragedian.

In the subsequent verses Clio, the Muse of History, is called upon to weep for the fall of him who is "the Tenth Muse, the Flower of the Band." Who will not recall Sonnet 38, where the poet apostrophises his love (his prophetic soul or poetic genius?) in these words—

"Be thou the Tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old Nine which rhymers invoke" ?

One more point is worthy of note in the verses which follow—namely, the stress laid by two writers upon the immensely voluminous nature of Bacon's writings, that he wrote "tomes upon tomes," continually growing in number and overspreading the earth. It will be found by anyone who will examine into the case that, excluding *variorum* editions and the comments of editors, *the whole of Bacon's acknowledged works would fill only four good octavo volumes.* What, then, were the "tomes upon tomes" here and elsewhere alluded to ?

On the death of the man most eminent in literature and the most honourable lord, Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban.

"He died too soon, who bore the Muses' light,
Great Claros' god * a grievous sorrow owned:
BACON, thou, Nature and Mankind's delight,
By Death himself art, passing strange, bemoaned.
What license to her will did Fate not grant ?
For she, though Death would spare, ordained the grave
Wherefore Melpomene intolerant
Unto the goddess Fate her pleading gave:
'Ah! Atropos, that dost the earth and air
Hold in thy palm, give thou my Phœbus back.'
Alas! nor Heaven, nor Earth, nor Muse, nor Prayer
Of mine could stem, O BACON, Fate's attack.
Wilt tell how much to Man and Muse thou'st given,
BACON? if still their creditor thou'dst lief
Remain, then will there jostle Love, World, Heaven,
Muses, Jove's treasures, Prayer, Odes, Incense, Grief—
What can the Arts, or what invidious Age ?

* Apollo.

Envy at length her dart aside may lay,
 And thou may'st, blessèd, linger here, O sage,
 Nature can ne'er to thee her debt repay."

— *Will. Fellow, Trin. Coll.*

On the death of the same.

" If, BACON, none may mourn thy death but he
 Who's worthy, surely there'll no mourner be.
 But weep, weep, Clio ! with thy Sister's bland,
 Fall'n is the Tenth Muse, Flower of thy band.
 Ah ! ne'er Apollo knew true grief before.
 How can he, loving, be indifferent ?
 He must with Muses nine himself content,
 Ill-pleasèd their number cannot be one more."

*An Ode to both Universities—Pasanuthelinon.**

" Had, Sisters, my poor prayers with yours availed,
 (Alas ! untimely came to us our woe)—
 Our Love had not in doubtful issue failed,
 For even Love some pious Strife doth know.
 We in our tears should see Apollo live
 In thee, O BACON, thee, my country's pride,
 Who deign'st to us the meed of thy name give ;
 What more could Nature, Virtue, give beside ?
 Our wiser sages, once thy books they knew,
 Vowed that all other writers dumb should stay ;
 The Fates, too, soon begrudged him, us and you ;
 Ah ! why so chary of their blessings they ?
 Worthy of Heaven, he deign'd on Earth to bide,
 For such a man prayers e'en an insult seem.
 Ah ! happy Fate, our tears for thee a pride—
 A pride, O BACON, not disgrace we deem.
 Stay, Sisters, then your sorrows and your sighs,
 The death-pyre cannot his whole self retain ;
 Both ours and yours was he, should doubt arise
 If we or you loved best, let it remain ;
 We share a common grief, no single space
 Affords for such a ruin resting-place."

— *William Loe, Trin. Coll.*

* Query the meaning of this Greek word ?

On the Death, etc.

" Whilst freely wrote the Man of Verulam,
 With tomes on tomes endowing ages sure,
 Death, jealous, eyed those writings as they came,
 And ill their growing numbers could endure: *
 Death hates those monuments of authors' skill,
 Their written works that spurn the funeral pyre;
 Therefore, whilst in his hand was poised the quill,
 And, ere his slender fingers ceased to tire,
 Before the last page ' finis ' could proclaim,
 Death signed his dark initial † at the end :
 Still shall thy writings, BACON, live, thy fame
 In Death's despite to distant age descend."

—James Duport, *Trin. Coll.*

On the death of a man most distinguished in literature, as well as in wisdom and inborn nobility—FRANCIS BACON, Viscount St. Albans.

" Not I, nor Naso did he live, would vie
 In verse, O BACON, for thine elegy;
 The springs of verse well up from minds serene,
 Our hearts have by thy death o'erclouded been:
 With books thou'st filled the earth, ‡ with fame the age;
 Then enter now thy rest, as't please thee, Sage;
 The grandeur of thy teaching doth appear,
 And doth throughout the world thy head uprear;
 Brief is my ode, I cease. Again to live
 Could verse procure thee, torrents would I give."

—C. D. Regal.

*On the death of the most honourable Lord, FRANCIS BACON,
 of Verulam.*

" He who was our Law-Moderator, he
 Is from that law released, by death arraigned,
 Arrested; Rhadamanthus' polity
 Our own has strained.

* In these four lines we again note the statement that Bacon wrote *tomes upon tomes, continually adding to their number*. We repeat that the whole of the works—scientific, literary, and philosophical—which are acknowledged as Bacon's would fill but four octavo volumes.

† *Theta*, the initial letter of "Thanatos"—Death. *Coronis*, a mark placed at the end of a chapter. ‡ See Introduction.

He who had taught the sages of the day
 The system of the *Novum Organon*,
 By Death's old method was compelled to lay
 His body down.

Forsooth, her ill forewarnings sent, one Fate
 Willed that for him should dawn that day supreme:
 Tell me, doth sense or reason animate
 Fate's cruel scheme?

So many mysteries of Nature's ways
 He opened that an age might fail disclose;
 To Nature now, kind stepmother, he pays
 The debt he owes.

Full of those Arts he'd trained to higher aim
 He dies, and by his death he us assures
 How lasting Art, how fleeting Life, how Fame
 For aye endures.

He, the bright comet in our Heaven, who gleams
 Like Lucifer, completes full-honoured here
 His orbit passes and refulgent beams
 In fitter sphere."

—Henry Ferne, *Fellow Trin. Coll.*

Elegy on the same.

"This tomb his body holds, but scarcely claims,
 The outer marble bears his Virtue's name;
 That Virtue bids these pious stones to speak,
 And trace his record ere her flight she seek;
 He in our hearts true sepulchre shall claim,
 And men and stones alike shall tell his fame."

—Henry Ferne, *Fellow Trin. Coll.*

“SHAKESPEARE AN ARCHER.”

WE heartily commend to our readers a most pleasant little book entitled “Shakespeare, an Archer.” It is full of interesting particulars, and we find in it but one fault, namely, that the author confused Shakespeare the poet with William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, seeming to believe that this latter studied the “*Toxophilus*” of Ascham, and that he was even acquainted with certain sections in an Act of Parliament, “the 33rd Hen. VIII., cap. ix.,” which was passed in the year 1541 for the maintaining “artillery, and preferring of unlawful games.”

The object of the following brief notes is to show the true *Shakespeare*, Francis Bacon, the poet, studying archery, as he studied all else, *to the bottom*, and in order to draw from it figures, comparisons, axioms, and what not, to adorn and illustrate his poetic philosophy.

And, first, we know as a fact that he was acquainted with the works of Roger Ascham. Strange indeed were he not so acquainted, seeing that, as he says, he had “read all pieces, ancient and modern.” This would be a thing impossible in the present day when the world is flooded with books and fugitive literature, but not impossible at a time when modern literature was only beginning to spring up, and when most of it was his own. Besides the general statement that he had read all, we have the particular fact that he speaks of the works of Ascham, and notes that he, and Car of Cambridge, “with their lectures and writings, almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that are studious unto that delicate and polished kind of learning.” Francis Bacon was, we know, one of the studious youths who was thus allured, though happily he did not stop at the learning whose “bent was rather towards copie than weight—the distemper of learning when men study words not matter.”

These few words give us a hint of how Francis Bacon used the knowledge which he acquired of “Archery and the bending of the bow.” But first how do we know that he had acquired such knowledge? If he acquired it as any other young gentleman would be pretty sure to have done in those times, then how do we know that he intended to apply it to any special purpose?

If we turn to his private notes we find a folio headed “*Play*,” and

in this sheet we see the poet's mind overrunning the whole subject of *Recreation*—the need of it as refreshment for mind as well as body, the various manners in which it is exercised; and its operation mental and physical.

He thinks first of "Play" as *Poesy*, and apparently in relation to the stage, and he enters this note: "*The sin against the Holy Ghost—termed in zeal by the fathers.*"* This fragmentary note forms the basis of a paragraph in his works: "One of the Fathers, in great severity called poesy *Vinum demonum* (devil's wine) because it filled the imagination, and yet it is but the shadow of a lie." †

Hippolyta echoes the sentiment when Theseus condemns the rural play as "the silliest stuff that e'er we heard." She answers—

"The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination mend them." ‡

Then the contemplative philosopher thinks about "the cause of quarrells"—"Expense and unthriftness"—"*Idleness and indisposition of the mind to labors.*" § This is mentioned by Ascham in praise of archery as a pastime. "The Fosterer-up of shooting is *Labour*, ye companion of vertue . . . the nurse of dice and cardes" (which Bacon presently in his notes is seen considering) "*is wearisome yllnesse.*"

Next the cause of society, acquaintance, familiarity and friendship is considered, and Bacon seems to consider that these things are good, giving a desire for "Recreation and putting away of melancholy. The putting off *malas curas et cupiditas.*" We seem to hear him saying:—

"What sport shall we devise . . . to drive away the heavy thought of care?" ||

"Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have
To drive away this long age of three hours?"

What revels are at hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?" ¶

"I am sure care's an enemy to life." **

* *Promus* 1166—1188. † *Adv. L.* ii. 1. ‡ *M. N. D.* v. 2.

§ See *Promus* 1167 b., and *comp. Timon of Athens* ii. 2, 125—135, in which there is the only instance in Shakespeare of the use of the word "*indisposition.*"

|| *R. II.* iii. 4. ¶ *M. N. D.* v. 1. ** *Tw. N.* i. 3.

"Your honour's players are come to play a pleasant comedy,
 For so your doctors hold it meet. . . . Melancholy is the nurse
 of frenzy,
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play."*
 "Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy?" †

From "Play," which acts through the mind upon the body, the *Promus* notes turn to games and exercises which act through the body upon the mind—"Games of activitye and passetye, of act, strength, and quicknesse," and these, we find by collation with his essays and finished works, to include bowling, dancing, diving, swimming, fencing, horsemanship, rope-dancing. The object of such games appears in the following note: "Quick of eye, hand, legg, ye whole mocion; strenght of arme, legge, of activity, of sleight"—and here we first find ourselves concerned with archery.

Mr. Rushton bends his bow towards this especial mark, that Shakespeare took his ideas as well as his diction from Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus*. Now, holding "Shakespeare" to be the *nom-de-plume* of Francis Bacon, we thoroughly agree with him. All that he says (pp. 6—9) of the wind in archery is reproducible from Bacon's *History of Winds and the Navigation of Ships*, to which we hope on some future occasion to return. Similarities in diction we must pass over as alien to the present purpose, but with the assurance that they are all in Bacon's authentic writings. † As to "old Double," we can say nothing except that *the name*, spelt Dubbel, occurs amongst the names of persons connected with the stage in Henslowe's Diary.

Mr. Rushton quotes from Ascham: "The best wits to learning must needs have much recreation and ceasing from their boke, or else they mar themselves when base and dumpish wits can never be hurt with continual study."

With this he compares *Love's Labour's Lost* i. 1. :—

* *Tam Sh. Indn.* † *Com. Er.* v. 1.

‡ Mr. Rushton compares Ascham's words "Daylight . . . open space," with "Daylight and champion discovers not more—this is open" (*Tw. N.* ii. 5). Compare again: "A place full of woods or champion. The mind of man delight in the spacious liberty of generalty, as in a champion region," &c. —*Adv. of L.* ii. 1. *Adv. to Rutland*.

" . . . Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :
Small have *continual* plodders ever won
Save base authority from other's books.

* * * * *

So study evermore is overshoot, &c.

* * * * *

But is there no quick *recreation* given ? "

With this remarkable passage (too long for insertion as a whole) we again compare the words of Bacon. He is speaking of the lack of books written with regard to the negotiation of business and advancement in life.

"I doubt not," he says, "but learned men with but little experience, would far excel men of long experience,* and *out-shoot them in their own bow.*" † And again, "Let a man contend to excel any competitors of his in honour, in *out-shooting them if he can in their own bow.* . . . It is a very frequent error, especially among wise men, to *measure others by the standard of their own genius, and to shoot over the mark,* by supposing that men have deeper ends in view than ever entered their minds."

"Archers provided themselves with bows according to their draught or length of arm and strength. The longer the draw the greater the force of the draw. . . . Lear," continues Mr. Rushton, "seems to ask for this greater force when he says: 'Draw me a clothier's yard,' ‡ and Carew says: 'To give you some taste of the *Cornish archers sufficiency for long shooting, their shaft was a clothyard.*'"

Bacon was equally well acquainted with the Cornish archers. Describing a rebellion, he says:—"On the king's side there died about 300, most of them *shot with arrows which were reported to be the length of a taylor's yard,* so strong and mighty a bow the Cornishmen were said to draw." §

At the Battle of Agincourt, according to Ascham, "*most parte of the English archers drew a yarde.*" The fame and the fear of these English bowmen was such that it did things more wonderful than ever

* Note here the word *experience*, and see passage from *Pericles* i. 1, 163) quoted *forward*. † When writing to Buckingham in 1624, he says, "My bow beareth not so high an aim." ‡ *Lear* iv. G. § *Hist. Hen. VII.*

the old schoolmaster had read in Greek or Latin. Bacon notes that in the war in Brittany the French, attempting to harass and weary out the English with their light-horse skirmishes, received common loss, *especially by means of the English archers.* †

"Shooting," says Ascham, "is a goodly arte, a holesome kynd of exercise, and much commended in physick."

Mr. Rushton produces no parallel to this from the plays, but here it is in the *History of Life and Death*: "Playing at bowls is good for diseases of the reins, *archery for those of the lungs.* Exercises which provoke a motion tolerably strong, yet not too rapid, or requiring the utmost strength, such as dancing, *archery . . .* and the like are not injurious, but beneficial." *

Ascham makes Toxophilus say:—"You see that the strongest men do not draw always the strongest shoot, which thing proveth that drawing strong lieth not so much in the strength of man as in the use of shooting," and Bacon says of rational knowledge that they confirm and strengthen, "even as the habit of shooting doth not only enable to shoot a nearer shoot, but to draw a stronger bow."

In shooting, says the Toxophilite, two things are to be desired—to shoot strong and to shoot well. He places the *strong shooting* first.

"A man," says Bacon. "must draw a long and a *strong bow* if he would pierce the heart of truth," and in a headline design in the 1623 folio of *Shakespeare* we may see the archers on either side aiming at the heart of the infant truth with arrows so long that they almost resemble spears.

But though Ascham values archery chiefly as a weapon of defence in war, another writer, Giovanni Michele, who was sent by the Pope to ascertain the military power of England, described not only the force, but the *dexterity* of the English archers. "There are few among them . . . who will not undertake, either aiming point-blank or in the air, that the arrow may fly further, to hit within an inch-and-a-half of the mark."

Now the aiming is a matter of that "quickness of eye" which Francis Bacon notes as well as of "the strength of the arm" which should accompany it. "The eye is the very tonge wherewith wyt and reason doth speak to every part of the body . . . the foot, the hand,

* *Ib.* † Of the Spirits, &c., I., 79.

and *all waiteth upon the eye.*" * In the *Promus* we are reminded that the eye is the gate of the affection," and that what is "seen with the eye is touched with the finger."

"His eye commands the leading of his hand." †

In his advice to Essex, Bacon says that "a man may, by the eye, set up the white right in the midst of the butt, though he be no archer." *Shakespeare* has much the same metaphor differently applied:—

"Fly after, and, like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark.
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead." ‡

In upwards of fifty places *Shakespeare* bases his excellent and true metaphors upon the aim taken by an archer. Thus, in complaining that by the method of education prevailing in his day taught what was right but *not how to do right*, he adds that certain writers "set forth draughts and portraitures of good, virtue, duty, and felicity, as the true objects for the will and desires of men to aim at. But though the marks themselves be excellent and well placed, how a man may aim at them . . . is passed over." §

In the preface to one of his reports he says, "*The mark we shot at was union and amity.*"

Shakespeare similarly speaks of the aims and marks in morals or politics which men desire to hit.

