

# BACONIANA



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# BACONIANA.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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	ISSUE	PAGE
Anagram, A Greek ... ..	January	48
Baconian Authorship of Shakespeare ...	July, October	1
Bacon in his Shakespeare Garden ... ..	July	51
Bohemia by the Sea ... ..	July	55
Colours of Good and Evil ... ..	July	13
Coriolanus ... ..	October	29
Correction, A ... ..	July	53
Current Events ... ..	January	54
Doctrine of Life and Death ... ..	July	31
Hieroglyphic Symbols ... ..	October	10
History of Elizabeth ... ..	April	30
"        "        ... ..	October	43
Manes, The ... ..	April	1
Manes Verulamiani ... ..	January	34
Montaigne and Shakespeare ... ..	January	31
Northumberland MSS. ... ..	April	17
Notes ... ..	January	21
"        ... ..	April	49
Promus Notes and Proofs ... ..	July	43
Shakespeare's Sonnets ... ..	January	15
Shakespeare's Use of Classic Phraseology ...	January	1
"        "        "        "        ... ..	April	22
Taming of the Shrew ... ..	January	11
"Whoever hath Eyes to See." ... ..	April	13

# Baconiana.

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## SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF CLASSIC PHRASEOLOGY.

(Read before the BACON SOCIETY, May 17th, 1897).

THE classic knowledge and classic diction of Shakespeare have caused much perplexity to his critics and biographers. That such a classic element exists is indisputable, and there is an instinctive recognition of the fact that the easiest explanation of its presence is to suppose that the poet was a well-trained scholar—such as is rarely found except in University men.

That William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, was such a scholar can scarcely be admitted by the most resolute vindicators of his greatness. Accordingly the classic element must either be explained and accounted for by Shakespeare critics, or else it must be explained away and denied—and the attempt to do this leads to strange logical and philosophical *tours de force*. The psychological *tour de force* is well illustrated in Leigh Hunt's brief discussion of the question. Leigh Hunt thinks that when Milton spoke of Shakespeare's "native wood notes wild," he must have spoken without due reflection; "the words," he says, "were hastily said by a learned man of an unlearned." In fact, if Shakespeare's poetry has any fault, it is that of being too learned, too over-informed with thought and allusion. His 'wood notes wild' surpass Haydn and Bach: his wild roses were all twenty times double." Still the fact remains that William Shakspeare was not a highly educated man, and the question, How did he gain his learning? becomes urgent. "Shakespeare," says Leigh Hunt, "though he had not a college education, was as learned as any man, in the highest sense of the word; by a scholarly intuition. He had the spirit of learning." How the admitted body of learning can be the product of a phantasmal

essence called "the spirit of learning," or of "scholarly intuition" in an unlearned man, I leave for the conjecture of Shakespearean critics. The explanation seems to me prodigiously difficult and metaphysically unintelligible.

The logical *tour de force* may be illustrated by the explanations offered by Mr. Cruickshank, in the "Noctes Shakesperianæ," issued by the Winchester College Shakespeare Society. The following are the methods by which it is suggested that William Shakspeare might have picked up his classical learning:—

1. Chance conversations with Ben Jonson at the "Mermaid."
2. Listening to sermons, profuse in learning, which were then the fashion.
3. Association with young University scholars who had taken to a Bohemian life.
4. On his journeys to and from Stratford he may have stopped at Oxford, and have met many a grave and reverend Seignior at the Davanants.\*

Then the learned critic goes into details in reference to the classic words found in Shakespeare. Some of them are also *ordinary words*, such as *Alias, Armigero, Ergo, Imprimis, Item, Pauci, Quasi, Quondam, Solus, Verbatim, Videlicet*. *Theology* accounts for *Ave, Benedicite, Dives, Medice te ipsum, In limbo Patrum, Non nobis, Te Deum*. *Medicine* accounts for *Hysterica passio, Pia mater*. *Law* accounts for *praemunire, Custos rotulorum*, etc. *Astronomy* for *Ursa Major*. *Heraldry* accounts for the mottoes found in *Pericles* and other plays, such as *Invitis nubibus, Satis quod sufficit, Semper idem, Suum cuique*. And so we may comfortably conclude that Shakespeare was an entirely uneducated man; the conclusion follows irresistibly from the premisses!

Now, while it may be admitted as a conceivable possibility (I cannot think a probability) that William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, had some education, perhaps was acquainted with the rudiments of Latin, I cannot think it possible that he was highly proficient, so as to have the command of the whole realm of classic literature, and the possession of Latin as a second mother-tongue. And yet the evidence points to this.

The evidence that the writer of the plays was a classic

\* This has some resemblance to Mr. McNeil's speculation that Shakspeare might have been invited by Fulke Greville to Warwick Castle to meet the philosopher Bruno, who was there somewhere about the year 1585 or 1587. No anachronism is too glaring for these scholarly critics.



scholar is many-sided, and if his unscholared authorship is to be proved, it is not enough to explain this or that passage—how "Plutarch's Lives" helped him to construct the classic plays—or translations and elegant literature supplied certain allusions. The whole evidence must be taken broadly and comprehensively. This evidence may be gathered into four different classes, only one of which I propose to illustrate in any detail in this present paper.

1. First, the classic allusions must be considered; not only the knowledge of history and mythology, but the presence of passages evidently suggested by parallel passages in classic writers. These are very numerous. They are not confined to classic plays. They are not always part of the structure of the play in which they occur, specially hunted up for the occasion. They are the spontaneous out-pourings of a well-stored mind, ready to give out its wealth at all times of discourse, quite incapable of producing anything dressed in a plain home-spun garb; forced by the necessities of its own culture to supply allusive decoration or learned plumage. Classical embellishment of this kind must, I contend, be taken as a *prima facie* indication of scholarship in the writer. If scholarship is denied, the *onus probandi* of accounting for all these marks of it rests with the denier.

2. Next, it must be admitted that the classic plays (*Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*), founded on actual history, give the same indications of classical knowledge and tone, with the additional evidence derived from the subject matter. It is, of course, possible that the special study required to collect this material may have been undertaken by a clever student, not specially skilled in classic lore, making the most of histories and translations. This explanation, however, is not easy. After Plutarch has been emptied of his treasures, the mode in which they are appropriated and assimilated show a mind familiar with the classic region—not unwilling to save himself some trouble by the use of translations, but able to dispense with them and go beyond them. The classic aroma is not easily accounted for by cribs and coaching. But if anyone insists that these explanations account for all the scholarship of these plays, I shall not combat his arguments—they may seem strained, speculative, very much of the *ex post facto* character, produced in support of preconceived opinions, but against them I have no polemical protest at present.

3. A good many instances of classic construction in the grammar of the sentences are to be found—sentences cast into grammatical forms not strictly English at all, which cannot well be parsed without the help of the Latin grammar. The evidence of these passages points to the conclusion that the poet was accustomed to the use of Latin as an expression of his own thoughts, and had read so extensively in classical literature as to have incorporated some of its forms into his own speech.

Dr. Abbott, in his learned and exhaustive "Shakespeare Grammar," gives many illustrations of this. I will refer to one or two, and dismiss this part of the argument:—

- a. The superlative inflexion *Est* is sometimes used, not in the superlative sense, as in English, but to express augmentation of quality, as in Latin—"A little 'ere the mightiest Julius fell."
- b. "Without all bail," in *Sonnet* 74, is like the Latin, *sine omni*.
- c. *One* is used for *above all*, to express pre-eminence. In Latin, *Justissimus unus* would be applied to one conspicuously just; and the Shakespearian expression, "He is one the truest mannered" (*Cymbeline*), is similarly constructed to indicate one conspicuously refined. Cicero has — *Demosthenes unus eminet inter omnes in omni genere dicendi*:—Demosthenes stands alone by himself in all kinds of discoursing.
- d. *To* is used like the Latin dative case, to express a representative or equivalent position, as the Latin would say, *Habemus Deum amico*—We have God to (*i.e.*, for) our friend; so Shakespeare says, "I have a king here to my flatterer."
- e. The omission of the preposition (of, with, etc.) after a governing verb is a Latinism—"Despair thy charm"; "The senseless brands will sympathize the heavy accents of thy moving tongue."
- f. "Those disposition that of late transform you from what you rightly are" is like the Latin *jampriden*, with the present tense in the sense of the perfect.

These are a few among many specimens of modes of speech which a simple adhesion to the mother-tongue would not have permitted. Translations and cribs will not account for these peculiarities. There is nothing allusive in them; they are not reminiscences, but native utterances, or rather modes of utter-

ance, which by force of habit have become native to the cultured and scholarly mind. They remind one of an Englishman who has lived some time in Scotland or America, and comes back with accents and tones which show that his language has been coloured and modified by contact with those who use it differently; he becomes infirm in his shalls and wills, or learns to guess and calculate, and use a Yankee cadence in his talk.

4. The fourth mode in which classic scholarship is very unequivocally indicated is in the frequent use of Latin words, put into English dress and intended to pass as current speech, but really derived from the Latin dictionary, not the English. The words so used may be such as belong to ordinary vernacular, having been introduced into our most composite language at very early times, when the language was plastic and Roman influences predominant. But the poet so uses such words as to show that he is not limited by their imported significance; he can follow them into the wider or more varied, or different and more restricted modes, of usage which they originally possessed. This is a feature in Shakespearian phraseology which has not been very completely investigated; critics constantly recognise it, but no one has attempted to make an inventory of such words, and to show how much of this classic hybridity is to be found. It is to this part of the subject that I wish especially to ask your attention. For classic allusions and classic echoes you may consult most of the commentators, especially Lewis Theobald, the most learned of the Shakespearian annotators. I think I can point out a large number of cases in which classic words, or ordinary words classically used, have escaped the notice of the critics; and in many cases the phraseology thus employed is reflected in Bacon's writings, both in English and in Latin.

My first illustration is a word which seems too homespun to be capable of putting on a Roman toga at all. In a few passages the word *act* is so used as to require a reference to Bacon's Latin to explain it. The Latin word *actus* is used, in mediæval rather than classic Latinity, as equal to *effect, operation, use, function*. Bacon says of Fascination, that it is *vis et actus imaginationis*—the power and operation of the imagination; not action in a limited or muscular sense, but continuous operation—psychical, not sensible. So in *Hamlet*, those who had seen the ghost were "Distilled almost to jelly by the *act* of fear,"—*i.e.*, by the operation of fear—*Actus timoris*.

Again, bees, in their marvellous organisation, are described as typical of a state or kingdom: they are—

“Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach  
The *act* of order in a peopled kingdom.”

*Henry V.*, I. ii, 188.

i.e., the function or operation of order.

Iago more than once thus uses the word in his very philosophical utterances:—“When the blood is made dull with the *act* of sport”—i.e., by the effect or operation of sport.—*Oth.* II. i, 229.

And in a still more striking passage:—

“Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little *act* upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.”—*Oth.*, III. iii, 330.

*Aspersio*—once used—does not mean false or calumnious accusation: its meaning is derived from the Latin word *aspergo*, I sprinkle, and in this use there may be a covert allusion to baptism. The reference in the passage I am quoting is to broken marriage vows:—

“No sweet *aspersio* shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow.”—*Temp.*, IV. i, 18.

Bacon uses the word *aspersio* in the classic sense. Thus, he describes the book written by King James as “a work richly compounded of divinity, morality, and policy, with great *aspersio* of all other arts”—*sprinkling* or *mixture* is the sense implied.

*Cadent* is purely Latin, from *cado*, to fall—“With *cadent* tears fret channels in her cheeks.”—*Lear* I. iv, 307.

*Capricious* is once only, and then very curiously used: only by classic explanations can its meaning be discovered. Touchstone, among the rustics at Arden, says:—“I am here with thee and thy goats as the most *capricious* poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths” (pronounced *Gotes*).—*As you like it*, III. iii, 9. *Capricious* here is punningly connected with *caper*, a goat, and it is also a reflection of the Italian word *capriccioso*, humorous, or fantastical. The Goths alluded to were the Getæ, a Thracian tribe among whom Ovid, in his banishment, dwelt. Curiously enough, one of the Parnassus plays (in which Bacon's hand is clearly seen), has the same jesting allusion. “Good Ovid” [Touch-

stone says *honest* Ovid], "that in his life time lived with the Getes, and now after his death converseth with a Barbarian."—3 Par., 702. That the Getes and the Barbarian means the Goths we learn from Shakespeare.

A very curious piece of Latinity occurs in Helen's allusion to her hopeless love for Bertram :—

"I know I love in vain ; strive against hope ;  
Yet in this *captious* and *intenable* sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love."

*All's Well*, I. iii, 207.

*Captious* has the meaning of the Latin word *capio*, I take or receive. *Intenable* represents the Latin word *teneo*, I hold, with the privitive particle *in*, *i.e.*, *I do not hold* ; and the whole passage refers to the daughters of Danaus, who were punished in Hades by being compelled everlastingly to pour water into a sieve. The same classic allusion is found in *Much Ado*, v. i, 3 :—

"I pray thee cease thy counsels,  
Which falls into my ear as profitless  
As water in a sieve."

And, again, in *As you like it*, iv. i, 211, we find, "Or, rather bottomless ; that, as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out."

I think the Latin sense of *Consequor*, follow after as a sequence, whether caused by the antecedent or not, not necessarily as a result, is implied in some instances in which the word *consequence* is used. Polonius, instructing his servant to act as a spy on his son Laertes, tells him how he may get into conversation with some of his companions, and so lead them to give unguarded information. "He closes with you, in this *consequence*"—*Hamlet*, I. ii, 44—*i.e.*, he falls into conversation with you on the track of the information or suggestion you have given. This subtle use of the word may be implied where the ordinary sense might suffice ; for example,

"The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;  
Win us with honest trifles to betray us ;  
In deepest *consequence*."—*Macbeth*, I. iii, 124.

And, again,

"If the assassination  
Could tramel up the *consequence*."—*Macbeth*, I. vii, 2.

The meaning is richer and more powerful if the classic sense of the word is kept in mind.

The word *document*, in its primary sense of a lesson, example specimen, typical illustration, is found in *Hamlet*, iv. v., 178, —Ophelia is a "document in madness"—a typical specimen of madness, teaching you what it really is. Bacon writes, "*Ethica obsequium Theologiæ omnino præstare debet ejusque præceptis morigera esse; ita tamen ut ipsa, intra suos limites, haud pauca sana et utilia documenta continere potest, i.e., Ethics should be entirely subordinate to theology and submissive to its teachings; and yet it is itself able, within its own limits, to supply not a few sound and useful lessons.*

Tacitus has "*dedimus profecto grande patientiæ documentum,*" a striking example of patience. So that the singular use of the word *document*, in *Hamlet*, is completely in accordance with the Latin of Bacon and Tacitus.

Spenser and Raleigh use the word in the same way.

*Double* is an English word used by Shakespeare in a classic sense.

"The Magnifico is much beloved,  
And hath in his effect a voice potential,  
As *double* as the Duke's."—*Othello*, I. ii, 12.

The Latin word for double, *duplex*, may also mean thick, stout, strong; and this is the meaning in the passage quoted. Theobald says, "It is in truth a very elegant Græcism. As *double* signifies as large, or extensive; so the Greeks used *διπλούς* for *latus* (wide), *grandis* (large), as well as *duplex* (double), and in the same manner and construction the Latins used their *duplex*." The same classic sense is also found in *Coriolanus*, II. iii, 121, "His *doubled* spirit requickened what in flesh was fatigate," *i.e.*, "His large, stout, strong, and invincible spirit, etc." Fatigate is—it may be observed—the Latin word, *fatigatus*.

The following lines are quite intelligible as they stand, without the help of the Latin dictionary; but they are more beautiful and more interesting if the classical sense of the word *eminent* is remembered.

"Who were below him  
He used as creatures of another place,  
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility."

*All's Well*, I. ii, 41.

*Eminent* is used in the sense of the Latin word *eminens*, *Emineo* is to jut or project—to stand out—to be conspicuous like the lights in a picture, or a strong voice in a crowd, or the trunk of a tree above the ground. It is a word of measurement, not simply an expression of renown.

*Evitate* is not an English word, but Shakespeare makes an attempt to naturalise it. "She doth evitate and shun a thousand irreligious, cursed hours."—*Merry Wives*, v. v, 241. It is the Latin word *Evitare*—avoid—which is found in Bacon's *Novum Organum*, I., 57. *Ut evitenter ea quae incommoda*; and in his *Sylva Sylvarum*, 293, he writes:—"It is certain that in all bodies there is an appetite of union, and evitiation of Solution of Continuity.

A similar attempt is made to plant the word *ex-sufflicate*: representing the Latin words *ex* and *sufflo*, "blow out."

"Such *ex-sufflicate* and blown surmises."—*Othello*, III. iii, 182.

It means, of course, blown out, inflated,—guesses of no solidity, windbags, or bubbles, soon blown, soon collapsed.

Another attempt of the same kind is in the lines:—

"I always thought  
It was both impious and unnatural  
That such *immanity* and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith."  
*Henry VII.*, v. i, 13.

*Immanity* is not an English word; it is the Latin word *immanitas*, of doubtful etymology, but meaning the opposite of *humanity*, *i.e.*, ferocity, cruelty, savageness.

And the same may be said of the word *inhabitable*, which means exactly the reverse of the current sense, *i.e.*, *not fit for habitation*, *uninhabitable*—

The frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground *inhabitable*."—*Rich. II.*, I. i, 64.

It is not surprising that the word *inhabitabilis* is found in Bacon's Latin—

"Plurima climata et zonæ in quibus populi infiniti spirant et degunt, tanquam inhabitabiles ab illis pronuntiata sunt"—*Nov. Org.* I., 72, which may be translated—"Many climates and zones in which countless people breathe and live, although by these people (*i.e.* the Greeks) they were pronounced

*inhabitables*—uninhabitable." Ben Johnson and other writers use the word *inhabitable* in the same classic sense.

There is a group of three words which in their employment by Shakespeare show in a very striking way the discriminating accuracy of his classic diction.

*Oppugnancy*, *Propugnation*, *Repugn*, with the cognate words *Repugnancy* and *Repugnant*. These words are not all of them adopted into the English vocabulary, and they are all used by the Poet in their strictest classic sense. The root of all three is the same, *pugna*, a fight or battle; *Oppugnancy* is active or offensive warfare, assaulting, fighting against a foe. *Propugnation* is the scarcely altered Latin word *propugnatio*, defensive warfare, fighting in self-defence. *Repugnant-nancy*, derived from *repugno*, is resistance, opposition, not active warfare, but passive resistance; not obeying, but not in any other sense fighting. Now, see how accurately Shakespeare observes these distinctions.

First *oppugnancy*, active and offensive warfare; the word occurs once in the magnificent discourse on degree—difference of rank or order, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

"Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And hark! what discord follows: each thing meets,  
In mere oppugnancy.  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead.  
Force should be right, or rather right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names and so should justice too,  
Then everything *includes*\* itself in power,  
Power into will; will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded by will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up itself."—*Tro. Cress.*, I. iii, 109.

This is a picture of *Oppugnancy*, internecine warfare. Now for *Propugnation*, fighting in self-defence.

"What propugnation is in one man's valour  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite."—*Tro. Cress.*, II. ii, 136.

\* *Includes* is also used in the classic sense of *shut up*, summarize, epitomize.



What possible defence can one man, however brave, afford ? Then there is *Repugnancy*, passive resistance :—

“ Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats ? Sleep upon it,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without *repugnancy* ? ”—*Timon* III., v, 42.

The cognate word *repugnant* :—

“ His antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
*Repugnant* to command.”—*Hamlet*, II. ii, 191.

And the word *Repugn* occurs in 1 *Hen. VI.*, IV. i, 94, “ Stubbornly he did *repugn* the truth about a certain question in the law.”

Bacon uses the word *oppugn* in the same way. In his charge against Somerset, he says :—

“ This marriage and purpose did Overbury mainly *oppugn*.”—*Life* V., 313.

Now, as Shakespeare's *mere oppugnancy* means entire and uncompromising opposition, *mere* being the Latin *merus*, complete, entire ; so *mainly oppugn* means the same, *i.e.*, violent resistance even to main force.

(*To be continued.*)

## NOTES ON THE “INDUCTION” TO “TAMING OF THE SHREW.”

SLY.—“ Look in the Chronicles.”

PAGE.—“ It is a kind of history.”

CASUALLY reading the above “Induction” in the “Whitehall Shakespeare” now in course of publication, I was incited by the words used at its commencement, *viz.*, “*Paucus pallabris; let the world slide, Sessa!*” to connote the passages with the introductory portion of the old play, *Taming of a Shrew*, upon which it is apparently based.

It doubtless has often been noticed that, although the Induction takes its general idea from the old play, the wording is almost entirely altered, and words are introduced which would seem surplusage except for their allusive character.

"Pocas Palabras" is Spanish for "few words." "Let the world slide" seems to mean *Let things go on as they are. Make no attempt to alter prevailing misconceptions.* Cessa! (Spanish) *Be silent.*

This is hardly the language a travelling tinker would address to the landlady of a country inn. It occurred to me that the author was addressing his intimates, and ambiguously referring to matters of common but secret knowledge, or that he was putting matters for unravelment in "future ages" by those who are advised in the preface to the First Folio to "Reade him therefore, and againe and againe."

Bacon, in the "Advancement of Learning," refers to a method, the object of which is "to remove the vulgar capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledges, and to reserve them to selected auditors, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil."

What, then, is the Induction, as it appears to one who has read it suspiciously "and againe and againe."

1. Taken as a whole, it reads as a figurative allusion to the drunken beggar of Wincott (Shakspur) being gradually brought to the assumption that he was the author of the plays published in his name—

"Would not the beggar then forget himself."

2. I believe I am correct in saying that in this Induction are the only references to the neighbourhood of Shakspur's home which occur in all the plays. They are to be found in those sentences in which the beggar tells us who and what he is.

He calls himself "Christophero Sly." In the old play there is no Christian name, and "Sly" is written "Slie." The "o" in Christophero is not repeated a few lines further on. Can it have been intended to serve a special purpose? Singularly "Christophero Sly" contains the same number of letters as "William Shakspur."

Singularly, also, the name of the "fat ale wife of Wincot," Marian Hacket, contains the same number of letters as Anne Hathaway. Including the hyphen, Shake-speare has the same number of letters as Francis Bacon.

It is suspicious in passing to note that the name Christopher was borne by another person, Marlowe, as to whose authorship of plays there has been considerable difference of opinion.

To continue the enquiry, Christopher tells us he is "Old Sly's son, of Barton Heath." Barton-on-Heath is a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and we have it on the authority of biographers, that Shakspur's father, John Shakspur, came to Stratford to settle from some village in the county.

"By birth a pedlar," Shakspur's father is described on the register of the Bailiffs' Court of Stratford as a "Glover." This doubtless involved the making of leather gloves and other leather articles of farming gear. Is it too much to imagine that, when made, he carried them about to the various farms for sale?

"By education a card maker," it seems natural that the youth, William Shakspur, should have been employed in making for his father the instruments of leather and wire with which wool was at that day carded.

"By transmutation a bear-herd," Shakspur's occupation during the early period of his life in London, appears, to use the words of Thackeray's "Jeames," to be "wrop in mistry."

Probably he endeavoured to make himself generally useful; but seeing how wrathful Shakesperian biographers are at the suggestion that he held horses for gentlemen frequenting the playhouses, instead of cultivating the classics, I hesitate to suggest this to be an allusion to his employment at the Bear-garden, near which, according to Alleyn, he resided. Bear-baiting was a great sport in those days, and the care of the animals would find occupation for many young countrymen needing situations.

"And now by present profession a *Tinker*."

This may or may not be an allusive word. Dr. Schmidt in his Shakesperian Lexicon gives "Tinker" as a name given to a proverbial tippler. Perhaps it may allude to a noisy actor who "bombasts out his blank verse." The inference however, is not strong.

3. In the latter portion of the Induction the author lays stress upon the pseudo-lord having for fifteen years been in a dream, and his lady "being all this time abandoned from your bed."

I venture to suggest that the lady as described in the following lines is no mortal person, but rather, some idealisation of the author's. If we can assume that ideal to be "Truth," and the period of the publication of the plays in Shakspur's name

to be alluded to in the frequent references to fourteen (twice seven years) and fifteen years, we have a further insight into the story at once concealed and revealed :—

"Thou hast a *lady* far more beautiful,  
Than any *woman* in this waning age,  
And till the tears that she hath shed for thee  
She was the fairest creature in the world,  
And yet she is inferior to none."

I think the above can hardly be the description of a woman. Those Readers of Baconiana who may think with me that "Truth" is referred to, may go further and agree that the line

"Being all this time abandoned from your bed"

is an allusion to the false assumption of authorship of the plays. Again that the following :—

*Sly.*—"Madam, undress you and come now to bed."  
*Page.*—"Thrice noble lord, let me entreat you  
To pardon me yet for a night or two;  
Or if not so, until the sun be set :"

alludes to the intention that the truth about the authorship was not to be made known for a time; at any rate, not until the "sun be set," that is to say, until after the death of the real author.

4. It is curious, in considering the following lines :—

*Sly.*—"I know it well—What must I call her ?  
*Lord.*—"Madam" (query *Truth*).  
*Sly.*—"Al'ce Madam, or Joan Madam ?"

that Alice was the name of the wife of Francis Bacon, Joan that of a sister of Shakspur.

Curious again that Sly should be made to say :—

"We came in with Richard the Conqueror."

May this be an allusion to the putting forward of Shakspur as the author of the play of Richard II., when Queen Elizabeth was so incensed about its frequent performance ?

6. Curious again that, with the slight reference to hounds in the old play, the author of the "Induction" should devote many lines to hounds and their qualities. Are Merriman,

Clowder, Silver, Belman, Echo, allusions to the assumed names of members of some secret society ?

There is, of course, great danger of overstating your case in dealing with a subject of this kind. But I think it is certainly one for investigation by those abler than myself to arrive at safe conclusions. As a student for some time past of all the literature bearing upon the Bacon-Shakspur controversy I have been struck with the fact that all the clues seem to point so uniformly in one direction, *viz.*, to the master-mind of Francis Bacon.

P. W.

## ON SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

### PART II.

BACON, during a fit of sickness at the age of sixty-five, translated certain Psalms into English verse, making three hundred and twenty-two lines of poetry, in all which he dedicates to "my very good friend, Mr. George Herbert," as "this poor exercise of my sickness," and which will, I think, considering the circumstances, compare favourably with some lines taken from what we call Shakspere, although one Shakesporean writer (and many other Shaksperians harp on the same string) says:—

"Can any person, with a spark of poetry in his soul, take these Baconian paraphrases for any form of poetry at all, or believe that a man capable of writing the Shaksperean plays could hand down such specimens to posterity?"

I grant the specimens selected are not of the highest order of poetry; but is it at all difficult to select from Shakspere lines here and there of the same order?

In the following twenty-four lines, twelve are from the Psalms, and twelve from the plays:—

"In the beginning, with a mighty hand,  
He made the world by counterpoise to stand,  
Never to move, but to be fixed still,  
Yet hath no pillars but his sacred will.  
The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,  
What is her burying grave that is her womb,

And from her womb, children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find.  
 The moon, so constant in inconstancy,  
 Doth rule the monthly seasons orderly;  
 The sun, eye of the world, doth know his race,  
 And when to shew, and when to hide his face.  
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dark dew to dry,  
 I must upfil this osier cage of ours  
 With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.  
 The compass heaven smooth without grain or fold,  
 All sets with spangs of glittering stars untold,  
 And striped with golden beams of power unpent,  
 Is raised up for a removing tent.  
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
 And, where the worsor is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Shakspereans seem to forget that Bacon, in these translations, is dealing with other people's matter and language; not his own.

In Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, we read:—

"Bacon, like Sidney, was a warbler of poetic prose. No English writer has surpassed him in fervour and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significancy of imagery."

Professor Blackie, in his introduction to Bacon's Essays says:—"Another virtue of the book is one which is not frequently found in union with the scientific or philosophical intellect; viz., a poetical imagination. Bacon's similes, for their aptness and their vividness, are of the kind of which Shakspere, or Goethe, or Richter might have been proud."

Addison says that "he had the sound distinct comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle: with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero."

In the Dictionary of National Biography (published by Smith, Elder & Co.) we read:—"There is something about Bacon's diction, his quaintness of expression, and his power of illustration, which lays hold of the mind, and lodges itself in the memory, in a way which we hardly find praralleled by any other author, unless it be Shakspere. What Bacon says of Plato

is pre-eminently true of himself, he was a man of sublime genius, which took a view of everything as from a high rock."