"Therefore doth Heaven deride
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion,
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience,
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark,
So may a thousand actions once afoot
End in one purpose." ||

The figure recurs several times in *Hen. VIII.* in regard to ends moral and religious. Wolsey taunts Queen Catharine:—

* *Toxophilus*. † *Lucrece*, 414. ‡ *Per. i. 1.* § *De Aug. vii. 1.* || *Hen. V. i. 2.*

"Madam, you wander from *the good we aim at*.
 If your Grace
 Could but be brought to know our aims are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort." *

And, when himself a fallen man, Wolsey thus exhorts Cromwell:—

"Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me . . .
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's." †

In the compliment to James I., which is introduced in the last act of the same play, the king is described as a prince.

"That, in all obedience, makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour." ‡

Again Bacon speaks of "states that aim at greatness," and says that, "In fame of learning *the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation*," alluding apparently to the flight of an arrow, for the flight of a bird would be *retarded* by "feathers of ostentation," as, for instance, a peacock by his heavy tail.

Of Coriolanus, his enemies declare that it is "*Fame at which he aims*," § and the ambitious Duke of York similarly assures his friends:—

"I'll—when I spy advantage—claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit." ||

But honour, in the general acceptance of the term, was not the mark at which Francis Bacon aimed. Truly might he say with Hermione:—

"For honour, 'tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for." ¶

Or like the good and learned Cerimon:—

"I held it ever,
 Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches." **

And he goes on to show that the latter only give lasting pleasure and that the study of natural philosophy:—

* *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. † *Ib.* iii. 2. ‡ *Ib.* v. 2. § *Cor.* i. 1. || 2 *Hen.* VI. i. 1.
 ¶ *Wint. Tale.* iii. ** *Pericles* iii. 4.

"Doth give me
A more content in course of true delight,
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool, and death."

There is another kind of honour to which he did aspire, the fame and good name which follow a noble and well-spent life, and which alone rewards the efforts of those who have lived for others. Worldly honours, titles, were to him "tittles," riches, "muck except it be spread"—or as in the play *Coriolanus* calls money the muck of the world—all such things are in Bacon's esteem but means to an end, means to influence the "giddy, wavering" "many-headed" public, "the buzzing pleased multitude," ever delighted with pomp and show.

The mark, the aim, the end, at which our true archer for ever drew his long, strong, and well-experienced bow was knowledge; for "he saw plainly that this mark, namely, invention of further means to endow *the condition and life of man with new powers, or works, was almost never yet set up in man's intention,*"* and therefore, "*It is no wonder if men have never reached a mark which they have ever set up.*"† "*But having set up the mark of knowledge*" we must now go, he says, on to precepts for the art of interpreting nature in "the most direct and obvious order." Even to the last words he seems to be thinking of his aim.

Shakespeare uses the same figure with regard to knowledge, in the complimentary love-song wherein (as Francis Bacon praised his Mistress, the Fair Lady, Truth) Nathaniel extols "the most beauteous lady Rosalind" :—

"If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice
Well learned is that tongue that can thee well commend."‡

The same thread of ideas is woven into the scene where Benvolio inquires the cause of Romeo's grief and depression :—

"Rom. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. Aimed so near when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good marksman! And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit."§

* *Filum Labyrinthi* 5. † *Nov. Org.* i. 122, and ii. 10. ‡ *L. L. L.* iv. 2, *Song.* § *Rom. Jul.* i. 1.

In the "Essay of Cupid" we read that "*Cupid's last attribute is archery, meaning that this virtue is such as acts at a distance : for all operation at a distance is like shooting an arrow.*"² The conceit reappears in Bacon's "*Device of the Indian Prince,*" and in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream,*" which bears so many points of resemblance to the "Device" as to persuade us that the latter was the first idea or sketch from which the former exquisite piece was later on developed.

In the Device a *blind Indian boy*, and a white boy, are introduced, "who have curiously inquired of your Majesty's person, which discovery of their high conceit *aiming directly at yourself,*" caused the squire who conducts them to bring them before the Queen. The Indian Prince in the Device and the Indian Boy in the Play seem both to be Cupid love of knowledge. In the Device the *blind boy* recovers his sight, in the Play the "herb" upon which Cupid's bolt fell when laid upon "*sleeping eyelids,*" made that person on whose eyes it was laid "*in love with the next live creature that it sees.*" All these things are surely allegories of the love of knowledge, *hitherto blinded* as Biron describes the pedants of old by their *painful poring* on books :—

"To seek the light of truth,
To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look."

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* fails not to reproduce and to fuse all these ideas :—

"*Cupid all armed a certain aim he took*
At a fair vestal throned in the west. . . .
*The imperial votaress** passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell. . . .
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I showed thee once ;

* These passages from the Masque and from the Play have alike been taken for mere compliments to Elizabeth the Virgin Queen. Doubtless they were intended to be taken by "the general ;" but the present writer submits to the consideration of the more learned reader whether, *in all such cases*, we do not perceive Bacon's ambiguous method of covertly inserting words of praise and glorification to his true Sovereign Lady *Eliza-beth*, or *El-Isa-beth*, Truth, "*the Gate of Heaven,*" the Heavenly Spirit of *Light*. The name of "the beautiful lady *Rosalind*" seems to have the same mystical meaning. The rose was sacred to the *Sun*, which Persian mystics held to be the throne of God.

The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman hardly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb."*

And it seems that the name of the herb—"Love-in-illness," gives another of the many hints of Bacon's aim and intention to "make men in love with the lessons"† which he would convey in his plays and poetry.

Another way in which Bacon uses the figure of *aiming*, is in relation to speech and logic. Men, he says, "have aimed rather at the height of speech than at the subtleties of things. . . . The logical arts are . . . divided according to the ends at which they aim,"‡ and again he says, "My bow beareth not so high as to aim at an Advice touching any of the great affairs now on foot."§

In a similar relation to speech and its purposes, Horatio is made to say of Ophelia:—

"Her speech is nothing.
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
Her hearers to collection; they aim at it
And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts."||

And Shakspeare students will recall other instances.—

Sometimes the word *butt* is used for aim or end:—

"Have . . . as an end or butt, obedience.¶
I am your butt, and I abide your shot."**

So Bacon in the *Interpretation of Nature*:—

"When the butt is set up men need not rove; but except butt be placed men cannot level."

Here we have the technical term in Archery *to rove*, also used in Bacon's *Praise of the Queen*, but which we have not found in *Shakespeare*, but also the other bowman's term equally common to the prose and verse—"to level." It recurs in the "*Observations on a Libel*."

"This fellow . . . is no good mark-man, but throweth out his word of defacing without all level."

* *M. N. D.* ii. 2. † *Adv. L.* ii. 1.; *De Aug.* vii. 2.

‡ *De Aug.* iii. 1 and v. 1. § *Letter to Buckingham, Jan., 1624.* || *Ham.* iv. 5.

¶ *Hen. V.* i. 1. ** *Hen. VI.* i. 4.

Helen, in *All's Well*, shows better sense than the "fellow" :—

"I am not an impostor *that proclaim*
Myself above the level of mine aim ! " *

"Ascham," says Mr. Rushton, "speaks of a man used to shoot drawing his shaft to the point every time, and Anthony a comparison † between the action of *loosing* the shaft, and of *losing* his honour." ‡

Bacon Maximilian's want of persistency to "*ill archers that draw not their arrows up to the head.*" This similitude of his gives greater force and point to the paragraph from Puttenham quoted by Mr. Rushton. "We call this figure, following the original, '*the like loose,*' alluding to the archer's term, who is said not to finish the feat of his shot before he gives the loose, and delivers his arrow from the bow ; in which respect we used to say, *mark the loose of a thing for the end of it.*" §

Bacon finds that men often fail to mark the loose or loss when they fail in their aim, for "*men mark when they hit, but never mark when they miss.*"

Mr. Rushton notes several other terms in Archery—"to glance," "to keep compass," "to reach"—we perceive no distinctive differences between the use of these terms in the Plays and in Bacon's poetic prose. He speaks of "*writings which have cast but a glance or two upon facts,*" || of the variety in nature "*which mortal eye may glance at, but hardly take in,*" ¶ of "*light motions which glanced through his mind,*" of the way which some people have of justifying themselves by *glancing and darting* at others. "*Such indirect glances and levels at persons*" ** should be considered, be disallowed. Then in the pages of *Shakespeare*, we read of

"*Writings . . . wherein obscurely*
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at." ††

And in the following *the glances and light motions of the mind* †† (or imagination) of a man are thus coupled :—

"The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,

* *All's Well* ii 1. † Rather a quibble or pun ? ‡ "*Shakespeare an Archer,*" p. 110 § *Ess. of Prophecies.* || *Gt. Instaur., Pref.* ¶ *Ess. of Cupid.* ** *Conts. of the Church.* †† *Jul. Cæs.* i. 3. †† *De Aug.* ii. 13, v. 4, ix. 1.

Doth *glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,*
And gives to *airy nothing* a local habitation and a name.*

Then the *glancing and darting and levelling at persons* is well illustrated in the long scene in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2, where the ladies mock the gentlemen "downright," and Biron at length gives in:—

"Here stand I, lady; *dart thy skill at me* . . .
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust my sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit."

And just as Bacon speaks of "anything that may but *glance upon the friendship* of England," † so Oberon reproaches Titania that she "can thus *glance at his credit* with Hippolyta," ‡ and Edmond of the treasons and the hell-hated lie which "*glance by*, and scarcely bruise." §

Then of "keeping within compass," which is explained from Ascham and illustrated from *Shakespeare*, the same uses are equally found in many parts of Bacon's prose works. He speaks of matters being kept or not restrained "*within the compass* of any moderation;" || of "judgment contained *within the compass of law*," ¶ of "keeping *within the compass* of instructions,"** or of "going beyond the compass of his intention." ††

So again with the term "to reach," the prose equally with the poetry has instances of its use. We do not quote them, however, believe the allusions to be nautical rather than toxophilite—"A Reach" being a suspiciously Baconian Dictionary explained as meaning the farthest point in a straight line from the place whence a ship starts to the place which it *reaches*.

We note also in *Shakespeare* the omission of the Parthian bow, although the Tartar's bow is twice alluded to. Mr. Rushton quotes Ascham of the Parthians who brought themselves into utter destruction by exchanging their bows for spears, but no parallel is adduced from the plays. Puck, however, being dispatched on an errand, declares that he "will go swifter than arrow from a Tartar's bow." †† Bacon, however, speaks of the Parthians, and Tartar's bows; and

* *M. N. D.* v. 1. † *Hist. Hen. VIII.* ‡ *M. N. D.* ii. 2. § *Lear*, v. 3.
|| *Pacif. of Ch.* ¶ *Report*, 1606-7. ** *Proclamation.* †† *Report.* †† *M. N. D.*
iii. 2.

moreover enlightens us as to their peculiarity. The bow, or perhaps we should say, the Parthian or Tartar Archer could shoot flying, or running away; and Bacon compares a second enterprise, when a first has failed to "*a Tartar's or Parthian's bow, which shooteth backward.*" * Of words which take effect after the speaker has departed, he says that "*as a Tartar's bow (such words) do shoot back upon the undertaking.*" †

The pleasant book upon which we have been commenting concludes, as it begins, with remarks from Ascham, upon the need for recreation "for all men sore occupied in earnest study. . . . The body grows cold whilst the mind is studiously engaged . . . and *the mind must be unbent* to gather and fetch again this quickness withal." Thus we return to Bacon's early notes on "Play," and "Recreation." "*Dice and Cards,*" he says, "*may be used sometimes as a recreation, and to unbend the bow.*" "*Apollo does not always keep his bow bent,*"—and for himself, he finds that "*for two months and a half to be strong bent, is too much for my bow.*"

Mr. Rushton quotes a proverb which forms an entry in Bacon's *Poems* (491). "*Many talk of Robin Hood, who never shot in his bow,*" and (adds Mr. Rushton) "I know that some talk of Roger Ascham, who never knew his books."

It is to be hoped that those who have never known them may be encouraged to read them, or at least to read the charming transcripts and interesting commentaries which must be useful to Baconians and Shakespeareans alike.

* Sp. on the Subsidy, 1597. † *Adv. L.* ii. 1, *De Aug.* v. 4.

THE REV. EDWIN GOULD AND THE CIPHER
IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AND
"THE TEMPEST."

INTRODUCTION.

IN introducing the following paper, we are bound to give some apology and explanation with regard to the omission from our pages of the long lists of words extracted by Mr. Gould, and the countings and calculations by which he extracted those words. They would fill 20 pages of *BACONIANA*, and long experience convinces us that not one in a hundred of our readers would consider, much less be at the pains to verify them. On the other hand, should there be a casual error, a venial slip or misprint in any one of the 50 lists of words, or in any of the 700 calculations recorded on those pages, it might entail upon the learned and industrious cryptographer annoyance and abuse similar to that which has been liberally bestowed upon Mr. Dounelly in reward for his laborious researches, and suggestive discoveries. Mr. Gould is an English clergyman, resident in Canada, and the delay caused by correspondence upon minute points or errors is so great that, on the whole, it is thought best, for the present, to withhold the tables which show the workings of the cipher, and to publish only the principles upon which those tables were framed, and the results. Nevertheless, should anyone be seriously disposed to work at the subject, and to examine conscientiously into Mr. Gould's calculations, he can (by introduction to the editing committee) be furnished with a copy of the tables. Meanwhile it is only just to Mr. Gould to add that, as far as time has permitted us to verify the calculations, they have been found perfectly accurate.

It will be seen that Mr. Gould does not profess to have found a true key or short cut to the cipher. He collects the words by counting down and up to them in each column or section, but he has not discovered any rule by which to arrange them. Each word is, however, counted to upon fixed principles, following the lines laid down by Mr. Dounelly, and anyone who will may, with only one or two numbers, satisfy himself as to the amount of patience required. For instance, in Mr. Gould's tables, upwards of 400 words are approached by the

“root-number” 457 and its modifiers, and as many more words are reached in a similar manner by 443. The groups or clumps of words thus extracted from each column or section, have then to be turned about and arranged in readable order so as to form a consecutive narrative, such as the passage which Mr. Gould sends from “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

We have had occasion to speak in these pages of the Anagrams found in Baconian title-pages, and in detached pieces in certain books. Opponents who seem to take no pains to master the principles and method of such Anagrams, or to test the specimens which have been worked out, have yet been eager to pronounce them absurd and impossible, and to discourage others from even investigating them. “Anything else,” they say, “might be made of those words;” yet they have never as yet produced to our confusion “anything else.”

To make plain the plan upon which Mr. Gould proceeds, we ask our reader to suppose himself playing at the game of “Spelling.” One thinks of a word, and from a box of mixed letters he selects those which spell out that word. The letters shaken together are handed to another player. Say that the letters are as follows:—A C I I O R T V— a little twisting about, and we find that these letters form themselves into the name of VICTORIA. This is a common anagram.

Precisely the same thing which is thus done by the child with letters, may be done in riper years with the groups or handfuls of words extracted by Mr. Gould’s calculations; they must be arranged or marshalled so as to make sense, and it is seldom found that this can be accomplished in any way but one. Suppose that the following groups of words had been extracted by calculations such as Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Gould describe and employ:—

Elizabeth	sixteenth	advancement	and
revival	took	day	present
the	almost	century	a
of	Queen	learning	continued
universal	and	knowledge	this
towards	In	place	the
sudden	of	unto	has
in		of	reign
		end	the
			the

How should we set to work in order to make out a sentence from this collection of words? The late Mr. George Bidder (whose name is

familiar to cryptographers as that of one of the most ready and ingenious decipherers) was wont to say that deciphering is not so much a matter of mathematics as of "gumption"—keenness of perception, and quick apprehension of hints and devices. We daily realise more and more the truth of these words. Francis Bacon's mathematical papers, which are known to be extant, are still kept concealed from the public eye. It seems incredible that such concealment should much longer be persisted in, and whenever these papers are brought to light it is probable that the mathematical principles which rule these ciphers, and the short and easy way by which they are to be read, will be revealed, and will prove (as an old book says of the "secret writings") easy enough for the understanding of a woman or a child. Meanwhile, let us be content to reach the centre of this labyrinth by the simple expedient of trying and trying again. The thing remains a puzzle, and must, like all other puzzles, be discovered by patience and perseverance, with a due admixture of Mr. Bidder's "gumption." The decipherer, thus equipped, will perceive that, in the four groups of words given above, there is, excepting the name, "Elizabeth," only one word which begins with a capital letter—it is "In." Here is a hint to act upon. Placing this word first, it soon appears that, "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth," something occurred which is to be described. Then comes the full sentence. "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and towards the end of the 16th century, a sudden and almost universal revival of learning took place; this advancement in knowledge has continued unto the present day."

The laws of grammar help us greatly in arranging the sentences. When in the groups we find *he, you* and *them*; *hath, have, gives, doth, is, are coming, are able, have, make*; there is little difficulty in allying verb to pronoun, and we presently discover what it is that *he doth, hath, or is, who they are, who are coming, and what* it is that they are to do or make. Such work is unsuited for an impatient or totally unimaginative inquirer, on which account it seems to be better adapted to "the soul feminine" than to the manly mind. It is a work of patience, stimulated by love of truth. We do not, and we know that Mr. Gould does not, claim for the present paper that it is in all points *unassailable*—only that such results as have been arrived at, have been arrived at by perfectly straightforward methods, which

time will doubtless enable him to perfect. Such work is, as Bacon says all pionicer work should be, as "a thread to be spun upon."

We will now let Mr. Gould speak for himself in the following article which he calls "The Continuous Cypher in the Shakespeare Plays."

IN the August and November (1894) numbers of *BACONIANA* we gave some account of a cipher running through the Shakespeare plays and traceable in every column in so far as we had investigated the matter. It is our purpose in this article to give a complete explanation, in so far as we understand it, of the continuous cipher in the plays, with the method of its unfolding in order that others may be able to continue the work from where we leave it.

The basis or foundation of the cipher is the root number, of which there are very many for each play. We have sometimes used over a hundred in a play, and in every column, and not less than this are required to solve the hidden story contained in an entire column. These root-numbers are found by counting the number of words from the top of any one of the three first columns of any one play to the words beginning with a capital letter (other than those at the beginnings of lines, which are never regarded unless they are the words I or O) or to I or O or other capital forming a word by itself, in one of the other two.

Thus, to take an example, let it be in the first play, in the folio edition the *Tempest*. If we count the words in the first column, omitting the titles and stage directions (and all words in brackets or parentheses—in this case, however, there are none), and counting all hyphenated words as one, we shall find that there are 259 words in this column. If, then, we go on counting from the top of the next column, we shall come in the middle of the second line to the word *what*, which is the 15th word from the top. The number 15 therefore added to the number 259 (the number of the words in the first column) gives 274 as our first root-number. Then, if we count on four words further, we come to the word *shall*, and $259 + 19 = 278$, which is our second number; and so on through the column. In like manner, with 259 as our starting-point, we may also go through the

third column, and so gain an additional supply. And when we have done this, we may take the number of words in the second column (286) as our basis and go through the first and third in the same way, adding to this original number those that accrue from counting down to the capitalised words in these throughout. Lastly, we may do the same, taking the number in the third column (436) as our basis and going through the other two.

We shall often find that the same number is duplicated and triplicated in the course of our calculation, but this is only an additional security, and there is no want of other and new ones for all that is required.

This, then, gives us the root-numbers for this play of the *Tempest*, and those which we may use in every column of the play. And the root-numbers for each play are found in the same manner. We will not undertake to affirm that the root-numbers are to be found in no other way, or that other columns of the plays may not be used in the same way, as they contain words beginning with a capital also. But, as Mr. Donnelly hints in his book that they are to be found by means of calculations connected with the three first columns, although he does not tell us what these calculations are, we have acted upon the hint and always confined ourselves to these, and have found them to answer our purpose. The peculiar arrangement of these three columns, being that of two short columns followed by a long one, seems to indicate a purpose of the kind.

In addition to the ordinary root-numbers which are particular and peculiar to each play, we have, as stated in our previous article, been fortunate enough to hit upon two which appear to be universal, and to apply to every play and every column of each play, and have sometimes yielded quite striking results. They are the numbers 600 and 703. We would not assert that there are not others, but these are the only ones we have found. Even where they cannot be obtained in the ordinary way, in the first columns of any play, they may still be used in that play with good results. The number 703, for example, is not one of the root-numbers of the *Tempest*, and yet, as may be seen in our first article (BACONIANA for August, 1894, p. 336) it does admirable service in the third column of that play, as is true also of 600 in another sentence in the same.

Having thus found the root-numbers, we have next to apply them, and this we do in the manner, speaking generally, pointed out by Mr. Donnelly: that is to say, we deduct from our root-number, taking any one and following any order we please, the number of words in any column of the play, or in any section of a column, of those into which the column is divided by stage directions or the exits and entrances of the characters. These are called *modifiers*, and may, as we have said, be used at pleasure, although it will generally be found most useful to use those which contain a number of *accidentals*, as we have been in the habit of styling them, borrowing a term in use in music. These accidentals consist of the bracketed and hyphenated words found in any column, and are a very important element in the resolution of the cipher. But of this more presently.

Our first concern is with the modifier, which we deduct from the root-number, and set down the remainder with the word answering to the number in the column upon which we are working. Thus, if it be the third column of the *Tempest*, and our root-number is 681, and our modifier the number of words in the fifth column (435), then we write :

$$681 - 435 = 246 \text{ } be.$$

For *be* is the 246th word from the top of the third column. Our next point is to find the 246th word from the bottom, and this, as Mr. Donnelly has shown us, is most easily found by deducting 246 from the number of words in the column and adding 1 to the remainder. Thus, as we have seen above, there are 436 words (exclusive of bracketed and hyphenated words) in this third column, and deducting from this 246, and adding 1, we get:

$$436 - 246 = 190 + 1 = 191 \text{ } the.$$

We have thus two words, *be the*, of our sentence, though not necessarily the first ones, nor do they necessarily follow in this order, though in this instance they do. But how are we to get any more? The answer is, By using our accidentals, or the hyphenated and bracketed words both in the column itself and in the modifier, first alone or separately and afterwards in conjunction.

Now, if we examine the column before us (*Tempest*, col. 3), we shall find that the whole of the first line (consisting of nine words) is

bracketed, and that some distance down the column we have eight words more in brackets. Thus we have 17 words in brackets near the top of the column and no hyphens, and, after that, no more accidentals of any kind till we come down near to the bottom, when we find just one word more in brackets, *Miranda* (making 18 in all, which we write thus—18 *b*) and one hyphenated word, *dark-backward* (1 *b*), so that the whole sum of accidentals in the column is, 18 *b* + 1 *h* = 19 *b* and *h*. We often find the majority of the accidentals thus at one extremity of the column, either top or bottom, very often the whole, and evidently with design.

But there are also bracketed and hyphenated words in our modifiers (col. 5), namely, eight of the former and three of the latter, scattered through the column. Which, then, are we to use first? It matters but little. At first we used to begin with those in the column itself, taking first those above our working-point and then those below, and then those in the modifier, ending with all combined. Latterly, our practice has rather been to take them in their numerical order, beginning with the lowest, wherever found, whether in column or modifier, and so going up to the highest. The order of the words will be different in the two cases, but we do not find that one order is any more likely to be the true one, as a rule, than the other.

In the case before us the smallest accidental is, of course, the 1 *h* or 1 *b* of the column; but, as these are both below our first word (*be*), as well as the other, they can affect only the counting up from the bottom, and not that from the top. Had either of them been between the two, it would not be used at all, as it would not have been met with either in counting up or in counting down; but, as they are both found in counting up to our second word, then we thus obtain two words more of our sentence, thus:

$$436 - 245 \text{ (} 246 - 1 \text{ } h \text{ or } 1 \text{ } b \text{)} = 191 + 1 = 192 \text{ vessel.}$$

$$436 - 244 \text{ (} 246 - 2 \text{ } b \text{ and } h \text{)} = 192 + 1 = 193 \text{ which.}$$

Our next accidental (which, we may here remark, is always deducted from the number first obtained, whether counting up or down) is the 3 *h* of col. 5, which is used both up and down, and so gives us two words more, as thus:

$$246 - 3 \text{ } h = 243 \text{ ear.}$$

$$436 - 243 = 193 + 1 = 194 \text{ thou.}$$

The next accidental is 4 *h*, formed by adding the 3 *h* of col. 5 to the 1 *h* of the column itself. But as the 1 *h* is below 246, the 4 *h* can only be used in counting up, and so gives us only one new word, thus:

$$436 - 242 (4 h) = 194 + 1 = 195 \text{ sawst.}$$

We have nothing more now till we come to the 8 *b* of col. 5. We might suppose that we could add the 3 *h* to the 2 *b* and *h* of the column, but this has never seemed to us legitimate, and we have always been careful to join only similars together, as *v*'s with *b*'s, *h*'s with *h*'s, *b* and *h*'s with *b* and *h*'s. Of course, in cases where there is only one of a kind, as the 17 *b* of the column at the top, we do not hesitate to join that with the *b*'s and the *b* and *h*'s of col. 5 to give us the whole sum of accidentals in the downward count.

We have thus perhaps said enough as to the *modus operandi* of our cipher. A reference to our previous articles (specially the first) and to Mr. Donnelly's book will enable anyone interested in the question, we think, to go on with it.*

Before quitting this part of our subject, however, we desire to add that, as was shown in our previous articles, the sentences are formed by the combination of two or more sections which contain similar sequences of words, although the key to the sentence is often found in a single section giving the introductory or other leading words, from which the rest can be made out by a careful study of the several sections. In what follows we give in full our latest attempt at getting hold of the hidden story contained in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which we think will be of interest to all who regard Francis Bacon as the real William Shakespeare, and the author of the plays bearing his name. By way of illustration of the working of the cipher, as well as in justification of our reading of it, we will append to the story the sections and formulas by which some of the most striking and difficult portions were obtained.

(To be continued.)

*It will be observed in our previous articles that some words have been left out which did not appear to us to belong to the sentence.

NOTES FROM MR. W. F. C. WIGSTON ON "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

THE most extraordinary features of *Love's Labour's Lost*, are:—

1. The connexion obtaining between the *Black Mistress* of the Sonnets and (the *Black*) Rosalind.

2. This connexion corroborated by a paradox of contradictories in context with both and of like nature.

3. Certain poems introduced into the play, refound again in Sundry Notes of Music. That such connexion bespeaks a philosophical and planned inter-relationship.

4. That the action of the play is a *separating* and a *joining*, i.e., marrying and undoing that marriage (as in mockery).

That the paradox of the Black Rosalind being the SUN quite falls in with this separating dual unity which is *one and yet two*. (See Phoenix and Turtle.) When Biron says Rosalind is *like the Sun* he has *discovered himself in her*.

That, in short, the play is a philosophical mystery dealing with the *Platonic Creation through Love*, and that obscure as this may appear, it was written as a *key* to the entire problem of this creative art. When Moth (or Eros) declares Armado a CIPHER, I take it seriously to be a CIPHER *which unlocks* (marries or separates) *two opposed sides of arts* (paradox of the Phoenix and Turtle). I am convinced that it is so, though men will have to study hard to believe it.

Love's Labour's Lost (superficially read) is seemingly only a witty, graceful comedy between Lords and Ladies. It truly contains something much profounder.

OUR BOOKSHELF.

DOCTOR MOYES' Book on "Medicine and Kindred Arts in the Plays of Shakespeare"^o is a most masterly piece of work. He keeps clear of all points of controversy, and treats wholly of the works, not of the *writer*, but Baconians find some highly interesting statements in his preface, which we will first give *in extenso*, and then proceed to comment upon. The following quotations all are taken from the first chapter. . . . "The time in which

^o Published by Macklethose and Sons, Glasgow.

Shakespeare lived corresponded to that period in Medicine which immediately preceded the discovery of the circulation of the blood." "In medicina the time was one of transition and hence of strife. Galen's theories were being called in question. . . . The Royal College of Physicians had been incorporated since 1518. Three Lectureships had been founded by Linacre in the Universities, two in Oxford and one at Cambridge. The duties of the Lecturers were to explain Hippocrates and Galen to the young students, and provision was made that if none in the College were capable, proper persons from any other Society might be chosen. Linacre had been succeeded as President by Dr. John Caius, one of the most learned men of his time, who had been a student in Padua, under the celebrated Montanus." Then comes a footnote. . . . "Key, Latinized into *Caius*, although represented in the *Dramatis Personæ* as a French Physician, there is little doubt that it is he whose name is taken advantage of in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' as Dr. Caius."

Then on page 6 (still of the Introductory Chapter), we find "various passages show that Shakespeare was not unacquainted with the rival schools of Medicine and with the great medical names of antiquity, "That he was acquainted with the rival schools controversy between the Galenists and the Chemists we learn from the following passage in 'All's Well that Ends Well.'

"Lafeu (speaking of the King's illness): 'To be relinquished of the artists.' Parolles: 'So I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus.'"

"The occurrence of the names of Galen and Paracelsus in this connection is not fortuitous; the meaning is, that neither the old sect who swore by Galen nor the Chemists who pinned their faith to Paracelsus could render the King any help. This view is strengthened by the word *schools* occurring in a previous part of the same play.

"Helena, 'How shall they credit a poor unlearned virgin when the schools embowelled of their doctrine have left off the danger to itself?'"

"The above is the only mention of Paracelsus, but Galen occurs several times in different plays."

So far Dr. John Moyes, and now to comment on the information to be found in one short introductory chapter. Shakespeare (the author of the plays) was not ignorant of the rival schools of medicine, or of the great medical names of antiquity, or of the controversy between the Galenists and the Chemists; where had he obtained his knowledge? At Stratford-on-Avon, where the literature of the town was "probably a horn book or two," where few of the Town Council could write, and where the most appalling filth and depravity reigned supreme?

At Cambridge we learn there was a lectureship for the instruction of the

students in the lore of Hippocrates and Galen. Linacre, founder of this course of study had been succeeded by one John Caius, one of the most learned men of the time.

In 1573, Trinity College received two new fellow-commoners, Anthony and Francis Bacon. Little Francis was frail in health and loved to doctor himself; he took a keen interest in the science of medicine (see Spedding's "Life and Letters"). At the age of 15 he quitted the University, having learnt all that they could teach him. Did this include Caius' medical instruction? It is absurd to suppose it did *not*.

The medical knowledge in the plays is nearly all to be traced back to Hippocrates; statements which had been omitted or misquoted in the first translation from the Greek (the only one available at that date) are brought in with an accuracy which shows they came straight from the original. We cannot suppose that Dr. Caius, professor of Padua, the most learned city of a learned country, would have lectured from the English translation of his "subject," he and his hearers would go straight back to the original; *and so did Shakespeare*. Observe too that Galen was the second subject of these lectures; *Galen* not *Paracelsus*. Observe that *Galen* is mentioned many times as an authority. "I read of it in Galen," in conjunction with *Æsculapius*, Hippocrates (a curious combination that, for one who had not heard the last two names bracketted on all occasions), whilst *Paracelsus* is mentioned *once* as the opposition school; after the same fashion in which we say "he feared neither God nor Devil." Is it too much to infer that the writer of these plays had profitted by the "Linacre Lectures?" Is it too forced a conclusion to draw that Francis Bacon, who above all things loved to dabble in medicine, had been an apt pupil of John Caius and that he brought him into the plays, first as Dr. Caius and then under the guise of Dr. Butts, of Gerard de Narbon, and as the delightfully clever physicians in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

Dr. Moyes devotes a chapter to each disease or class of disease mentioned in the plays and demonstrates the great knowledge of their treatment displayed; he also notes that three classes of doctors appear in the plays, physicians, apothecaries, and what we call *quacks*; at Stratford-on-Avon, I fancy, only the last named flourished!