Professor Nichol, LL.D., says: "Bacon, as orator and writer, had no equal in his age, the sphere of whose efficacy is wide as the Universe."

Macaulay says of Bacon: "With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being."

Carlyle says: "If called to define Shakspeare's faculty, I should say superiority of intellect, and think I had included all under that."

When Carlyle said Shakspeare, of course he meant the author of "Shakspeare."

Ben Jonson says that Bacon "is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece and haughty Rome."

Bacon himself, in a letter to Sir John Davies, speaks of himself as a concealed poet.

And, in a letter to the Earl of Essex, again he says:

"I profess not to be a poet, but I prepared a sonnet directly tending to draw on Her Majesty's reconciliation to my Lord, which I remember I also shewed to a person, one of my Lord's nearest friends, who commended it. This though it be, as I said, but a toy, yet it shewed plainly in what spirit I proceeded."

Now is this not equivalent to saying, "I am a poet, but for some private reason of my own, do not openly profess it"?

But I do not profess to have "a spark of poetry in my soul," and therefore may be mistaken about "such specimens"\*; yet I do profess to have a spark of honesty in my soul, and therefore would not willingly misquote an author. I am afraid that is more than can be said of Mr. Charles H. Higgins, M.D., the Shakspearean writer before quoted, for he goes on to say:

"There is one more proof suggested by Judge Holmes that Bacon, and Bacon alone, could have been the writer of Shakspeare's plays—and that is the numerous close parallelisms, which, he asserts, are to be found between certain passages of Lord Bacon's undoubted writings and the plays—parallelisms in thought, in expressions, nay even in words. Here are a few samples selected for their brevity. . . . I have carefully gone over every one of the very numerous parallelisms given by Judge Holmes, and I have no hesitation in declaring

\* As Mr. Higgins calls the translations of the Psalms by Bacon.

that without a predetermination to find the resemblances to which he refers, it would puzzle any ordinary capacity to detect the identity which he insists upon. Every example he brings forward is far-fetched, mistaken, or forced. Moreover, the Judge omits the passages which show the direct opposite; as, for example, the contrariety between Bacon's statement about the tides of the Mediterranean and what we find about them in *Othello*. The Moor likens the violent pace of his thoughts to the *compulsive course* of the Pontick sea, which 'keeps due on'; while Bacon, in his tract 'on the Ebb and Flow of the sea,' says that it has only a *very weak course—hardly any, indeed.*"

Now, if we read the above carefully, we shall find the "contrariety" consists in a misunderstanding, or something worse, on the part of Mr. Higgins.

### ACT III. SCENE III.

*Othello*. "O blood, blood, blood!"

*Iago*. "Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change."

*Othello*. "Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love."

That which constitutes a tide is ebb and flow. In the Mediterranean, as is well known, there is none, or hardly any. But in some parts there are continuous or compulsive courses or currents, such as Bacon and the dramatist speak of. It is not the violent pace of "*Othello's*" thoughts but his will which "shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love," he likens to that sea which "Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on."

This passage which "the judge omits," and which "shows the direct opposite" when misquoted, fairly quoted turns from a "contrariety" to a "parallelism."

Mr. Charles H. Higgins, M.D., makes just such another blunder, only this time without the appearance of being wilful.

"There is another noteworthy divergence between *Lord Bacon* (*sic*) and the dramatist which I must place before you. We know from his own statements that Lord Bacon refused to admit the Copernican or *solar* system of astronomy; he being the sole dis-



tinguished scientist of his time who still upheld the Ptolemaic doctrine, that the earth was the centre of the universe, around which revolved the other heavenly bodies including the *sun*.

"Now here is a passage from the dramatist which clearly shows that he held a different view on the subject :—

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order :  
And therefore is the *glorious planet Sol*  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the others."

"A single discrepancy between two writings more forcibly points to separate writers than any number of so-called parallelisms, or similarities in words and phrases, can possibly indicate a unity of authorship."

Could we possibly have the Ptolemaic system of astronomy more beautifully and forcibly expressed in poetry? "*The glorious planet Sol*" (in *italics*), and as if that were not enough, the earth not a planet but "this centre." The two cardinal points of difference between the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems! What more could be wished to prove (alas! and that is all) that the ancient Greek, for whom our dramatist was writing, had not adopted the Copernican system. Where the discrepancy comes in I cannot imagine, except in the misunderstanding of our worthy M.D.

It is quite true that the great father of modern philosophy did not rashly accept or adopt the Copernican system; nor did he rashly reject it, as anyone may see by reading his "Advancement of Learning." And it is also quite true that the great father of dramatic poetry did not rashly adopt the Copernican system of astronomy, as anyone may see (that is, anyone who knows the real difference between the two systems) by reading "Bacon's Cipher in Shakspeare's sonnets," in which the dramatist (whoever he be) speaks of five hundred years as the limit of time for all posterity to see "this composed wonder of his frame." However, he does not call it five hundred years, but five hundred courses of the sun, thus proving that he had not adopted the Copernican system of astronomy.

But, then, Shakspeare also may not have adopted the Copernican system; yet I am inclined to think that our

"sweet and lovely Shakspeare" troubled himself very little about any system of astronomy whatsoever, for it must have been very difficult for a man in those days, with "small Latin and less Greek," to learn much about ancient philosophies and astronomies, although we see such learning in almost every line of the plays, just as we find it in Bacon's other writings.

Really true "parallelisms" are not at all difficult to find, and to be seen by anyone sufficiently unprejudiced against the fact that "Time's best jewel," or the "greatest birth of Time," was produced by the greatest mortal of all time. Many passages are necessarily strikingly similar in sentiment, for how could the true author of Shakspeare essentially differ from Bacon, if the following description, given by George L. Craik, LL.D., be true?

"Bacon belongs, not to mathematical or natural science, but to literature and to moral science in its most extensive acceptation,—to the realm of imagination, of wit, of eloquence, of æsthetics, of history, of jurisprudence, of political philosophy, of logic, of metaphysics, and the investigation of the powers and operations of the human mind. He is either not at all, or in no degree worth mentioning, an investigator or expounder of mathematics, or of mechanics, or of astronomy, or of chemistry, or of any other branch of geometrical or physical science : but he is a most penetrating and comprehensive investigator, and a most magnificent expounder, of that higher wisdom in comparison with which all these things are but a more intellectual sort of leger-de-main. All his works, his essays, his philosophical writings, commonly so-called, and what he has done in history, are of one and the same character; reflective and, so to speak, *poetical*, not simply demonstrative, or elucidatory of mere matter of fact. What, then, is his glory?—in what did his greatness consist? In this, we should say:—that an intellect at once one of the most capacious and one of the most profound ever granted to mortal—in its powers of vision, at the same time one of the most penetrating and one of the most far reaching—was in him united and reconciled with an almost equal endowment of the imaginative faculty; and that he is, therefore, of all philosophical writers, the one in whom are found together, in the largest proportions, depth of thought and splendour of eloquence."

And here is what Bacon says of the Drama:—

"Dramatic poetry, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed, for the stage is capable of

no small use both of discipline and corruption. Now of corruptions of this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our time been plainly neglected. And though in modern states play-acting is esteemed but as a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting; yet amongst the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's minds to virtue. Nay, 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."

Now, since the author of Shakespere himself says in the Sonnets (as has been already shown) that the fame of these poetical works has been transferred to his "friend Will," for a time—"to grow," need there be any doubt as to the author being the "concealed poet," Francis Bacon?

"Look! what thy memory cannot contain

Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find

Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain

To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,

Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book."

*Sonnet 77.*

M. A. GOODWIN.

## NOTES.

Mrs. E. B. WOOD, in her very interesting article upon Saint Albans, in the last number of "Baconiana," gives the following extract:—

*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 Brooke'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"—(pp. 174, *Baconiana*, Oct. 1897).

It may be noticed that this was written exactly one hundred years after Lord Bacon's death, which took place in 1626. But what is far more pertinent is the quotation from the third book of the latin poet Horace's Odes:—

Una de multis, face nuptiali  
 Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem  
*Splendide mendax*, et in omne virgo  
 NOBILIS ÆVUM.

"Only one out of so many, worthy of the nuptial torch, gloriously deceived her perjured father, and acquired a reputation that shall last through all future ages."

This is the story of *Hypermnestra*, one of the *Danaïdes*, to which Horace is alluding. The *Danaïdes* were the fifty daughters of *Danaüs* (brother of *Ægyptus*, King of Egypt), who all, with the exception of *Hypermnestra*, by their father's command, slew their husbands upon their wedding night. For this they were all condemned in Hell to fill a tub with water, the bottom of which was pierced, and full of holes, that it could not retain any, by which means their labour was perpetually renewed.

In short we have in this story of *Hypermnestra's* virtue, a most splendid example of self-sacrifice, and magnificent falsehood! There can therefore be very little doubt that the application of this classical tale to Lord Bacon, contains points it would be as well to endeavour to elucidate.

Let us, in the first place, take a survey of the entire Ode in which this episode is described? It is addressed to Mercury. Horace begs Mercury to dictate a song to him, that might bend the stubborn heart of Lyde. "Oh, Mercury (for by your instruc-

tions the teachable Amphion made the stones follow him by the force of his music), and you, my harp, who with your seven strings are capable to render the most agreeable sounds, you who formerly had neither harmony, nor a power to please, but are now so acceptable at the tables of the rich, and in the temples of the Gods; inspire airs, to which Lyde may apply her obstinate ears; who, like a mare of three years old, plays and leaps in the spacious fields, and, as yet unacquainted with love, and not of age for marriage, fears to be touched by a husband.

"You can draw after you the most savage tigers, command the attendance of the woods, and stop the course of the swiftest currents. Cerberus, the frightful porter of the infernal regions, yielded to the sweetness of your notes; although, like the Furies, his head is surrounded by a hundred serpents, and pestilential fumes, and a poisonous matter flows from his three-tongued mouth.

"Yea, even Ixion and Tityus, moved by the sweetness of your verse, smiled with an unwilling countenance; and the urn of the Danaïdes remained for some time dry.

"Let Lyde hear the crime and punishment of these ladies, and their urn empty of water, which always runs through its pierced bottom; and the decrees of the Fates, which, though late, never fail to overtake a criminal even in hell.

"Perfidious wretches! For what greater crime could they commit? Perfidious wretches! who could plunge a dagger into the breasts of their husbands. Only one, out of so many worthy of the nuptial torch, gloriously deceived her perjured father, and acquired a reputation that shall last through all future ages."

"Rise, said she to her young husband, rise, lest death come upon you from a hand that you nowise suspect. Deceive and give the slip to your father-in-law, and my wicked sisters; who, like so many lionesses that have seized upon young calves, destroy, alas! their own husbands. I, more humane than they, neither attempt your life, nor detain you here.

"Let my father load me with cruel chains, because I had the clemency to save my wretched husband; let him banish me to the most distant parts of Numidia. Fly, whither the winds and your good fortune carry you, while the night and Venus favour you; go with happy auspices, and remember to engrave upon my tomb an epitaph that shall convey to latest posterity your regret and my piety."—(Watson's translation, Book III., Ode XI., Horace's Odes.)

Ostensibly this Ode is addressed to and concerns *Lyde*, with whom Horace is supposed to be enamoured. But with that we have nothing to do, nor is it easy to understand why the story of the Danaïds and the particular history of Hypermnestra is related to her, unless we are to understand that it is Mercury who is inspiring Horace with the object of fortifying Lyde against the poet's passion, by means of an example of virtue and piety. But one point strikes us at once—it is the power and genius of poetry extolled and exemplified in the person of Orpheus which distinguishes the first part of the Ode, and even Mercury is invoked as a second Orpheus, who taught Amphion how to sing. Horace calls upon his own seven-stringed harp of Apollo, and points out how, when Orpheus played, the very powers of the infernal regions were mollified. The poet is alluding, of course, to the story of the descent of Orpheus to Hell, where he bent the stubborn soul of Pluto, and obtained of him his dear Eurydice. And then we are told that, moved by the sweetness of the verse of Orpheus, "*the urn of the Danaïdes remained for some time dry.*"

At this point we arrive at the second part of the Ode. At line twenty-five Mercury dictates to Horace the story of the fable of the Danaïdes, and particularly that part of it which relates to the splendid self-sacrifice of Hypermnestra, and her magnificent dissimulation.

This Ode of Horace, closely criticised, reveals the poet glorifying his art—the power of poetry over death and hell—illustrated by the example of Orpheus, and fitly addressed to Mercury, who, as the god of wisdom and eloquence, was besides the Psychopomp, or guardian of the ghosts in the nether world, and the guide with his wand to the Elysian fields. Horace refers to the last point in his Ode to Mercury (Book I, Ode X). In effect, the Ode we are discussing exclaims: "What a wonderful gift, what a happy power, is that of poetry! For poetry is inspired by the wisdom and eloquence of Mercury, who taught Amphion, with his four-stringed lyre, and by the seven-stringed harp of Apollo also! Do you not see its power over Hell, death, and oblivion, as shown by Orpheus? And now I, Horace, am about to show you, Lyde, how, inspired by Mercury, my poetry is about to rescue Hypermnestra from Lethe, and give her immortality."

The student is begged to remark the importance of this parallel applied to the case of Lord Bacon. If he is compared

to the virtuous and pious Hypermnestra, *it is because poetry and wisdom can alone rescue him from the self-inflicted punishment caused by his glorious falsehood.* We are also given to understand by the parallel that whatever applies to Hypermnestra may be applied to Francis Bacon. It is therefore interesting to find Apollodorus saying that her father shut Hypermnestra up in a close prison; and she writes to the same effect to her husband Lynceus:

Clausa domo teneor, gravibusque coercita vinclis.

“I am shut up in prison, and loaded with heavy chains.” In Ovid she dictates the epitaph which she would have Lynceus engrave upon her tomb:

Exul Hypermnestra, pretium pietatis iniquum  
Quam morti fratri depulit, ipsa tulit.

“Exiled Hypermnestra has met with a very unjust recompense for her piety; she has lost her own life because she saved that of her husband.”

Note that the first part of this Ode is devoted to the eulogy of Orpheus, which touches Bacon very closely, seeing that one of his fables in his *Wisdom of the Ancients* is entitled *Orpheus*, and also seeing that *Orpheus* was the founder of the Bacchic rites, out of which sprang the drama! Bacon alludes to *Orpheus Theatre*, upon page forty-nine of his *Advancement of Learning* (1640). Indeed, we Baconians believe this is a title applied esoterically to the entire 1623 Folio plays known as Shakespeare's. In Horace's praises of the powers of poetry and wisdom we may recognise the power Orpheus exercised over death, seeing he descended to the infernal regions in order to redeem a soul confined there, as Hypermnestra is, though unjustly.

The story of the Danaïdes is evidently a parable embracing arcane wisdom. The moral of their punishment is labour expended in vain, a sort of *Love's Labours Lost*. It stands to reason the parallel was instituted by some one who knew that Lord Verulam had sacrificed himself by a magnificent falsehood, and that his labours were in vain, and his self-inflicted punishment unjust. It is, indeed, Bacon's *Wisdom, or Mercury*, which he calls the “*Word of God*” (in his fable of Pan), which can

alone undo this punishment and rescue him from the underworld of his own art.

Est in Mercurio quicquid quærunt sapientes.

*i.e.*, All is in Hermes that the wise seek.

It is important to furnish direct proof that Bacon's Advancement of Learning, or *De Augmentis*, is an esoteric or veiled work. Such a proof, furnished in the shape of a downright statement, may be found in the first English edition of the *De Augmentis*, viz. the Advancement of Learning, translated by Gilbert Watts, and published at Oxford 1640.

Let the reader pass over the Instauration Prefaces and introductions which terminate pages 60, 61. He will thereon find a series of synoptical tables of each of the nine books of the work, entitled, *Platforms of the Design*. At the end, and following the table of the ninth book, he will discover a final synoptical table of the entire work, with the following title at the top of the page:—

*"The Emanation of Sciences from the Intellectual Faculties of Memory, Imagination, Reason."*

At the very foot of the page he will find these words:—The preparation to these books is *popular*, not *acroamaticque*: Relates the prerogatives and derogations of Learning.—Liber I. (page 71).

Now, this is a very clever (because indirect) way of informing us, without too much noise, that Book number one is quite distinct in character from the succeeding eight books of the Advancement. Inasmuch as Liber I. is *popular* only, we are forced to infer that the remaining eight books are *acroamaticque*, and not *popular*! It is therefore, very important for us to realize the meaning of this word. *ἀκροαματικός* (according to Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary) is equivalent in meaning to another Greek word *ἑσωτερικός*; meaning private, as was applied to the instructions and doctrines of Pythagoras. Plutarch is cited as using the expression *αἱ ἀκρ διδασκαλίαι*—*i.e.*, the esoteric doctrines of philosophers delivered orally (Plut. Alex. 7). In short, *Acroamatic* means *secret doctrine*, and like *esoteric*, was reserved for the initiates of the school of Pythagoras. It is related that this philosopher taught his pupils *from behind a drawn curtain*.

Lord Bacon writes:—"There is another use of parabolical poetry, opposite to the former, which tendeth to the folding up



of those things the dignity whereof deserves to be retired and distinguished as *with a drawn curtain*" (page 108, Adv. of Learning, 1640). But if this is not sufficient to satisfy the student, he will find another startling and more striking confirmation in the *Deficient of Bacon's New World of Sciences*, entitled, "*The Wisdom of Private Speech*," which proves that Bacon had so far studied this particular point and subject as to raise it into a science!

If there be people who doubt whether any of Bacon's works are unacknowledged by his name, the following statement by Archbishop Tenison, to be found on page seventy-nine of *Baconiana, or Lord Bacon's Remains*, may enlighten them:—"Those who have true skill in the works of Lord Verulam, like great masters in painting, can tell by the *design, the strength, the way of colouring*, whether he was the author of this or the other piece, *though his name be not to it*" (*Baconiana*, p. 79, 1679).

Now, this is proof furnished by a divine of high standing (and published years after Bacon's death) that pieces were known to exist which were Bacon's writings, *but which did not bear his name!* The italics in which the words, *design, strength, colouring* are placed are not ours. It is easy to see by the language and allusions to *masters in painting*, that the writer has poetry in his mind's eye. The Sonnets—Ben Jonson—Bacon—each and all describe poetry as a species of painting!

In Bacon's 1625 Essay of *Simulation and Dissimulation*, we read:—

"There be three degrees of this *hiding and veiling of Man's Self*. The first, *Closeness, Reservation, and Secrecy*; when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is. The second, *Dissimulation*, in the negative; when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not, that he is. And the third, *Simulation*, in the affirmative; when a Man industriously and expressly feigns, and pretends to be, that he is not.

"For the first of these, *Secrecy*. It is, indeed, the virtue of a confessor; and assuredly, the *secret man* heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or babler? But if a man be thought *secret*, it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the open. And as in Confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so *secret men* come to the knowledge of many things in that kind; while

men rather discharge their minds, than impart their minds. In few words, *Mysteries* are due to *Secrecy*. Besides (to say Truth) *Nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body.*—Therefore, set it down, *that an habit of Secrecy is both politic and moral.* For the second, which is *Dissimulation*, it followeth many times upon *Secrecy* by a necessity, so that, he that will be *Secret* must be a *dissembler*, in some degree." (British Museum Copy, 1625).

This is a most important passage. For Bacon opens his Distribution Preface to the Instauration, with exactly the same word we find here already, viz., that "*Nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as body.*" (*Vid.* Distribution Preface in the Adv. of Learning, 1640). Now, Bacon's Distribution Preface is an explanation of the six parts of his Instauration. In the above essay we find that this remark about the uncomeliness of the naked mind, is a sort of conclusion, and in every sense in context with the subject of *closeness, reservation, and secrecy!*

We are, therefore justified in the induction that Bacon's entire Instauration has been written in a style of *closeness, reservation, and secrecy*, for the same thought, expressed in identical words, is found in this essay (a particular section thereof), upon "*the hiding and veiling of a man's self,*"—and in the opening words of the great Distribution Preface!

Let me remark here that this roundabout way of reserving his mind or intentions is what Bacon calls *proof in orb or circle* (*vid.* Thirty-fourth Deficient of the New World of Sciences upon *Analogia or judgment*). That is to say, he is never direct without reservation, *in one place*,—but leaves it for us to piece together the various fragments which bear upon the same subject. In this same essay we read—"For the first of these, *Secrecy*. It is, indeed, the virtue of a *confessor*." Let me point out, the parallel, that the greatest, and, perhaps, only perfect example of *hiding and veiling of a man's self* in the play, is that of the "Duke," in *Measure for Measure*, who plays the part of a confessor. Continuing from this essay:—"The great advantages of Simulation and Dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition and to surprise. For where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarum to call up all that are against them. The second is to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat."

It is to be observed that these two characters of Simulation and Dissimulation could be applied to Shakespeare and Bacon—Shakespeare pretending to be that which he was not, and Bacon forced to dissemble, or dissimulate, because of secrecy in

his intentions with regard to his instauration. However that may be, it is writ large in this essay, that Bacon *made a particular study of self-concealment in all its parts*, and this is the more striking, when we find in his essay upon Truth, unsparing detestation of falsehood, and the words—"The knowledge of Truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—(Truth).

Mr. Goodwin calls attention to the following lines of Ben Jonson:—

“ Call, noble Shakespere, 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.”

(*Baconiana*, Oct. 1897, Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, p. 186.)

I take the liberty to point to the hint given in the fourth line:—

“ And think, nay know, *thy* origin's not dead.”

To most people the suggestion of *another individual*, as the origin or fountainhead, feeding Shakespeare's supposed genius, yet concealed, must be so obvious that comment on this line may seem almost impertinence. Nevertheless, as the verses are ambiguously written, and open to discussion, it may not be amiss to point out a few facts. Observe that Shakespeare is addressed in the second person *as present*, but “*thy* origin” is addressed *in the third person as somebody not present to the writer*. If Shakespeare had been the “*origin*,” Ben Jonson would have employed the word *thou*:—

*Thou* hast lept the present age.

The pronoun “*he*” is twice introduced; and Ben Jonson is not thinking of Shakespeare in the last line, else he would have said:—

And there *thou* liv'st with memory and Ben.

But the entire context is big with our argument, which is for dull ears only. To leap the present age means to be nothing (in that age) with regard to what the writer connects with Shakespeare; it is the *future age* with which Shakespeare's *origin* is identified. In Latin the word *origo* means the source, beginning, original, or moving cause. We find it used by Roman writers in the sense of founder, in context sometimes with concealment and imposture. For example, Horace writes:—

“Fontium *origines* celat Nilus.”—(*Hor. Od. IV.*, 14-45.)

Paterculus:—

“Pseudophilippus appellatus a mendacio, simulatæ originis.”  
(*I*, 11, 6.)

Ben Jonson intends to convey in a guarded way the hint that Shakespeare's fame was spurious or derived—a *mere copy of an original*, who had sacrificed the present for the sake of being discovered by posterity!

In support of this poem by Ben Jonson, another by him upon *Poet Ape* may be fitly introduced here:—

#### ON POET APE.

Poor poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,  
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,  
From brokage has become so bold a thief,  
That we the robbed have rage and pity it.  
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,  
*By the reversion of old plays.*—(*Epigrams*, 51.)

This is evidently a *play manager*—just what Shakespeare was! Old plays are only purchased for the sake of representation. Besides being a theatrical manager, this *Poet Ape* lays claim to be *our chief*—another hint for Shakespeare. In this striking picture we may perceive a certain sort of progress in pilfering—which commenced by mere *brokage* and *purchase*—and ends by *bold theft*, and downright claim to supremacy! Certainly this last poem differs from the first, in which Ben Jonson calls Shakespeare *noble*. But, understand, these two poems were written *at widely different periods*, the last, perhaps, after Ben Jonson had discovered the impudence of the imposter poet, and all is explained!

The first poem bears evidence of Ben Jonson's intention to remind Shakespeare to be modest, and remember that the real

genuine Shakespeare was not dead ; the second poem is addressed to a man who, having grown bold in power and audacity, had cast aside all scruple, and who posed for what he pretended to be, without regard to honesty of purpose, or the rightful claim of others—a downright literary thief! It is here to be remarked that Ben Jonson associates himself with the origin of Shakespeare in some fraternity of priestly and poetical brotherhood:—

Of which *we priests and poets say,*  
Such truths as we expect for happy men :  
And there he lives with memory and Ben.

This society may be refound, I think, in Chester's "Love's Martyr." They were the brethren of the Rosy Cross.

W. W.

## MONTAIGNE AND SHAKSPERE.

BY J. M. ROBERTSON.\*

A CAREFULLY handled treatise and cleverly worked out, the author has evidently taken a good deal of trouble and labour in collecting his material and shaping it. The subject and aim of the book is (briefly) an endeavour to trace the extent and period of the influence that Montaigne's essays had upon the plays of Shakspeare—an influence which is made evident at first sight by comparing certain passages of either author. The plays that appear to be most thoroughly impregnated with Montaigne's views and philosophy are *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, and *Measure for Measure*. The subject, as Mr. Robertson himself informs us, is no new one ; for, "that Shakspeare in one scene in the *Tempest* versifies a passage from the prose of Florio's translation of Montaigne's chapter of the cannibals has been recognised by all the commentators since Capell (1767), who detected the transcript from a reading of the French only." The play that Mr. Robertson has specially treated is *Hamlet*. Of the first quarto edition of that play, published piratically in 1603, there is not much to be noticed in connection with the essays, but in 1604, when the second quarto was issued, with many alterations and

\* Published by the University Press. Price 5s.

additions, ideas and phrases used may easily be identified, some of the most striking of which are given below. *Hamlet*, V., ii.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

Cp. Montaigne, III., 8. "My consultation doth somewhat *roughly hew* the matter, and by its first shew lightly consider the same; the main and chief point of the work I am wont to resign to heaven." Similar ideas of divinity shaping man's ends are to be found in several other places in both authors. Other striking coincidences of expression are "Discourse of reason," found twice in *Hamlet*, I., ii.; and in *Troilus and Cresida* the same expression appears again, II., ii.; "Discourse of thought," in *Othello*, IV., ii.; and "Discourse," in *Hamlet's* last soliloquy, IV., iv. The phrase "discourse of reason" appears at least four times in Florio's translation, I., 19; II., 4; II., 12; and II., 33. With one more quotation I will pass on from this point. This is the word consummation used in *Hamlet's* soliloquy on suicide. Florio has, "If it (death) be a consummation of one's being, it is also an amendment and entrance into a long and quiet night. We find nothing so sweet in life as a quiet and gentle sleep, and without dreams." It is hard to explain the barefaced manner in which Shakspeare steals from Montaigne. Mr. Robertson's solution of the difficulty is that Shakspeare was a deep student and reader of Montaigne, *vide* the fact of a copy of Florio's translation extant with Shakspeare's autograph in it, and also that quite possibly he read it in the original tongue, which seems like drawing a bow at a venture, as I believe it is generally received that it is very doubtful whether Shakspeare ever went to school at all, let alone being able to write, the only authentic signatures being palpably an extreme endeavour and labour and totally unlike. This fact renders it extremely unlikely that a man who could barely sign his name to his will should trouble himself about writing his name in a book which had no charm at all for him. For apart from the plays (which do not even bear his name and were never claimed by him), there is nothing in his life to justify the belief that he ever wrote a line. Passing on Mr. Robertson continues, "I have said above that we seem to see passing from Montaigne to Shakspeare a vibration of style as well as thought. A writer affects us often more by the pulse and pressure of his speech than by his matter. Such an action is indeed the secret

of all great literary reputation, and in no author of any age are the cadence of phrase and the bent of words more provocative of attention than in Montaigne. They must have affected Shakspeare as they have done so many others. . . . This fact of Montaigne's peculiar influence on other spirits comparatively considered may make it easier for some to conceive that his influence on Shakspeare could be so potent as has been above asserted. Amongst those whom we know him to have acted upon in the highest degree, setting aside the disputed case of Bacon, are Pascal, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Flaubert, Emerson, and Thoreau. Why, may I ask, does Mr. Robertson set aside Bacon? Not only was he a contemporary of Montaigne, but at the time of the publication of these essays his brother, Antony Bacon, was residing in France, whilst Francis himself went there in the train of Sir Anyas Paulet about the year 1579. There are deductions to be drawn from this which I will leave to the reader. Let him also consider the *racy English of Florio's so-called translation*, and compare it with Bacon's also racy English. The style, which I believe consists of words, expressions, and modes of thought, will be found to be almost identical in both authors. Mr. Robertson's final conclusion is to this effect, that the influence of Montaigne on Shakspeare was not a mere transference or imposition of opinions, but a living stimulus, a germination of fresh intellectual life which developed under new forms. As regards the general and final relation of Shakspeare's thought to that of Montaigne it may be summarised as follows, that though in certain points, Shakspeare does not agree with Montaigne, still, on the whole, he agrees with him inasmuch as he is an agnostic, and has but small beliefs in a future life, views probably existent before, but intensified by Montaigne, and to quote Mr. Robertson's own words, Shakspeare sounded a further depth of philosophy than Montaigne's unembittered cosmopolitan view of things. The charge of agnosticism is based on this: the plays of *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, and others are mostly old plays re-written by Shakspeare. The speeches dealing with religion are reproductions from the old plays, the new matter being in the nature of the pagan allusion to "the divinity that shapes our ends." What is definitely Shakesperian is just the agnostic conclusion. The examples and arguments are too lengthy to be entered upon here, and I can only refer the reader to the book, which will be worth his while to peruse, and which opens up a wide field of study. I

think that it may perhaps be a matter of interest to some to see the following inscription, which Mrs. Pott has kindly sent me.