Dr. Moyes' book is admirable in every way, and it is a matter for deep regret that it is a posthumous work. He left notes on "Medicine in Ben Jonson and Marlowe;" cannot his literary executor be persuaded to work them up into an Article? They are, judging by "Medicine in Shakespeare," too valuable to be lost.

In the introduction to his book, "Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson and

Greene,"* Mr. Castle is guilty of the outrageous statement that the Baconians do not believe that Bacon wrote the Sonnets. We should like to have his authority for this remark. We asked several original members whether he has any ground for his assertion. "On the contrary," said one of our most enthusiastic pioneers, "it was the law and learning in these marvellous poems so universally attributed to a youth of 18, the son of a butcher in a remote country village, that set me on the right line, then their dedication, so mysteriously omitted after *Bacon* had quarrelled with his great friend, the Earl of Pembroke, an omission explained by the Shakespearians by a delightful myth regarding a love affair between the actor and one of the Queen's ladies, in which a mythical rivalry between *Earl* and *Actor* is made the reason for the removal of the dedication." But apart from one or two equally wild statements which show that Mr. Castle, like many other, or, we may say, *all other* Shakespearean writers, has not taken the trouble to read our story before contradicting it, the book is most interesting and reasonable. The writer is *with us* in so far as he believes that it was impossible for the "Man of Stratford" to have turned out the plays as they stand; but though he says to us "Within a little thou persuadest me to become a Baconian," there is still an enormous gulf between us. For Mr. Castle is convinced that the Actor wrote the Plays and was materially helped by Bacon, Jonson, and Greene; and professes to be able to pick out their handiworks. There the writer of this review (we speak not for other Baconians) is quite with him; there seems every reason to believe that Bacon was greatly helped by some of the writers of his day; in fact, that he used the superior ones as collaborateurs and the poetasters as hack writers, but that Shakspeare, the actor, impounded all the wits of the age and got them to assist in his writings is beyond our faith.

Mr. Castle brings out several interesting points; one being that of the super excellence of the boy actors of the Elizabethan Stage; he points out that the *women's part*, which by common consent so far transcend *the men's* in the Shakespeare plays, were all designedly written for *boys*, and as he points out the boy actors must have been simply marvellous, as the author has put nearly all his noblest passages in the mouths of *women*. Mr. Castle divides the plays into legal and non-legal, leaving a few unclassified; amongst these is "the Merchant of Venice." Is it left out of the legal plays because it contains the only bad piece of law to be found in the plays? We think that as a "Counsel learned in the Law," Mr. Castle might have shewed us how even "Homer nods" and how a Lord Chancellor's Law may sometimes be at fault.

E. B. W.

* "Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, and Greene." Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

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SOME REFLECTIONS IN SHAKESPEAREAN PLACES.

ON one of the most blustery days of last spring, we made a pilgrimage to St. Albans and Gorhambury. The Abbey Church was duly described by an able writer in *BACONIANA* for March, 1897, and we felt that a little article on St. Michael's, Gorhambury, might not be amiss in this October issue. We walked up the hill, straight past the Abbey, and down to the mill on the "*Ver*," which river we had to cross. Five minutes then took us to the quaint old Church of St. Michael's, fit place of sepulchre for our greatest sage.

The square tower was being restored, and the scaffolding and noise of workmen's hammers did much to destroy the charm of the scene; but as we waited in the churchyard, a bright gleam of sun burst out, illuminating the old yew trees, and gilding the tips of the budding beech branches, till they reminded us of the candlesticks of the Tabernacle, "and the knops and the branches shall be of pure gold." The churchyard was most disgracefully kept, and the abundance of wooden "gate tombs" add to the general effect of dilapidation. We prowled round in hopes of finding some interesting tomb *outside* the Church, but our labours were only rewarded by one rather quaint distich, on a tomb erected to a man of 79 :—

" God came into the garden, but could not find
No other aged flower, but only mine ;
But since by Christ 'tis ordered so,
I will prepare myself to go."

Before writing our own impressions of the *inside* of the Church, we

think it would be interesting to note what writers on Hertfordshire have said on the subject. *Weever* and *Chauncy*, are both at this present date rare and valuable, so the lengthy quotations we make from them require no apology.

Weever, writing in 1631, five years after the death of Francis Bacon, only touches on him thus :—

On page 477, speaking of Henry VII., he says, "Whosoever would know further of this king, let him read his history, wherein he is delineated to the life, by the matchless and never enough admired penne of that famous, learned and eloquent Knight, Sir Francis Bacon not long since deceased." Then on page 583, speaking of Sir Nicholas, he says, "Father of Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, lately deceased, one that might challenge as his due, all the best attributes of learning;" and again, "Noc lesse here worthie of praise for his many excellent good parts, was his sonne, who followed the father's steps; I meane Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, lately deceased."

Sir Henry Chauncy, himself a Hertfordshire man, writes his history in 1700. He must have known people who knew Francis Bacon, but he is very reticent about him.

In his notes on the Bacon family, he says, "Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, who was descended from an ancient family in the county of Suffolk, . . . he married Anne, second daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke, a choice lady, eminent for piety, vertue and learning, exquisitely skilled for a woman, in the Greek and Latin tongues; by whom he had issue two sons, Anthony and Francis." Chauncy here inserts a panegyric on Sir Nicholas, ending up thus :—

"He chose for his motto, '*Mediocria firma*,' and made it the rule of his practice, and died on the 20th of February, 1579, and was buried in the Quire of St. Paul. This pleasant seat (*i.e.* Gorhambury), he conveyed to *Anthony*, his eldest son, by his second venter, who was very eminent for his wit; but dying in the prime of his years without issue, it descended to *Francis*, his brother, whom he entirely loved, they two being all the male issue of their mother. This *Francis* was the glory of his age and nation, whose primary years past not away without some mark of eminency, and the pregnancy of his wit presaged that deep and universal apprehension, which made him known to

several persons of great honour and place, especially the Queen, who, saith my author,* delighted to confer with him, to prove him with questions."

"He married Alice, one of the daughters and co-heirs to Benedict Barham, Alderman of London, with whom he had a fair fortune, but no children to perpetuate his memory; however, his learned works, being composed for the most part in the five last years of his life, will preserve it to posterity."

"He visited the Earl of *Arundel* in his house in *Highgate*, near London, and died there about a week after, on *Easter Day*, being the ninth day of April, Anno. 1626, and was buried in the north side of the chancel in St. Michael's Church, in St. Albans, according to the directions of his will, because the body of his mother lay interred there, and that it was the only church remaining in the precinct of *old Verulam*, where he hath a monument of white marble representing his full body in a contemplative posture sitting in a chair, erected by Sir Thomas Meautys, Kt."

We then turn from the Bacon family to Chauncy's account of St. Michael's Church, whose Vicar at that date (1700) was one John Cole. So many things noted by him have almost, or entirely, disappeared, that we think it wise to quote all he says about the church.

"The Church of St. Michael is situated in the North-West part of this town (*i.e.*, St. Albans), and cover'd with lead; at the west end thereof is a square tower, wherein hang four bells; and Anno. 26 H. VIII., it was valued in the King's Books at £10 1s. 2d. per annum, and within this Church are several monuments and marble which have these inscriptions:—

"John Pecoocke et Mawd sa femme gisant ici.
E. Dieu de sont almes eit mercy. Amen.

Hic jacet Thomas Wolven (or Wolvey) atomus in arte, nec non Armiger illustrissimi Principes Ricardi secundi, quondam Regis Angliæ: qui obiit An. Dom. 1430 in vigilia Sancti Thomæ Martyris, Cujus Animæ propitietur Dens. Amen."

* Chauncy does not say who this is; probably Rawley.

It seems by this inscription that this man was the Master Mason or Surveyor of the King's Stone Works, as also Esquire to the King's Person.

Hic jacet Ricardus Wolvey (or Wolven) Lathonius filius Johannis Wolven cum Uxoribus suis Agnete et Agnete et cum octo filiis et decem filiabus suis qui Ricardus ob : an : 1494 quorum animabus.

Vertitur in cineres isto sub marmor corpus Willicmi Lili spiritus astra petit. Quisquis es, hoc facies supplex pia nomina poscas.

Ut sihi concedat regnax viata poli.

Here is my Lord *Bacon's* Effigies in Alabaster, sitting in an elbow chair, leaning on his elbow, in a musing posture, in a niche in the wall on the north side the chancel, and his feet on a pedestal on a marble altar. Tomb invironed with an iron rail.

H. P.

Francise Bacon, Baro de Verulam, Sanct. Albani Viceco,
Sen notioribus Titulis.

Scientiarum Lumen, Facundiæ Lex.

Sic sebevat :

Qui post qnam omnia naturalis sapientiæ.

Et civilis Arcana evolvisset,

Naturæ Decretum explevit.

Composita Solvantur.

Anno Dom : M^oPCXXVI.

Etat LXVI.

Tanti viri.

Mem.

Thomas Meantys.

Superstitis Cultor.

Defuncti Admirator. ”

In the body of the church on the floor :—

“ Here lieth the body of George Grimston, Esq., Son and Heir apparent of the Honorable Sir *Harbottle Grimston*, Bar., Master of

the Rolls. A gentleman full of piety and humility, dutiful to his parents, loving and beloved, his person and comportment both worthy observation, of a comely shape, and most persuasive behaviour, but death put a period to his growing hopes in the 23rd year of his age."

In the body of the church on the floor :—

" Here lieth Henry Gape and Florence his wife,
 Who out of this world changed this life
 In the month of September the seventh day,
 The year of Salvation 1558, the truth to say
 Whose soul we wish as Love doth bind
 In heaven with Christ a place to find."

In the south Isle in the Wall in Memorial of John Maynard,
 Esq. :—

(The two first lines so razed they are not legible.)

" In Faith most firm to God, most loyal to the Crown ;
 Learned in the Law, first Steward of St. Albans Town,
 Him fairer Arms in Heaven God's Angels have emblaz'd.
 Never shall his Christian name out of God's books be razed.
 He died October 20th, 1556, anno 3 et 4
 Regis Phil. et Reginae Mariae."

In the body of the church on the floor:—

Exuvia
 Gratissimæ Cœlis Animæ,
 Margrettæ Lowe
 Quæ
 Primo Rowlando Knight, Mercatori Londoniensi
 Sui vineam peperit Filiam
 Dein Georgio Lowe, Hospitii Lincolnensis, Armig
 Honoratissimo Domino Harbottello Grimston Baronet
 Sacrorum Magistro a Secretis
 Castissimo juncta est Connubio ;
 Conjugium tam congrue annexum,
 Ut credetur ex istis vinculis
 Firmior nasci Libertas.

Adeo in illius vultu illuxit Sinceritas, in verbis Fides
 Solita in moribus undequaque Symetria.
 Intra Alacritatem severa,
 Intra severitatem alacris,
 Odia subegit Innocentia
 Innocentiam prudentia præmunivit
 Constans virtutum Cultrix, ac Ornamentum
 De Fortuna ultra sexum triumphavit infractus animus
 Ite viri vimemini
 Hoc in perennem Memoriam G. Lowe
 Conjux maestissimus
 P. D. C.
 Obiit Martii 29 An. Dom. MDCLXXIII.

So far Chauncy. *Salmon*, writing in 1726, has a great deal to say on the subject of Sir Francis Bacon, for most of which I must refer my readers to his "History of Hertfordshire," contenting myself with the following quotation, which bears on the monument in St. Michael's :—

"Sir Thomas Meautys, in gratitude and friendship to his deceased Lord, erected a monument for him, sitting in his chair, which is in *St. Michael's Church*. But either his own design or the carver's mistake have showed him to disadvantage. Had the figure represented him giving out the oracles of the law, or pronouncing the aphorisms his writings contain, or, in the ancient and more decent posture, lying with his hands in a supplicating manner, denoting future expectations, it had given us a more lively image of this great genius. *That we have* shows him as we may suppose he looked when he received the answer of Lord Brook's butler. He need not have been set up to move the tears of a pitying age, who could stand the censure of a wise one. Fortitude, with but an inch of her broken pillar, would have better become him, and, if we judge by his writings, he was no coward; if he was, he was at least *splendide mendax*. The picture of a worthy man, or a friend, is a desirable thing, but not to look at him with pain: to have him drawn with distorted muscles in a fit of the stone."

So much for the artistic feelings of the time of his Hanoverian Majesty, George I.!

So far, no writer has said much, as the reader may have noted, about the *structure* of St. Michael's, though to the archaeologist the *building* would possess more interest than the monuments. For information about the *carcase* we must turn to Cussans, who writes in 1881, and has a great deal to say on the subject. He begins thus:—

“There is strong reason to believe that the present church, standing as it does within the walls of ancient Verulam, occupies the site of a heathen temple. The church is in the midst of extensive buildings, for, though the churchyard has been used for centuries, there are many parts on all sides of the church where it is almost impossible to dig a grave, by reason of the solid masonry beneath the surface.

“The old roadway (called in maps of last century ‘The London and Holyhead Road’), which is some eight or ten feet lower than the surface of the churchyard, is carried at intervals for some distance on solid Roman walls, which proves that at this spot it was not constructed until long after the departure of the Romans.

“St. Michael's Church is built of flint, largely intermixed with Roman tiles taken from the ruins of ancient Verulam. It consists of chancel, nave, north aisle, south chapel, and porch and tower. Probably, where the chancel now stands an early Saxon church was built on the site of a still earlier heathen temple.*

“[Mathew Paris tells us that Ulsinus, 6th Abbott of St. Albans, built the three churches dedicated to St. Michael, St. Stephen, and St. Peter about the year 950. It is probable, however, that a Christian church stood on the site of St. Michael's before the time of Ulsinus.]

“That it was greatly enlarged about the year 1080, by adding the present nave; that about a century later the aisles were added, and that subsequently the chancel, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt.

*This theory of Cussans is apparently disproved by the fact that, during these recent excavations at St. Michael's, the workmen have discovered, seven feet below the present ground level, a line of solid Roman masonry, which runs at an angle of 45 degrees up to the church, where the west wall of the north aisle meets the nave. For this late information we must thank the editor of “Middlesex and Herts Notes and Queries,” April, 1897.

“The north aisle communicates with the nave by three round-headed arches, resting on solid piers; on the south are four similar arches; the first and second communicating with the chapel; the third, partially built up, and pierced with a pointed doorway, leading to the porch; and the fourth wholly built up. The Norman nave was originally lit by twelve small round-headed windows, six on each side, set high up in the walls.

“These windows, nearly all of which still remain, were solidly built up previous to the seven large arches being pierced, and clerestory windows inserted above.

“The present south chapel, or aisle, could not have been built until after the clerestory windows were inserted, for over the two large bays which that chapel occupies, these windows are under the chapel roof, and afford no light to the church. It is curious to note that these windows are somewhat higher than the others, which seems to indicate that an earlier chapel which stood there had a higher roof than the rest of the aisles, but not so high as the present roof.

“At the last end of this chapel are two long and narrow early English windows, with a wide interval between them. A continuous hood moulding being carried over the two windows, and the space between, gives the impression that it was originally a three-light window, and that the central, and largest light, has been built up, but careful examination demonstrated that such was not the case. If any proof were required that this annex was a chapel it is to be found in the piscina, in the south wall, and in the round hagioscope in the west wall.

“The communion table in the chancel stands on the old altar slab, which was found in 1866 in the south chapel, reversed with an inscription on it to the family of Smith.

“The antiquity and the interesting architecture of the church are undoubtedly its great features, but the majority of visitors are more attracted by the marble statue of Sir Francis Bacon, which of itself is well worth a journey from London to see.

“The statue is in a round-headed niche in the north wall, too high to be seen with advantage from the floor. The Lord Chancellor, in his robes of office, is seated in a high backed chair; his head slightly reclining on his left hand, the elbow resting in an arm of the chair.

“There is a copy of the statue in the South Kensington Museum, and another at Cambridge; in the latter copy the large hat worn by the Chancellor is omitted.”

Here follows the inscription of this and the other monuments. The only points worthy of note are that *Cussans* makes *no* mention of an iron rail, nor of its removal, and that his version of the inscription differs from that of *Chauncy* and is the correct one; unless it was different in *Chauncy's* day. The differences are of the slightest, only a letter or two, but if cryptographers wish to try what can be made out of the inscription, which is a very remarkable one, let them look at *both* “*Histories of Hertfordshire.*”

Cussans proceeds, “On the south side of the chancel is a piscina, with a small credence; and in the same wall is a hagioscope from the chapel. By an entry in the Register of John of Wheathamstead, it appears that there was formerly a house annexed to the Church in which the anchoret or caretaker of the church lived. I am inclined to think that the anchoret's house was on the south side of the present chancel; and that an opening in the wall, now built up, was made so that the anchoret, when in his chamber, could command a view of the altar, and of the valuables upon and near it.” “In a small widely splayed window on the north of the chancel are three shields of arms removed from *Gorhambury* some years ago. The first shield contains the arms of *Grimston*, with the Badge of *Ulster*.

“The second *Grimston* impaling, Gules, on a Fess argent, a Mullet Sable, between six Martlets of the second for *Crooke*; the third shield, Quarterly of 4, I. and IV. Gules on a chief argent, two Mulletts Sable, for *Bacon*, II. and IV. Barry of 6, or and azure, a Bend Gules for *Quaplade*; impaling Quarterly of 7, I., or, a Chevron chequé Gules and azure between three cinquefoils of the last for *Cooke*: II. Sable a Fess between three Pheons argent, for *Malpas*; III. Azure, three eagles displayed in bend, cotised argent for *Bellnap*; IV. or, a double-headed eagle displayed sable, on the breast, a Fleur-de-lys argent; V., Gules a fess chequé argent and sable between six Crosses-crosslet fitché of the second; VI., or, two Bendlets Gules; VII. Bendy of 10, or and azure.

“In the tower are six good bells, thus inscribed (note that *Chauncy* had only 4):

“1, 2, and 3, S. K., 1739.

"4, Robert Callin hung us all, 1739.

"5, Samuell Knight made me, 1739.

"6, G. and C. Mears, Founders, London, 1845."

The Commissioners appointed in the last year of Edward VI. to make an inventory of all the goods and furniture then remaining in the parish churches of Hertfordshire, made the following return for St. Mychaelles :—

Imprimis iiij or Belles in the steple and a Sance Bell.
 Itm a Challise of Silver parcell guilt poz xvj ounces.
 Itm one Cope Blew Vellet.
 Itm ij other old coppes of
 Itm ij vestments of Blew Vellet.
 Itm a vestmente of Whit Dammaske.
 Itm ij other olde vestments of
 Itm ij haugings for thawltter and curteynes to ye same.
 Itm ij other hangings of Blak vellet and Chamlet.
 Itm one Strimar of Silke.
 Itm iiij Banner Clothes of Silke.
 Itm one Crosse Clothe of Silke.
 Itm one Altar Clothe.
 Itm one holly watter Stoke of Brasc.

In 1524, the living of St. Michael's was valued at £10 1s. 3d. per annum; but in 1650 the Parliamentary Commissioners reported it to be worth £40. The presentation was vested in the Abbey of St. Albans, but on the Dissolution of the religious houses, was granted to one Ralph Rowlett, who conveyed it to Sir Nicholas Bacon, in whose family (with a brief interval during the Commonwealth), it has remained. We find one presentation by Dame Anne Bacon, in 1591, and two by Sir Francis, that of Zepheniah Besouth, in 1607, and of Abraham Spencer, in 1617.

This article has so far exceeded our intentions as to length, that we have space for but few remarks of our own, but any tourist should be able, with the help of these notes, to spend an interesting hour at St. Michael's; especially if he secures the services of the highly-intelligent

verger. There is a quaint old picture of the Resurrection of the Dead, in the vestry; and some specimens of Roman pottery.

One reflection we must find space for; it is this—Roman, Saxon and Norman hands have joined together to form a mausoleum for the great Shakespeare's bones; Roman, Teuton, Frank, join now in admiration of his immortal works; a fit sepulchre was prepared through many centuries for our mighty genius, and through many centuries his writings have and will sway the world—why then does the world combine against allowing him that meed of fame which is his own? Why must a small band alone acknowledge his transcendent merits? Why must we leave "his name and memory" for the *next ages* to glory in? "The time to live is *now*." Let *this* be the age, let the Star of the Court of "Golden Eliza" find his proper place now, during the reign of our Golden Victoria.

"My name and memory I leave to man's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages"—but—not to oblivion.

BACON'S FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY OF FAME.

ONE of the most important pieces ever penned by Francis Bacon is the fragment of an essay upon *Fame*, first published by Dr. Rawley in the "Resuscitatio," 1657, and again reprinted in the second edition of 1671. In studying this essay, and endeavouring to realise what object Bacon had in view in writing it, we must first of all clearly understand what was the full meaning with which Bacon connected this word *fame*, for we are apt to associate it with *good* report, honours, glory, reputation, rather than with *detraction* and *falsehood* with which Bacon associates the word. In the first place, and in a strictly impartial research after the use made of the word *Fame* by Bacon, we find he constantly uses it as a synonym, or equivalent for *Rumour*. In Bacon's "History of King Henry the Seventh" he often introduces the expression, "*A fame went abroad, etc.*," where we in modern phraseology would say, "*A rumour went abroad.*" This use of the word *Fame*, in place of *Rumour* (or report), by Bacon is of extraordinary importance and significance, for a right

apprehension and hearing of this essay of *Fame*, because, unless we are thus cautioned and coached in Elizabethan English, we are apt to hastily associate our modern use of the word *fame* with its good rather than with its bad sense, and to pass over or totally miss the point of the essay, *which is Bacon's caveat to posterity upon the truth of tradition, history, chronicles, reports, or rumours, all of which are understood by the word Fame*. Thus, to sum up our theory, Bacon has entered in this essay into a judgment or analysis upon the nature of hearsay and history. In short, it is just the sort of piece we should expect from a man who was concealing his identity as to authorship, and round whom all sorts of *false rumours or fames* have gathered.

It is therefore very striking to note how he opens this essay with an unmistakable attack upon *Fame*. Bacon commences by alluding to the *poets' view of fame as a monster*. "The poets make fame a monster. They describe her in part finely and elegantly; and, in part, gravely and sententious; they say, Look how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath; so many tongues; so many voices; she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish; these follow excellent parables; as that she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds. That in the day-time she sitteth in a watch tower, and flyeth most by night. *That she minglenth things done with things not done*. And that she is a terror to great cities" (Bacon's "Essay of Fame").

In the first place, note how Bacon (the poet) appeals to the poets for the real character of *Fame*. And a little further on in the essay he exclaims, with the irony conscious of the wit he is concealing, "*But we are infected with the style of the poets*" (to which one is almost inclined to add, *Hic et ubique*). In the second place, note Bacon's description of *Fame* by Virgil's words *as a monster*. That is to say, *Fame is something horrible, distorted, unnatural from its misgrowth*, for it mingles *things done with things not done*—in short, it is full of falsehood, invention, and wickedness. Directly we turn to Virgil, from whom Bacon is borrowing, we find the Latin poet pointing directly to the mendacious character of *Fame* :—

"Et iniquas territat urbes
 Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri
 Gaudens et pariter facta atque infacta canebat."

(Æneid iv. 187.)

To paraphrase this passage freely, we may be allowed, perhaps, to say it amounts to a deliberate charge against Fame of falsehood and a delight in free invention ?

“ By day from lofty towers her head she shows,
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous news,
*Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles
Truth with lies.*”

Observe how Bacon, with what seems like intentional caution, omits to openly charge Fame with falsehood, or to quote Virgil in full upon this point. But all the same, the entire essay is full of inference and delicate depreciation of Fame or Rumour. It is impossible to read it without perceiving that the same contemptuous view is taken of Fame which we find expressed in the plays, particularly in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where it is termed the *common liar*. Demetrius, in speaking of the reports at Rome upon the conduct of Antony, exclaims :—

“ I am full sorry
That he approves the *common liar*, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome.”—Act i. 1.

And this of Rumour :—

“ Open your ears ; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing *when loud Rumour speaks ?*
Upon my tongue continued slanders ride
The which in every language I pronounce
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.”

The importance of this subject of *fame* was immense in Bacon's eyes, and it is also immense from whatever point of view we look at it, for it amounts to the question of “ *What is Truth ?* ” “ *What are we to believe—what not to believe ?* ” Bacon writes :—“ There is not, in all the politics, a place less handled, and more worthy to be handled, than this of *Fame*. We will, therefore, speak of these points. What are false *Fames* and what are true *Fames* ; and how they may be best discerned. How *Fames* may be sown and raised. How they may be spread and multiplied. And how they may be checked and laid dead. And other things concerning the *Nature* of *Fame*. Fame is of that force, as there is scarcely any great action wherein it hath not a great part, especially in the war. *Mucianus*

undid *Vitellius* by a *Fame* that he scattered, that *Vitellius* had in purpose, to remove the Legions of *Syria* into *Germany*; and the legions of *Germany* into *Syria*, whereupon the legions of *Syria* were infinitely inflamed. *Julius Caesar* took *Pompey* unprovided, and laid asleep his industry and preparations by a *Fame* that he cunningly gave out; how *Caesar's* own soldiers loved him not. . . . And it is an usual thing with the *Bashaws* to conceal the death of the Great *Turk* from the *Jannizaries* and men of war, to save the sacking of *Constantinople*, and other towns, as their manner is." ("Essay of Fame.")

In this passage we have direct evidence of the point already dwelt upon, viz., that Bacon uses the word *Fame* in the place of our modern words report, rumour, news. For example, "*Mucianus* undid *Vitellius* by a *Fame* that he scattered." "*Julius Caesar* took *Pompey* unprovided, . . . by a *Fame* that he cunningly gave out." So that there cannot be a doubt we must accept this essay, as dealing with the political ends, or designs, connected with the falsification of truth, and the spreading of inventions, which is a subject of supreme importance, directly we begin to meditate upon the Bacon-Shakespeare problem. Not only does Bacon distinctly caution us as to the mendacity of Fame, but he has just been showing us in the above-quoted passage, how frequently distortion of truth may be of use in deceiving enemies, and attaining ends. So much does he dwell upon this particular point, that it is impossible to resist asking ourselves, whether Bacon possibly is not giving us parallels and hints for his own line of action? In the essays we find Bacon saying, "*Tell a lie, and find a truth.*" In *Hamlet* the same political craft is illustrated by the instructions of Polonius to Reynaldo:—

"See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with essays of bias,
By indirections find directions out."—Act ii. 1.

The parallel, or point suggested, is whether the authorship of the Plays was not adjudicated to Shakespeare, by means of a *Fame* scattered and cunningly given out by Francis Bacon, with the object of concealing his (Bacon's) authorship from his enemies, and perhaps also with other ends connected with the discovery of his *Instauration*?

It has been often asked, What possible object could Bacon have had in concealing his own genius, but it is certain that the mere superficial question of authorship has already led to an immense and growing amount of inquiry and research, which may lead to other and far more important discoveries. The insufficiency of the man Shakespeare, and the mystery surrounding his education and life, have proved potent factors in arousing curiosity and attention to the problem.

In Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, he gives the story of an old man, who, at the point of death, having collected his sons about his bedside, tells them of a treasure buried in the vineyard he bequeaths to them; but the old man expires ere he can describe the spot where the gold is hidden. The sons searched and searched in vain for the treasure, but having turned up the entire vineyard in their hunt for the money, were afterwards rewarded by a plentiful harvest. There is a parallel to be drawn from this story for the Bacon problem. For it is impossible to escape perceiving, that if Bacon desired posterity to restudy his prose works, in connection with the plays, no better method could be devised than to create a mystery of doubtful authorship, which should excite interest, stimulate controversy, and provoke investigation. Besides all this, Bacon in his essay upon Dissimulation, distinctly tells us, that "*to be close, or secret, inviteth discovery,*" and that dissimulation is sometimes politic, seeing it affords us "*a safe retreat.*" Goethe has made the remark that "What God hides, God hides well," and with great reverence, the same may be applied to Francis Bacon. Nature conceals and reveals *at the same time*,—and that was Bacon's art—the mingling of contraries, or half-lights—"*a little here, and a little there, line upon line, and precept upon precept.*" In his *Promus* Bacon has entered the saying, "*Homo Homini Deus,*" *i.e.*, man is sometimes *a God to man*, and it would be well if this proverb were applied in all its full and varied ways to the art of Francis Bacon.

In one of the Latin elegies, entitled *Manes Verulamiani*, published in the Harleian Miscellany (and Blackbourne's edition of Bacon's works), lately translated in *BACONIANA*, Mrs. Pott has pointed out how this poem leads to the inference that Bacon's death was concealed and the real date falsified. This elegy declares, "*That those who do not think Bacon lived to the age of eighty years, have not studied his works,*"

Bacon is generally supposed to have died in 1626, at the age of sixty-six, but no account of his funeral is extant. It is therefore with regard to this point, we would again draw attention to the passage already cited from the essay upon *Fame*, in which Bacon shows "it was held to be a point of politique to conceal the death of the Grand Turk."

Let us consider for a moment, how strange it is to find Bacon dwelling upon these points of dissimulation, evidently furnished to caution us against a too ready credulity in history or tradition, and written without a doubt as hints and parallels to be applied to his own life and history. In the *Advancement of Learning*, he tells us "There be feigned lives, and feigned Chronicles," and of credulity and garrulous persons he writes, "Fingunt, simul credunt," i.e., "they invent, and at the same time believe, their inventions." The question is a legitimate one, whether a great deal of what has been handed down to us concerning Bacon is not the feigned chronicle of a feigned life? It is possible such a marvellous being (as Bacon undoubtedly was) found it both safe and politic, to conceal his own death. At any rate, it is to be always borne in mind, that the despised *Art of Analogy* constitutes (one of Bacon's Deficients of his New World of Sciences) Bacon's *art of judgment*, and in theorising upon the application of its method of parallel to this essay of *Fame*, we are only employing what Bacon considered an organ for the discovery of truth.

In this brief article, it is impossible to touch the many points of this Essay we should have liked to have commented upon. Bacon showed his profound poetic insight when he selected Virgil's description of Fame for his sermon because Virgil's Keynote is a distortion of Truth, by History and News—it is *Calumny* that acquires strength by going that goeth most by night, and that in every sense is seditious, libellous, wicked and malicious! When Virgil calls *Fame* a monster, how can we do otherwise than applaud his poetic insight?

"No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny."

"The whitest virtue strikes."—*Measure for Measure* ii. 2.

This short article may be concluded with a summing-up of Bacon's Essay of *Fame*, as probably written with the purpose of furnishing

posterity with an emphatic *caveat* against too easy an acceptance of what is handed down to us in the shape of written or unwritten testimony. Not only does Bacon present us with a mighty hint, when he says "*What are false Fames, and what are true Fames; and how they may be best discerned. How Fames may be sown and raised. How they may be spread and multiplied. And how they may be checked and laid dead.*" But he points out that there has often existed the profoundest reasons of politique for mystifying the world upon even such important points as the real death of great persons, in the example of the great Turk. Let the unprejudiced inquirer after truth ponder over the many parallels presented by this essay to the problems of the Bacon-Shakespeare mystery and its solution. When we hear people attacking Bacon's character, and his relations to Essex—when we recall Pope's celebrated lines—would it not be as well to ask, "*What are false Fames, and what are true Fames?*" Francis Bacon evidently had no great faith in the testimony of History! He therefore writes large in this essay, "*Beware of History—it is mendacious—it is libellous—and sometimes it is falsified for a purpose.*"

Bacon's Essay is entitled a *fragment*, not because Bacon had no leisure to finish it, but probably because the rest is embraced elsewhere, and has as yet to be applied, and concluded. Besides, this breaking off in the midst of important matter is full of eloquence, and reminds us of what has been said of silence, that it often says more than speech because it dares not trust itself to speak further!

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

“ON SHAKE-SPEARE’S SONNETS.”

By M. A. GOODWIN.

BACON says, “The kinds of ciphers are many . . . the highest degree whereof is to write *omnia per omnia*, which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion quintuple at most of the writing infolding to the writing infolded, and no other restraint whatsoever.”