Translation of the Greek inscription on the monument erected to the memory of Michel de Montaigne, "à la Faculté des Sciences et des lettres; cours 'Victor Hugo'" at Bordeaux.

"O thou who gazest upon my monument and my name, and who askest,—Is Montaigne dead?—Cease to be horrified! For this tomb is not mine. Fine figure, noble birth, wealth that which none can need greater; Honour, Power, and Influence, the passing toy of pleasure.

"From heaven I descended, a god-like scion in the land of chains. Neither the light sages of Greece—nor the three of Rome, but I alone! the only one in a whole nation, through the depth of my knowledge, and by the blooming of erudition; I who also through the wisdom of belief in Christ have overcome the scepticism of Pyrrho, so that the envy of Hellar and Ausonius are also overcome. I myself putting an end to envious strife, mounted into the realms of the immortals, and returned to my native country."

L. BIDDULPH.

## "MANES VERULAMIANI."

### *Conclusion.*

IN the following translations it has been considered desirable as much as possible, to compress the remaining pieces into a small compass. No attempt has therefore been made to versify the lines, which are translated almost literally.

TO SIR FRANCIS BACON, ATTORNEY TO THE KING.—*Strena.*

Listen, you new-born Time. Devouring Age attend. Neither the Father favours thee, nor the Son born of thee—cruelly dost thou hide thyself in an obscure stony tomb, losing together both thy name and fame. Give Ear, O Solemn Religion, insolent Time, to vows which I, as a prophet, pay to him, Patron of the public, and my own. He, seeing thee above, the world beneath him, tottering and reeling with a thousand turns, seeing



vicissitudes, continual change of follies, whilst still constant himself, he offered to our Age a mighty prop; he was one called by necessity to readjust the balance, after these wandering, whirling, motions, and with a care for all the country's weal.

'Twas he compelled the due administration of justice, public business, a practice formerly denied by malice, avarice. By an eternal vow, I thereby dedicate myself to this perpetual pillar—Constancy—the which, O Tyrant Time, howe'er thou storm and rage, shall ne'er be changed by thy destructive fury. Nor is this saying nothing more than words:—"You cannot change me though you ruin me."

BURRHUS.

The obscure passage at the beginning of this piece seems to mean that no thanks were due, either to the learning of the past century (*the Father*), nor the present century (*the Son*), for the New Philosophy and Literature everywhere springing up. This was Francis Bacon's own "Child," "the Heir of his Invention," the "New Birth of Time," the Second Revival of Learning to which he devoted his whole life and strength, "Constant as the Polar Star," "Constant to his purposes," unchanged even in ruin.

The headline assures us that these lines were written long before Bacon's death—if even his death did take place at the date assigned, namely, 1626. The present writer has found strong reasons for doubting the correctness of this date. In 1626 Francis Bacon *died to the world*. Had he truly died, where is any register of his death and burial? Where was he buried? Who saw him die? Who attended his funeral? With so many friends to write his elegies, was there not one to record his latest words, or to describe the place and circumstances of his burial, however quiet and private it may have been? It seems certain that he was *not* buried at St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's, either in the vaults beneath, or (unless cremated) in the monument. Surely this is a matter which should be thoroughly inquired. In a certain circle the facts are doubtless perfectly well known; but since we, the "profane vulgar," are carefully excluded from the chief portal of knowledge, we must mine the foundations, scale the walls, or enter by any back way which we may be able to discover for ourselves. It may, perhaps, afford some clue or hint to other searchers, if we state the opinion (not a fixed belief) that Francis Bacon must

have lived beyond the year 1640, perhaps no longer than 1641. The latter date would make him eighty at the time of his death, and this would give point to the comparison of him to Nestor, and also to the otherwise rather unmeaning line (at the beginning of an Elegy published in a previous number of this Magazine):—"If any man doubt that thou hast numbered eighty Decembers," etc. The poet seems to hint at the dulness or ignorance of him who doubts that the great Bacon was venerable and aged as Nestor.

The author of this "*Strena*" was a Sir John Burroughs, a clever, remarkable personage, of whom we shall have something to say if space is allowed in future numbers for chapters on the writers of the Elegies, and on the friends and collaborators of Francis Bacon. When books by him were published, or made to pass for his, Burroughs latinised his own name into *Burrrhus*, as signed in this instance. He died at Oxford in 1643, *in which year his name first appeared as an Author*. This, as we see, was many years subsequent to the writing of the present lament. The book in question, "*Impetus Juveniles*," consists chiefly of Epistles addressed to Sir Francis Bacon, and to several of his friends,—Sir Thomas Farnaby, Sir Henry Spelman (and others), into whose private history it would be well to make close inquiries.

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"To the Man, greater than all praise can reach, Francis Bacon,  
my sole venerated Patron."

Thus is it, Poets, with those to whom Fortune assigned, at their birth, vain, empty arts, with neither wealth, household, nor substance. May I, then, gird myself with modesty, for I know neither the chinking of coin nor the loaded board—as an island floating in a sea of broth, but destitute of meat.\* May they (the poets), living upon their own produce, be granted the taste of just so much wine as may suffice to moisten, when dry, the (palate of) the God of Art. Those who snatch at the spice and seasonings of life—the skirmishes of words which in the Arts stir strife—all that they catch they forthwith write in verse, thinking that ample credence is obtained by measuring feigned deeds with praise of song. Hence, not unfairly, we esteem

\* This obscure passage has also been interpreted "of jingling words and verbosity and of the flesh or body exiled—floating in a sea of difficulty or ignorance."

those men unequal to their virtuous qualities, whom Poesy—skilled architect of speech—fashions but at random on her anvil. But what have I to fear from such as these? Stay, Pomp and Envy! Listen, Flattery! and hear all you, with your ill-gotten gains; for you are not ashamed, although unwilling to help unfold these great mysterious things.

O Bacon! Literature's star, honey-sweet wine, glory of eloquence, learning, law, who breathed forth the breath of poetry, illustrious wast thou by their parents' stock, but greater far by qualities inborn, and gifts which cannot come by arbitrary chance. Now, Briton's laws stand firm for future times, freed from the ills Antiquity did brand; from laws, indeed, which were too rudely taught.

We (poets) mere camp-followers of Apollo, are yet a race untaught by learned men, making mere patchworks, smatterings of our art.

Poor wretches! You who speak of all our labours as nothing more than dreams and fantasies, now hearken to the Books and Treatises, children of Bacon—children of him who puts the ancients all to shame, claiming for him Posterity's sure admiration. Where else does such an august majesty flourish, commanding language all so sweet, persuasive, comely? And where else are contained such manifold meanings, wrapped in lines so brief, or bound up in so calm a chain of speech? Or trite sayings, from sources old and new, taken and easily made so fit for common use, yet so as ever to seem fresh and new?

Again, I say, my Patron, that nowhere, excepting in thy writings and thy books, do these (thy varied graces) shine in words. For those who toil and plod in writer's work seem mostly to assume the stoic style, or style still cheaper, easier, of the pedant. And to this cause the difference is due, that *whilst with them their style governs their subject, with you your subject ever governs your style.*

Hence is it that, with charm and gravity, thou alone art able at one time to pour forth floods of wisdom; at another, and with mellow wit (perchance, presiding at thy table), thou dost display such proofs of highest genius, knowledge still rarer and more wonderful, that, quite neglecting all the feast at table, by having tasted this food of the mind, we are struck by surprise to find that words like thine are more sustaining far than common food.

Who that loves discourse and wit but would be gladly bound

in chains like these, bonds and no bonds (of love and mutual knowledge)? There is a thing which knits me closer still; it is that, though thou art a man destined by Fate to live for the well-being of our Race, and for the World of Letters, yet even to me thou hast not disavowed thyself. Not to unmeriting me dost thou deny thy knowledge, though weighing in the sterner balance of thy genius my weak abilities, and powers of mind and body. I know that nothing can be met with anywhere worthy of thee, O greatest, best of Patrons!

Yet, perchance, my rural country, under a kindlier star, shall yield perennial fruit. Meanwhile, all that is purifying, all possible, or that is accomplished, thy Burrhus dedicates, proclaims, and vows it all to thee.

Most truly beholden to thy Name,

JOHN BURRHUS.

Afterward Golden Knight and Chief Herald, Member  
of the Garter.

This excellent and pithy summary of our Poet's literary graces contains one sentence, which we have italicised. It re-echoes Bacon's words about style:—"Style should be according to the subject matter." A hard saying to those who have but little variety of matter, and none of style. How frequently do we hear it asserted that "Bacon could not have written *Shakespeare*, because the styles are so entirely dissimilar." Certainly our mightiest Poet and noblest Orator would not adopt for the style of his Comedies, Tragedies, Sonnets, and heroic Verse, the "style" of his Law Tracts, Scientific Treatises, or even of his pithiest Essays. Yet the poetry is in the Essays, the Science in the Plays; and the Love songs, the Vocabulary, the peculiarities of Grammar, the Antitheses, the Quibbles, the Epigrams, Axioms, Analogies, Comparisons, Metaphors, Similes, and all else that makes up beautiful language, are everywhere. "Time, that great arbiter," will prove these things.

John Burroughs also bears witness to the truth of Dr. Wm. Rawley's record that the dinner-parties of Francis Bacon were rather refectations of the mind than of the stomach. He knew even of gentlemen who took notes of this table-talk (was John Selden one of these?), and the evidence of Ben Jonson is to the same effect. Men could not cough or turn aside their heads lest for an instant they should lose the words which fell from his lips.

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In eudem Virum Eloquentissimum.

Viderit utilitas, monita meliora,\* sed adde ex Ithaca,† faudi  
fictor,‡ et omne tenes.

E. F. REGAL.

We have printed these lines in the original Latin because their meaning seems obscure, and there may be differences of opinion as to their drift. The most suggestive translation submitted to us is, we think, the following, in which it will be observed that much has to be read between the lines :—

*Translation.*—If you wish to understand Bacon, it is useful to see (the motto) "*monita meliora*," give sage counsel. But add to this a composer of fiction, and you understand him altogether, understand his whole character.

To the Author of the Instauration.

Through the destruction and ruin of the old Authors must thou speedily erect the trophies of thine own fame, cut down a sacrifice almost offered which one may think ill-omened. Surely thy right hand bestows value on the oracle, and blood issues from the wound, so that honour may enter.

O, how happy are they who can follow thy camp! By thy example (we learn) that it is good to die.

At length, we ask him, "Who art thou?" For he walks not every day showing the same face.—"Dost thou extinguish in order to kindle?—Knowest thou not of Death?—Listen (to the answer as to who and what he is)—

Prince of Imagination or Ideas; High-Priest of Truth; Lord of Induction, and of Verulam; Sole Master of Things, not (solely) of Arts; a Torch of Erudition and of Elegance; the intimate Inspector of Nature's inmost parts; Treasure-house of Philosophy; Searcher of occult experiments and speculations; the Standard-bearer of Equity (in Law), Emancipator of the Sciences, before deficient and in pupilage; Store-house of Light, 'tis he who puts to rout Idols and clouds of the mind; Companion of the Sun; a square of certainty; scourge of sophistry;

\* *Monita meliora* was Bacon's motto, and is still the motto of the Earls of Verulam.

† "Penelope.—All the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths." (*Cor* i. 3.)

‡ Virgil *fauði fictor Ulysses*.—Is this allusion to F. B. as a writer of fiction a quibble?

a literary Brutus stripping off Tyranny from Authority; Stupendous Arbitrer of Reason and of Feeling; a polisher (with pumme) of the mind; Atlas incarnate; Hercules subduing Aristotle (the Stagyrice); Noah's Dove, which, finding no place of rest in the Arts of antiquity, returned to repose in his own mind, as in the Ark.

He had the keenness of a boring tool; he was a Child of Time born from his Mother, Truth; he was the Hive of Honey; Sole Priest of the world and human souls. Secure from errors in things of Nature; as a grain of mustard, which, sharp to the taste (of others) increases by itself.

O, me, most weary of life! May ye of the After Ages be able to delight in him.

The anonymous author here alludes to Bacon's early intention of raising up a new literature from the ruins of the old. The Rosicrucian allegory of the Six Dead Kings, their revival, and the hatching of the Phoenix Egg all tell the same tale. The wisdom of the Ancients, of Egypt, of Arabia, Persia, Judea, Greece, Rome, was to be, as Bacon himself declared, in a sense destroyed, though revived; that from its ruins a new literature should arise.

Observe in this poem the statement that men inquired who was this author? "*For he walks not every day showing the same face.*"

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#### Concerning the Recent Flood.

"Eridanus let loose his swollen streams of waters, and when he loosed them, the terror of the people was great. Trembling to think of the awful catastrophe of Pyrrah, they believed that the flood would extend as before. That grief was most bitter, and so were the tears, for the funeral that was to follow with new sacrificial rites; and, forsooth, in like manner streams of tears must flow forth from the whole human race, and from man's grieving heart, at thy death and thy funeral rites.

JAMES.

This rather conventional and uninteresting piece was probably written by Thomas James, M.A., of New College, Oxford, who early showed a strong taste for collecting and arranging books and MSS., and who, having thus ingratiated himself with Sir Thomas Bodley, was by him appointed the first Keep of the Bodleian Library.

This short poem has for its *motif*, the "Flood" (of books?) which in other places is said almost to threaten the world with destruction, by its overwhelming, though much-needed, abundance.

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Lamentation on the death of Lord Fras. Bacon, Vis. St. Alban, most learned in all things, most illustrious of men.

"O, house of St. Alban (and thou its martyr) weep for the death of the ever-revered aged Man of Verulam, greatest of martyrs. Mourn thou to whom no more grievous misfortune has happened since that terrible *ensnaring in the net.*"

The words placed in italics are a not quite satisfactory rendering of the Greek-Latin word *Amphibalum* (or *Amphiballon*), a netting round or encirclement (*See Matt. IV., 18*). The allusion is obscure, but it seems to mean that nothing so sad as Bacon's death had occurred since he had been *benetted*, or drawn into the toils of enemies, who laid traps to entangle him and to ensure his ruin for their own ends. The writer wisely wraps up in occult language, a sentiment which might have proved perilous to himself. He also omits to add a signature.

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The works of Bacon are called to the tomb.

Great indeed is the "Great Instauration"—its axioms keen and wise—the product of twin sciences, and of writings handed down from generation to generation. Thence much has been expanded in the Latin tongue; profound study of the History of Life and Death, anointed or sprinkled in the Stream of Nectar, the honey of Athens. Nor must I be silent concerning the "History of Henry VIIth," or indeed of any other matter touching the Fine Arts, or perchance *other works still of which I am ignorant*, but which the active mind of the mighty Bacon has brought forth.

Now that a tenth muse is added to you, nine, submit yourselves one and all to the funeral flames. Furnish (by your own burning) a bright light to the Father of you all. These are not ages worthy to enjoy you. Ah, what a master have we lost! Ah, what disgrace we suffer!

S. COLLINS, R.C.P.

Note the hint which we have placed in italics, of "other works" unacknowledged. Note also this repeated allusion to Francis Bacon as "the Tenth Muse."

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Concerning the death of that most honoured man, Fras. Bacon,  
Earl of Verulam, &c.

Then, shall we weep for thee who could'st immortalise the Muses? Could'st even thou, O BACON, die? No longer, then, enjoy this upper world. Nor wind nor air are worthy of thy writings!

At last, forsooth, he would propitiate the mad, unconquerable Fates with a too early grave,—and he has shown us that these rough, unworthy Fates have set (in his esteem) a value far too high on these cheap triumphs. To this unwonted curse one single day was cause of greater sorrow, than was the whole of  
R. L.

This piece has in it nothing noteworthy excepting the remark that Bacon could "immortalise the Muses." Not his Philosophy, not his Learning or Judgment, but his Poetry was his glory—the indestructible memorials of his genius.

The writer who signs himself R. L. was probably Robert Lee, Lea, Ligh, or Leigh (for the family spelt their names variously). His name occurs more than once in Henslowe's diary, and several members of his family were correspondents or associates of Francis and Anthony Bacon, some also figuring in Henslowe's diary, and in the Lambeth letters, some in connection with Essex, and with the founding of Virginia, as well as in the accounts of Stationers' Hall. (See publications of the first Shakespeare Society, and Spedding's "*Life and Letters of Francis Bacon*, ii. 170, 171, &c., 256, &c., vi. 205, 273, and vii. 215, &c. In the last of these, Sir J. Lea, Lee, Leigh, or Ley, then Chief Justice of Ireland, is highly eulogised by Bacon.)

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On the Death of that most noble Lord FRANCIS BACON, once Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

How now! Has strife sprung up amongst the gods? Has aged Saturn summoned his son and rival, Jove, before the court of law, once more endeavouring to regain his kingdom? But failing there to find an advocate, he quits the starry dwelling and proceeds to earth, where quickly he has come upon a man who is his equal, Bacon, to wit, and with his scythe having now mown him down, he has compelled him to decide the suit between himself and his son Jupiter, amongst the angels. But yet again; have the gods need of Bacon's wisdom? or has Astrea left them? Thus it is, she is gone; deserting e'en the stars in future closely waiting upon Bacon.

Saturn himself not a happier age of happy years, not even those called "golden"—*for these are poetic ages*—than we did then when Bacon judged. Surely the deities, with an envious eye, regarding this our blissful happiness, desired to take away this common source of joy.

So he is gone—is gone! It is enough in these words to proclaim my grief. I say not, "*He is dead.*" Why need we mourn in black? See, see, our reed pen flows with darkest stain, the fountain of the Muses will dry up itself, parting itself into so many tears, and intimating grief in many an April shower. The winds, discordant brethren, rage more insultingly, not one in groaning limits his deep-drawn sighs.

O thou who in lifetime wast so good to all, how all things living seem to have loved thee here, and how they seem now to lament thy death!

HENRY OCKLEY.

Again, we are forced to observe that the age in which Bacon flourished was the happiest since the golden age, *because it was poetic*. That this poetry was due to Bacon himself is made plain by the description of the gods, jealous at mortals' happiness, removing him because he was the source of this peculiar happiness. Yet says the writer cautiously, *I say not, "He is dead."* The words suggest the same thought as has already been expressed (See *ante*, comments upon the first piece in this collection.)

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Records of the Mysteries of the Most Honourable Lord Frans. Earl of Verulam, Vis. St. Albans, at the place of business of John Haviland, 1626. To the Reader S—

Anything of especial value that my most honourable Lord Vis. St. Albans produced for himself, that I believe him to have preserved for the delight of scholars and men of letters. Wherefore, let records of love and tokens of grief show how the loss of him saddens their hearts. Nor, it is true, have the muses in niggardly fashion erected this testimony to him, for I preserve in my house the most and the best of the verses. But he delighted not in quantity, I have not reared to him a great structure. Let it suffice to have laid as it were that foundation in the name of the present age; a future generation will beautify and complete this work. But to whatsoever century it may be granted to add the final touch, it is enough that to God alone is given to know the time.

G. RAWLEY, S.T.D.

This last piece deserves close attention, and should afford a stepping stone to further advance in our explorations. At the outset the writer (probably a brother of Bacon's secretary and chaplain, Dr. William Rawley?) declares that his short document concerns "Records of the *Mysteries*" of Francis Bacon. This is an echo of the words of "Ben Jonson" in his ode on the birthday of his great master:—

"Thou stand'st as though *a mystery* thou didst."

Yet, with evidence here and everywhere of mysteries connected with Bacon, mysteries which when followed up are traceable to him as the central point in the labyrinth, the secret spring and motive power in the vast and complex machinery—there are still those who would have us believe that all is open and above-board; that there are no mysteries in the arts and crafts of printing, designing, and their affiliated trades and manufactures—no mysteries in our great public libraries and museums—no mysteries concerning the revision and publication of the Bibles of the 17th century—none concerning the authors of the mass of magnificent literature, and the deluge of works compiled, translated, paraphrased, abridged, spread abroad into all lands, and whether translated or no, bearing still certain hall marks or indelible

stamps, unforgeable signatures, ever-recognisable touches from the hand of the mighty Poet. The Poet—again in these few lines of G. Rawley we find an ambiguous passage :—“ I preserve in my house *the most and the best of the verses.*”

“ What verses ? ” we ask. A careless reader would, perhaps, conclude that G. Rawley had preserved in his house the most and best of the verses written in praise of Bacon. But is this a satisfactory conclusion ? If this man had the collection of Eulogies and Elegies, would not Dr. William Rawley, who was most closely and inwardly intimate with Bacon, and whose name is placed in the front, as the collector and publisher of the *Manes Verulamiani*—would not he have made sure that “ the most and the best ” of these Elegies were inserted ?

To the mind of the present writer this Record, written at the place of business of John Haviland, the publisher, expresses clearly, though as usual, *ambiguously*, that the most and the best of Bacon’s own verses were in 1626, preserved in the house of G. Rawley (who probably chiefly by the help of John Haviland) had managed to publish them. Thus the Muses would, indeed, have erected to Bacon the foundation of a great structure, the base of such a pyramid as the Poet-philosopher endeavoured to rear. But note—the writer was well aware that no one generation would suffice for the completion of so mighty a work ; he looked to a future age to beautify and complete it. We cannot refrain from repeating the last words penned in this place by G. Rawley. Either the disciple had been excellently well instructed, or we are listening to the voice of the Great Master himself :—

“ To whatsoever century it may be granted to add the final touch, it is enough that to God alone is given to know the time.”

Members of The Bacon Society are much indebted to Dr. George Cantor, Mathematical Professor at the twin Universities of Halle and Wittenburg. He was the first to draw public attention to these *Manes Verulamiani*, which he observed in a copy of the “ Harleian Miscellany,” and which he has reprinted in the original Latin. We desire to draw particular attention to this pamphlet, and to the Preface by Dr. Cantor. The title is as follows :—

"Die Rawley'sche Sammlung von Zweiunddreissig Trauerge-  
dichten auf Francis Bacon  
Ein Zeugniß zu Gunsten der Bacon-Shakespeare Theorie.  
Mit einem Vorwort herausgegeben von George Cantor, Halle,  
1897. Max Niemeyer."

This collection affords one more proof (were any needed) of the "mystery" and conspiracy of silence which is maintained in regard to everything connected with Francis Bacon. Will it now be pretended that these poems were unknown to the learned—the initiated Baconians? Or will they be designated as mere hyperbolic compliments, meaning nothing particular? We can hardly conceive that such folly will be endured. Six of the pieces were, as we have already stated, printed in the fine edition of Bacon's most important scientific work, the "Advance-ment of Learning" (*the Map of all his works*), in 1640. The whole thirty-two pieces, with a number of "characters" which we hope to reprint, appeared collectively in Blackbourne's folio edition of Bacon's Life and Works, published 1738. How many learned men, think you, had a hand in these repeated reprints? How many must have read those large and costly volumes? The Latin must have been the only cause why humbler students were repelled, or led to pass them over.

But how can we account for the silence with regard to these remarkable records of men like Dr. Rawley himself?—of Dr. Birch and Hepworth Dixon, that industrious rummager amongst old documents, that enthusiastic biographer of Francis Bacon? Still more, what shall we say of James Spedding, of all men most painstaking, true, and loving in his devotion to his noble subject? Is it possible that the omission of the "Manes" in these and other instances was accidental? "We," the present writer, maintain it to be impossible. On the contrary, we believe that all such omissions, all "errors" in important indexes, mystifications about the depositaries of Baconian manuscripts, relics—in short, all feigned ignorance on any of our subjects—are merely parts of a method, most useful when first contrived, now deceptive, useless, and exasperating to the serious searcher after truth.

Where are the Rawley MSS.? One would suppose this to have been an easy question to answer, seeing that many of these MSS. are in print. Far otherwise; until recently we

have found no clue to their whereabouts, and our most friendly librarians have assured us that they "could not tell."

We hope, however (perhaps even in time for this number), to be able to declare their hiding-place. If not, the cause will be that there is a force at work capable of suppressing the information. In that case we will publish the particulars discovered, and trust to time to bring about some beneficent change in present methods whereby the name and fame of Francis Bacon are shut up, as in a vault, instead of being kept green in the memory of mankind, in the full light of that sunshine which he loved so well, and to which his dearest friends compared him.

C. M. P.



## A GREEK ANAGRAM.

THE following anagram and lines were given to me a little time ago, and came (I believe) from the correspondence of Antony Bacon at the Lambeth Palace Library. They may, perhaps, be of interest to readers of *Baconiana*.

Ἀνάγραμμα.

Ἀντώνιος ὁ Βάκων.

Ἄ, Κάτων, βίος νοῶν.

Ὡς δὴ παλιμπαις ἔστι πόλλακις γερων,  
 Γεροντομίμος ἢ νεότης τοῦμπαλιν  
 Πολλοὶ μὲν εἰσιν οἱ γέροντες ἄφρονες,  
 Πολλοὺς δ' ἐθάμβουν πανσόφους δέρκων νέους  
 Τοὺς εὐροοῦντος οἰακοστρόφους βίου.  
 Οἷαξ φρενήρης τοῖσδε, τοῦ θεοῦ φόβος·  
 Οὔτοι Κάτωνες, καὶ μόνοι, κατήτυμοι.  
 Καὶ γὰρ φρονούντες οἱ θεὸν φοβούμενοι.  
 Ὅ δῆτα τούτου νοῦν κενὸς φόβου κυρῶν  
 Ὅρθου γ' ἐκείνος κάρτα νοῦ κενὸς κυρεῖ.  
 Φρονήσις ἄφρων ἔστι κίβελτηρία  
 Ὑπέρογκος, ἀχλὺς, τὸ φρονεῖν τούτου δίχα.  
 Οὔτος γὰρ ἀρχὴ καὶ τέλος φρονήσεως.  
 Ἐνεστιν οὗτός σοι, Βάκων, τούτου χάριν  
 Βοᾶν πάρεστιν, Ἄ Κάτων, βίος νοῶν.

As I do not think it is possible to give an adequate rendering of the anagram Ἀντώνιος ὁ Βάκων . . . Ἄ, κάτων, βίος νοῶν in English, I merely give the translation, "Antony Bacon . . . Oh, Cato of wise life."

Translation of 15 lines following the anagram:—

"As age often turns once again to childhood, So youth is often a mimic of age. Though old age is generally

devoid of wisdom, I wondered when I saw how full of wisdom was youth, and the harbinger [architects of their fortune] of success in life. To these men the fear of God is a sure guide; they are Catoes, unique men and true. For wise indeed are they that fear God. He, then, whose heart is void of this fear, is also far removed from an upright heart. For *wisdom is vain and a folly puffed up, and a blinding mist, wisdom that knows not the fear of God.* But the fear of God is power indeed, and the consummation of wisdom. This hast thou Bacon; so may we well exclaim: Oh, Cato of wise life."

There are one or two points worthy of notice in these lines—(I.) An apparent echo of the last six lines of the soliloquy of "Jacques" in *As you like it*, act II. scene vii. (II.) To Colossians ii. 8, of which Bacon in *Adv. of Learning*, Bk. I., talking of the disparagement of learning at the hands of divines, politicians, and sometimes in the errors and imperfections of learned men themselves, says:—

"I hear the former sort say that knowledge is of those things which are to be accepted of with great limitation and caution; that the aspiring to overmuch knowledge was the original temptation and sin, whereupon ensued the fall of man; that knowledge . . . maketh him *swell* (*scientia inflat*); that Solomon gives a censure 'that there is no end of making books,' etc.; and again, 'that in spacious knowledge there is much constipation, and that he that increaseth knowledge increaseth anxiety,' and that St. Paul gives a caveat 'that we be not spoiled through *vain philosophy*.' That experience demonstrates how learned men have been arch heretics, etc."