This description of cipher I find running right through the Sonnets, and “A Lover’s Complaint,” which proves to demonstration, out of the author’s own mouth, that Shakspeare was not the author, but the friend to whom the author transfers his mistress—the “master mistress” of his “passion :”

“A woman’s face with nature’s own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion :
A woman’s gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman’s fashion.”

Sonnet 120.

And that this “master mistress” of our author’s “passion” was not “a married female,” nor a “dark lady, who was an excellent musician” (as Shakespearians say); not even another man’s daughter, much less another man’s wife; but exactly the same as the “master mistress” of every other good and great man’s passion—especially a poet’s—namely, a true, good fame—the fame of these poetical works, which Carlyle says is dearer to Englishmen than our Indian Empire.

Although “Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy’s child, who warbled these native wood notes wild,” was not the author, my theory shows him to be the bosom friend of the author, and that, not because he had much Latin and more Greek, but because, “His qualities were beauteous as his form;” and

“He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;”

and was altogether the most lovely and happy man of that age.

“Friendship indeed was written not in words,
And with the heart, not pen
Of two so early men.”

Ben Jonson.

A friendship which was not the result of vain pleasures,

"But simple love of greatness and of good,
Which knits brave minds and manners more than blood."

Ben Jonson.

This, my theory, I find abundantly corroborated and substantiated by Ben Jonson, who loved Shakspeare "on this side idolatry as much as any;" but Bacon he loved more than any, on the other side idolatry, for he says of him:

"For you are he, the deity
To whom all lovers are designed
That would their better objects find,
Among which faithful troup am I."

In another place he says that "Bacon hath filled up all numbers, and done that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

My object in this pamphlet is merely to give a few extracts from the CIPHER which is to demonstrate that the author's mistress is in truth the Fame of these poetical works; and that Shakspeare, who received that Fame, is therefore not the author.

In Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature we read:—

"We almost wish with Mr. Hallam that Shakspeare had not written these Sonnets. . . . His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savours of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—a *married female*—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare."

Surely it is time the Sonnets were deciphered, if only for proving the above to be a libel on both author and friend!

There are in this little book, called "Shake-speare's Sonnets," about 20,000 words, and in the infolded matter at least 3,400, thus making the ratio between the infolding and the infolded quintuple, and coinciding with what Bacon calls the highest degree of cipher.

Originally the Sonnets and "A Lover's Complaint" were published together, and they ought never to be separated, being on one and the

same subject, unless we believe the author to have been an idiotic perverter of the truth.

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And steep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name;
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument:
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told."

Sonnet 76.

And again,

"Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such and ever so."

Sonnet 105.

"O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?"

Sonnet 39.

"Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days."

Sonnet 62.

And again, but the following Sonnet belongs more properly to that part of my theory, which shews Bacon to be the author, and which cannot be fully treated here.

"Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one;
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name."

Sonnet 36

But to return to the question at issue, the nature of our author's mistress.

"My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,

* * * * *

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
I grant I never saw a goddess go.
My mistress, where she walks, treads on the ground."

Sonnet 130.

The identical attributes of Fame, according to both Bacon and Jonson :—

"That she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds."—*Bacon on Fame.*

"She dares attempt the skys, and stalking proud,
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce the cloud."

Jonson's Poetaster.

A hint surely as to the nature of our author's mistress; but to proceed :—

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?"

Sonnet 53.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But thou shalt shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

* * * * *

'Gainst death and all oblivions enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom."

Sonnet 55.

How indeed can a prostitute "shine more bright in these contents Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time ?" Will some great Shaksperian scholar kindly explain ?

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest."

Sonnet 18.

- "But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief."
Sonnet 48.
- "Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew."
Sonnet 84.
- "Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend."
Sonnet 69.
- "Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd."
Sonnet 122.
- "Alas! why fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, now I love you best,
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?"
Sonnet 115.
- "Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure."
Sonnet 75.
- "As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert."
Sonnet 14.
- "And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new."
Sonnet 15.
- "Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing."
Sonnet 87.
- "That thou by losing me shall win much glory."
Sonnet 88.
- "That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly."
Sonnet 42.
- "O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour,
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st

Thy lover's withering, as thy sweet self grow'st ;
 If nature's sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minuits kill,
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure,
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee." *Sonnet 126.*

Sonnet 126 is addressed to the friend to whom our author transfers his mistress ; let us see where it leads,

" Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee." *Sonnet 126.*

" Where I *myself* must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender :
 For there of force must your oblations be,
 Since I their alter, you empatron me."
A Lover's Complaint, verse 32.

Here we have the friend addressing his "origin and ender," the author as the goddess Fame, who, as stated in verse 21, "Threw her affections in his charmed power, reserved the stalk, and gave him all her flower:" and who, in verses 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, relates to Father Time for our information, her "plaintful story," re-worded in which we have a splendid personal description of the friend—our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child, who has in due time, as the author himself here states, twice over, to render up himself to his origin and ender.

" And deep brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality." (30)

" The diamond : why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold ; each several stone.
 With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan." (31)

" Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,

Nature hath charged me that I heard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender." (32)

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF SHAKSPER BY THE AUTHOR.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self applied
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

(verse 11)

"But wo is me ! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
 That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodged, and newly deified.

(verse 12)

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcel hurls.
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

(verse 13)

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
 His phoenix down began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear,
 Yet shew'd his visage by that cost more dear ;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

(verse 14)

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be

His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

(verse 15)

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will."

(verse 19)

If anyone cares to read this, as Bacon says, "not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider," the truth of my theory may appear, and a mere glance will, I think, be sufficient to justify the assertion of Charles Dickens that

"The life of Shakspeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should come up."

Shakspeareans cannot believe that Bacon would throw away as nothing all this mass of glory. Neither can I; although that is exactly what Shakspeare did, if he were the author.

"Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good."

Sonnet 109.

The truth is, our author declares that the world "on better judgment making" will return all this in something less than "five hundred courses of the sun," after "Fortune has done her dearest spite," and "Time o'er green'd his bad, his good allows;" and after the world has "learn'd to read what silent love hath writ," and also learned that the author of Shakspeare certainly was not "an untutor'd youth, unlearned in the world's false subtleties."

"Call, noble Shakspeare, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine ;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head
And think, nay know, thy origin's not dead :
He leap'd the present age,
Possessed with holy rage

To see that bright eternal day;
 Of which we priests and poets say,
 Such truths, as we expect for happy men :
 And there he lives with memory and Ben."

Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," in his "Essays, Civil and Moral," and in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," speaks of Fame as a female, or a sort of goddess.

In his "Wisdom of the Ancients," he says :—

"It is a poetical relation, that the giants begotten of the Earth made war upon Jupiter and the other gods, and by the force of lightning they were resisted and overthrown. Whereat the Earth, being excited to wrath in revenge of her children, brought forth Fame, the youngest sister of the giants.

"Provoked by wrathful gods, the mother Earth
 Gives Fame, the giant's youngest sister, birth."

Then he goes on to describe the things that pertain to various fames, and concludes by saying they "differ nothing in kind and blood, but as it were in sex only, the one sort being *masculine*, the other *feminine*."

Now here is the identical lady whom the world has, in due time, to recognise as the "master mistress of our author's passion," if the author himself knew anything about it.

Born from the "concave womb of a hill," as our author tells us in the first verse of "A Lover's Complaint" :—

"From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story to a sisting vale,"
 Verse i. "A Lover's Complaint."

". . . The mother Earth
 Gives Fame, the giant's youngest sister, birth."
 "Wisdom of the Ancients."

Moreover our author tells us what kind of fame it was—not that of a warrior, nor a statesman, but the fame of a poet. Let us go a little below the surface. Here is our author's description of a poet :—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

In verse 4 of "A Lover's Complaint" he gives us the same description re-worded, that we may know this lady as the fame of a poet. Certainly he uses very many more words in this case, but if we weigh and consider them, we shall find that altogether they only amount to the same thing, viz., a sort of frenzied or distracted person looking about "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

"Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth : sometimes they do extend
Their view right on : anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly comix'd."

Then, in verse 6, our author goes on to tell us how he, in the character of Fame, hands down his poetical works, as various jewels, to time, as a river.

"For the truth is, that time seemeth to be of the
Nature of a river, or stream."
Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning."

"A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set."

Another very extraordinary thing about this young lady, which we must not forget to notice, is that she may be spoken of as "*him*," "*her*," or "*it*"; and that is just how our author speaks of the master mistress of his passion throughout this little book called "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in which every word is to his mistress, or of his mistress—that is, every word of the infolded writing.

"And so of you, beauteous and lovely *youth*,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth,"
Sonnet 54.

"And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising *him* here, who doth hence remain."
Sonnet 39.

"When, in eternal lives to time thou growest :
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see
So long lives this ; and this gives life to thee."
Sonnet 18.

"Yet do thy worst, Old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young."
Sonnet 19.

"Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts."
Sonnet 17.

"For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life ;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and *he* in them still green."
Sonnet 63.

"O fearful meditation ! Where, alack,
Shall *time's best jewel* from time's chest be hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright."
Sonnet 65.

"And *him* as for a map doth nature store,
To shew false art what beauty was of yore."
Sonnet 68.

"If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd.

.
No, *it* was builded far from accident

.
It fears not policy, that heretic."
Sonnet 125.

"When my love swears that *she* is made of truth,
I do believe *her*, though I know *she* lies :
That *she* might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtletics."
Sonnet 137.

"Who is that says most ? which can say more,
Than this rich praise that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,

.

That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.
 Let him but copy what in you is writ."

Sonnet 84.

Is not a poet's fame in his writings? And are not his writings in his fame?

Dr. Samuel Johnson says: "It does not appear that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, . . . so careless was this great poet of future fame, etc., etc." Did Dr. Samuel Johnson ever read the *Sonnets*?

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming of things to come,
 Can yet the base of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

And thou in this shall find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

Sonnet 107.

"So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this and dwell in lover's eyes."

Sonnet 55.

"So my great fame, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making."

Sonnet 87.

"A woman I forswore; but I will prove
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me."

These four lines are taken from a *Sonnet*, precisely similar in construction to all the 154 *Sonnets* in this little book (except two, viz., *Sonnets* 126 and 99), which our author was careful to have published twice over in "The Passionate Pilgrim" and in "A Love's Labour Lost," and doubtless would have been placed and numbered in "Shake-speare's *Sonnets*," but for it making the cipher too plain.

In this *Sonnet* our author not only directly states the nature of his mistress, but also states his object and reason for forswearing her him, or it—viz., to gain his grace.

"Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me."

And as he also tells us in verse 12 of "A Lover's Complaint"—

"It was to gain my grace"

that he went, in the character of the goddess Fame, to dwell in the fair parts of our lovely and happy Shakspeare.

"And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified."

But then there is something else required to hide or conceal for a time these allusions to certain disgrace, or supposed disgrace, and we have it in the not altogether false, but misleading date 1609 on the front page of this little book called "Shake-speare's Sonnets."

When we come to the "Bacon" part of my theory, I hope to be able to show that the *Sonnets*, at least as we have them, were not published in 1609, but 1625, nearly five years after the fall and disgrace of Bacon, so frequently alluded to in the *Sonnets*.

Prof. Dowden, LL.D., is perhaps one of the greatest Shakespearian authorities on the *Sonnets*. He says:—

"The *Sonnets* of Shakspeare suggests, perhaps, the most difficult question in Shakespearian criticism. In 1609 appeared these poems in a quarto (published almost certainly without the author's sanction), which also contained "A Lover's Complaint." The publisher (Thorpe) dedicated them "To the only begetter of these ensuing *Sonnets*, Mr. W. H." Does begetter mean the person who inspired them and so brought them into existence, or only the obtainer of the *Sonnets* for Thorpe? Probably the former. And who is Mr. W. H.? It is clear from *Sonnet* 135 that the Christian name of Shakspeare's friend, to whom the first 126 *Sonnets* were addressed, was William. But what William? There is not even an approach to certainty in any answer offered to this question."

"The young friend, whom Shakspeare loved with a fond idolatry, was beautiful, clever, rich in gifts of fortune, of high rank. The woman was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark eyed, pale faced, a musician, possessed of a strange power of attraction. To her fascination Shakspeare yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakspeare's friend, and won

him. Hence a coldness, estrangement, and, for some time, a complete severance between Shakspeare and his friend, after a time followed by acknowledgment of faults on both sides, and a complete reconciliation."

I suppose there never was a theory, however erroneous, but had some truth in it. The author himself has told us that his friend was "rich in the gifts of fortune," if by that is meant possessed of great accomplishments; but with regard to his being of "high rank" there must be some mistake. I can only call to mind three places (*Son.* 85, *Son.* 122, and "A Lover's Complaint," verse 39), where rank is mentioned, and in each case the author is referring to his own, not his friend's rank.

"The woman was of stained character."

"Dark eyed." The author tells us in *Son.* 130, that "her eyes are nothing like the sun;" and in *Son.* 20, that "her eyes were more bright than a woman's, and less false in rolling, that gilds the object whereon it gazeth," etc. But most Shakspeareans say that she was a dark lady. Our author says in *Son.* 147:

"For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

What can this blackness refer to but his own supposed black deeds? As indeed he tells us in *Son.* 131:

"In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds."

"A musician."

If we read carefully Bacon's opinion of the drama (where he says, "it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow, by which men's minds may be played upon"), we may be able to understand *Son.* 128, where she is spoken of as playing a musical instrument, to mean that through the drama, he will "play upon men's minds" and "educate them to virtue."

"Possessed of a strange power of fascination." Quite true.

"To her fascination Shakspeare yielded himself."

True again. Why indeed should not Shakspeare yield himself to her fascination?

" Chiefly when he knows
 How only she bestows
 The wealthy treasure of her love on him,
 Making his fortunes swim
 In the full floods of her admired perfection.
 What savage, brute affection
 Would not be fearful to offend a dame
 Of this excelling frame.
 Much more a noble and right generous mind
 To virtuous moods inclined.
 He will refrain, and to his sense object this sentence ever,
 Men may securely sin, but safely never."

Ben Jonson.

But before I bring the big guns of Ben Jonson to bear fully upon this "Bacon-speare query," let me finish, at least for the present, that part of my theory which treats of the nature of our author's mistress only, which I maintain is demonstrated by the author himself to be his own Fame—the Fame of these poetical works, the Fame of the "Shakspeare plays," which really for a time are Shakspeare's by gift; as *Son.* 81 plainly shows.

Sonnet 81 :—

" Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part shall be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead.
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
 Where breath most breathes—even in the mouth of men."

(To be continued.)

FRANCIS BACON'S COLLECTIONS.

VASES, BASKETS, CORNUCOPIAS.

“While the dew is on the ground, gather those flowers.”
(*Cymb. i. 2.*)

IN the “*Catalogue of Particular Histories*,” which concludes Bacon’s *Parasceve*, or “*Preparative towards a Natural and Experimental History*,” is this entry :—

“112. HISTORY OF BASKET-MAKING.”

The catalogue enumerates 130 Histories which, in Bacon’s opinion, needed to be written, and we might be astonished at the nature of the subjects which he here proposes for study, were it not that whatever else might be the object, and for whatever reasons he may have inaugurated these inquiries, there is one aim common to all. The scientific facts collected towards the writing of a “history,” were to be used as the basis of countless similes, metaphors, emblems, and aphorisms “drawn,” as he says, from the centre of the sciences.

We must also take heed to a significant Note, placed alone in the centre of a blank sheet following the Catalogue. In this note, when pointing out the fact that many of the experiments have points in common, and must, therefore, come under more titles than one, he adds :—“I care little about the mechanical arts themselves : *only about those things which they contribute to the equipment of philosophy.*”

How, we ask ourselves, could Baskets contribute to this equipment? What is the use and purpose of a Basket? Well, it is made to receive and to hold something—it is a *receptacle*. Then there comes into our memory an echo of all that Bacon says about the means of advancing learning and about the subdivision of labour which a proper method for such an advancement must entail. There must be the man who *originates*. This is one amongst thousands or hundreds of thousands. Bacon compares him to the Spring whence others draw their knowledge and notions. But how can they draw except they have somewhat to draw in, some *receptacle* into which the precious liquor of knowledge can be received, stored, and from which it can be again poured forth?

The means for the advancement of learning include, he says, three things :—“ The *places* of learning, the *books* of learning, and the *persons* of the learned.” When presenting his works to Trinity College, Cambridge, he said of himself, “ I am, as I formerly said, but a *bucket and cistern* to that fountain . . . and seeing that I drew my beginnings of knowledge from your fountains, I have thought it right to return to you the increase of the same.”

He returned the increase enclosed in *books*. “ For as water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, easily scatters and loses itself in the ground, *except it be collected into some receptacle* . . . so this excellent liquor of knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration, or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish into oblivion if it were not preserved in books, traditions, and conferences, and specially in places appointed for such matters.”

Now just in the same way as in the water-marks and woodcuts and ornaments of Baconian books we find Vases, Pots, and Pitchers symbolising the “ receptacles ” for heavenly liquor, the dew or the wine of knowledge, so in the Baskets which are common in the headlines and tail-pieces of these same books, we see the same idea, though worked in a different way, and for a humbler purpose.

Amongst the impediments to the advance of learning, Bacon includes a “ despair or diffidence ” which “ hath caused some never to enter into search, and others to give over or seek a more compendious course than can stand with the nature of true search.” Such men, he says, cease to exert themselves when they find that others have thought the same thing which they supposed to be a discovery of their own ; considering that it is a “ vanity of the wit to go about the same inventions again, as one that would rather have a flower of his own gathering than much better gathered to his hand.” *

But Bacon urges, on the contrary, at every opportunity, and under various figures, the necessity for continual gleanings, culling, and gathering by the hand into the Basket, “ *the primary material for philosophy and subject matter of true induction.*” There is here no question of originality, or of beautiful writing. Those who take in hand to write on Natural Philosophy are to bear in mind that “ they

* “ Interpretation of Nature,” chap. 19.

ought not to consult the pleasure of the reader, no, nor even that utility which may be immediately derived from their narration, but *to seek and gather together such store and variety of things* as may suffice for the formation of true axioms. Let them but remember this, and they will find out for themselves the method in which the history shall be composed ; *for the end rules the method.*"

It is plain from this and similar passages that Baskets symbolise "collections" such as those which Bacon seems to have been perpetually causing to be made by the hands of his many-handed Briareus, the innumerable clerks, scribes, and able pens whom we know he kept in his house, and who, we think, relieved him of nearly all the mechanical part of his work. Whilst he originated, invented, and organised, they pressed his grapes, collected his wine into vats. When he read, noted, and marked passages, these "many-handed" transcribers sorted and arranged the passages according to his method and instructions ; no original wit or learning was needful, but only eternal patience and perseverance, of which the massive tomes and the "sterling literature" of the seventeenth century were the product. See what dictionaries and books of reference were extant before Francis Bacon wrote about his Baskets, and taught his followers to "gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost."

It is evident that he feared lest, in those days when learning was so full of "deficiencies" and "affectations," men might spoil all by a vain attempt at fine writing of which they were incapable. He tries to make them take a pride in plain simplicity, and to think highly of this mechanical work. "The more difficult and laborious the work is, the more ought it to be discharged of matters superfluous. . . . For all that concerns ornaments of speech . . . and such like emptinesses let it be utterly dismissed. . . . Let those things be set down, briefly and concisely so that they may be nothing less than words. For no man who is collecting or storing-up materials for shipbuilding, or the like, thinks of arranging them elegantly, as in a shop, displaying them so as to please the eye—all his care is that they be sound and good, and that they take up as little room as possible in the warehouse. . . . It is always to be remembered that this which we are now about (in making collections) is only *a granary and storehouse of matters*, not meant to be pleasant to stay or to live in, but only to be entered as

occasion requires, when anything is wanted for the work of the Interpreter"* of Nature.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have in the three Pedants a fine satire on the "diseases" and "affectations," of which Bacon so much complains. First, "fantastical learning," figured by Armado and Biron—then "contentious learning" and unprofitable subtilty and show of learning such as Holofernes displays; and, thirdly, the learning which considers words rather than matter, and which though, it is satirised in many places, is made conspicuous in the letter written by Costard, and of which "the matter is concerning Jaquenetta." (See *L. L. L.* i. 2). Space does not admit of long quotations in this place, but one passage is too much to the purpose to be overlooked. In Act v., Scene 1, Holofernes and Nathaniel criticise the "ridiculous thrasonical, picked, spruce, affected, fantastical," verbose style of Armado, the while exhibiting in their own language the same "diseases" of style which they are censuring in him. Then enter *Armado, Moth, and Costard*:—

"*Arm.* Chirrah ! [To Moth.

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah ?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the almsbasket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon."

Here we note that Moth is made to repeat the words of Bacon (perhaps originally suggested by Ovid in the *Metamorphoses*) in which he compares Rhetoric to cookery and the delights of beautiful language to banquets,† feasts or reflections, at which men fed on the Ambrosia of the gods, and drank of their nectar. The pedants, however, had but *stolen the scraps* from the feast ; they had nothing of their own to contribute, they were mere paupers *living on the alms-basket of words*.

"The Reformation of the Whole Wide World," is a so-called

* *Parasceve*, iii.

† See description of such a banquet in "*The Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*." (*Real Hist. of the Rosicrucians*, E. A. Waite, p. i., 317.)

"Rosicrucian" tract which the present writer attributes to Francis Bacon in his youth, and which Mr. A. E. Waite describes as "an amusing and satirical account of an abortive attempt made by the god Apollo to derive assistance towards the improvement of the age from the wise men of antiquity and modern time"—in short, to revive learning by means of poetry and the theatre.

In this tract we read how "the seven wise men, together with the choicest virtuosi of the State went to the Delphic Palace, the place appointed for the Reformation. The Litterati were pleased to see" (as we see in *Love's Labour's Lost*) "the great number of pedants, baskets in hands, who went gathering up the sentences and apophthegms, which fell from those wise men as they went along." Again, we note that they are but scraps of learning which the baskets are to hold.

Elsewhere we read of the affinity which the author² finds between "the pouring of various liquors into a vase," "the pricking out and re-setting choice flowers," or "the gathering and tying of them into posies," and "the gathering of wax and honey into the hive." He is telling of the vast chaos and oppressive confusion of books which he finds existing, and of the little benefit to be derived from most of those books. Pride and vanity, he says, have "egged on" the writers to "rush into" all manner of learning, and "to rake over all indexes and pamphlets to lard their lean books with the fat of others; to pilfer out of old writers to stuff up new comments, scrape Ennius' dunghill, and rake out of Democritus's pit as I have done." He is resolved that his reader shall be made thoroughly to understand that this book of his is *not original*. All is "culled," "gathered," "collected," "raked-up," "borrowed," from the writings of others, "from such physicians as our libraries afford, or my private friends impart."

"Yea, but you will infer that this is *Actum Agere*,* an unnecessary work, *cramben bis coctam opponere*,† the same again and again in other words. To what purpose? "Nothing is omitted that may well be said; so thought Lucian in the like theme. . . . No news here. If that severe doom of Synetius be true, *It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours than their clothes*, what shall become of most writers?

* Well-road readers will not need references to the following passages. Others should seek the author. † A Promus note.

‡ "Twico-sod simplicity, bis coctus." (L. L. L., iv. 2).

I hold up my hand at the bar among others, and am guilty of felony in this kind. I am content to be pressed with the rest." . . .

"We make new mixtures every day, and pour out of one vessel into another, . . . we skim off the cream of other men's wits, *pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens* to set out our own sterile plots . . . as a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, as a bee gathers wax and honey *of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all*, I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers writers . . . I am but a smatterer, I confess, a stranger, *here and there I pull a flower*. . . My translations are sometimes rather paraphrases than interpretation, *non ad verbum*; but, as an author, I take more liberty, and that only taken that was to my purpose."

In another volume ascribed to yet another pen, the writer in advocating the doctrine that men should *be* themselves and *know* themselves and their own powers or faculties, says thus:—"Now, our faculties are not so trained up; we do not try, we do not know them; we invest ourselves in those of others, and let our own lie idle; *as some may say of me, that I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the thread that ties them*. . . Without pains, and without learning, having a thousand volumes about me in the place where I write, *I can presently borrow if I please from a dozen such scrap gatherers*. . . 'tis so we go *a begging* for a ticklish glory, cheating the sottish world. These lumber pies of common places, wherewith so many furnish their studies, are of little use but to common subjects, and serve to *show* us, and not to *direct* us; a ridiculous fruit of learning that Socrates so pleasantly discusses against Enthydemus."

He explains why he thus "yields to the public opinion," and how far he "bends to the humour" of the age in which he lived. He has seen books made up of things which the writer had neither seen nor understood, *a faggot of unknown provisions, tied together*, and nothing of the supposed author's own, but *the ink and the paper*. One such author told him that "he had cluttered together two hundred and odd common places in one of his judgments. . . I do quite contrary; and amongst so many borrowed things, am glad if I can steal one, *disguising and altering it for some new service; at the hazard of having it said that 'tis for want of understanding its natural use*." *I give it*

some particular "address of my own hand, to the end it may not be so absolutely foreign;" in other words, he ties it up with a thread of his own.*

What excellent hints have we here of the "Collections" of every description which Bacon found *deficient*, and of which he advised the making. To any one who has seriously studied the rise and progress of the flood of compiled literature, which like the rising of the Nile inundated and fertilised the desert sands of learning, in and immediately after Bacon's time, is it possible to doubt that to his efforts we owe these first books of reference upon every one of the subjects which he enumerates?

Baskets filled with flowers, and sometimes with fruit, are very frequent in the ornamental designs of Baconian books, and especially as tail-pieces in "Collections," Abridgments, Compendia, Dictionaries, Commentaries, Selections, &c., published during the 16th and 17th centuries. Foreign books are rich in these designs, varying in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch to 4 inches. In the latter instances the flower baskets form the whole design, but more common are the flat, open-work, "Corbeilles" not "Panier"-shaped baskets, with winged children or birds flying towards, or supporting them.

Former articles have briefly dealt with the symbolism of the flowers, plants and fruits, always odoriferous, beneficent and refreshing, with which our baskets, vases and cornucopia are filled. They are all much more closely connected than at first appears, with the Unity of Nature, and the Harmonics of Orpheus, at the sound of whose music plants and flowers ever sprung† and even the mountain pine bowed its head. It is not improbable that, in some at least of the designs, the beautiful allegory of Adonis, and the doctrine of the "New Birth" or Renaissance, which that allegory envelopes, may be alluded to.

Plutarch describes the ceremonies, and grand solemnities, which took place at the time when the Festival of Adonis was celebrated. In Syria and Palestine, in Persia and in the Island of Cyprus, and especially at Athens, this festival was attended with the utmost magnificence. It figured "A death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness," and when the figure of the dead Adonis had been carried with funeral rites, weeping and wailings through the city, the

* See *De Aug.* ii. 2—12. † *Hen.* VIII. iii. 1, *Song.*

solemnities concluded by a procession, when earthen vessels were carried in which were sown (together with flowers) springing grass, fruits, young trees, and lettuces. Suidas, Hesychius, and Theophrastus record these things, and add that at the end of the ceremony, "*they went and threw their portable gardens*" "*either into a fountain or into the sea,*" as a sacrifice to Adonis, and as a type of the seed-like soul, which was to attain new life and regeneration by being immersed in the Holy Spirit (*water*).*

Was Francis Bacon thinking of these things, when he wrote down in his private note book the entry "*Adonis Gardens*,"† and when in his later years he presented his old college with his works, thinking it right *to return to the fountain whence he drew the beginnings of knowledge the increase of the same?*

To the *Promus* note is added the comment, "Pleasures soon fading," and we cannot choose but think that, with reflections on the reproductive nature of truth, the Poet-Philosopher coupled a thought of the self-denial, the spirit of unselfishness, the absolute renunciation of personal interests, required in him who will thus consecrate his work. Was he not reminding himself (*and us by his example*) that the flowers and fruit, the whole produce of man's wit and industry, are but as pleasures, soon fading, unless they be "*sacrificed*," cast bodily into the fountain, or into that ocean of knowledge which is for the use and benefit of the whole wide world?

Neither, lastly, must we forget the mystic basket, the sacred "*Calathus*" borne by Demeter or Ceres. She was "*the golden-haired,*" "*youth-rearing,*" "*bright fruited,*" "*splendour-gifted,*" goddess; she is Nature or "*mother-earth,*" sister of the heavens and *daughter of time*.

This is not a poetic age. Hard facts only are in request. Poetry is temporarily banished, and imagination at a discount. But this cannot last. Poetry will resume her throne, and meanwhile there must surely be some, even amongst the most matter-of-fact, who will look with more interest at those quaint baskets and receptacles, when they think of them, not as mere "*book-ornaments,*" but as symbolic designs, made with a purpose and recognised by the Brotherhood

* *Book of God* iii., 229. † *Promus*.

who hand them down, of labour and self-denial, by means of which our great literature was enriched and permanently endowed by Francis Bacon.

C. M. P.

CONTINUOUS CIPHER IN THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

PART II.

Midsummer Nigh's Dream (p. 159, col. 1).

[We may premise, for the information of our readers, that the cipher in this play appears to relate to a story somewhat similar to that of the play itself—that is, to the case of a nobleman's daughter who has set her affections upon a youth beneath her in rank, and contrary to the wishes of her father, who has other plans for her. After a good deal of heart-burning and distress, the matter is finally arranged, and the marriage is about to take place, on which occasion a dramatic entertainment is to be given, for which two rival companies compete, one of which we take to be that of Bacon; and the cipher-passage which follows appears to be the remarks of the manager of Bacon's company—possibly of Will Shaksper himself—in connection with the matter, criticising the rival play, and exulting over their having been successful in the competition.]

“IT is not a strong play; it goes not forward, and is marred by such tricks of the imagination, and hath such shapes and turns, it doth come to nothing. And then the name gives to it a local air and habitation not possible to it. You have the poet's pen, a man not unknown in *Athens* (England),* able to discharge forth all the bodies and forms of things† simply from heaven to the earth.

“He hath the best wit and imagination of any man in *A.* (England);* yea, and the poet's eye, too, doth glance from the

* England or London seems to be required here, although neither of them occurs in this play. *England* is the 267th word on page 163, twelve columns away. † Or the bodies and forms of all things.

earth to heaven ; and, for beauty of person, he is a very Helen's paramour, and the paragon, you must say, for a sweet voice. O that we had all been made such mad men, such shaping brains, such secthing phantasies of imagination compact ! Then had our sport gone more forward."

"Masters, the Duke is there, and two or three married lords and ladies more than ever that apprehend our sport, and comprehend reason ; and the poet of vast imagination is coming ; one is nought ; and a lover, or lunatic, and more divels from the Temple,* are all coming if it is cool. Where are these actors ? Most courageous hearts, eat no onions nor garlic, dear lads, for we are to utter sweet breath or nothing. O most happy day ! I am out of the lion's claws for the hour, masters ! I will tell the Duke to meet you at the Palace presently, every man of you. All is, that you get your apparel together: new ribbands to your beards, good strings to your pumps. For the long and short of the thing is, as it fell out, our play is preferred. And hear : let not a man of us look o'er a word of his part, as it is short and sweet. They shall discourse wonders ! I will let *Thisbe* have clean linen, and tell him that plays the lion not pare his nails. But ask me not what for ; if I tell you that, I am not true Athenian. In any case, I will tell you everything."

[In the next column the scene changes, It is the evening after the wedding, and we may suppose the actors to be staying on at the Palace, and invited to pass the night. At a loss for something to do, one of them speaks :]

" . . . How shall we find what the revels are in hand ? There is the manager of this mirth ! Where is our usual play, my lord, to wear away this brief age of three hours—which is as long as ten—now between our after-supper and bed-time ? I long to have this play ; some strange and wondrous play, my lord, to ease the hot anguish of a tedious and torturing hour ! There is not one player of us all which doth not love to play in your royal masks, my lord with all [our] hearts, which is what makes us long for it more than bed and board, [though] we shall have but ten words—not more than one word—three dances, and long, tedious walks.