The defence that Bacon sets up against these may be summarised thus:—"Let those places (quotations) be rightly understood, and they do indeed excellently set forth the true bounds and limitations, whereby human knowledge is confined and circumscribed. [Eccl. xx. 3, Prov. xx. 27, 1st Corinth. viii. 2 and xiii. 2]. And yet without any such contracting or coarctation, but that it may comprehend all the universal nature of things; for these limitations are three; the first, that we do not so place our felicity in knowledge as we forget our mortality; the second, that we make application of our knowledge, to give

ourselves repose and contentment and not distaste and repining. The third, that we do not presume by the contemplation of nature to attain to the mysteries of God."

"For, as touching the first of these, Solomon doth excellently expound himself in another place of the same book, where he saith:—'I saw well that knowledge recedeth as far from ignorance as light doth from darkness; and that the wise man's eyes keep watch in his head, whereas the fool roundeth about in darkness; but withal I learned that the same mortality involveth them both.' And for the second . . . When men fall to framing conclusions out of their knowledge, applying it to their particular and ministering to themselves thereby weak fears or vast desires, there groweth that carefulness and trouble of mind which is spoken of. And for the third point, if any man shall think by view and enquiry into these sensible and material things to attain that light, whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then, indeed, is he spoiled by *vain philosophy*. For the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (as regards them) knowledge, but, having regard to God, no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge. . . . Further, it is an assured truth and a conclusion of experience that a little or *superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism, but a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion.* . . . To conclude, therefore, let no man think or maintain that a man can . . . be too well studied in . . . divinity or philosophy; . . . only let men beware that they apply them both to charity and not to *swelling*, to use and not to *ostentation.* . . ."

(III.) I should like to draw attention to an article published in *Baconiana*, January, 1896, wherein was pointed out "the frequency with which Bacon refers things so some 'model pattern' or copy from which they are or ought to be taken." The example chiefly dwelt upon in that article was the model or pattern which Bacon set before himself in the character and enterprises of Alexander the Great. Just such another model is referred to in the Greek anagram above; but on this occasion it is to Antony Bacon that the tribute is addressed, although we must observe that not *one* but *two*, not *one* but *both the Catoes* are included in the allusions. Similarly, we find that not from *one* but from *both the Catoes* Francis Bacon moulds his model or image.



Again, referring to Adv. of L., Book I., we find :—

“And as for the disgraces which Learning receiveth from politicians, they be of this nature; that learning doth soften men’s minds and makes them unapt for the honour and exercise of arms, that it doth mar their dispositions for matter of government, making them too curious and irresolute by a variety of reading, or too immoderate and peremptory by strictness of rules and axioms, etc.”

“Thou wast a soldier even to Cato’s wish.”

(*Coriol.*, i, 4; vi, 61.)

“Out of this conceit, Cato, surnamed Censor, one of the wisest men, indeed, that ever lived, when Carneades, the philosopher, came in embassy to Rome, that the young men of Rome began to flock around him, being allured with the sweetness and majesty of his eloquence and learning, gave counsel to open Senate that they should give him his despatch with all speed, lest he should infect and enchant the minds and affections of the youth, and at unawares bring in an alteration of the manners and customs of the state.”

[Presently Bacon contests these prejudices one by one, and we can believe that the words which follow may reflect some feeling and experience of his own, when in middle life he looked back upon the contempt which he had felt or expressed when, as a boy, he “fell into a dislike” of the unfruitfulness of the way in which he was being taught, being a philosophy only fit for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of man. In this mind he continued, says Dr. Rawley, to his dying day. But with regard to the barrenness of the grammarian teaching, it is possible that he regretted in later life the little Latin (according to the judgment of an *arbiter elegantiarum*) and less Greek which he was capable of writing.\*]

“And as to the judgment of Cato the Censor, he was well punished for his blasphemy against learning, in the same kind wherein he offended, for when he was past threescore years old he was taken with an extreme desire to go to school again and to learn the Greek tongue, to the end to peruse the Greek

\* N.B.—Whilst on this subject, can any one inform me where *Bacon's original English* of Books 3—9 of Adv. of L. and *Novum Organum* exist? I think that from what has just been said above, it is evident that the Latin versions are not his original or his own translation, which I believe was Ben Jonson’s work.

authors; which doth well demonstrate that his former censure of the Grecian learning was rather an affected gravity than according to the inward sense of his own opinion."

Another passage hints Bacon's own experience of the general feebleness of judgment which prevails amongst mankind. Few think for themselves, few can hold independent opinions or lines of action. These few, if discretion and good judgment be combined with firmness of purpose and consistency of action, become leaders amongst the fickle, wavering multitude, which, for the most part, knows no better than to follow fashion, custom, or the prevailing prejudice. "Silly sheep," giddy people, flocking to follow the first amongst themselves who shows the smallest degree of spirit or enterprise. Cato the Censor used to say of the Romans, "that they were like sheep, for that a man might better drive a flock of them than one of them; for in a flock, if you could but get some few of them to go right, the rest would follow."—*De Aug.*, Bk. viii, ch. 1.

Of Cato the Younger, Bacon quotes the saying of Cicero, "that the divine and noble qualities we see in him are his own; the defects which we sometimes find proceed, not from his nature, but his instruction."—*Ib.*, vii. 3. And in the same chapter, speaking of the culture of the affections as a part of the culture of the mind and intellect, he says:—"Thus it is which Cato bestows upon Cato the Younger—as no ordinary praise—that he had applied himself to philosophy, not for the sake of disputing, as most do, but for the sake of living according to its rules."

We need not doubt whence Bacon derived the thoughts condensed in his essay on studies.

"Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. . . . Natural philosophy (makes men) deep; moral philosophy makes them grave. *Abeunt studia in mores* (studies go to form character)."

One more quotation, reserved for the last, because it seems to be of all the most interesting, especially when considered in connection with much that is continually said concerning the universal and unparalleled versatility of Bacon's genius. Some hold it impossible that one man should combine so many various gifts and faculties. Others believe it proved by the testimony of many of his contemporaries, and by the internal evidence of the unacknowledged works now claimed as his, that he was,

indeed, complete master of all arts and sciences, of all philosophy and literature known in his time.

Finding in himself the predominant faculty of a great poet, "a nimbleness of mind apt," as he expresses it, "to perceive analogies," as well as judgment and contemplative powers capable of weighing and considering the greatest and meanest of matters, he thought himself destined and qualified to become a pioneer in the mine of truth. His *versatility*, his power of making his style, chameleon-like, partake of the colour of the subject-matter on which it was employed, was one of the great secrets of his success, and doubtless a great help to his own concealment as a poet.

"Nothing hinders men's actions or fortunes so much as this, to remain the same when the same is unbecoming; that is for men to be as they were, and follow their own nature when occasions change. Whence Livy, in introducing Cato the Elder as a most *skilful architect of his own fortune* [cp. line 5 of Greek anagram], adds well of him that he had 'a wit that could turn' (*ingenium versatile*). This also is the reason why grave and solemn wits, which know not how to change, have generally more dignity than good fortune. But this viscous and knotty temper, which is so averse to change, is nature in some; in others it is the result of habit (which is a second nature), and an opinion (which easily steals into men's minds) that men can hardly make themselves believe that they ought to change that course which they have found by experience to be prosperous and successful."—*De Aug.*, viii. 2.

L. BIDDULPH.

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE two most notable events of recent months, in regard to our controversy, are the appearance of a Paper, by Professor Fiske, in the *North Atlantic Monthly*, and another in *Pearson's Magazine*, by Dr. Bucke. The first article is antagonistic; the second friendly.

Professor Fiske entitles his paper, "Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly." If learned critics will behave rudely they must expect to be let alone. The only answer to many of his unmannerly assertions is flat contradiction.

Professor Fiske delights us when he says that "In Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetical genius," the only answer to which is our ironical *Hear, hear!* The same reply is sufficient for the statement that "The Shakespeare plays do not abound with evidences of scholarship or learning of the sort that is gathered from profound and accurate study of books." Writing of this character must surely represent the "Folly" which is said to characterise our discussion. Professor Fiske, of course, does not understand our case. He is far more ignorant of it than the man in the street. He puts statements into our mouths which were never made; as, for instance—"They asseverate with vehemence that in all the seven and thirty plays there is no such thing as a native wood note wild." We challenge him to prove this: it is ridiculously untrue. His positive arguments are for the most part either rash assumptions of the *petitio principii* order, or logical blunders. For instance, he says of the *Venus and Adonis*, that the authorship is asserted as distinctly as the title-page of David Copperfield proclaims that novel to be by Charles Dickens. Oh, sapient Professor! the name of Charles Dickens on the title page is in itself no evidence whatever that Charles Dickens wrote the book, as any student of logic and evidence well knows.

This precious Fiskian attack is, of course, applauded by those who worship the Shakespeare fetish, and find sweetest music in the tom-toms and senseless clamours of the devotees. A writer in the *Revue des Revues* speaks of it as the hardest blow our argument has yet received.

“La celebre controverse qui dure depuis plusieurs années, et d'après laquelle les pieces de Shakespeare auraient été écrites par Bacon, n'avait pas encore reçu de coups aussi rudes que ceux qui lui porte le professeur John Fiske sous le titre explicite 'Quarante ans de folie Bacon-Shakespeare.' A la lumière des commentateurs des Shakespeare et plus particulièrement des commentaires Allemand justice est faite des étranges hypothèses de Mons Ignatius Donnelly et de son école.”

Surely the writer is mistaken—Professor Fiske is uncivil (this must be the *rude coup* alluded to! for there is nothing else that is strong in the article). But the hard blows of Fiske are the gentle tappings of a lady's fan compared with the violence of other critics who shall be nameless.

Our friend, Mr. Reed, has sent us the cutting of a most admirable reply to Professor Fiske, which has appeared in the Epistolary column of the “Boston Evening Transcript.” The writer, combating the Professor's gentlemanly assertion that the advocates of the Baconian theory are weak-minded people [a splendid Shakesperean argument; quite unanswerable], makes the following interesting statement:—

“Was Dr. O. W. Holmes also one of these weak-minded people? Permit me to make the following quotation from one of his letters:—‘Our Shakesperian scholars here about are very impatient whenever the question of the authorship of the plays and poems is even alluded to. It must be spoken of whether they like it or not. We'll have a starling which shall be taught to speak nothing but Verulam, Verulam, whenever Shakespeare's name is mentioned, if need be.’”

So then we may add to our honourable rôle the splendid name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Professor Fiske must add the same name to his list of weak-minded advocates of the Bacon-Shakespeare folly.

Mr. Donnelly has at last completed his great work in which he reveals to us the mystery of *the* cipher. We hear that his book will be out before June next.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Edwin Rees's able book, Shakespeare *v.* Bacon, has just reached its *Eighth Edition*.

At our recent stock-taking it was discovered that we had only 3 complete sets of the Bacon Journals and Baconiana. We are, therefore, obliged to raise the price of these sets to £3 3s.

for the 7 volumes bound. Sets of 6 vols., bound, made up from those Nos. of which we have an ample supply, can be had for £1 11s. 6d. Application to be made to Mr. John Hodges, who will also supply odd numbers (1s. 6d. each), covers, etc.

Dr. Maurice Bucke's article on Baconiana has achieved two great successes, first in the September issue of the "Canadian Magazine," and then in the Christmas Number of "Pearson's." *On dit* that it has caused quite a stir in *non-* and *anti-* Baconian circles.

R. M. T.

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#### CORRECTION.

In the October issue of *Baconiana*, in the second paper upon Bacon's "Essay of Fame," there is a misquotation from Virgil, for which the writer, Mr. Wigston, is not to blame, but which he wishes to correct. He refers to the Latin quotation from Virgil's description of *Fame*, in the fourth book of the "*Æneid* (line 173). The correct Latin text is:—

"Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,  
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes."

# Baconiana.

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## THE "MANES" SHADES, OR GHOSTS OF FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

Documentary evidence concerning him as Poet and Revivalist.

HOW often have we been challenged to show documentary evidence of Francis Bacon's secret work as a Poet and Revivalist! Such we have thought to be abundantly furnished by the "Northumberland MSS." with their list of plays, devices, and other unpublished writings of Bacon; by the also unpublished but accessible collection of the Anthony Bacon Correspondence, and other MSS. in the library at Lambeth; by the known, though screened, collection in the library of Trinity College, Dublin (and indeed in most of the old libraries founded or revived by Bacon), and finally by the numerous hints, allusions, and scraps or specimens of poetry in the published collections of Bacon and his friends. All these remain, however, generally ignored.

The collection now under consideration can hardly be overlooked or set aside, and it is, for present purposes, of greater importance than any which we have enumerated. It consists of a number of elegies or eulogies collected by Bacon's Chaplain, Dr. Rawley, and which he entitled *The Ghosts or Shades of Verulam*.

We must again render thanks to Dr. Cantor, of Halle-Saale, for calling attention to these 32 Latin pieces, so long (and of intention) overlooked or kept in the background. The six articles published on this subject in *Baconiana* show that there is, in this case, nothing new—no discovery made—but simply a bringing into light of matters studiously kept in darkness. The papers have been at least three times printed. Learned pens have transcribed them, learned eyes innumerable have conned them, learned minds have known, and full well know, their purport.

Shall it be added that a learned body of men, *with Bacon at their head*, have plotted and conspired quietly to screen and withhold these pieces from the "profane vulgar," from you, good friends, who read, and from us, who write?

Never again shall these precious documents go out of sight. They shall be translated and retranslated, analysed, annotated, and made a text-book, until by their aid we have faithfully, if laboriously, woven the true history of Francis Bacon.

Reflections on these short poems resolve themselves into questions of the following kind:—

1. What do they tell us?
2. In what particulars do the writers agree?
3. Is their testimony supported by other witnesses?
4. Were these writers worthy of credit?
5. Had they any common or uniform purpose in writing?
6. If so, what was that purpose?
7. Where are the MS. originals of these pieces called "Dr. Rawley's?"

When entering upon such inquiries it is really needful that we open wide the doors and windows of our minds, preparing to receive, and hospitably to entertain, anything which enters in the guise of truth, or even as one of her train. Many things transpire of which, with Horatio, we are inclined to exclaim:—"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"—With Hamlet we should reply:—"And therefore *as a stranger give it welcome.*" We should indeed go further with Hamlet, and humbly incline to the belief that there are more things in Bacon's history than are dreamt of in our philosophy. We may have to renounce old prejudices and plausible though ill-grounded opinions; but what are such things when weighed against the delight and satisfaction of getting at Truth?

To begin then with the question, "*What do we learn from these verses?*" The first lines tell us that no such terrible calamity as the death of Bacon had occurred since his "*most sad benetting.*" The expression is peculiar. A Greek word, "*Amphiballon,*" is latinized in order somewhat covertly to introduce it. Does not that word "*benetting*" strike the educated ear? It occurs once only in all *Shakespeare*, and then in a remarkable way, when taken in connection with these verses.

Hamlet, describing the treachery of the King and his Commission, explains how he himself acted, "*Being thus benetted round with villainies.*"

Must we not wonder and speculate upon what may be revealed as to that next "*sad benetting,*" when the rapidly advancing



science of deciphering shall have turned its search-light upon Hamlet? It would have been perilous for Bacon's friends openly to compare his accusation and trial with the benetting of a guileless bird, yet such was truly the case, as we know from the records of his "Letters and Life." The snare of the fowler was upon him before he, absorbed in work active and contemplative, had looked up to find himself "benetted round with villainies."

The verses also liken him to St. Alban, the first English martyr; a suggestive comparison when collated with a passage in "*Preston's Illustrations of Masonry*."\* "Albanus, born at Verulam, now St. Albans in Herefordshire, was Grand Master of the Masons, and the first who suffered martyrdom for the Christian religion. He was employed by the Emperor Carausius to environ Verulam with a wall, and to build for him a splendid palace."

The fable may be thus interpreted: Bacon was allowed to environ himself (Verulam) with a wall of secrecy, whilst he built up a splendid palace of Truth, a new House of Solomon.

Next follow a series of short poems seemingly vieing with each other in praise of Bacon *as a poet*. In the analogies discovered between his poetry and all else bright and beautiful, he is likened to Phœbus Apollo, the god alike of Medicine and Poetry. By the herbs of Olympus (his true home), and by his supreme art, he will heal the wounds and corruptions of the world. In ten poems is he thus alluded to in connection with Apollo.

The Pierian springs, the founts of the Muses, gush from the hard rock when struck by the hoof of his Pegasus, the winged horse of Poetry. The Muses mourn for ever the death of him who taught them their art, and who nourished more than Nine Muses, being himself the Tenth.

In vain do they cultivate useless laurels which no longer can be worn as garlands. With this poet falls and perishes Apollo's choir; to praise him was the height of song. The delight of Nature and of the Muses, he was himself the flower of the band.

Melpomene (Muse of Tragedy and of Lyric Poesy) reproaches the Fates for bereaving her of her chief glory. "*Thou had'st all the world for thyself, give me back my Phœbus.*" But neither Death, Poetry, nor the Poet himself can withstand Fate. Again do the verses reiterate that to rehearse all that Bacon has done for the world *and for the Muses* is impossible. Not Ovid, had he lived, none but Bacon himself was fit to sing the praise of Bacon!

\* See the ninth edition, pub. 1796, pp. 167-169.

Shall friends, then, lament for him who can immortalize the Muses? The Golden Age itself could not exceed the happiness of his—"for these are the poetic times."

The last of the series of poems, in a manner, sums up all that has been previously said of "The Incomparable Francis of Verulam." The cause of his death was the jealousy of Apollo fearing lest his rival should be made King by the Muses. But in this poem are the strange, ambiguous lines which declare now, when the Poet perceived that all arts and inventions were, in his day, superficial and unstable, "*held fast by no roots,*" "he reined-in his Pegasus arts (his poetical genius), and taught them to grow like a Bay tree—like the spear that was hurled by Quirinus."

This distich has been variously translated, and has raised much discussion, but the above rendering seems to be most generally approved. The Latin runs thus:—

"Crescere Pegasus docuit velut hasta Quirini  
Crovit et exiguo tempore Laurus erat."

Dr. Cantor, in his learned monograph on this poem, repeats a statement made from the first, that these lines convey a covert intimation that Francis Bacon was the true *Shakespeare*.\* The name Quirinus was given to Romulus after he had been raised to the rank of a divinity, because he was the Spear-swinger, Lance-thrower, or Spear-shaker—*Shakespeare*. The spear which he cast grew indeed into an evergreen laurel, to furnish garlands for the brow of the immortal poet.

True students will not be content with the present scanty gleanings, but will consult Dr. Cantor's tract, where he further quotes from the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius (i. 9, par 16), in which the word Quirinus† bears these meanings of Lance-swinger or Spear-shaker.

"*Bellorum potens ab hasta quam Sabina vocant.*"

With these words a passage from Ovid is also compared (*Fast.* ii. 475).

In a poem signed "R. P." there seems to be a still more occult reference to the shaking of the spear. Here we are told that no inferior person, no "ephor" (carrying, like a mace-bearer, symbols of an authority which he does not wield), but the "Areopagite," the highest ruling power, the author himself was he who pressed down the scales, and gave measure for measure. If, as we maintain, quibbles abound in the writings and method

\* Dr. Cantor quotes Plut. Rom. 20, Serv. ; and see p. viii. of Dr. C.'s tract.

† QUIRINUS—a Sabine word perhaps derived from Quiris, a lance or spear (*Smith's Classical Dict. F.*).

of Bacon, then for *lancem* we take *lanccam*, and turn the figure from the scale to the spear. A hint seems now perceptible that the setters-forth of many of Bacon's works were his servants and assistants, his "ephors," himself the chief magistrate, the "Areopagite."\*

In another place Bacon is depicted standing *alone*, like Hannibal at the head of an army of literary assistants, *mercenaries from many nations*.†

Fifteen poets speak thus hyperbolically of Bacon as Apollo, Orpheus, the sole guide, light, and teacher of the Muses. But this is not enough, the matter is drawn closer, and the nature of his writings defined.

R. P. describes him as, "with a serious purpose drawing on the socks of comedy, and the high-heeled boots of the Athenian tragedian."—E. F. somewhat mysteriously adds that in order to understand him we must know him as "a composer of fiction."—H. T. says plainly that Bacon is "Our only orator, teller of tales that 'mazed the Courts of Kings," and that when his tale was told, and the thread of his life and work severed, "he only who dares to catch up the dangling warp shall know the man those records hide."

Could any words, meant to be both "wrapt and delivered"—hidden, and at the same time imparted—more clearly state that, only by catching and following up the clues casually afforded, shall we find our hidden man, the "Concealed Poet?" Those who share our anxiety to reach the heart of the mystery will close their eyes and ears to no smallest particular which may help them on their way. They will find that such particulars repeat themselves, and usually furnish an answer to one of the questions at the beginning of this paper. "Did the writers of these poems collaborate?" We say that they did so, and that although there is variety, there is no discord in their utterances. The very metaphors in which they involve their sentiments are often identical; and with one accord they dare to proclaim their Poet *pre-eminent*. "Not one of those whom Poesy, skilled architect of speech, fashions but at random on her anvil"—but, "literature's star, glory of eloquence, honey-sweet wine, the milk and drink of genius breathing forth the breath of poetry. Like Apelles he created from the mingled beauties of many a form whose perfections are imitable by none."

But, great as was his poetry, was it all in all? Surely not. His muse was but an instrument, a means to an end, and that end "the great restoration"—the raising up of the world of his day—

\* The word *Arcopagite* forms an entry (No. 816) in Bacon's *Promus*.

† See *Baconiana*, iv. Oct. 1896, p. 186.

debased, cruel, ignorant, by the gentle arts of peace. To his music, "trees and the mountain tops that freeze" should bow themselves when he did play. The coldest, the most unsympathizing, the stiffest great ones of the earth should yield to the charms of his music in the air. Stocks and stones, the stupid and the ignorant, should alike be roused by his melodies; flowers of sweetness and beauty should make a lasting spring after the cold desolation of a winter of dark and drowsy ignorance. From childhood upwards Truth and Nature had been his constant guides. Then, as the verses tell us, discarding the worm-eaten books of the Pedants, he achieved, out of the chaos of old philosophers, a New Birth of Time (the Second Renaissance) and found a new method for the advancement of learning. By his experiments he "opened so many of Nature's ways that an age would fail to disclose them all," and "he died full of those arts" which he had himself "trained to higher aims."

Henceforward Science was destined to advance towards perfection, by the aid of experiment and observation of Nature; each generation boasting of new discoveries and improvements. Never again would any local or disturbing flood swallow up the world of learning, and reduce it to confusion.

One writer likens Francis to his namesake Roger Bacon, a shadowy personage of whom, though he is dubbed "the Experimental Philosopher," little seems to be truly known. Not improbably Francis (as in other cases) made use of this name as a convenient peg whereon to hang particulars for which some "authority" might presently be required.

Those curious in the matter, may see in the Print Room of the British Museum, in a portfolio of "Bacon" portraits, one inscribed "Roger Bacon." On the reverse is (or was) a note to the effect that the portrait is fictitious, there being none extant of Roger Bacon. An observant inspector will perceive, if he cover the cowl of Roger the monk, that here is the head and countenance of Francis Bacon. Truly a case of "two faces under one hood," and a good instance of a "*disguised portrait.*"

It is the aged Bacon whom here we see; he who has exceeded the age of Nestor, who (one elegist informs us) numbered eighty Decembers. If the age itself be not a disguise, but a fact, then we must ask with "E. F.," how was it that, although Bacon chronicled the life and death of each of his own friends, "*of his own no sufficient history has been writ?*" It is true. That history remains unwritten, or, at least, unpublished.

There needs no ghost from the dead to tell us, that in the matter of Law and Policy, Bacon was "the Law-Moderator,"

and "taught the Sages of his day." Yet strangely enough, these departments of work, together with the courtier's life sometimes forced upon him, were the very things for which he declared himself to be by nature "*most unfit*." Of his legal duties too much has been written to need enlargement in this narrow room. "From his easy alacrity in business the Lord Chancellor continued to rise and expand in fame . . . The entries and reports remain in the Chancery archives, the lists show how great were the labours through which he cheerfully fagged . . . By promptitude, vivacity, and courtesy, more than 35,000 suitors in his court were freed in one year from the uncertainties of law!"\* To this it is added that no judgment of his was ever appealed against.

Even when ruined, and "benetted" by villainous and trumped up accusations of corruption and bribery, it was to him that the King turned "for advice as to the reformation of the Courts of Justice, and the relieving of the grievances of the people."† Truly an extraordinary commentary upon the hollowness of the charges by which his ruin and the elevation of others had been compassed!

"But your axle, O Schools of Learning, groaneth when so vast a mass comes toppling down; the hinge is broken upon which revolves the great World of Literature."

His was not the mere learning gained by painful plodding upon other's books. To his friends it appeared as "a calm form of ecstasy (without its madness), by which the mind gained her wings, hasteth into the Milky Way of Olympus, to view the idea of the good. In these haunts she dwells, a stranger to her accustomed place on earth. At length returning, she hies her home, and, with deliberate stealth, withdraws from the world. Thus doth the soul part company with the diseased and suffering body, bidding it die."

Who, reading this but recalls Achilles' reply to Ulysses who thinks the doctrine strange that "no man, however gifted, can boast of his gifts, nor can even "*feel what he owns, but by reflection?*"

Achilles finds in this nothing strange. Not even the eye, he says, "that most pure spirit of sense," can behold itself, "*not going from itself.*"

*"For Speculation turns not to itself  
Till it hath travelled, and is mirrored there,  
Where it may see itself."*†

\* Hepworth Dixon's "Story," pp. 336-337. † Let: Life of Bacon, Spedding vii. 288-9.

Our "Ghosts" hint the means by which the gigantic work ascribed to Bacon was achieved. That power of "Speculation" was one; the power of absolute *thinking*, and imagining; "*imaging*," or seeing mirrored "in his mind's eye" visions of the unseen—with a prophetic foresight picturing to himself "the thousand thousand blessings which Time should bring to ripeness." Such a power of self-concentration was combined with

" the shaping fantasies that apprehend  
More than calm reason ever comprehends—  
The poet's eye in a fine frenzy (' calm ecstasy ') rolling,  
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, and Earth to Heaven."

Why this is the very aim which Francis Bacon set before him, when amongst his youthful jottings he wrote down this note:—

" *To mynle heaven and earth together* " (*Promus*, 719).

This aspiration was his through life. Everywhere and perpetually we see him by Allegories, Fables, Parables, and "Figures in all things," striving to bring things high and spiritual within the comprehension of men base and earthly.

"I have been induced to think," wrote Dr. Rawley, "that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For . . . he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions within himself."

John Evelyn describes our noble author "as having a spacious forehead, a piercing eye always (as I have been told by one who knew him well) *looking upward, as a soul in sublime contemplation.*"\*

Bacon's "facility" and speed also in writing, in part accounts for the prodigious mass of work with which he is accredited.

" While freely wrote the man of Verulam  
With tomes on tomes endowing ages sure."

Death, we are told, eyed with jealousy the growing number of those writings, "*With books thou'st filled the earth, with fame the age.*"

Another writer exclaims:—"Till now I thought that such a wealth of gifts could never co-exist in any man . . . but now I see that this is possible." Nevertheless, he adds that it is phenomenal, never likely to recur.

Contemporary witness supports these writers. "With what sufficiency he wrote," says Dr. Rawley, "let the world judge; but *with what celerity* he wrote, I can best tell." He was a good judge, being Bacon's private secretary.

\* Cf. *Medals*, p. 340. J. Evelyn was Secretary to the Royal Society of which Bacon was the true founder.

Osborne, giving Bacon's character, declares that no more splendid example exists of a great mind, and of a man *proficient in all subjects*, adding "without the least flattery or hyperbole, that his casual talk deserved to be written, and that his first and foulest copies required no great labour to render them competent for the nicest judgments. He could entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to horses and dogs, or out-cant a London surgeon; nor did his easy falling into arguments appear less than an ornament in him, and a gratification to the ears of his hearers."

Dr. Sprat desired no other preface to a History of the Royal Society than some of Bacon's own writings, adding that, "At the same time I say he had not the strength of a thousand men, I do also allow him to have had as much as twenty."

In short, it will have to be confessed that there is no form of praise or affection, no epithet applied to Bacon, no hint breathed by his ghosts, which is not echoed and emphasized by contemporary writers whose opinion has hitherto been held good. The passages collected are far too numerous to find place here, but observation will direct readers to them, and so, by help from these hidden records we shall come to fuller knowledge.

The mystery in which Bacon muffled himself must also have been a great help in keeping him free from interruption and from the strife of tongues. He confessed:—"I keep state in some matters." He begs a friend who is in a position to help him and Anthony:—"Be kind to your concealed poets"; he writes in ambiguous language, having pass-words, and he is pre-eminent in cipher writing, of which he sees the importance and need of great variety, although until lately these things have been overlooked or sneered at as useless and absurd.

But the hints dropped here and there by himself are again fully borne out by contemporaries, not only in these verses, but elsewhere. Ben Jonson (a great authority, Shakespereans acknowledge) says in the Birthday Ode to Bacon:—

"In the midst  
Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst."

A distinguished visitor tells him that he resembles the angels, being much spoken of, but little seen, and Rawley says that the last years of his life he employed wholly in contemplation and studies—a thing whereof his lordship would often speak during his active life, and if he affected to die in the shadow, and not in the light; which may be found in several passages of his works.\*

\* Rawley says that Bacon withdrew for five years. We have reason to think that the period was much longer.

Rawley also hints, briefly but positively, at Bacon's work as a Theologian. Into this great field of research we cannot now attempt to enter, merely stating, as the result of long investigation, the belief that Bacon was the moving spirit and chief revisor of the several editions of the Bible published between 1593 and 1640; and that the flood of Sacred Poems and Literature which appeared at the same time will be traced to his pen or to his direct influence. The short poem entitled the "Union of the Roses," was the subject of some remarks in a former paper,\* to which we can only refer. It points, we believe, to Bacon's efforts for union or conciliation between the White (or Reformed) and the Red (or Papal) churches. "Men should," he said, "avoid controversies in the Church . . . for Christ's coat had no seam, but the Church's vesture was of divers colours. Let there be variety in the garment, but let there be no division—they be two things, Unity and Uniformity."

Bacon as a poet-theologian must have delighted in the beautiful services of the church, where art, music, and symbolism furnish wings to dull souls crawling between heaven and earth, to rise and flutter a little towards the sunbeams. Did he not show how men should try to imitate the way in which, in the earliest ages God taught an ignorant world, by Parables, Allegories, Figures, or Shadows and Pictures? And was not the true aim of his plays and dumbshows to make man know his own soul, by seeing a reflection of his own actions? To mingle earth and heaven by making mind and matter, truth and beauty, natural science and poetry, handmaids and religion?

In no trifling spirit, says one of our elegists, but with a serious purpose did he assume the parts of comedian and tragedian, and, as others add, of "writer of fiction," "the Teller of Tales."

Not every one can read a book, or attend to a lecture or sermon. But hold a mirror up to Nature, show Virtue her own feature, Vice her own image, and the very men and women of the time their own nature and behaviour, this comes home to the hearts and bosoms of the most stupid or lazy. Gentle and simple are alike impressed through the eyes, if not through "the ear, the gate of the understanding."

If the player, says Hamlet, felt the passion for which he himself had cause, he

*" would drown the stage with tears,  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears."*

\* *Baconiana*, October, 1896, vol. iv., p. 180.



We all know how successfully Hamlet applied his theory to the discovery of the

"Guilty creatures sitting at a play."

Something should have been said about the outpouring of books on Emblems, Ciphers, Anagrams, and other things which are but part and parcel of a system—adjuncts and necessities to a Secret Society. But already this paper exceeds due limits, and yet remains the question:—Who were these thirty poets? Were they mere nobodies, desiring to bring themselves into notice by connecting their names with that of the great Bacon? Had they any special acquaintance with him and his doings?

When we trace their connection with Francis, we find it in many cases to be so close and intricate, that for the present we must be content with saying that nearly all were University men who rose to distinction, that nearly all are noted in the biographical dictionaries of Bayle, Chalmers, Allibone, Maunder, and Stephen; and that most of their names appear repeatedly in the Anthony Bacon correspondence, and in Spedding's "Letters and Life of Bacon."

Amongst these elegists are distinguished theologians; *Dr. Samuel Collins*, Provost of King's Coll., Cambridge; *George Herbert*, Rector of Bemerton (the youngest brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury), who translated some of Bacon's works into Latin, but who is chiefly known in connection with the Sacred Poems entitled "The Temple," which are ascribed to his pen.

*Dr. Williams* was a man of strong but unpleasing character, and great learning. He rose from being chaplain to Lord Ellesmere to being Archbishop of York. His very admiration of Bacon seems to have made him jealous, and his friendship for him rather time-serving than true. Yet to him Bacon bequeathed his register book of speeches and letters.

*Dr. William Loe* published many sermons.

*Dr. Henry Ferne*, Archdeacon of Leicester, Dean of Ely, Master of Trin. Coll., Camb., of which also he was Vice-Chancellor, became finally Bishop of Chester.

*Dr. James Dupont*, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Camb., a distinguished Greek scholar, became Master of Magdalen Coll., Cambridge.

*Robert Ashley* was a lawyer in the Middle Temple, and "a translator."

*Thomas Randolph*, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Camb., on coming to London became intimate with Ben Jonson, to whom he wrote an ode "to persuade him not to leave the stage." In a previous ode "To Himself," *the Dramatist* had threatened to retire.

Randolph's poem was therefore "An Answer." We commend these two pieces to the consideration of thoughtful readers.

*William Atkins* describes himself as Bacon's "Domestic Servant." He must have been a man of education, probably an amanuensis. To him Bacon left a legacy, and he was witness to his master's will.

As to those who sign initials only, we can but guess.

*R. P.* is probably *Sir Robert*, or *Sir Richard Phillipps*, whose names and others of their numerous family frequently appear (variously spelt) on the pages of Baconian biographies. *T. P.* we take to be *Thomas Phillipps*, described as "the decipherer," and as "he who had such skill in deciphering." A letter of Bacon's is extant (February 14th, 1592), begging him to come to him at Twickenham on a visit, "the longer the more welcome. *Otia colligunt mentem.* . . . In sadness come as you are an honest man." Evidently there was work to be done.

It is to be hoped that the time is passing away when men can be so bold or so foolish as to maintain that there is no secrecy, no mystery surrounding Francis Bacon—no society or combination to conceal or to suppress the true knowledge concerning him. That such a combination exists is now demonstrable. But apart from all facts collected on this head, is it not enough that we find a collection like this of Dr. Rawley's printed (as a whole, or in parts) in several standard works, yet carefully ignored in other standard works—in lives of Bacon, such as those of Basil Montague, Hepworth Dixon, and James Spedding? Thirty-two descriptive accounts of Bacon left shrouded or muffled up in strange and questionable Latin, rendering them to the majority of readers as inscrutable as the man in the iron mask.

Is it not enough to find that the repository of the Rawley MSS. is still kept secret? Is it not strong evidence of a conspiracy of silence and suppression that documents throwing light on Francis and Anthony Bacon as poets were, two generations ago, excluded from the printed index at Lambeth, and that none of the various biographers who drew their information from this source even allude to them? Is it nothing that, until lately, Bacon's *Promus* was excluded from the public catalogue of Harleian MSS., and that large collections concerning the history of paper-making and printing, and other matters connected with Baconian researches, are similarly rendered almost unattainable, *excepting to a certain class of Freemasons?*

Is not the fact that the place and circumstances of Bacon's death and burial are generally unknown, of itself sufficient to prove that "he went away in a cloud?" and do not the contradictory accounts of his death justify suspicion that none of

these accounts are trustworthy, but that the picture at the beginning of his poem, the "Farewell to Fortune," truly represents him as "*a hermit spurning the globe,*" dying to the world, and retiring into his cell to finish his work in peace?

We begin to know something when we confess that, after forty years of inquiry as to whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare, we still know next to nothing of "the man these records hide."

C. M. P.

WHOEVER HATH EYES TO SEE, LET HIM SEE.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for November may be found an article entitled "Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly," by John Fiske. It consists of eighteen pages, and is amusing and instructive in many ways, and shows that the cap, "Folly," is not yet seated, but still in the air. The article consists in great part of a kind of restatement of what has been said by others in favour of the writer's phase of the subject, and is based largely upon the idea that Shakespeare has had the credit of authorship, and that genius, without true culture, can pick up a world of information from coffee-houses, talks with lawyers, physicians, and men of letters. This, an invective upon all who differ from the writer, is its chief burden of song.

It seems, indeed, to us, that the writer mistakes Bacon, and in great part the field of inquiry.

As to the field of inquiry, Baconians start with the idea that a knowledge of words—a vocabulary—can be acquired only by culture, and that the ordinary vocabulary does not exceed 3,000 words, while the vocabulary of the plays exceeds 15,000, and is the widest possessed by any author; and hence indicates the widest culture. They say that no two individuals can have the same vocabulary. Their tastes, desires, interests, and aims must cause divergence. They say this divergence must be wide in proportion as their range of environment and culture differ. And is there any folly here? Bacon is known to have stood at the top of his age in all fields of culture, while Shakespeare, so far as known, had none of it.

They say the imaginative claim that Shakespeare could have acquired either the vocabulary, or the culture, manifested in the plays, by strolling about play-houses, coffee-houses, and by converse with lawyers and men of letters, is but chaff, and that no well-informed man, upon reflection, believes it.

Grant White of Shakespeare truly says: "The entire range of human knowledge must be laid under contribution to illustrate his writings."

Baconians say, this range was Bacon's range, as laid down in his "New Atlantis." In his noted letter to Lord Burghley in early life he says: "Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

They say that Bacon's distinctive idioms, unusual expressions, vocabulary, and *Promus* Notes are spread everywhere in the plays, and that the wisdom of the plays shows an all-rounded culture which touches at every coast of Baconism.

They say that whatever else genius or spontaneity may do, it cannot yield a vocabulary, and this the widest and richest in the language, and that to believe this is the top of human folly, and entitles the believer to wear that cap.

They say that the Baconian philosophy has been truly called the poetry of philosophy; that everywhere in his attributed writings Bacon presents his thought in figures, not arguments, exactly as is done in the plays; and they believe it is generally admitted that when in his letter to the poet, Sir John Davis, in 1603, he says: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue your very assured Fr. Bacon," he alludes to himself.

They say that any cultured Baconian student may know this claim to be true who will arm himself with vowel index, and into it take Bacon's distinctively used words, figures, idioms, and expressions; and the like from the plays. So doing, his vista will soon widen irresistibly to the true conception. He will also find no field of mental training, merely as training, will yield him wider scope or truer culture.

Bacon's intention, early formed, to shake a spear at human foibles, made the word Shake-speare—so written in all of the Quartos, as well as the original Folio—a mask both safe and significant of purpose. Now, only as Mr. Fiske dispels these follies, is he within the scope of inquiry.

Next, and to come nearer, must he not show himself to possess a true conception of the alleged author, Bacon, to entitle him to speak? Otherwise, on his prettily formed cap, "Folly," he may himself be declared the button.

What, then, must scholars say as to his sagacity to speak touching this subtle question of authorship, when he puts himself upon record, saying, as he does in his mentioned article, that Sir Francis Bacon's works show no touch of poetic genius. In referring to Chapman and Ben Jonson, he says: "These two men, to judge from their acknowledged works, were great poets,

whereas in Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetic genius."

We contrast Mr. Fiske's thoughts with Taine's, who, in his noble "History of English Literature," says :

"In this band of scholars, dreamers, and inquirers appears the most comprehensive, sensible, originative of the minds of the age, Francis Bacon, a great and luminous intellect, one of the finest of this Poetic Progeny, who, like his predecessors, was naturally disposed to clothe his ideas in the most splendid dress ; in this age a thought did not seem complete until it had assumed form and colour. But what distinguishes him from the others is, that with him an image only serves to concentrate meditation. He reflected long, stumped on his mind all the parts and joints of his subject ; and then, instead of dissipating his complete idea in a graduated chain of reasoning, he embodies it in a comparison so expressive, exact, transparent, that behind the figure we perceive all the details of the idea, like a liquor in a fair crystal vase.

"This is his mode of thought, by symbols, not by analysis ; instead of explaining his idea, he transposes, and translates it—translates it entire, to the smallest details, enclosing all in the majesty of a grand period, or in the brevity of a striking sentence.

"And to make the resemblance complete, he expresses them by poetical figures, by enigmatic abbreviations, almost in Sibylline verses.

"Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or expressive condensations of thought, more resembling inspiration, and in Bacon they are to be found everywhere. In short, his process is that of the Creator's ; it is intuition, not reasoning."

From the foregoing Mr. Fiske will see that he must box Taine on the ear, and send him out with the rest of the fools. On the other hand, if Mr. Fiske has mistaken Bacon all this while, may it not be just possible that the Baconians have the right of it ?

But we go deeper in his estimate. He says : "Bacon was in a high degree a subjective writer," and that "of all writers in the world Shakespeare is the most objective, and the most absorbed in the work of creation."

Likeness—No, a decided contrast.

Bacon a subjective writer ! Mr. Fiske ignores the fact that to overthrow this Aristotelian method of spinning, like the spider, out of self—the subjective—by laying a new flooring for knowledge, was what moved Bacon to his great reform ! He says : "The Rationalists are like the spider ; they spin all out of their own bowels. But give me a philosopher who, like the bee, hath a middle faculty gathering from abroad, but digesting that which

is gathered by his own virtue." Does he not call Aristotle, by reason of this spinning out of self, "the straggler from experience," and has Fiske really read Bacon for forty years to learn that he was a subjective writer?

Bacon undertook the establishment of a new system of philosophy in which things or actualities only, and the orderly relations unfolding from them, even to the very fringes thereof, should be taken or stand as supreme. In other words, he urged that the mind should be taught to stay upon objective or material change, rather than upon speculative meditation, if we would know Nature, or her truths, in native or orderly unfoldment, and he carried this idea forward into all of his doings, and made facts royal.

On the other hand, as to mind, it has ever been queried why Bacon, who took all knowledge for his province, elaborated no work on mind or metaphysics. Why this gap? We say that it was to avoid theorizing about the subtleties of mind and its activities, by subjective speculation, or spinning, that the plays were written. They will yet be known as Bacon's great volume on mind or metaphysics, and they fill this gap in his deep-laid scheme of reform. So objective was his mind and vocabulary that he had no word to apply to mind, that he did not equally apply to matter, and this is equally true of the plays. And thus another point for Baconians.

We say that the plays were Bacon's reform as to metaphysics. He believed not in metaphysics as theretofore spun. He says: "Be not troubled about Metaphysics. When true Physics have been discovered, there will be no Metaphysics. Beyond the true Physics is Divinity only."

Metaphysics he distinctly marked off from the realm of Physics, or Philosophy, and, by his own method, caused it in all its subtleties of emotions, motives, and passions to be enacted before the eyes of men upon the living stage. He nowhere theorized, but ever sought, in effects, for fruit. In his Shakespeare he manifests as subtle watchfulness for objective material change and appearances, to learn the forms and shows of motives, as for material effects in the realm of Physics. Touching the formation of his tables—the centre of his system—he says: "For we form a history and tables of invention for anger, fear, shame, and the like, and also for examples in civil life and the mental operations of memory, comparison, division, judgment, and the rest, as well as for heat and cold, light, vegetation, and the like."

Bacon a subjective writer! Does Mr. Fiske mean us to take him seriously?

J. E. ROE.

## THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT.

IN 1867 were discovered in Northumberland House, London, what are known as the celebrated Northumberland manuscripts. They consist of part of a manuscript book, the first page of which forms a table of contents. On the blank spaces, including the margins of this title page or table of contents, there are written a number of sentences, phrases, words, and parts of words. These scribblings are as follows:—

Anthony                    Mr. Francis  
Francis Bacon  
Francis

Multis annis jam transactis  
Nulla fides est in pactis,  
Mell in ore, verba lactis;  
Fell in corde, fraus in factis.

Then follows Bacon's and Shakespeare's name, the latter written over and over again, but it is not necessary for our purpose to reproduce them here, as we are concerned only with the above lines in Latin. Briefly paraphrased they say, "That many years having expired, compacts are no longer binding (or that after many years, the covenant was broken) your words are honey and milk, but treachery was in your heart, and fraud in your deeds." The object of this paper is to point out an important discovery we have just made. It is that the last two lines are undoubtedly borrowed from the play *Truculentus*, by the Latin poet, Plautus:—

"In melle sunt linguæ litæ vostræ atque orationes, lacteque;  
Corda felle sunt lita, atque acerba aceto." (*Truculentus* I. 2, 76.)

The Reverend Riley translates this:—"Your words are milk and honey, your hearts gall and vinegar" (Bohn's Edition). The Latin student will at once recognize the identity of these lines, the difference is only what is to be expected where prose has been converted into rhyming verse.

Let us examine this play with the view of discovering whether there is anything in its plot suggestive for the Bacon and Shakespeare problem? And also let us see what is the context of the passage which we have to deal with? In the first place, *the plot pivots upon imposture and fraud!* The play of the *Churl* is the story of a crafty courtesan by name Phronesium,

who plunders her three lovers, and plays them off one against the other. The argument of the play is as follows. We have followed the synopsis of the Reverend Riley's translation :—

#### THE SUBJECT.

Phronesium, a Courtesan, has three admirers—Dinarchus, a dissipated young Athenian; Strabax, a young man from the country; and Stratophanes, an officer in the Babylonian army. To impose upon the last, she palms off a child upon him, pretending that it is hers, and that he is the father of it. In the first part of the Play, Dinarchus returns from abroad, and is admitted by the servant Astaphium into the house of Phronesium. After this, Astaphium goes to the house where Strabax lives, to invite him to visit Phronesium, but is roughly repulsed by Stratilax, his servant. Dinarchus quits the house of Phronesium, not having been allowed to see her, on the excuse that she is at the bath. Phronesium at length comes out, and, in their conversation, tells Dinarchus that she is pretending to have been pregnant by the Captain Stratophanes, and has procured a child to pass off as his. She also begs Dinarchus to make her a present, which he promises to do, and then takes his leave. She then gets everything in readiness to look as though she had just lain in. The captain arrives from abroad, and produces his presents; but as ready money does not form a part of them, Phronesium expresses extreme dissatisfaction and contempt. At this moment Geta, the servant of Dinarchus, comes with his present, in money and provisions. A quarrel ensues between the captain and Geta, who at last takes to his heels, on which Phronesium goes into her house. Strabax then arrives from the country with some ready money, and is admitted to visit Phronesium. Stratilax comes to look for him, and after some parley falls a prey to the allurements of Astaphium. Dinarchus then arrives, but, despite of his recent generosity, suffers a repulse. Before he quits the stage, Callicles, an old gentleman, comes with two female-servants, whom he examines as to what they have done with a female child that his daughter has been recently delivered of. They confess that they have carried it to Phronesium to be passed off as her own, and that Dinarchus is really the father of it. Dinarchus, in great alarm, overhears this conversation, and then accosts Callicles, and, confessing his fault, offers to marry his daughter forthwith. His offer is accepted; on which he revisits Phronesium, to request her to restore to him the child. She, however, prevails upon him to lend it to her for a few days, that she may fully carry out her design of imposing upon the Captain. After this, Stratophanes appears again, and brings fresh presents. He then has a quarrel



with Strabax, and the play ends by Phronesium promising to divide her favours between them both. The text of this play is in a most corrupt state.

The reader will immediately recognize in the central motive of the supposititious child, the fact that the plot of this play *pivots upon imposture and fraud*. It is the trick of the *palmed-off child* that attracts our attention, for the child turns out in the end to be the son of Dinarchus, who utters the words of the Latin text, which we re-find plagiarized from, in the four-lined verse of the Northumberland manuscript. Indeed, we have only to imagine this palmed-off infant to be the *heir of a poet's invention*, to perceive at once a perfect parallel for the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, as put by Baconians. But first, we will take a brief sketch of the opening of the play, introducing Dinarchus, and leading up to the passage plagiarized from.

In the first scene of the first act, we are introduced to Dinarchus, and we find him saying:—

“Now this courtesan (*pointing to the house*) Phronesium, who dwells here has totally expelled from my breast her own name Phronesium, for Phronesis is wisdom. For I confess I was with her first, and foremost, a thing that's very disastrous to a lover's cash. The same woman after she had found another out, a Babylonian Captain, whom the hussy said was troublesome and odious to her, forthwith banished me from the spot. He now is said to be about to arrive from abroad. For that reason has she now covered up this device; she pretends that she has been brought to bed. That she may push me out of doors, and with the Captain alone live the life of a jovial Greek; *she pretends that this Captain is the father of the child*. She faucies she's deceiving me! Does she suppose that she could have concealed it from me if she had been pregnant?” (Act I., Scene 1, *The Churl*).

In the next scene we find Dinarchus carrying on a conversation with Astaphium, the handmaid of Phronesium. But he has no money, and the Abigail plays him off with witty excuses and satire pointed at his poverty. This Abigail may be really identified with her mistress Phronesium, and is the mouthpiece and go-between of the latter. At last she says to Dinarchus:—

*Astaphium*.—Do go indoors. Really you are no stranger; for upon my faith not one person this day does she more love in her heart and soul—(*aside*)—if indeed, you've got land and tenements.

*Dinarchus*.—Your tongues and talk are steeped in honey; your doings and dispositions are steeped in gall and sour vinegar. From

*your tongues you utter sweet words ; you make your lovers of bitter heart if any don't give you presents* (Act I., Scene 2).

These are the words of our text. They are addressed to the waiting-maid, but it may easily be seen they point at her mistress Phronesium. Presently the latter consents to see Dinarchus and confesses to him her fraud, how she wishes to palm off a child (which she has procured) upon her Captain Stratophanes, with the object of getting a good haul out of him, and a settlement for the child's sake. A very clever and amusing scene is the one in which the gallant captain returns and finds Phronesium pretending to be lying convalescent after her confinement, and Stratophanes exclaims: "Mars, on his arrival from abroad, salutes Neriene, his spouse. Since you've well got over it, and since you've been blest with the offspring, I congratulate you in that you have given birth to a great glory to me and to yourself" (Act II., Scene 2).

To pass over everything unimportant, it is as well to note that we find Dinarchus, in a conversation with Astaphium dwelling upon the terms of the compact, or covenant, entered into between Phronesium and himself. This is a very curious passage, which has puzzled the translator, Mr. Riley. In a rather coarse form of metaphor, Dinarchus refers to what he calls "*his rights of pasturage*," for which he has paid by means of tax, title deed (*scripturam*), or writing.

In the final scene one Callicles appears with two servant girls whom he cross-examines as to what has become of his daughter's child which disappeared. He also seeks to learn who was the father of this child? Dinarchus, who overhears the dialogue, steps forward and confesses himself father of the missing infant. Further examination elucidates the truth, that the child was conveyed by the maidservants to Phronesium, who purchased it for her base ends. Dinarchus makes restitution to the daughter of Callicles by marrying her, the child is restored to Dinarchus, after being lent to Phronesium, and the play ends.

If we now return to the four-lined Latin verse of the Northumberland manuscripts, it is evident it bears witness to a compact, or covenant, entered into between two parties, one of whom broke faith after a lapse of years, and whom the other reproaches, or accuses for honey'd words and smooth speech, but whose heart was treacherous, and whose deeds were fraudulent. The finding of Bacon's and Shakespeare's name below this Latin quatrain naturally leads to the inference that the covenant refers to mutual transactions between them. That of course is, however, only a theory. But it is certain, in the play of *The Churl*, from whence they are borrowed, the words refer to

Phronesium and Dinarchus. It is therefore of the very greatest importance we follow the parallel as it appears to us.

If we apply this play to Bacon and Shakespeare, supposing the palmed-off child to be the plays—the heir of the poet's invention, we have Bacon (Dinarchus) pushed out of doors by his own work. If we suppose Dinarchus to be Bacon, we may imagine him saying, "You fraudulently pass off a child of mine as your own, and that of another man, and I consider myself robbed by you, inasmuch as you have broken the compact between us—your words are honey and milk, but your deeds are full of deceit, and your heart full of treachery!" It is indeed impossible to imagine Bacon reading this play of *Truculentus* by Plautus, without his thinking how exactly it fitted his own case; inasmuch as he sacrificed everything for Wisdom's sake, even Wisdom itself, since he was cheated out of his own! To go further, if we are to believe Ben Jonson's *Poem Ape*, in which a theatrical manager, and a poet ("who would be thought our chief") is pointed at—it is certain this portrait of one (who can only be Shakespeare) closely resembles the character of Phronesium, inasmuch as he was becoming "so bold a thief," that he was turning to account all his transactions with his contemporary playwrights.

It remains open to us to consider Stratophanes as the true parallel for Shakespeare. As the putative father of a child by Wisdom, which child was really another's, we have a strong case. But it must be remembered, Stratophanes is only a dupe in the play—he makes no compacts and he imposes upon nobody except by accident. It is Phronesium who so perfectly represents that worldly cunning which Bacon calls "a crooked sort of wisdom" (*Essay of Cunning*) inasmuch as her entire aim is to get everything and give nothing in return! It is here particularly to be observed that in a certain degree Dinarchus is privy to the trick, or imposture of the palmed off child—a point parallel, we must suppose, in the relations of Bacon to Shakespeare, with regard to the palmed-off plays? It is impossible to avoid being struck with the entirely opposite character of Phronesium, even to her name, when we think of Francis Bacon. For is not Phronesium, *Sapience, or Wisdom*, and was not Bacon a lover of Wisdom, or a philosopher in every sense of the word? In conclusion, it is pertinent to observe that Bacon quotes Plautus several times in his prose works. With regard to the plays, it is universally acknowledged that the *Comedy of Errors* was borrowed from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. It would be as well that readers interested in our discovery should read the *Truculentus*, if not in the original, then in a translation. I think

they will acknowledge there is a great deal in this plot of a fraudulently imposed child—a child that belongs to the man who uses the words adapted in the four-lined verse of the manuscript—to induce us to believe Plautus was plagiarized by the scribbler with a purpose beyond that of the mere words borrowed.

Phronesis is a perfect type of worldly selfish craft, or cunning,—the cunning that takes the form of audacious imposture, and lays claim to the offspring of the very man she is deceiving and breaking faith with? Bacon, we may imagine, had beggared himself in his pursuit and love of wisdom—this wisdom disclaims him, and passes off the child of his own begetting as the heir of another man, Stratophanes. In studying this theoretical parallel we must not expect to find every piece of the puzzle perfectly fitting its application, because we are ourselves still in the dark as to the real relationship of the real author of the plays to their putative father. It is sufficient as a hint of the greatest possible importance that the words borrowed from Plautus' play come from the mouth of a character who suffers just the sort of fraud we believe Bacon was the victim of—his own child palmed off in his face as another! It is evident the scribbler of the four-lined latin verse was thinking of some covenant, or promise broken, and recalling the relationship of the cunning and crafty Phronesium, to the generous Dinarchus—alas too confiding!

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

## SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF CLASSIC PHRASEOLOGY

### PART II.

WE now come to a more subtle instance, the word is, *Inequality*, which occurs only once in Shakespeare, and then in a way that puzzles the critics. It is evidently used in some metaphysical sense. Inequality is referred to the mind, not to outward things. Here is the passage. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is winding up the tangled skein of affairs which by his absence had grown too complicated and perplexing; Isabella is presenting her complaint, and her petition for redress,—she accuses Angelo of crime and misgovernment. At first the Duke, in order to save Angelo, affects belief in her insanity, and yet he is not quite satisfied on that point.

“By mine honesty [he says]

If she be mad, as I believe no other,

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in Madness.

[Isabella replies] O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do no not banish reason  
For *Inequality*; but let your reason serve  
To make the Truth appear where it seems hid  
And hide the false seems true." *M. M.* v. i. 59.

What is the precise meaning of *inequality*, or has it a very precise meaning at all? No Shakespearean critic has given a satisfactory explanation of it. Now it is very remarkable that the words *Inæqualis*, *Inæqualitas*, *Inæqualiter*, are used by Bacon in the *Novum Organum* and elsewhere, also in some metaphysical sense, but that sense is not very clear and prompts a footnote of perplexity to Mr. Spedding.