* i.e., Lawyers from the Inner Temple.

“Call *Ægeus*.* Here, mighty *Theseus*.* Say what abridgment of a play, very merry and tragical, have you for this young evening? What brief scene of a maske? What music? How shall we beguile the lazy time with some delight sorting with a nuptial ceremony? With some satire, if not keen and critical? There are sports of learning that are rife of death! How many late deceast in beggary make a brief mourning for their choice of the thrice three Muses!

“Which will your highness see?”

[Then follows the enumeration of plays and masques much as in the text itself],

* * * * *

[Here follow the twenty pages of lists of words and calculations such as are seen on page 164, which we are forced to omit].

It will be perceived from these examples, that the same object may often be attained in more than one way. Indeed, we have given scarcely a title of the sections and formulas which we have written out in the deciphering of these columns. We have simply chosen those which appeared to tell the story in the shortest and directest way. Occasionally a word may be found wanting, but in every instance with only one or two exceptions, we have it in its proper connection, but did not wish to come on the pages of the Magazine with too much material of this kind. In one or two instances the word is not in the column, but we have not hesitated to insert it, feeling, as we did, altogether certain that it was intended, an assurance in which possibly some of our readers may not share.

Another point to which we desire to call attention, is the frequency with which the same modifiers, or combination of modifiers, are employed. This arises from the fact that we have worked hitherto in only 9 columns in all out of the whole 36 of which this play consists. But this only confirms the remark previously made, that there is a variety of ways and means of working, or of applying the cipher rule, as we have often observed in regard to other plays as well as this; and, although we have thus laboured at a consider-

* We take these to be stage names of the actors by which they were known among their fellows.

able disadvantage from the want of the best and most direct expedients, yet the results we believe to be the same, at least so far as they go.

And this leads to another observation with which we shall conclude this article, namely, that the simple grouping together in regular order of co-ordinates—by which we mean the words obtained by the simple counting down and up the column, or the reverse, of *the same number*—while not always sufficient, will frequently give satisfactory results, if followed by careful and judicious study; a statement which we believe is not true in the same way and to the same extent of any other printed book but the First Folio editions of the Shakespeare plays.

E. GOULD.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

IN summing up evidence as to *Shakespeare's* legal knowledge, Lord Campbell expresses his amazement at the number of “judicial phrases and forensic allusions” which he has discovered, and at the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. He adds this remark: “He is doubtless equally accurate in referring to other professions, *but these references are rare*, and comparatively slight.” Then he cites the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, which gives a picture of the apothecary and his shop. “Any observing customer who had once entered the shop to buy a dose of rhubarb might have safely given a similar account of what he saw, although utterly ignorant of Galen and Hippocrates.”

We need not stop to discuss the question of whether or no a certain description of an Italian apothecary's shop, published in Bacon's time, suggested the sketch in *Romeo and Juliet*, but it may fairly be argued that Lord Campbell must have been best qualified to observe, because he best understood allusions which especially appealed to his own experience and line of study.

The passages which we propose to place before you in *BACONIANA* are a few extracted from a large collection which has been made with the view of testing the similarity or identity of knowledge and

observation between authentic works of Bacon and the *Shakespeare* plays. Although the few specimens which can here be introduced will inadequately represent the richness of the poetic figures which are based upon scientific facts, yet it is hoped that the hints afforded will enable students to satisfy themselves that both the matter, and the method of handling medical and pathological details, prove, in the poet, no ordinary superficial acquaintance with the subjects in hand. Yet there is no ground for supposing that studies such as these allusions involve, formed any part of popular instruction in the 16th century, or that many statements made by Bacon were so much as allowed as facts, beyond the charmed circle of "learned and authentic fellows" of whom Lafeu in *All's Well* intimated that they knew all about Galen and Paracelsus.

If we assume these things to have been common property, and that any person of ordinary intelligence would be acquainted with them, *Why, then, we ask, did the learned Verulam, the "father of experimental science," trouble himself to write elementary notes, "Rules and Explanations," with regard to these topics?*

About 62 diseases, and ills that flesh is heir to, are found mentioned in *Shakespeare*. They are all treated of, at more or less length, in the *Sylva Sylvarum* or Natural History, and in the *History of Life and Death*. In order to economise space, we think it best for the present to content ourselves with simply bringing together, in alphabetical order, some passages where the knowledge displayed in the plays is plainly seen written down as matter worthy of attention (and usually as *something not generally known*) in Bacon's scientific works.

Aches and ailments increased by damp weather, damp, marshy abodes, &c.

"In men, aches, and hurts, and corns, do engrieve either towards rain, or towards frost, for the one maketh the humours more to abound; and the gout maketh them sharper. So we see, both extremes bring the gout."—*Sylva Sylvarum* 828.

Cal. "As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!"

Pros. "For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, forth at vast of night, that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em." *Temp.* i. 2.

"Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound."

M. N. D. ii. 2.

"My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague."

Mer. Ven. i. 1.

"And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!"—*Mer. Wives* iii. 1.

"Marshes and fens are . . . prejudicial," &c.—*History of Life and Death.*

"The north wind is bad for consumption, cough, the gout, or any sharp humour.

In a south wind . . . pestilential diseases are more frequent, catarrhs common."

Hist. Winds, 25 Qualities.

Bru. "Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning."

Por. "Nor for yours neither

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus."

Jul. Ctes. ii. 1.

Tim. "O blessed bleeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb

Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
 'To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature."

Tim. Ath. iv. 3.

"Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !"—*Tr. Cr.* v. 1.

Air Salubrious—Insalubrious.

"The salubrity of the air . . . is a mysterious thing. . . . The equality of the air, as well as the goodness and purity, is important for longevity. Variety of hill and valley, though pleasant to the eye and sense, is suspected with regard to longevity. . . . Change of air in travelling is nourishing and restoring. . . . The heart receives the most benefit from the air we breathe."—*History of Life and Death.*

"The south-fog rot him !"—*Cymb.* ii. 3.

"There should be much diligence used in the choice of places, as it were, for tasting the air, to discover the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of the seats of dwellings . . . mansion-houses. For the choices of seats, it is good to make trial of the moisture or dryness of the air, and the temper of it. . . . Birds, as swallows, change their countries at certain seasons, and, living in the open air, *sub dio*, have a quicker impression from the air than men that live most within doors."

Condensed from Sylv. Sylv. 777—822.

Dun. "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses."

Ban. "This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no juttie, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate."

"The morning air is certainly more invigorating, though the evening is preferred for enjoyment and delicacy."—*Hist. L. & D.*

Adr. "(The air) must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance."

Ant. "Temperance was a delicate wench."

Seb. "Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered."

Adr. "The air breathes upon us here most sweetly."

Seb. "As if it had lungs and rotten ones."

Ant. "Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen."

Gon. "Here is everything advantageous to life." *Temp.* ii. 1.

Afternoon Sleep.

"In aged men and weak bodies, a short sleep after dinner doth help to nourish."—*Sylv. Sylv.* i. 57.

"Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always, of an afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole."

Ham. i. 5.

"Death . . . as an after-dinner's sleep."

M. M. iii. 1.

Apoplexy a Kind of Lethargy.

"The living spirit requires motion for its subsistence. . . Strong narcotics congeal the spirits, and deprive them of motion. . . . Blood entering into the ventricles of the brain causes instant death. . . . There are two great precursors of death, the one sent from the head, the other from the heart, namely—convulsions . . . and extreme labour of the pulse. . . . In apoplectic fits the best thing is a heated frying-pan, &c."—Condensed from *Hist. L. & D. Rules.*

"Frasicatorius invented a remedy for apoplectic fits, by placing a heated pan at some distance round the head, for by this means the spirits that were suffocated and congealed in the brain, and oppressed by the humours were dilated, excited, and revived."—*Hist. Dense and Rare.*

“There is a kind of dulness, almost a lethargy, in this age.”

Ch. against Tulbot.

Fal. “And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.”

Ch. Just. “Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.”

Fal. “This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an’t please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.”

Ch. Just. “What tell you me of it? be it as it is.”

Fal. “It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.”

Ch. Just. “I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.”

Fal. “Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an’t please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.”—2 *Hen. IV.* 1, 2.

Boy. “Minc host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he’s very ill.”

Nym. “The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that’s the even of it.”

Pist. “Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured and corroborate.”

Hen. V. ii. 1.

First Serv. “Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it’s spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible.”—*Cor.* iv. 5.

“Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex’d; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thrall’d
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was’t
That thus hath cozen’d you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope." *Ham.* iii. 4.

"Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?"
Lear i. 4.

Appetite Moved by Things Dry, Sharp, Sour.

"Appetite is moved chiefly by things that are cold and dry, for that cold is a kind of indigence, and calleth for supply; and so is dryness: and, therefore, all sour things as vinegar, juice of lemons, &c., provoke appetite . . . onions, salt and pepper . . . wormwood, olives, capers, and others of that kind, move appetite. . . . Hunger is an emptiness, yet over-fasting doth many times cause the appetite to cease; for that want of meat maketh the stomach draw humours, and such humours are light and choleric, quench appetite."—*Sylva Sylvarum* 831.

"Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite."
Tit. And. iii. 1.

"Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach."
Per. iv. 1.

"Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues."
Tit. And. iii. 1.

Achil. "Who's there?"

Patr. "Thersites, my lord."

Achil. "Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?"
Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

"Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have."
Oth. iv. 3.

Sir And. "Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't."

Fab. "Is't so saucy?"

Sir And. "Ay, is't, I warrant him." *Tw. N. i. 1.*

Boyet. "Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity. . . ."

Maria. "We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink."

Biron. "This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet."

Ros. "Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,"
L. L. L. v. 2.

Appetite Sharpens Digestion and is Encouraged by Sauces.

"The stomach, liver, heart are the seats of digestion . . . the stomach should be kept in good appetite, for appetite sharpens digestion."—*Hist. L. D. vi. 4.*

"The saying which forbids many dishes . . . is prejudicial to longevity, because the mixture of ailments has great power to excite the appetite which is the spur of the digestion ; . . . good and well-chosen sauces are the most healthy preparations of food. . . . Plato resembled Rhetoric to cookery, which corrupted wholesome meats, and, by a variety of sauces, made wholesome ones more palatable."—*Adv. L. vi. 2.*

"The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
From thence the *sauce to meat is ceremony* ;
Meeting were bare without it."

Macb. "Sweet remembrancer !
Now, *good digestion wait on appetite,*
And health on both !" *Macb.* iii. 4.

Mer. "Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting ; it is a most sharp sauce."

Rom. "And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?"
Rom. *Jul.* ii. 4.

"His folly sauced with discretion :"
Tr. Cr. i. 2.

Beat. "Will you not eat your word ?"

Bene. "With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee."—*M. Ado* iv. 1.

"As fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
I'll sauce her with bitter words."
As You Like It iii. 5.

"However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite."
Jul. Cas. i. 2.

"Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
I prithee go and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?"

Kath. "A dish that I do love to feed upon."

Gru. "Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little."

Kath. "Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest."

Gru. "Nay then, I will not : you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio."

Kath. "Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt."

Gru. "Why then, the mustard, without the beef."

Kath. "Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat."

Tam. Sh. iv. 3.

(Note how the sly servant here offers his starving mistress the very condiment which would be a "spur" to her appetite.)

Appetite increased by Strange Tastes—Caviare.

We see how discords in music, falling upon concords, make the

sweetest strains : and we see again what strange tastes delight the taste, as redherring, *Caviare*.

Ham. "I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas *Caviare* to the general : but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation ; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine."—*Ham.* ii. 2.

Balm to Heal Wounds.

Visit all the parts of your state. Let the balm distil everywhere from your sovereign hands, to the *medicining of any part that complaineth*."—*Gesta Grayorum*.

"I did commend her Majesty's mercy, terming it an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands." *Apologia*.

"I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears."

3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8.

"But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it." *Tr. Cr.* i. 1.

"I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ?"

Tim. Ath. iii. 5.

Bleeding—Blood-letting.

"I think that no physician will go on with much letting of blood in *declinatione morbi*, but will intend to purge and corroborate." (*To Cecil 1602. Rep. in Sp: of Service in Ireland, 1602.*) "Blood-

lettings are not oftener necessary in medicine than executions in states."—(*De Aug.* vi. 3.)

K. Rich. "Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision ;
Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son."

(*R. II.* i.)

"Safety and preservation is to be preferred before benefit ; . . . the patient will ever part with some of his blood to save and clear the rest."—(*Sp : Subsidy, 1597-8.*)

Arch. "Wherefore do I this ? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end : we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life."

(*2 Hen. IV.* iv. 2.)

Bleeding Inwards.

"Take away liberty of Parliament, the griefs of the subject will bleed inwards." (*Sp : of K's Message.*) "These things mought be dissembled, and so things left to bleed inwards ; but that is not the way to cure them. And, therefore, I have searched the sore in hope that you will endeavour to bring the medicine."—(*Sp : of Undertakers, 1614.*)

"Bleeding inwards, and shut vapours strangle and oppress most."

(*Hist. Hen. VII.*)

"My heart bleeds inwardly." (*2 Hen. IV.* ii. 3.)

"I bleed inwardly for my lord." (*Tim. Ath. i. 2.*)

Bleeding Inwards : Imposthumes.

"To give moderate liberty for griefs . . . is a safe way ; for he that suppresses them . . . and maketh the wound to bleed inwardly, endangereth malign ulcers, and pernicious imposthumations."—(*Ess. Seditions.*)

Ham. "Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies." (*Ham. iv. 4.*)

OUR BOOKSHELF.

A PRETTY and dainty booklet comes to us for review, bearing as title the name, "Christ in Shakspeare."^o The charms of its outward appearance are readily attested to ; those of its *inward* are less apparent. The whole "get up" of the book is charming, and most appropriate, the type and rough cut paper all that it should be, but a great many of the comparisons seem far-fetched ; indeed, in some cases, one can find no sequence of idea in the quotations given, though some of the parallels are extremely apt and ingenious. That Bacon (Shakespeare) was greatly influenced in his writings by a close study of the Bible, we do not need Mr. Ellis to point out to us ; but his book is a great help to Shakespeare students, as being portable, clear, and comprehensive. We only "fall foul" of the *triteness* that characterizes his remarks. For instance, on page 49 : "The poet meditates on the good and evil influences ever acting upon mankind to their happy freedom from strife, or to their unrest and confusion," etc., etc., illustrating this moral sentiment by certain texts from both Old and New Testaments, and the Casket Scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

Mr. Ellis uses throughout "The Fountaine" Edition of the Bible, Geneva Version, dating from 1559—1620. Each Play has a section to itself, which is closed by a "testimony," or "parallel testimony," from some author. Some of these "testimonies" are extremely well chosen, though some of them hardly seem to bear on *Will Shakspeare*, however apt they are for *Bacon*. For instance, the quotation from Carlyle, on page 146 : "As to

his life, what a beautiful life was that, amid trials enough to break the heart of any other man. Poverty, and a mean, poor destiny," etc., etc. We do not think that Carlyle was justified in saying that Will Shakspeare was born to *poverty*; he was *middle-class*, but not by any means a *beggur*; and as he left Stratford *poor*, because he chose to run away from home, and returned rich and prosperous to his deserted wife, one hardly sees where the *trials* came in!

We see at the beginning of the book that this is the Second Edition, and we are given the opportunity of reading all that the great of the land have said about the First Edition. The criticism which pleases us most, and which we feel constrained to echo, is that of the Dean of Rochester: "It was a happy and holy ambition to associate Shakespeare with the only writings more beautiful than his own;" and give to Mr. Ellis our meed of praise for his efforts, even though he is by no means the first who has touched on this subject; and though he has in many places, while straining after the gnat of aptness, made us swallow the camel of far-fetchédness.

E. B. WOOD.

NOTICES.

We much regret that owing to the small amount of space at our command, and to the fact that certain articles had already lain over long in our "Editors' Drawer," the paper read by Mr. R. M. Theobald before the Bacon Society, on May 17th, has had to be "held over" till January, 1898.

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Bacon's 'Psalms' & letters - 11.

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Bacon's misapprehension - 12.

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Statist's absence from London & his death did not
stop performance of plays - p. 97.

At the time of his absence for the English language p. 133/4