Here is Bacon's Latin:—"Intellectus, nisi regatur et juvetur, res inæqualis est, et omnino inhabilis ad superandum rerum obscuritatem," *i.e.* "The Intellect unless it is ruled (or *guided*—Spedding) and assisted is a thing that may be called *inæqualis* and altogether incapable of overcoming the obscurity of things" (*Nov. Org.* I. 21). Bacon was very fond of comparing the helps to induction which his philosophy was to supply to a ruler, by which a straight line can easily be drawn, although the unaided hand is quite incapable of making such a line. It must be ruled and assisted—*regatur et juvetur*. The trace of that thought is found in the use of the word *inæqualis*, you cannot do anything straight without a proper mental guidance—your line will be crooked, irregular, waving, *inæqualis*. And so Isabella entreats the Duke to use a proper mental instrument, so that he may overcome the obscurity of the things brought before him, not one that is "*inæqualis ad eas superandum.*"

Now what is this *inequality*? A little further on in the *Novum Organum* Bacon is describing the *Idola Tribus*, the Idols of the Tribe, which have their foundation in human nature itself; the mind makes its own perceptions the measure of things, forgetting that the perceptions alike of sense and of the mind are according to the measure of the individual and not according to the measure of the universe. And then he proceeds—

"Estque intellectus humanus instar speculi *inæqualis* ad radios verum—[and the human understanding is like an unlevel mirror meeting the rays of things—or it may be translated—like a mirror incapable of reflecting the rays of things—] quae suam naturam naturæ rerum immiscet, eamque distorquet et inficit,

[which mixes up its own nature with the nature of things and distorts and discolours it].

This is exactly Isabella's point of view; she tells the Duke that he is being ensnared by one of the *Idola Tribus*, that he distorts and discolours things by putting his own notions into them; consequently his reason is incapable of making the truth appear and the false disappear, by allowing the rays of things to be reflected on a surface fitted to receive them with accuracy and equality.

The same word is used also with reference to the *Idola Fori*, the Idols of the Market, *i.e.* fallacies arising from words which are the coins by which mental traffic is carried on. Such phrases as *Fortune*, *Primum Mobile*, *Planetary Orbits*, *The Element of Fire*, are not representative of true things, they are fictions arising out of idle theories. While such words as *humid*, *heavy*, *light*, *rare*, *dense*, represent things which exist, but are not well defined; they are *temere et inæqualiter a rebus abstracta*, *i.e.* hastily or unequally (or irregularly, as Spedding translates it) abstracted or derived from realities. This also fits in with Isabella's meaning: "Madness—you say, most gracious Duke. What is madness? It is a word not well defined. You are worshipping one of the *Idola Fori*, the word you use is not the product of reason, but of very crude, unequal and irregular observation; it is a conclusion of your own, *temere et inæqualiter a rebus abstracta*. You rush to your conclusion in a hasty and disorderly way—you are thimble-rigging with the word madness, and using it as a market coin to purchase false notions and to hide true ones."

In another passage the word *inæqualis* is used in the same metaphysical sense. In his Essay on Earthly Hope Bacon speaks of false or over-weening hope—too sanguine expectation—as leading its votary to dwell in a sort of pleasant dream. This it is, he adds, *quod reddit animam levem, tumidam, inæqualem, peregrinantem*, which makes the mind light, frothy, or swelling, unequal, wandering. Here also *inequality* as a mental attribute is connected with mistaking fictions for facts—the dreams of hope for the substance of reality—and putting all these passages together, I think we get a fairly satisfactory exposition of Isabella's speech. Bacon's metaphysical use of the word explains Shakespeare's, and I do not think any one but Bacon would have so used it.

I must just refer to the word *Permission*, the use of which is explained in the *Bacon Journal* II., 144.

Iago says, in his cynical way, that love is "a lust of the blood, a Permission of the Will" (*Oth. I.*, iii.). Bacon constantly speaks

of "*intellectus sibi permissus*"—the intellect left to itself: but he allows this *permissio intellectus*, letting loose a permission of the intellect, at a certain stage of any inductive process;—for a time the intellect may throw off its logical restraints and have a certain liberty or license of making hypotheses. Mr. Ellis says, "The phrase *permissio intellectus* sufficiently indicates that in this process the mind is suffered to follow the course most natural to it; it is relieved from the restraints hitherto imposed upon it, and reverts to its usual state." And *permissio voluntatis*, Iago's permission of the will, means that the will set free from governance, moving without restraint of law, or reason, or duty. Consequently "a permission of the will" does not mean that the will, although claiming a right to govern, either waives the right or gives its license to the blood; but that the will itself is released from all impediment and control and allows the impulses of passion to accomplish themselves without restraint.

The word *instance* is another of Shakespeare's perplexing words. Dyce says, "It is used by Shakespeare with various shades of meaning which it is not easy to distinguish—motive, cause, ground, symptom, prognostic, information, assurance, proof, example, indication." Amidst these variations of meaning there is one which is strictly defined by Bacon and referred by him to the Latin phrase, *quod instat*—that which is urgent or imminent, just ready to happen. Bacon's words are, "Men fly to their ends when they should intend their beginnings, and so do not take things in the order of time as they come on, but marshal them according to greatness and not according to instance, not observing that good precept *quod nunc instat agamus*."

This use of *instance* as related to *quod instat* may be seen in many passages in Shakespeare. For example, "The Duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry your eyes."

One of our convent and his confessor, "Gives me this instance." *M.M.* IV., iii., 132, *i.e.* he tells me this as an event, *quod instat*, in time.

"A league from Epidamnum had we sailed  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic *instance* of our harm."

*Com. Errors*, I., i., 63.

*i.e.*, any indication of what would immediately happen. The phrase "always-wind-obeying deep," is purely classical in construction, and Greek more than Latin.

"The examples  
Of every minutes' instance (present now),  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms."

2 *Henry IV.*, i., 80.

*i.e.*, examples of what might happen at any minute.  
When Shakespeare writes—

"Please ye, we may *contrive* this afternoon."

(*T. S.*, I. ii., 276).

he employs with unusual audacity a Latin word in a sense not very common in Latin, and utterly anomalous and unprecedented in English—in the sense of wear away, consume, spend. Terence writes, *Cursando et ambulando totum nunc contrivi diem*, and Bacon uses the word in his *Novum Organum* I., 112. *In meditationibus et commentationibus ingenii temporis infinitum temporis contriverunt*. "In meditations and fictions of the mind they have consumed (or spent) infinite time."

*Extenuate* is one of the words pointed out by Hallam as indicating Shakespeare's use of English words in a classic sense. The Latin word *extensio* means make thin or small, lessen or weaken. In English the same radical sense is implied but it is used only with reference to conduct—the palliation or excusing of admitted faults. Shakespeare uses it in an entirely different way. He writes, "The law of Athens which by no means we may extenuate." (*M. N. D. I.*, i., 120)—*i.e.*, weaken, rob of its substance. "You may not so *extenuate* his offence for I have had such faults" (*M. M. II.*, i., 17)—not excuse, not lessen the gravity or import of the offence.

Bacon says of adverse fortune such as poverty, or loss of rank and power, that for "the most part it extenuateth the mind, and makes it apprehensive of fears." And he concludes his panegyric of Queen Elizabeth by saying, "But why do I forget that words do *extenuate* and embase matters of so great weight." (*Life*, I., 126, 142).

*Recordation* represents the Latin word *recordatio*, calling to mind, recollection, remembrance. It is not strictly speaking an English word at all; Shakespeare thus uses it:—

"I never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high an heaven  
For *recordation* to my noble husband."

2 *Henry IV.*, II., iii. 58.



and again—

“To make a Recordation to my soul by every syllable that here was spoke.”

*Tro. and Cres.*, V., ii. 116.

*Simular* is not English, but Shakespeare uses it—

“Thou perjured and thou *simular* man of virtue,  
Thou art incestuous.”

*Lear*, III., ii. 51.

“My practice so prevailed  
That I returned with *simular* proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad.”

*Cymb.*, XV., 119.

*Simulo* is to copy, or imitate, counterfeit, feign. “*Simular man of virtue*” therefore means a man whose virtue is *sham* or counterfeit. *Simular proof* means facts which looks like evidence, but are not so. It is an unsuccessful attempt to plant a Latin word into the vernacular.

*Sort* in one passage, and one only, represents the Latin word *sors*, a lot.

“No! Make a lottery,  
And by device let blockish Ajax draw  
The *sort* to fight with Hector.”

*Tro. and Cres.*, I., iii. 374.

The word *speculation* in English refers to mental operation, not *eyesight*. Shakespeare always, and Bacon often uses it in its physical sense, outward light not inward vision, although the two meanings may be combined in one use of the word. Thus Macbeth, scared by Banquo's ghost, exclaims—

“Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with.”

*Macbeth*, III., iv. 95.

and in a profoundly metaphysical discourse, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the word is so used as to convey a psychological teaching by physical illustration.

“*Speculation* turns not to itself  
Till it hath travelled, and is mirrored there  
Where it may see itself.”

*Tro. and Cres.*, III., iii. 109.

*i.e.* the eye cannot look directly at itself—it must see itself in a mirror.

A different application, suggesting the Latin word *specula*, a

watch town, may be found in these two passages. The Constable of France, in his contempt for the English army, says that their own superfluous lacqueys and peasants might deal with them.

"Though we upon this mountains basis by,  
Took stand for idle speculation."

*Henry V.*, IV., ii. 30.

Still more plainly is the watching sense seen in the following:—

"Servants, who seem no less,  
Which are to France the spies and *speculations*,  
Intelligent of our state."

*Lear*, III., i. 23.

Othello, talking half Latin and half English, speaks of his "Speculative and *officed* instruments." His faculties of observation and duty. *Officed* here follows the Latin sense of officium-duty. Cicero's treatise on Ethics is entitled *De Officiis*.

The word *stelled* is used with two absolutely distinct meanings, neither of them English, one Latin, the other Greek.

The Latin sense is related to the word *stella*, a star or constellation.

Of *Lear*, in the tempest, it is said—

"The Sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell black night endured, would have buoyed up,  
And quench'd the *stelled* fires."

*Lear*, III., vii. 59.

Bacon's belief that the stars are true fires is clearly reflected in this passage—

The other sense of *Stella* is from the Greek word *στέλλω*, meaning to fix, set in its place. It occurs twice, first in the 24th Sonnet—

"Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in the table of my heart."

The other in *Lucrece* (1443)—

"To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd."

It may be noted that in both instances when this peculiar signification of *stelled* is employed, it is referred to the art of painting.

A very curious word is *constringed*, which occurs *once* only. "The dreadful spirit which shipmen do the *hurricane* call *constringed* in mass by the Almighty Sun."

*Troilus and Cressida*, VII. 171.

The word is Latin. *Constringo* means "bind together,"—"tie up like a bundle," and so, metaphorically, give coherence or consistence. Bacon says of the syllogism that it lays hold of assent but does not grasp the thing itself to which assent is given. "*Assensum itaque constringit non res.*"

The syllogism ties up the conclusion in a parcel by the constriction of the premises and so commands assent; but it does not necessarily govern the mind by presenting the thing itself. It is a logical form, not a material or essential fact.

Here then are some thirty words out of a collection of more than 250, showing that Latin was a step-mother tongue to the poet: he had probably been accustomed to use it as an instrument of expression, and the arts and fragments of it were perpetually scattered in his English composition.

The words I have given, alphabetically arranged, are—Act, Aspersion, Cadent, Capricious, Captious, Consequence, Constringed, Contrive, Document, Double, Eminent, Evitate, Exsufficate, Extenuate, Fatigate, Immanity, Include, Inequality, Inhabitable, Instance, Intenible, Office, Oppugnancy, Permission, Propugnation, Recordation, Repugnancy, Simular, Sort, Speculation, Stelled (*bis*).

One very characteristic mark of Shakespeare's scholarship is its unobtrusive quality, which has blinded many critics to its extent and even its reality. Shakespeare was no pedant. He uses his learning but he does not parade it; the lump of sugar is not seen, but the composition is sweeter for its presence.

Hence the critics extol the scholarship of Ben Jonson as large and unequivocal, and when he said of Shakespeare that he had small Latin and less Greek, they are green enough to believe him. If Jonson had founded a play on the *Electra* of Sophocles, which Mr. White contends the poet of *Hamlet* did, he would not have left it for unborn critics to discover; it would have been glaring on the face of it, gross and palpable. But Shakespeare, in this as in all other respects, keeps his own personality in the background, partly, I doubt not, because he felt perfectly sure of immortality, but chiefly because he was a true artist, a perfect adept in the art of concealing Art—more intent on the expression of his ideas than on self-assertion.

The bearing of all this on the question of Baconian authorship is very clear. If the writer was so familiar with the classic languages as to have all the literature of Greece and Rome at his command—if Latin was so familiar to him that it obtruded itself upon his English and made him talk and write with a foreign—*i. e.* a classic accent—the poet must have been *some such man* as Bacon was, he could not have been such a man as William

Shakespeare was, the poet was no untutored child of nature, but a scholar and a man of the world—not warbling wood notes wild, but governing all the pedals, and all the stops, and all the manuals of a mighty organ, capable of whispering the softest and simplest flute tones of Arcady, but capable also of thundering forth in majestic diapason the largest themes of the great world, and the choicest harmonies of the most refined and cultivated art.

R. E. THEOBALD.

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“SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF ELIZABETH.”

No. 1.—DATE 1558: THE RIGHT OF SUCCESSION.

IN reviewing the play of King John, we shall endeavour to unravel the history contained therein, and invite attention to its close agreement with the events of Elizabeth's reign, although running on somewhat parallel lines with the history of John.

The location of Prince Arthur's death, so near to that of Mary Stuart's, and the absence of any mention of Magna Charta, are very significant. In the opening of the play, John is giving audience to Chatillon, who, as ambassador of Philip, challenges the former's right to the throne, and claims it on behalf of Prince Arthur. In these lines we find a singular coincidence with the opening of Elizabeth's reign.

“An armistice had been arranged between the three countries, and a conference was being held at Cercamp, during which, Queen Mary died. Affecting to suppose that the interests of Spain, in England, must have died with the late Queen, the French Commissioners at once, on the arrival of the news, challenged Elizabeth's right, they made an immediate effort to separate Philip from her, and scarcely cared to conceal their intention of striking an immediate blow if Spain would look on and hold its hand.”—Froude's *History of England*, 1558.

*Chat.*—Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France  
 In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
 The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.*—A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

*K. John.*—Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

*Chat.*—Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair *island* and the territories,—

\* \* \* \* \*

Act I., Scene 2, Ending, *Eli.*—Which none but heaven, and  
you, and I, shall hear.

No. 2.—DATE, 1591 : THE POST.

Act. I., Scene 1.

Beginning : *Bast.*—Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to thee !

Ending : Oh, me ! it is my mother.

These lines, we suggest, have reference to the occasion of Sir Robert Cecil entertaining Queen Elizabeth, when he endeavoured to propitiate her favour by getting up one of the most original pieces of flattery that was ever devised for her gratification. A person, in the dress of a "Post" enters, with letters, exclaiming :—

"Is Mr. Secretary Cecil here? Did you see Mr. Secretary? Gentlemen, can you bring me to Mr. Secretary Cecil?" To which a Gentleman Usher replies, and after some high-flown compliments to the various perfections of her Majesty, the Post says :—

"Well, I am half persuaded to deliver the letters to her own hand ; but, sir, they come from the Emperor of China, in a language that she understands not."

"Usher : Why, then, you are very simple, Post. Though it be so, yet these princes, as the Great Turk and the rest, do always send a translation in *Italian, French, Spanish, or Latin*, and then it's all one to her," etc., etc., etc.

The most surprising part of the matter was, that her Majesty could sit quietly to listen to so many fulsome compliments.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1591.

*Bast.*—And so, ere answer knows what question would,—  
Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,  
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*,—  
It draws towards supper in conclusion so,  
But this is worshipful society  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself ;  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation,—

And so am I, whether I smack or no ;  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :

\* \* \* \* \*

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

\* \* \* \* \*

What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 3.—DATE 1571 : RIDOLFI CONSPIRACY.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning : *K. Phi.*—Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Ending : *Aust.*—In such a just and charitable war.

Elizabeth was threatened with this formidable conspiracy, which included many powerful English noblemen, the Pope, and Philip II. The latter had not hitherto been favourable to the interests of Mary Stuart, and the line

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,

is the occasion of her cause receiving Spanish support for the first time.—Froude's *History of England*, 1571.

The following lines raise the question of Richard's identity—

Arthur, that great *forerunner* of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave ;  
 And, for amends to his *posterity*,  
 At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural Uncle, English John,  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Taking "forerunner" as ancestral, it does not apply to Coeur-de-Lion and Arthur, but if we substitute François de Bourbon and Mary Stuart, the former being killed in Italy in 1425, the line

The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 consistently agrees, she being his great granddaughter.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love ;

represents her in her imprisonment, when it was secretly understood that should the conspiracy prove successful, she would hold herself at Philip's disposal, either to marry Norfolk or Don John of Austria.

Austria's speech represents Philip's attitude at this period.

No. 4.—DATE 1558: OVERTURES FOR PEACE.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—Well, then to work: our cannon shall be bent.

Ending: *Chat.*—To parley or to fight: therefore prepare.

Satisfied with the triumph of a policy which had annexed the crown of Scotland to France, and with having driven the English by main strength from their last foothold on French soil, Henry could now be content to evacuate Savoy and Piedmont, if Philip on his side would repeat the desertion of Crêpy, and having brought England into the war, would leave her to endure her own losses, or avenge them by her single strength.

With this secret meaning on the part of France an overture for peace was commenced in the autumn of 1558, through the mediation of the *Duchess of Lorraine*.

An armistice was agreed upon, and the first conference was held at the Abbey of Cercamp.

Froude's *History of England*, 1558.

*Const.*—Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood;  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*K. Phi.*—A wonder, *lady*,—lo! upon thy wish  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd!  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon speak.

No. 5.—DATE 1558-9: ELIZABETH'S DEMAND FOR THE RESTORATION OF CALAIS.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Peace be to France in peace permit.

Ending: " " Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

On Elizabeth's accession she continued her private correspondence with France. Calais, she insisted, must be restored, her people were determined to have that blot to their nation swept away.

*K. John.*—Peace be to France if France in peace permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!

Henry determined to challenge the sovereignty of the whole Britannic Empire for his youthful daughter-in-law Mary Stuart, as the rightful representative of Henry VII.

During the preliminary negotiations for the peace of Cambray, Elizabeth's demand for the restitution of Calais as a portion of the English dominion was met with this insulting rejoinder from the French Commissioners: "In that case, it ought to be surrendered to the Dauphin's consort, the Queen of Scots, whom we take to be the Queen of England."

*Froude's History of England, 1558-9.*

*K. John.*—From whom hast thou this great commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.*—From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right,  
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

#### No. 6.—HENRY VIII.'S WILL.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Eli.*—Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and earth!

Ending: *Const.*—A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

The question arises in regard to these lines, Who is intended?

"This is thy eldest son's son"

is not correct in its genealogy as regards Geoffrey and his son Arthur, and to agree with our assumption we suggest that Elinor *here* represents Henry VIII., whom the lines more reasonably portray, and the line altered to

This is thy eldest sister's grand-daughter

would be in agreement with the relationship of Mary Stuart in the line, "Being but the second generation removed."



*Eli.*—Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Agreeing with the will of Henry VIII., barring the descendants of his sister Margaret from the right to the throne of England.

No. 7.—DATE 1559 : CONFERENCE OF CAMBRAY.

Act II., Scene 1.

Beginning: *First Cit.*—Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

Ending: *K. Phi.*—Command the rest to stand,—God and our right!

Since he had resolved at all hazards to keep Calais, Henry was unwilling to bind himself by a promise which he had pre-determined to break.

*K. John.*—They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears.

Elizabeth found herself thrown back upon the solid facts of her position, with her Spanish allies alone to trust to. The congress reopened at Cambray on the 5th February. Lord William Howard, the third English Commissioner, was delayed in London and did not appear till four days after the opening. His last instructions from Elizabeth were to surrender anything except Calais, but to remain firm upon that. Philip, on the other hand, was weary of the war. He was irritated with Elizabeth, and insisted that he was penniless, and that peace must be made.

*Froude's History of England, 1559.*

*Bast.*—Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine *hostess' door*,  
Teach us some fence! (To Austria) Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

Attention is directed to the line Act I., Scene 1, where Elinor says, "I am a soldier and bound for France." Elinor, we suggest, represents Lord William Howard.

No. 8.—DATE 1559 : THE MARRIAGE QUESTIONS.

Act II., Scene 2.

Beginning: *First Cit.*—Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay.

Ending: *K. John.*—Holds hand with any princess of the world.

Henry's war-fever having somewhat cooled, he sought to carry out his design of uniting the three crowns by the aid of "marriages," and as a settlement of existing differences.

In these lines Blanch has a dual character, representing Mary Stuart and Elizabeth, the interests of the two queens being interwoven. In the First Citizen's speech it is undoubtedly the portrait of Mary Stuart, while Elinor's speech is on behalf of Elizabeth, and a reply to Henry's proposition.

"Montmorency," in reply to Alva, said, "Thus much Henry might be induced to yield." Elizabeth might be left in undisturbed possession of the crown of England, on condition that her children should intermarry with Mary Stuart's. France, meanwhile, should keep Calais for eight years.

*First Cit.*—Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league.

Henry followed up his first step by a more decided overture. Going at once to the central difficulty, he instructed Guido Calvacanti to say to the Queen, that, although Calais was part of the ancient patrimony of France, and the French nation would give all their substance to keep it, but if she would marry in a quarter from which France had nothing to fear, an expedient would be found between himself, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Queen of England, for a perpetual union of England, France, and Scotland.

*Froude's History of England.*

*El.*—Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition.  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.*—Why answer not the double majesties,  
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

NO. 9.—DATE 1575-82: ELIZABETH'S LAST MATRIMONIAL  
ADVENTURE.

Act II., Scene 2.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—What sayest thou, boy? look in the lady's  
face.

Ending: *Lew.*—For I do love her most unfeignedly.

The speeches in these lines have a difference in tone to the preceding ones, and we venture to suggest that they portray Elizabeth and Alençon.

"Alençon came—came without any ostentation, and the objection behind which Elizabeth had sheltered herself hitherto was removed, she had seen him. He was a small brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse croaking voice, but whether from contradiction, or from whatever cause, she professed to be enchanted with him. She, who was accustomed to the society of the stately Dudley's and Sidney's, declared she had never seen a man who pleased her so well, never one whom she could so willingly make her husband. For him too, as for Simier, she had a name of endearment. Simier was her "monkey," Alençon her "grenouille," her frog, a frog prince beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover's eyes, a form of preternatural beauty.

*Froude's History of England.*

*Lew.*—I do protest I never lov'd myself,  
Till now, infixed, I beheld myself  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

*Bast.* (aside)—Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor—this is pity now,  
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be  
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

On October 2nd, 1579. The Queen summoned her council to meet and deliberate on the subject of her marriage with the Duke of Anjou (*Alençon*).

*Blanch.*—My uncle's will in this respect is mine :  
If he see ought in you that makes him like  
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will.

\* \* \* \*

## No. 10.—QUEEN REGENT OF SCOTLAND, FEARS A PEACE.

Act. III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Const.*—Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!Ending: *Const.*—Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

These lines, we suggest, have reference to the "expedient" by which Henry II. hoped to bring about a peaceful settlement, viz., by a marriage of Elizabeth to a French prince. This would have been a blow to the hopes and designs of the Queen Regent, whose alarm is expressed by

*Const.*—Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!

\* \* \* \*

Lewis marry Blanch! oh, boy, then where art thou?

France friend with England! what becomes of me?

\* \* \* \*

*Arth.*—I do beseech you, madame, be content,*Const.*—If thou, that biddst me be content, wert grim,

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,

Full of displeasing blots and sightless stains,

\* \* \* \*

I then would be content

For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou

Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown,

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,

Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great:

Of Nature's gifts Thou may'st *with lilies boast*And with the *half blown rose*.

## No. 11.—DATE 1559: THE PEACE OF CAMBRAY.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day.Ending: *Const.*—And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Seeing that it was useless to persevere further, the French gave way, and on the 12th March, 1559, a final arrangement was concluded by which they bound themselves to deliver Calais, Guisnes, and the whole pale intact in its existing condition at the time stated, viz., at the end of eight years, or else forfeit the sum of half a million crowns, and leave the English claim unimpaired; to evacuate, and raze the fortresses which they had built

on the Scotch border; and to give substantial security for the money. As a last precaution the Spanish commissioners required that the Dauphin and Dauphiness should confirm the treaty and directly recognize Elizabeth's right to the crown.

Froude's *History of England*, 1559.

Mary of Lorraine, Queen Regent of Scotland, was at this period contending against a rebellion, and combating the Reformation, the withdrawal of French support at this critical juncture was an overwhelming misfortune to her already difficult position, and a very serious check to the ambitious designs of her brothers, the princes of Lorraine, so that this "treaty" was most disastrous to all her hopes; it was "war."

*Const.*—You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace.

\* \* \* \*

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace!

*Const.*—War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria!—

[O France! O Spain!]

No. 12.—DATE 1558-9: SUPREMACY.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Pand.*—Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!

Ending: *Pand.*—That takes away by any secret course thy hateful life.

The Queen began to put in practice that oath of supremacy which her father first ordained, and amongst the many that refused that oath was my Lord Chancellor, Dr. Heath.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*.

The words of the oath were read over to them; and the Archbishop of York (Dr. Heath) was first asked to swear: instead of replying, he addressed Elizabeth, with a haughty admonition to remember her duty, and to dread the curse which would follow if she were disobedient.

I will answer you, Elizabeth replied, in the words of Joshua. As Joshua said of himself and his. I and my realm will serve the Lord. My sister could not bind the realm, nor bind those who should come after her, to submit to a *usurped authority*. I

take those who maintain here the Bishop of Rome and his ambitious pretensions to be *enemies to God and to me.*

Froude's *History of England.*

*K. John.*—What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not Cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous.  
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under Heaven are *supreme head*,  
So under Him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold.  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart  
To him *and his usurp'd authority.*

*K. Phi.*—Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.*—Though you, and all the kings of christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale, sells pardon from himself,  
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone, do me oppose  
Against the Pope, *and count his friends my foes.*

*Pand.*—Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to a heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd  
Canonised and worshipp'd as a saint.  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

Stephen Langton, we suggest, represents Dr. Heath.

No. 13.—DATE 1588-9: HENRY 3RD, AND THE KING OF NAVARRE.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Ending: *Pand.*—But in despair die under their black weight.

On December 23rd, 1588, the Duke of Guise was

assassinated at the instigation of Henry III. Tho Sorborne decided that Frenchmen were relieved from their oath of allegiance to Henry III. and he was left with only one possible ally who could render him effectual service, viz. Henry of Navarre, and the Protestants. It cost Henry III. a great deal to have recourse to that party, his conscience and his pusillanimity revolted at it equally: in spite of his moral corruption, he was a sincere Catholic, and the prospect of excommunication troubled him deeply.

*K. Phi.*—I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

*Pand.*—What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd.

On arriving at Tours, Henry sent Rosny to the King of Navarre, and consented to everything proposed by the latter, promised him a town on the Loire, and said he was ready to make with him, not a downright peace just at first, but a good long *truce*, which *in their two hearts would at once be an eternal peace and a sincere reconciliation.*

On April 3rd. 1589. A *truce* for a year was concluded between the two kings, and on the 29th it was made public, after which they met each other. What joy everyone felt at this interview; there was such a throng of people, that, notwithstanding all efforts to preserve order, the two kings were a full quarter of an hour in the road-way of Plessis Park holding out their hands to one another without being able to join them; at last, having *joined hands*, they embraced very lovingly even to tears.

Great was the excitement throughout Europe, as well as in France. At the courts of Madrid and Rome, and in the park of Plessis-les-Tours. A very serious blow for Philip II., and a very bad omen for the future of his policy, was this alliance between Henry III. and the King of Navarre, between a great portion of the Catholics of France and the Protestants.

Guizot, "*History of France: L. of Henry III.*" 1588-9.

*K. Phi.*—*This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows:  
The latest breath that gave the sound to words  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
Between our kingdoms and our royal-selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we could wash our hands,  
To clap this rough bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained.*

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint  
 The fearful difference of incensed king's :  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret ?  
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with Heaven  
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to *snatch our palm from palm* :  
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity ? . . .

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Pand.*—France, thou mayst hold a *serpent*\* by the tongue.  
 A chafed *lion*† by the mortal paw,  
 A fasting *tiger*‡ safer by the tooth,  
 Than keep in peace *that hand which thou dost hold*.

In a letter to the king (Charles IX.) August 23rd, 1570, Conde, in setting forth the grievances of the reformers, speaks of the Cardinal of Lorraine as that infamous priest, that tiger of France.

Guizot, *History of France*.

No. 14.—DATE 1558-9 : THE FRENCH TROOPS IN SCOTLAND.

Act III., Scene 1.

Beginning : *Lewis*.—Father to arms !

Ending : *K. John*.—No more than he that threats.—To arms lets hie !

April 14th, 1558. The marriage (Mary Stuart's) was celebrated with great pomp ; and the French who had hitherto affected to draw a veil over their designs upon Scotland, began now to unfold their intention without any disguise.

Robertson's *History of Scotland*, 1558.

*Lewis*.—Father, to arms !

*Blanch*.—Upon thy wedding day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,—  
 Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp ?

The Queen Regent's scheme began gradually to unfold ; it was now apparent that not only the religion, but the liberties of

\* Catherine de Medici. † Elizabeth. ‡ Cardinal of Lorraine.



the kingdom were threatened, and that the French troops were to be employed as instruments for subduing the Scots, and wreathing the yoke about their necks.

Robertson's *History of Scotland*, 1559.

*Blanch.*—The sun's o'ercast with blood : fair day adieu !  
Which is the side that I must go withal  
I am with both : each army hath a hand ;  
And in their rage, I, having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder and dismember me.  
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win  
Uncle,\* I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;  
Father,† I may not wish the fortune thine ;  
Grandam,‡ I will not wish thy wishes thrive  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose  
Assumed loss before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.*—Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.*—There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

Noailles said his master was about to send an army to suppress the rebellion. Elizabeth replied with sudden sharpness—Look you to your affairs, and I shall look to mine. Those armies and fleets of yours in Normandy are not meant for Scotland only. Noailles assured her that his master would observe the treaties. It may be so, she said, but in times of danger it is the custom of England to arm. She had acted before she spoke, silently and swiftly she had refilled the empty treasury.

Froude's *History of England*, 1559.

*K. Phi.*—Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John*—No more than he that threatens,—To arms let's hie !

No. 15.—DATE 1571 : CECIL FRUSTRATES THE RIDOLFI  
CONSPIRACY. .

Act III., Scene 2. The Scene.

Cecil, having obtained information of what was going on, followed up every thread of the "web" that was being woven, and before the conspirators had time to complete their plans, he was enabled by his masterly activity to scatter the whole scheme to the winds.

Froude's *History of England*, 1571.

*Bast.*—Now, by my life, this day grows wonderous hot ;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky.  
And pours down mischief—Austria's head, lie there,  
While Philip breathes.

\* Brother, Earl of Murray. † Mother. ‡ Elizabeth.

## No. 16.—DATE 1594: THE BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

Act III., Scene 3.

Beginning: *Bast.*—Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back.

Ending:           ,,       For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand

Sir Robert Cecil, not to be out-done by the benchers of Gray's Inn (who had just previously entertained her Majesty with a burlesque masque, called the Prince of Purpoole, the manager of which was Francis Bacon), taxed his unpoetic brain in the composition of an oration, which was addressed to her Majesty by a person in the character of a hermit.

In the course of his long hyperbolical speech, the hermit addresses the most absurd flattery to the royal sexagenarian, and often some mystical allusion to the aged Burleigh, recommends the son to her Majesty; he then makes a very catholic offering in these words—

In token of my poor affection, I present you, on my knees, these poor trifles agreeable to my profession, the first is a bell, not big, but of gold; the second is a book of good prayers, garnished with the same metal; the third is a candle of virgin wax, meet for a virgin queen. . . . The like thereof I will still retain in my cell, . . . for the increase of my devotion, whereby I may be free to my meditation and prayers, for your majesty's continuance in your prosperity, health and princely comfort.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1594.

*Bast.*—Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,  
 When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
 I leave your highness—Grandam I will pray  
 (If ever I remember to be holy)  
 For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

## No. 17.—DATE, 1586: QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR AMYAS PAULET AT FOTHERINGAY.

Act. III. Scene III.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Come hither, Hubert, Oh, my gentle Hubert.Ending:   *K. John.*—Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.

Amyas, my most faithful and careful servant! God reward thee treblefold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew my Amyas, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavours and faultless actions, your wise orders and safe regard, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would

ease your travails and rejoice your heart, in which I charge you place this, this most thought that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasure to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you; if I acknowledge not such merit, non omnibus dictum. Let your wicked murderess know how, with hearty sorrow, her vile deserts compel these orders; and bid her from me ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealings towards the saviour of her life many a year to the intolerable peril of my own, etc., etc., etc.

With my most loving adieu and prayer for thy long life, your most assured and loving sovereign as thereby by good deserts induced.

*K. John.*—Come hither, Hubert, Oh, my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

\* \* \* \*

I had a thing to say—but let it go;  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

\* \* \* \*

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night,  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

\* \* \* \*

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words.  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

\* \* \* \*

1586, OCTOBER 29TH.

Parliament met and petitioned Elizabeth that the death sentence might be carried out. Elizabeth made an elaborate and mystified harangue in reply, with a great parade of mercy and christian charity, and concluding her speech by informing them of another attempt to be made on her life, thus exciting a more deadly flame of loyal indignation in their bosoms against her, who was pointed at as the inciter of all attempts against the person of Elizabeth. The parliament responded in a tone that

was desired, with a more ardent requisition for the blood of Mary. Elizabeth faltered: her mind tempest-tossed between her desire for Mary's death and her reluctance to stand forth to the world as her acknowledged executioner. She would have the deed performed in some other way, but how?

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586.

*K. John.*— . . . Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yond young boy: I tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.*— And I'll keep him so, That he shall not offend  
your majesty.

*K. John.*— Death.

*Hub.*— My Lord?

*K. John.*— A grave,

*Hub.*— He shall not live.

*K. John.*— Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember.

N.B.—The remaining lines of this scene refer to the departure of Lord William Howard, to attend the conference of Cambray, 1559.

#### No. 18.—DATE 1588: THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Act III., Scene 4.

Beginning: *K. Phi.*—So, by a roaring tempest on the flood.

Ending: *K. Phi.*—So we could find some pattern of our shame.

The 29th May, 1588, beheld the mighty array of tall vessels leave the bay of Lisbon. Off Cape Finisterre a storm from the west, scattered the fleet along the coast of Galicia, and after much damage had been done, compelled the Duke of Medina Sidona, the inexperienced grandee by whom this stupendous naval force was commanded, to run into the harbour of Corunna for the repair of his shattered vessels.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*.

*K. Phi.*—So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole *Armado* of convicted sail  
Is scattered and disjoined fellowship.

*Paud.*—Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.*—What can go well, when we have run so ill?

\* \* \* \*

*Lew.*—What he hath won, that he hath fortified  
 So hot a speed with such advise disposed  
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause  
 Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
 Of any kindred action like to this?

The first speech establishes the identity of the Spanish Armada, the first line very accurately agrees with the time of its first discomfiture, viz. a storm at the outset. *Armado* in the second, denotes its nationality, while the third, exactly describes the nature of the disaster.

Most of the officers were at the moment playing bowls on the Hoe, and Drake, who was one of them, bade them not hurry themselves, but play out the game and then go and beat the Spaniards.

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause  
 Doth want example.

No. 19.—DATE 1586-7: HENRY III., AND THE LEAGUE.

Act III., Scene 4.

Beginning: *Pand.*—Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
 Ending: *Lew.*—If you say ay, the king will not say no.

The political situation of this period was most complicated, and the lines contain many intricacies of policy. Pandulph's design to place Lewis upon the English throne puts on one side Arthur and his superior claim, and, although the news of Lewis's approach should be the signal for the former's death, yet, action was to be taken in vengeance upon John, and Arthur might be sacrificed to bring about a revolt in England. This probably reflects the policy of Sextus V. who was unfavourably disposed towards Mary Stuart.

"So matters stood at Rome when the news of Mary Stuart's execution arrived. In so slight esteem was the lady held at the Vatican, that Olivarez says the Pope doubted whether he would allow the celebration of the ordinary obsequies; and political intrigue became ten times hotter than before, for it did seem necessary that some definite arrangements should now be made for the English crown."—Froude's *History of England*.

Sextus, although he liked Philip's religion, hated his politics, and was jealous of any increase to his power, hence we find the "league" looking to Henry III., whose attitude at this period the lines of "Lewis" so accurately described.

Henry was not willing to take any action against Elizabeth; although the treatment of his sister-in-law had given him deep

offence, his hatred to the Guise party was deeper, but for his own safety he had to keep up appearances with the league at the same time. His interview with Sir Edward Stafford indicates a secret understanding with Elizabeth.

*Froude's History of England.*

*Pand.*—Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
 Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit :  
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
 Out of the path which shall directly lead  
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark  
 John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 The misplaced John should entertain an hour,  
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

\* \* \* \*

Oh, sir, when he shall hear of your approach  
 If that young Arthur be not gone already  
 Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him.

Rapin, with sophistry unworthy an historian, says, "The Queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass that one of the Queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall."

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586.

*Pand.*—That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall :  
*So be it, for it cannot be but so.*

The "right" which Pandulph suggests to Lewis probably refers to the secret "Deed" which Mary signed, conferring the kingdom of Scotland, with whatever inheritance or succession might accrue to it, in free gift upon the crown of France.

Robertson's *History of Scotland*, 1588.

*Pand.*—You in your right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

J. A. COURT.

(To be continued.)

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## NOTES.

MR. L. BIDDULPH has called attention, in the last number of *Baconiana*, to a Greek Anagram (from the correspondence of Antony Bacon, at Lambeth Palace Library), in which a striking comparison is made between Antony Bacon and Cato. Indeed he is called "A Cato of Wise Life." Mr. Biddulph then proceeds to point out how abundantly Francis Bacon quotes the two Catoes. One of the things he cites from Cato is as follows: Cato the Censor used to say of the Romans, "that they were like sheep, for that a man might better drive a flock of them than one of them, for in a flock, if you could but get some few of them to go right, the rest would follow" (*De Augmentis*, Book VIII., chap. I.) I would here wish to call attention to the wonderful reflection this fondness for the sayings of Cato finds in the plays. For example, in *Julius Cæsar*, we hear Cassius exclaiming:—

"And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep."

(*Julius Cæsar*, Act I., iii., 104.)

It will be perceived that this is a very perfect parallel, inasmuch as in Bacon's citation from Cato, and in the above from the play of *Julius Cæsar*, in both instances it is the Romans who are pointed at and compared to sheep! Indeed the entire play of *Julius Cæsar* betrays familiar study of the family of Catoes. In this play we are introduced to Portia, who was the daughter of Cato. She describes herself thus:—

"I grant I am a woman: but withal  
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter."

(Act II., i.)

Portia gives herself a voluntary wound in the thigh in order to test her own powers of endurance and fortitude for the sake of her husband Brutus. The latter is so much struck with his wife's extraordinary virtues, that he exclaims:—

"O ye Gods, render me worthy of this worthy wife."

It may not be amiss to remark that we find Bacon compared to Brutus in one of the *Manes Verulamiani* published in the last number of *Baconiana*. In an unsigned address to the "Author of the Instauration," we find among many epithets applied to Francis Bacon these words:—"Companion of the Sun; a square of certainty; scourge of sophistry; a literary Brutus stripping off Tyranny from Authority" (pages 39, 40, *Manes Verulamiani*, No. 21, Jan. *Baconiana*).

I venture to quote this, because the author of the play of *Julius Cæsar* shows a predilection for the character of Brutus in

so marked a fashion, that it has called forth the attention of modern writers and dramatic critics. Practically, Julius Cæsar disappears, as a living person, before the middle of the play is over. We find him assassinated in the first scene of the third act—that is to say, when two acts only have been concluded. The celebrated scholar, Paul Stapfer, insists very much upon this preference shown for the character of Brutus, in his *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*. I think Mr. Bernard Shaw has lately been pointing out the same thing in another way—that the real hero and principal personage in the play is Brutus and not Julius Cæsar. It is here to be noted that Bacon, in a short character sketch of Julius Cæsar, condemns his ambition while praising his excellent virtues.

To return to the Cato family, as reflected in the plays, we have the heroine of the *Merchant of Venice*, named Portia. And let no one imagine the choice of this name was unconscious or accidental. It was of Portia, Cato's daughter, Brutus' wife, the author was thinking, as is proved by Bassanio's description of her :—

“ And she is fair, and fairer than that word  
Of wondrous virtues.—  
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued  
To Cato's Portia, Brutus' Portia.”

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Scene 1.)

Thus we find the studies of Cato, and of the Cato family, taking a very prominent place not only in the prose writings of Francis Bacon, but also conspicuously evident in the plays. There can be very little doubt that the poet chose the name of Portia on account of her “*wondrous virtues*,” as a type and pattern of perfection, to stand for what Goethe has called the “*Woman soul*.” It is the Divine law, contrasted with worldly law, that finds issue between the cruelty of Shylock and the judgment of Portia. The latter illustrates all those divine ideals with which we associate the soul.

With Mrs. Potts' permission, and without I hope trespassing upon her article, I venture to draw attention to one of the *Manes Verulamiani*, which seems to me important. It is one published in the last number of *Baconiana*, and signed E. F. Regal :—

“ In Eundem Virum Eloquentissimum Viderit utilitas, monita meliora, sed adde ex Ithaca, fandi fictor, et omne tenes.”

E. F. Regal.

The translation is :—“ If you wish to understand Bacon, it is useful to see (the motto) *monita meliora* give sage counsel. But add to this a composer of fiction, and you understand him altogether, understand his whole character.”

p. 39, *Baconiana*, January, 1898.



It has not as yet been pointed out that Bacon's motto was evidently borrowed from Virgil :—

*Cedamus Phæbo, moniti meliora sequamur.*  
Book III. *Æneid*, 188.

And above all things, whilst upon this point, let me observe that Francis Bacon adopted and discovered this motto for himself during his life, in entire distinction to the family motto, which was "*mediocria firma*." We find Bacon adopting the Boar as his crest, with two, or double, stars, and sometimes in portraits of Francis Bacon (notably in Bacon's Remains by Archbishop Tenison, 1679), the motto and crest of later invention is placed separate and in little, upon the top of the old family escutcheon. I draw particular attention to this because it is my firm conviction Francis Bacon selected this motto of "*moniti meliora*" (not '*monita*' as quoted in a footnote, page 39 *Baconiana*) on account of the first two words, or suppressed portion of Virgil's line. The translation of this line is :—

Let us obey Apollo, being warned of higher things.

Now Apollo was god of medicine, divination, and poetry above all things. As Apollo Musagetes, he was the father and patron of the nine Muses, including Comedy and Tragedy among their number. In another of the Manes Verulamiani, signed by S. Collins, R.C.P., we find Francis Bacon compared to the Tenth Muse :—

"Now that a tenth muse is added to you nine, submit yourselves one and all to the funeral flames. Furnish (by your own burning) a bright light to the Father of you all. These are not ages worthy to enjoy you. Ah! What a master have we lost! Ah, what disgrace we suffer!"

p. 41, *Baconiana*, January, 1898.

In the Sonnets, Thirty-Seven (attributed to Shakespeare), we read :—

"Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke."

My theory is that this alludes to Apollo, who, at the same time that he was God of Poetry, was also God of Light and the Sun! Therefore the poet writes :—

"O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee  
When thou thyself don't give invention light?"

Sonnet xxxvii.

This is evidently Apollo, who inspires the poet with the light of genius, compared to Apollo, as the sun. Hence we find Bacon, in one of the elegies already quoted, called "*a companion of the Sun.*"

p. 39, Manes Verulamiana, January *Baconiana*.

Let the reader observe also, in the elegy by Collins we have just quoted, how after Bacon is compared to the *tenth Muse*, he is invoked *to furnish by his own burning a bright light to the father of you all?* Upon page twenty-seven of the last number of *Baconiana* will be found an elegy, signed John Burrhus. In it may be read these words:—

"We (poets) mere camp followers of Apollo, are yet a race untaught by learned men, making mere patch works, smatterings of our art" (p. 37, *Baconiana*, January, 1898).

It may be seen that Bacon's contemporaries considered poets *to be the camp followers of Apollo!* We find Bacon figuring as president at the Assizes held in Parnassus, *by order of Apollo*, as given by George Withers in his *Mercurius Britannicus*. We are to remember that in the number *ten* (considered from an esoteric point of view) we have *unity*—that is to say *ten* is a numerical expression *for one group of nine*. At the same time (in order that there should be no hiatus in the sequence of numbers) it is the first number of a second series of nine. Apollo, as embracing all the nine Muses, might be understood by something at the same time identical with them in unity, and yet separate in himself.

Whilst upon the subject of this elegy by E. F. Regal, what a mighty hint do we not receive, when we are told to add to Bacon's motto, *ex Ithaca!*

Viderit utilitas, monita meliora, sed adde ex  
*Ithaca fandi fictor et omne tenes.*

*Ithaca* is perhaps the most Homeric spot on the earth. It was the home of Ulysses, and of the poetess Sappho, who threw herself from off the Leucadian rock into the sea. I would there point out how we find Cicero saying—*Neque me Apollo fatis fandis dementem invitam ciet.* (Cicero, *De Div.* I. 31, Ex poetâ.) *Fictor* means a potter, one that works in clay, and is particularly applicable to a dramatist or playwright, *who creates characters*. We find Plautus bringing in the word

neque fictum, neque pictum, neque scriptum in pœmatis.

*Asin* i. 3, 22.

Thus the expression *fandi fictor*, as applied to Bacon when compared with Ulysses, is full of extraordinary point. Through out Virgil we find Ulysses almost universally called *the Ithacan-*

So we find Francis Bacon introducing his *colours of Good and Evil*, with a subtle allusion of Sinon to Ulysses.

"For many forms of speaking are equal in signification which are different in expression, for that which is sharp pierceth more forcibly than that which is flat, though the strength of the percussion be the same. Surely there is no man but will be a little more raised by hearing it said, 'Your enemies will triumph in this':—

"'Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentus Atridæ,'"

than if it should be merely thus rendered—"This will be to your disadvantage, wherefore the sharp-edged and quick-pointed speeches are not to be despised."

*Colours of Good and Evil*, p. 211; *Liber VII. : Advancement of Learning*.

Bacon evidently introduces this line of Virgil's as an example of extraordinary craft and subtle dissimulation. Sinon's object is to deceive the Trojans, by making them believe they would please Ulysses if they put him to death, and of course he knew they would act contrary to this. Throughout Homer Ulysses is everywhere depicted as the very essence of crafty subtlety and wise dissimulation, hence obtained the name of any clever contrivance, or ingenious mechanism:—*Ὀδυσσεὺς μηχανῆν—Ulyssæum inventum*. It is very striking to find the author of the third part of King Henry the Sixth, thinking evidently of this speech of Sinon's (and its context) which we have just been quoting from Bacon:—

"I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the Chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school."

(*Henry VI. Third part. Act III. Scene II.*)

Perhaps Bacon took a hint from Ulysses, or from Sinon? Perhaps his *Colours of Good and Evil* have the *colours of the Chameleon*, inasmuch as so many things may be said and hinted at under so many forms of speech and in so many different ways, as he has just told us. Here I may remark that *Nobody*, or in Greek *οὐδεις*, was a fallacious name assumed by Ulysses with a punning allusion to *μητις* (and *μητις*) to deceive Polyphemus (vide *Odyssey* 20, 20, and 9, 366, 408. *Eur. Cycl.* 549, 672, *seq.*) I mention this because one of Bacon's *Deficients* of his *New World of Sciences* is entitled the *Eye of Polyphemus*, and from other indications it is certain Bacon had made a most

profound study of Homer. For example, in Bacon's collection entitled the Wisdom of the Ancients, is a piece called METIS, or Counsel. *Mētis* is used by Pindar as descriptive of a poet's skill or craft. (Id. N. 3,15.) It is most certain Bacon took an entirely cosmogonical and parabolical view of Homer's writings. He writes: "The original of Pan, the ancients leave doubtful; for some say he was the son of Mercury, others attribute unto him a far different beginning. For they affirm that all Penelope's suitors had to do with her, and from this promiscuous act Pan descended."

"For they conceived the Matter as a common courtesan, and the forms as suitors. So as all the opinions touching the beginning of things come to this point, and may be reduced to this distribution, that the world took, beginning either from Mercury, or from Penelope, and all her suitors." ("Advancement of Learning," Liber II., p. 109, 1640.) I merely adduce this to point out that Bacon's reading of Homer was evidently very different to our modern historical standpoint. Bacon calls Mercury the Word of God, and it is worthy to note that in Farrar's "Life of Christ" we find the author pointing out the striking resemblance of some ancient presentations of Mercury to Christ as the *lamb carrier*. *Hermes Kriophoros*. Bacon's view of Penelope was, that she was the *stuff or matter* out of which Creation was woven, and in this sense of weaving we are reminded of Goethe's *Erd-Geist*, who plies the roaring loom of time, and weaves for God the garment we see him by! Ulysses therefore as the opposite to Penelope, may be fairly understood as a type of the Spiritual nature, which to Philistines of the type of Polyphemus, is *nothing!* Bacon writes:—"And surely the history of the world destitute of this may be thought not unlike the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out, that part of the image being wanting which doth most show the nature and spirit of the person" (p. 87, Cap. IV., Liber II., "Advancement of Learning," 1640).

To the mentally blind, either partially or entirely, the spiritual nature of all art (whether it be literary or learned) is invisible, for like Polyphemus, they cannot on account of their blindness perceive the spiritual Ulysses who confronts them, under all sorts of art disguises. No doubt this is what Bacon meant when he entitled his fourth deficient of his new world of sciences, the eye of Polyphemus, probably with an ironical motive, as a portrait for those modern Goliaths, who cannot apprehend the Ulyssean Bacon, hiding behind the Masque of Shakespeare. The comparison of Bacon to Ulysses is a most important point for students to ponder over, in this elegy of Regal's. Francis

Bacon made a particular study of the Wisdom of the Ancients, as we know by the collection published in 1609 under that title. Very well, we have just had proofs that Homer was one of the Ancients whose wisdom he studied deeply. And to finally prove that Bacon took the profoundest possible view of Homer, we once more cite him on Traditious Art, or the method of handing on the Lamp to his sons:—"As for those other methods analytic, systatique, dieritique, cryptique, *Homeric* and the like; they have been well invented and distributed" (p. 276, *Adv. of L.*, Lib. VI., 1640). It is plain from this passage, Bacon considered Homer's works as a vehicle for handing on Arcana or traditive knowledge, in the way Virgil and Dante have handed it on, but with a method entirely its own. Here let me observe how absurd it is for critics to deny and decry the assertion that Bacon shows extraordinary proclivities for the study of the poets!

One word more. When we come to consider the history of Ulysses, or of the Odyssey, what is it that strikes us most, and leaves the greatest impression upon our minds? I think I may venture to say that the episode of *the return of Ulysses to Penelope—of the King's disguise as a beggar,—the slaying of the suitors,—in short the dramatic home-coming after years of exile and wandering* impress us most vividly; and it is just in this point of *kingly disguise as a suitor for his own* that the parallel may be applied to Francis Bacon. Indeed, I think that the hint given us by Regal in this Elegy, comparing Bacon to Ulysses, *as an Ithacan*,—for Ulysses is called in both the *Iliad* and *Odessey* Ἰθακήσιος, (*Iliad.* ii. 184, *Od.* ii., 24.)—is of the greatest possible importance, if we consider the exile or wanderings of Ulysses, and his return home to Penelope. In the play of *Cymbeline* may be recognised just the same sort of exile, in the case of *Posthumus Leonatus*, from his wife *Imogen*. Nor does the parallel stop here. We have the suitors for Penelope, paralleled by the suitors of *Imogen's* hand,—*Cloten* and *Iachimo*! Bacon calls his suitors *forms*, in his essay upon *Pan*. Now Bacon by the word *form* meant the *essence of a thing*—or the thing itself, as the soul or spiritual side—the reality in fact, and *Spedding* has been very careful to point this out. The word *form* with Bacon may be accepted as the *Idea* (Begriff) or interpretation of a thing.

In this elegy of Regal's it may be perceived that the connection between Bacon's motto *moniti meliora*, and the hint given us for Ulysses, is very close indeed. Bacon, as "a camp follower of Apollo," is determined to yield obedience to the higher things which belong to the divine harmony of the God of

poetry and song. He is faithful to the motto which is prefixed to the first heir of his invention—

“Vilia miretur vulgus; mitri flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castelia plena ministret aqua.”

(*Venus and Adonis.*)

And this obedience to Apollo, implied in the context of Bacon's motto, “*Cedamus Phæbo*”—“*we obey Phæbus Apollo*”—brings with it as a matter of course the words “*fandi factor*,” or a composer of verse, or fiction. Let no one accuse me of taking too great a liberty in this matter, for in Timon of Athens, *fiction is identified with verse* :—

“And for thy *fiction*,

Why thy *verse* swells with stuff so fine and smooth  
That thou art even natural in thy art.”

Act V. 1, 86.

The expression *fandi factor* is very properly applied to Ulysses, for he was a master spirit of dissimulation and craft in rhetoric. His genius was not only in that his name stands as a synonym for *wisdom*, just as Bacon's stands also for it; but that he possessed extraordinary depth of spiritual subtilty to such an extent that it was enough to mention his name—“*Sic notus Ulysses?*” I have very little doubt myself the author of this elegy intended to convey the deep parallel that Bacon one day, like Ulysses, would, though disguised, return in kingly form to his own art, and claim it, in spite of the libraries of volumes which have laid claim to the hand of the art called or known as Shakespeare's! Suitors there have been in plenty for the hand of this art, but as Emerson remarked, “we are still out of doors,” and the work of Penelope has to be recommenced. Of a great deal of so-called Shakespearian criticism it may be said, “All the yarn that is spun in Bacon's absence does but fill books full of moths,”—that is to say, it falls short of the truth, or of the kingdom of heaven. It is not a quibble to assert that “*fandi factor*” is a *writer or composer of fiction*,” as Mrs. Pott states in a footnote (page 39, *Baconiana*). It means at the same time a master spirit of disguise and concealment in the realms of rhetoric—a point we may perceive illustrated by Bacon's *Colores-Rhetorici*—or Colors of Rhetoric. It has been said, “language was given to conceal our thoughts.” Certainly what Virgil adduced was true, and must be applied to Bacon's writings, “*Nimum ne crede colori.*” “Do not believe too much in outward show, or in ornament,” *i.e.* *colours!* Seneca says, “*Quæ scribis non sunt ficta, nec colorata*” (*Eclogue II. 17*). Bacon never wrote without reserve, or as we might express it—*colours*. He was a poet painter, and his pigments were words, and the colours of rhetoric the art with which he created his masterpieces of poetry.

W. WIGSTON.

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No. 23.

## AN ADDRESS ON THE BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A.

*Delivered to the Members and Associates of the Bacon Society, at the Society's Rooms, 22, Albemarle Street, W., on Monday, April 18th, 1898.*

IT is not without diffidence that I find myself delivering the Opening Address of a new series of the Society's meetings. My own suggestion that the evening's programme should consist of a number of short speeches by different members was not entirely accepted, and it is in accordance with the desire of the Committee, and not because of any *pushfulness* on my part, that I contribute this paper. Working Baconians may be divided into two classes, the first and more important, consisting of original students, like our excellent friends Mrs. Henry Pott, Dr. Theobald, and Mr. Edwin Reed, who have devoted long days and years of research, animated by that pure and noble inspiration which springs from a disinterested love of truth; the second class is formed of those whose time and energy are chiefly absorbed in other directions, but who assist in making known, as they accumulate, the numerous and valuable contributions to the advancement of our knowledge of the subject collected by their distinguished colleagues. I shall be very glad if in this way I can be of any service.

Since my remarks will be directed for the most part to our visitors, who presumably are enquirers rather than convinced Baconians, I may address a few prefatory observations to the members of the Society, which may be summed up in the one word *congratulation*. We may felicitate ourselves, in the first place, on the continued existence of the Society, which would certainly have succumbed under the invective, ridicule, and abuse which serve for argument with so many of our opponents, had we merited a tithe of such treatment; and, in the second place, on the abundant and still increasing evidences that we are

## 2 AN ADDRESS ON BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

making way. A larger number, than at any previous time, of intelligent students of literature, both at home and abroad, are now attracted by the investigations that engage the attention and activity of this Society. These gratifying circumstances are wholly and exclusively due to the sincerity of our convictions, and to the unanswerable nature of our arguments, which are founded upon the impregnable rock of truth. We may find still further cause for congratulation in the opposition with which our propositions have been received, since from this circumstance we derive the best assurance that those who join our ranks are endowed with the courage and the ability to think for themselves. A poor man enjoys one constant advantage over a rich one, inasmuch as he may always be sure who are his true friends. An unfashionable and despised cause gains only such recruits as are moved by moral and intellectual conviction. Our numbers would soon increase and overflow the capacity of one Society if a few socially great individuals led the way, but what value or significance would their adherence possess? This accession will assuredly happen some day, but in the meantime we may be well content with the numbers that individual enquiry and conviction bring. It is often asked, Why should this opposition exist? The matter is capable of a very simple explanation. So many charming fictions have been written under the title of Life of William Shakspeare; so many busts and statues of the actor-manager have been presented and accepted by public bodies; so many Shakspearean Commemorations have been held at Stratford-on-Avon; so many Shakspearean relics have been produced and sold at high prices, that a very large number of people feel that they have a sort of vested interest in the reputed author, and take it as a personal affront whenever doubts are raised. Again, many Shakespearean scholars have so habituated their minds to the exercise of attempting to reconcile two irreconcilable things, the man and the works that bear his name, and have for so long a time treated assumptions as if they were proved facts, that it is a sheer impossibility for them to give a fair, impartial, and unprejudiced attention to the question of authorship. There is nothing new or remarkable about this. Experts and specialists have always been opponents of new truth, and the world at large always ridicules that which it does not understand. In order to establish this contention that there is nothing new or remarkable in the opposition the Baconians encounter, and that it possesses no argumentative value, it is well to recall a few similar instances of the manner in which experts have received new truth. "When Benjamin Franklin brought the subject of lightning-conductors before the Royal



Society," says Alfred Russell Wallace, "he was laughed at as a dreamer, and his paper was not admitted to the *Philosophical Transactions*. When Young put forth his wonderful proofs of the undulatory theory of light, he was equally hooted at as absurd by the popular scientific writers of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* called upon the public to put Thomas Gray into a strait jacket for maintaining the practicability of railroads. Sir Humphrey Davy laughed at the idea of London ever being lighted with gas. When Stephenson proposed to use locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, learned men gave evidence that it was impossible that they could go even twelve miles an hour; another great scientific authority declared it to be equally impossible for ocean steamers to cross the Atlantic. The French Academy of Sciences ridiculed the great astronomer, Arago, when he wanted even to discuss the subject of the electric telegraph. Medical men ridiculed the stethoscope when it was first discovered." New truth always belongs to one or other of two descriptions, viz. either that which extends existing knowledge along the lines of favourite theories, or that which conflicts with them, and is more or less revolutionary in character. It is only truth of the latter kind of course that meets with such bitter opposition as the Baconian theory has been honoured with. I have devoted thus much attention to the attitude of experts since it is only natural that their utterances should carry some weight. He who has made a special study of any subject and displayed the extent of his knowledge by his spoken and written utterances looks for that respect which custom pays to authority, and he looks not in vain. It is one of the graces of human character to exhibit deference to such authority with a remarkable readiness and cordiality of appreciation. It may seem an ungenerous task to criticize this amiable quality, and it is only when it becomes an obstacle to truth that it is justifiable to do so. Virtue when carried to excess may become a vice, and the beautiful and increasingly rare virtue of veneration needs discipline and control. There is a tendency to extend the authority of the specialist beyond the proper limits of his particular groove. An eminent man of science a dozen years ago dimmed the lustre of his renown by setting himself up as a sort of political dictator and final authority on statesmanship. Another started practice as a consulting theologian. Frequently specialists in some concrete branch of science pose as authorities on matters of philosophy; we might just as well accept the criticisms of hod-men on architecture. It is equally absurd for Shakespearean commentators to dogmatize about this question of the authorship.

Let them keep to their self-appointed task of manufacturing "microscopic and exasperating annotation" to the text. Of all subjects into which that complacent old obstructionist, *Authority*, intrudes, it is just here where he is least wanted. This investigation as to the authorship of Shakespeare is pre-eminently a matter for the exercise of an unhampered judgment, and the materials are all available for its exercisc. I am constantly hearing what this eminent man or that has said with reference to the inquiry, as if such *obiter dicta* could possibly dispose of the question. Since, however, the infantile habit of believing everything because it is in print belongs to the group of imperishable delusions it is necessary to give utterance to a few obvious truths. Editors of newspapers, notwithstanding their royal and divine character, are just as sensitive to ridicule as human beings; and while they will follow the changing currents of popular opinion with exemplary rapidity, it is too much to expect them to take the lead in advocating a cause which the great Public laughs at. If an author of some repute writes a letter to a newspaper attacking an unpopular theory, he may be sure it will appear, even though it be full of misrepresentations and irrelevances. If we wish to know the character and opinions of an individual we should scarcely expect an accurate statement from a prejudiced person who knew little or nothing about him, and yet people accept without question, and quote as authentic, the most scandalous misstatements of the Baconian position, circulated by its avowed enemies. One writer declares that our delusion arises solely from the fact that Bacon was a great prose writer and a contemporary of the poet! Another asserts that we are completely ignorant of the evidence of Shakspeare's authorship supplied by his contemporaries. A third would persuade his readers that we are wholly ignorant of the literature, manners, and customs of that age. That these untrue statements appear over the names of their respective writers is explainable by one of three hypotheses, first, that the writers are culpably ignorant of the case they condemn, or second, that they deliberately pervert the facts; or third, that they are in a condition of hypnosis with regard to this question, which manifests itself in a moral hemiplegia rendering them incapable of a clear, comprehensive, and candid view of the case. With regard to our alleged want of acquaintance with the testimony of Shakspeare's contemporaries, it may be doubted if we are as ignorant on this subject as our opponents. For instance, in nearly all the scores of volumes devoted to the Life of Shakspeare, including those of Halliwell-Phillips, Knight,

Professor Dowden, and other high authorities, Henry Chettle is declared to have testified to the literary ability of W. Shakspeare in the oft-quoted lines in the Preface to *Kindheart's Dream*, "divers of worship reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that aprooves his art." These words form part of Chettle's expression of regret on hearing that one of the three play-makers Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, to whom Greene's letter in "*Groatsworth of Wit*" was addressed, had taken offence. This injured person cannot possibly be Shakspeare, since he is not one of the "base men all three of you" whom Greene addresses, but is the *upstart crow*, *Johannes Factotum*, and *Shake-scene*, against whom Greene warns his brother dramatists. It is expressly stated by Chettle that it was two of the authors addressed by Greene who took offence, and it is to one of these, Marlowe, in all probability, to whom he regretfully and apologetically refers. The late Dr. Ingleby declared that Chettle's commendatory words cannot be applied to Shakspeare without a violation of the text.

It may be instructive to trace the steps in the mental process from the generally accepted view that the ostensible author is the real author, to the belief that Bacon was the great but concealed poet. It is curious to notice that these *individual* steps closely correspond to the *historical* stages in the development of the subject. In the first place we must note a period of *indifference*, when the generally accepted view remains undisturbed. Secondly a period of aroused *interest*, occasioned by the recognition of the real character and supreme excellence of the Plays. It is surprising to us now, that there ever was a time when these were known and not appreciated. Evelyn, Pepys, Nahum Tate, Dryden, Rymer, Pope, Addison, Dr. Johnson, and Voltaire all entertained a poor opinion of "Shakspeare." Lessing appears to have been the first distinguished man to recognize and thoroughly appreciate the genius of the poet. Such recognition is naturally succeeded by a desire to know something about the personality of the author, and the study of the life of William Shakspeare forms the third stage. This exercise inevitably occasions a feeling of intense dissatisfaction. Hallam said, "All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakspeare serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character." What Hallam obviously meant was that these revelations failed to illustrate such a character as we may be sure the actual author possessed. The truth is, the numerous details now

known of William Shakspeare's life from documents and tradition are most instructive in revealing a definite type of character, both from what they contain and what they omit. An uneducated rustic as a boy, inclined to loose living all his life, a successful manager of a theatre, a sharp and exacting money-lender, and of somewhat narrow and selfish propensities as a landowner. The negative evidence is equally instructive; there is an absence of any testimony that he was ever educated, that he ever possessed any books or manuscripts, that he at any time corresponded with literary men or indeed ever wrote a letter of any kind. These and many similar circumstances indicate a type of man utterly irreconcilable with what we are sure the author must have been. With unprejudiced minds this dissatisfaction becomes intensified into a positive certainty that he could not have been the author after the perusal of the extraordinary literature that has been produced to establish his claim. This conviction necessitates an examination of William Shakspeare's contemporaries in search of the real author, and this constitutes the fourth stage. As a preliminary to this enquiry we look again at the Plays and Poems in order carefully to observe such distinguishing characteristics of the author, taste, style, knowledge, and other marked peculiarities, as may serve for purposes of identification. It would be obviously unfair as argument, and indeed valueless for the ascertainment of truth, to collect the opinions of Shakespeare and Bacon expressed by men already familiar with this controversy. I shall summarize the opinions of Shakespeare, then, expressed by Dr. Johnson, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Carlyle, Emerson, etc. From the observations of these and others, innocent of any Baconian heresy, we gather that the author of Shakespeare was a poet, philosopher, historian, scholar, linguist, lawyer, naturalist, statesman, aristocrat. We also find the opinion that the author possessed an exquisitely sensitive and delicate organization, the most perfect sympathy with mankind and inanimate nature, of a kindly disposition, etc. That Francis Bacon fulfils most of these requirements must be evident to all; but we cannot ignore the general opinion attributable to prejudice and ignorance, which associates the personality of Bacon with two qualities quite irreconcilable with the authorship, viz. dullness and meanness. The first duty of the Baconian is, therefore, to clear his hero from these supposed faults. Pope and Macaulay, although very different in style, resembled each other in their readiness to sacrifice anything for the sake of literary effect, and their united influence has resulted in serious injury to the reputation of Bacon. It is

gratifying to notice that the labours of Spedding, and the impressions of nearly every first-hand student of Bacon's acknowledged works, have greatly corrected the altogether erroneous impression of his personal character.

The effect of the present controversy, however, has developed a new prejudice, which shows itself in a representation of Bacon as unpoetical, learned, and exact, wholly deficient in sympathy and humour, etc. Professor Fiske declares that in "Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetical genius." This passage occurs, however, in an article characterized by the usual amount of contemptuous abuse and misrepresentation in which our opponents are so apt to indulge. If we now turn to the utterances of critical students of Bacon's works, unaffected by the hypnotizing influence which has so demoralized Professor Fiske, we find just the testimony which is necessary to complete the full circle of qualifications essential to a genius capable of evolving the Plays. In the following quotations it will be observed how the writers are constantly associating Bacon with Shakespeare, as if one writer inevitably suggested the other. Macaulay declared that Bacon had "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." Montagu said, "His imagination was fruitful and vivid; a temperament of the most delicate sensibility." Professor Welsh wrote, "He belongs to the realm of the imagination . . . his writings have the gravity of prose, with the fervour and vividness of poetry." M. Taine said, "Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more expressive or vigorous condensations more resembling inspiration." Addison, referring to a prayer composed by Bacon, says, that "for elevation of thought and greatness of expression, it seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man." Professor Fowler was of opinion that "no other author can be compared with him, unless it be Shakespeare." Professor Church, "He was a genius second only to Shakespeare." Alexander Smith observed, "He seems to have written his essays with the pen of Shakespeare." A. F. Blaisdell says, "All his literary works are instinct with poetry in the wider sense of the term. Sometimes it is seen in a beautiful simile or a felicitous phrase; sometimes in a touch of pathos. More often in the rythmical cadence of a sentence which clings to the memory as only poetry can." I need not multiply such quotations, but conclude this topic with Dr. Theobald's observation, "While the critics have their eye on the Baconian theory they call Bacon prosy, unimaginative, and incapable of poetry. When they sincerely describe him, they one and all assign to him Shakespearean attributes; so that if you cull the

eulogies passed on Bacon, you have a portrait of the author of Shakespeare."

Let us now turn to the actual writings themselves, and it is at once necessary to warn the student against conclusions drawn from too hasty and cursory a glance. It is, of course, easy to select one of the most condensed and stately sentences in the essays and place it side by side with a tender or frolicsome passage in Shakespeare, and then say, like the late Lord Tennyson, to the Baconian enquirer, "Don't be a fool." We never wished our late laureate to be logical; we were well content for him to be the sweet singer, but for purposes of literary criticism, no man can be taken seriously who so completely neglects scientific method. If, however, that style of argument is considered weighty, we may produce on the other side the similar remark of the late John Bright, "Anyone who believes Wm. Shakspeare, of Stratford, wrote *Hamlet* and *Lear* must be a fool." There has been too much of this substitution of epithets for arguments, and we at least can afford to adopt a more rational method. The shortest and best answer to objections of the sort just quoted is to show a corresponding diversity of style and sentiment in the acknowledged works of Bacon, taken by themselves, and also a similar variety of mood, style, and sentiment in Shakespeare. There are hosts of passages in Shakespeare which are of the same style as Bacon's prose, and apparently irreconcilable with other portions, and there are couplets in Bacon's acknowledged poetry of precisely the same character as *Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis*. I invite your attention to the following quotations from the two great phenomena of English Letters:—

"Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house afire to roast their own eggs."  
(*Advancement of Learning*.)

"I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably."  
(*Hamlet*.)

"Faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."  
(*Essay on Friendship*.)

"False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey."  
(*King Lear*.)

"Weight in gold, iron in hardness, the whale in size, the dog in smell, the flame of gunpowder in rapid extension."  
(*Novum Organum*.)

“There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowship accursed.”

(*Measure for Measure.*)

“Men must learn that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on.”

(*Advancement of Learning.*)

The following selection of couplets was made from the writings of Bacon and from Shakespeare by the Rev. L. C. Manchester, and is included in Mr. Reed's work :—

“Or as a watch by night that course doth keep,  
And goes and comes, unwares to them that sleep.”

(*Translation of the Psalms.*)

“Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.”

(*Venus and Adonis.*)

“As smoke from *Ætna* that in fire consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.”

(*Lucrece.*)

“As a tale told which sometimes men attend,  
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end.”

(*Translation of the Psalms.*)

“As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.”

(*Lucrece.*)

“So that with present griefs and future fears,  
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.”

(*Translation of the Psalms.*)

“But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.”

(*Venus and Adonis.*)

“Or as the grass which cannot term obtain,  
To see the summer come about again.”

(*Translation of the Psalms.*)

“Or call it Winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes Summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.”

(*Sonnets.*)

No one with an open mind can read through the works of

Bacon without agreeing with the verdict of Shelley that "Lord Bacon was a Poet."

Let us now examine the personal character of Bacon, and here again we will be careful to select opinions from authors unaffected by the controversy. While the real life of William Shakspeare contains no element of a noble, and little of an amiable personality, I ask, is it possible for us to conceive a finer ideal of the author of the Plays than is to be found in the following descriptions of Francis Bacon? Professor Church says of him, "His greatness, his splendid genius, his magnificent ideas, his enthusiasm for truth, his passion to be the benefactor of his kind, the charm that made him loved by good and worthy friends, amiable, courteous, patient, delightful as a companion, ready to take any trouble." David Hume says that he was "beloved for the courteousness and humanity of his behaviour." Dr. Abbot says, "He attached little importance to himself. . . . No correct notion can be formed of Bacon's character till this suspicion of self-conceit is scattered to the winds." Sir Toby Matthew, who knew him well, says he was "A friend unalterable to his friends. . . . A man most sweet in his conversation and ways." In Nichol's "Life of Bacon," it is stated that his friends and members of his household "bear witness to the stainlessness of his private life, his perfect temperance, self-possession, modest demeanour, and his innocent pleasantry." In Hepworth Dixon's "Personal History of Lord Bacon" he is thus described: "A soft voice, a laughing lip, a melting heart, made him hosts of friends. No child could resist the spell of his sweet speech, of his tender smile, of his grace without study, his frankness without guile." Professor Fowler, in his "Life of Bacon," declares that, "He was generous, open-hearted, affectionate, peculiarly sensitive to kindness, and equally forgetful of injuries." It would exceed the proper limits of an Address to give similar testimony as to his wit and humour, love of puns, versatility, faculty for perceiving analogies, richness in metaphorical power, brilliancy of expression, immense range and breadth of sensibility and sympathy, dramatic power of adaptation to his company, and inexhaustible flow of thought, all of which are thoroughly Shakspearean; it is more profitable and delightful to the student to discover these qualities for himself, but I cannot resist calling attention to a remarkable feature of Bacon's style which reveals the identity of the assumed double authorship. For the following selections I am again indebted to Mr. Reed's excellent book.\* It has frequently been noticed that Bacon had a habit of triple expression, so very distinctive that it has been remarked as a case quite unique were

\* "Bacon vs. Shakspeare."



it not also to be observed in Shakespeare. A few examples will best serve to point the moral; these are from Bacon's acknowledged writings:—

- “Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.”
- “Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.”
- “Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.”
- “Some ants carry corn, and some their young, and some go empty.”
- “Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.”

The following are from Shakespeare :

- “Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.”
- “It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.”
- “One draught above heat makes him a fool, a second mads him, and a third drowns him.”
- “To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast.”
- “This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.”

If there were two authors for the works known as *Bacon* and *Shakespeare*, then the strange phenomenon of identity has to be explained. They were alike in their endowments and their deficiencies, in their sympathies and in their prejudices, in their special knowledge, which in both instances was flawless, and in their remarkable ignorance and carelessness, and as Mrs. Pott expresses it in her edition of the *Promus*, “To satisfy the requirements of such a hypothesis (that is, of a double authorship) it will be necessary further to admit that from their scientific studies the two men derived identically the same theories; from their knowledge of languages, the same proverbs, turns of expression, and peculiar use of words; that they preferred and chiefly quoted the same books in the Bible and the same authors; and last, not least, that they derived from their education and surroundings the same tastes and the same antipathies, and from their learning, in whatever way it was acquired, the same opinions and the same subtle thoughts.” The two authors had made a special study of music, of heraldry,

of law, of printing, of astrology, of navigation, of witchcraft, of medicine. They were both alike unblushing plagiarists.

Both writers had a most reprehensible habit of speaking in terms of contempt of the common multitude; they were both constitutional aristocrats, and believed in birth and quality. "The rude multitude; the base vulgar," says Shakespeare. "Barbers, butchers, and such base mechanical persons," says Bacon. They would certainly have to alter their style if they were reincarnated in days of universal suffrage and wished to get into Parliament.

We can understand Bacon's aristocratic prejudices and refinement, and his horror of the stinking breath of the sweating mechanical crowd, but William Shakspeare was a man of the common people, he had been early familiarized with the atmosphere of the slaughter-house, and his father had twice been fined for making an accumulation of filth in the public streets of Stratford; in London he earned money in the first place by tending horses, and later in the vile theatre of those days, where the fashionable visitors, accommodated by seats on the stage, would, on occasion, call for the juniper to be burnt, and when he became rich it was to the same insanitary town of Stratford that he retired. It would have been nothing less than an absurd affectation on the part of William to pretend to any sensitiveness as to the odours and coarseness of the common people. Some of the difficulties in the way of admitting W. Shakspeare's authorship are insurmountable. Bacon was a book-man and a townsman, and although he wrote much on Natural History, it was only the cultivated plants in gardens that he studied by direct observation, all his other lore of the kind was derived from Aristotle's "Problems," Pliny's "Natural History," Sandys' "Travels," etc., and consequently several errors have been detected by Baron Liebig which could never have been made by a man familiar with the fields and woods and with country life. "It is startling," says Mr. Reed, "to find the same line of demarcation between the knowledge of horticulture and the knowledge of the great world of physical nature outside of horticulture . . . in Shakespeare precisely as in Bacon." An observant poet who passed his youth among the woods and streams of Warwickshire could not have failed to notice and describe kingfishers, otters, water-rats, fishes, dragon-flies, moor-hens, herons, woodpeckers, woodpigeons, and squirrels, but these creatures are conspicuous by their absence, while the references to bees are full of absurd mistakes, such as no one who had ever observed them could have made. This subject is discussed in an interesting manner in the *Quarterly*

*Review* for April, 1894. It has frequently been observed that it is a miracle for William Shakspeare to have written the plays that bear his name, but after studying all the numerous evidences of Bacon's mind in them it would be a still greater miracle if any but he was the author.

All the circumstances which constitute the evidence that the plays are the work of Bacon may be grouped into two classes—external and internal. The former group consist of a large number of curious and highly significant facts, all of which point to the same conclusion. Any one of these taken separately might be explained away, but their accumulative force is irresistible. The augmentation of them must obviously be left in the hands of those who are prepared to engage in difficult research among contemporary documents, etc. The internal evidence can be collected by any industrious student possessed of copies of the works of Bacon, and those known as Shakspeare. It is a delightful exercise, most educational in its nature, and inexhaustible in amount. I venture to commend it to all who are interested in the authorship; to all who would like to get a little nearer to the infinitely attractive personality from whom all these treasures flowed.

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### “THE COLOURS OF GOOD AND EVIL.”

IN continuation of my last article upon Bacon and the writings of Cato, the following further points may be thought important. In the first book of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* (“*De Augmentis*”), we find this passage:—“Let him behold Cato the Second, and he will never be one of the *Antipodes*, to tread opposite to the present world.” (Chap. II., p. 14, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

It may be observed that this is an original, singular, and most striking metaphor, which it would seem difficult to parallel, nevertheless we find it expressed exactly, and in other various forms in the plays, particularly in the third part of *King Henry the Sixth*:—

’Tis virtue that doth make them most admired,  
The *contrary* doth make thee wonder’d at.  
’Tis government that makes them seem divine,  
The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as *opposite* to every good  
 As the *Antipodes* are unto us,  
 Or as the South to the Septentrion.

(*King Henry VI.*, Part 3, Act I., iv., 135.)

The student will observe not only the extraordinary parallelism of the *Antipodean* Similes in both quotations, but also how the same word "*opposite*" is used in both instances! These sort of rare metaphors applied to good and evil (as opposed as the ends of the earth) would hardly chance to occur to two different writers, or to be applied in the same manner by both of them! But the parallel does not end here. Bacon cites his metaphor from Cato, and in the *Merchant of Venice* we find the same image applied to Cato's daughter—"Portia!" *Bassanio* exclaims:—

We should hold day with the *Antipodes*  
 If you would walk in absence of the sun.

(Act V., i.)

I should like to point out what an extraordinary and exact reflection this play of the *Merchant of Venice* finds in passages taken from Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*. For example, we find *Bassanio* dwelling upon the text of imposture, deceit, and error, in the speech wherewith he may be said to discover "Portia":—

So may the outward shows be least themselves.  
 The world is still *deceived* with ornament,  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
*Obscures the show of evil?* In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.  
*There is no vice so simple but assumes*  
*Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.*  
 How many cowards whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
 Who, inward search'd have livers white as milk  
 And these assume but valours excrement  
 To render them redoubted!—

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act III., ii.)

Now, I entreat the reader to mark the entire and remarkable agreement of the following passage from Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*, (being the reprehension of the text of number

four of the series), which text is :—" *That which draws near to Good or Evil the same is likewise Good or Evil. But that which is remov'd from Good is Evil, from Evil is Good.*"

(Liber VI., page 213, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

This is the text, and Bacon then proceeds to show the fallacy, or deception of this sophism, in what he calls a *Reprehension*. And it is to be remarked that he commences all these Reprehensions with always the words—" *This Colour deceives, etc.*" So that we at once understand, we are dealing with the impostures, the deceptions, the fallacies, the sophisms of character, life, speech, law, religion, arts—in short, with appearances as weighed against truth—with outward things as reprehended by inward things! Now this is exactly the key note of the passage we have just quoted out of Bassanio's mouth. Now compare this reprehension of Bacon's of the *sophism of the text* cited, viz. that because people appear good outwardly, *they are not evil but good.* " *But the Colour deceives three ways : first in respect of Destitution ; secondly in respect of Obscuration ; thirdly in respect of Protection.*"\*

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\* Under this *colour* (four) Bacon states, that it deceives three ways—*Destitution, Obscuration, Protection.* With regard to the first, *Destitution*, Bacon says :—

" In regard to *Destitution*, it comes to pass that those things which in their kind are most ample and do most excel, do (as much as may be) ingross all to themselves, and leave that which is next them *destitute and pined, wherefore you shall never find thriving shoots or underwood near great spread trees.* So he said well—*Divitis servi maxime servi*—and the derision was pleasant of him that comprised the lower train of attendants in the courts of princes, to *Fasting-days* which were next to *holy days*, but otherwise were the leanest days in all the week."

(Liber VI., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640, page 214 false, corrected p. 236.)

This profound reflection about destitution, is perfectly illustrated by some lines in the poem of Lucrece, where she exclaims to Tarquin :—

' So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :  
*The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root,  
So let thy thoughts, low vassals, to thy state.'*

*Lucrece*, 659-666.

What this means is, that the passions make us the *greatest of slaves*, and starve all the higher feelings, thoughts, and good in us, so that the lesser thing obscures, hides, and withers the better or divine within us. The greater the passions, the greater the spiritual *destitution*, for the sensual nature overpowers and *deceives* by its impurity the real good, by means of a false, or momentary good, which is really an evil wearing the *colour of good*. Bacon means, that evil, putting on the colour of *good present*, deceives us, by its *ingrossment*, and overshadows our better nature.

"In regard of *Protection*, for things approach and congregate not only for consort and similitude of nature, but even that which is evil (especially in civil matters) *approacheth to good for concealment and Protection, so wicked persons betake themselves to the sanctuary of the gods, and vice itself assumes the shape and shadow of virtue.*"

Sæpe latet vitium proximitate boni.

(p. 214, *Liber VI., Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

If the reader will carefully digest and compare the last few lines we have placed in italics, with the speech of Bassanio just previously quoted, he will find an extraordinary and perfect parallel, particularly Bacon's final words with Bassanio's :—

There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward part.

Note that this is Bacon's *Colour of Protection*, which we have just been citing from. That is to say, vice, in order to escape detection, puts on the mask of virtue. It may here be observed, that in the animal kingdom, the adaptation of colour to surroundings was one of Darwin's great discoveries, which I think he called *protection*? Bacon evidently had this idea also in his mind from an ethical point of view, for he evidently uses *colour* as a word for cover, or protection, by appearances outward only. For example Bacon quotes Horace :—

Grata sub imo  
Gaudia corde premens, vultu simulante pudorem.

(10th Colour, p. 294, *Advancement of Learning*.)

This quotation finds an exact reflection, indeed, it might be almost translated by this :—

Behold yon simpering dame,  
Whose face between her forks presages snow,  
That minces virtue, and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name.  
The fitchew, nor the soil'd horse, goes to 't  
With a more riotous appetite!

(*King Lear*, Act IV., vi., 120.)

Bacon writes :—"*Colour* is when we do warily and wisely prepare and make way, to have a favourable and commodious construction made of our faults and wants; as proceeding from

a better cause, or intended for some other purpose than is generally conceived, for of the coverts of faults, the poet saith well :—

'Sæpe latet vitium proximitate boni.'

Wherefore if we perceive a defect in ourselves, our endeavour must be to borrow and put on the *person* and *colour* of the next bordering virtue, wherewith it may be shadowed and secreted. For instance, *he that is dull must pretend gravity, he that is a coward, mildness, and so the rest.*"

(*Advancement of Learning*, "De Augmentis," L. VIII., p. 412, 1640.)

Now mark the following perfect illustration of the dull character who covers himself with gravity :—

There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit  
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"  
O, my Antonio, I do know of these  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing.

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., i.)

The third of Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil* has the text :—

"Whose privation is good, that same is evil; whose privation is evil, that same is good."

Bacon's reprehension of this *colour* states:—"This *colour* deceives two ways; either by reason of the comparison of Good and Evil; or by reason of the succession of Good to Good, or of Evil to Evil. By reason of comparison; if it were good for mankind to be deprived of the eating of acorns, it follows not that such food was evil, but that mast was good, corn better. Neither if it were evil for the state of Sicily to be deprived of Dionysus the Elder; doth it follow that the same Dionysus was a good prince, but that he was less evil than Dionysus the younger. By reason of *Succession*; for the privation of some good doth not always give place to evil, but sometimes to a greater good; as when the flower falleth, fruit succeedeth. *Nor doth the privation of some evil always yield place to good, but sometimes to a greater evil.*"

(Liber VI., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640, p. false 213, corrected 285.)

The last lines (placed in italics) are perfectly illustrated by a speech of King Lear's:—

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
 Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
*But where the greater malady is fixed,  
 The lesser is scarce felt.* Thou'ldst shun a bear;  
 But if thy flight lay towards the raging sea,  
 Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth.

(Lear, Act III., iv.)

The *greater evil* is here the sea, the *lesser evil* the bear. It may be remarked that these philosophical subtleties of thought are far too deep, too rare, to be the product of two separate and contemporary minds.

It is very important to point out that Bacon uses the word *colour* exactly in the same sense we find it used in the plays. As we have already pointed out, Bacon employs the word *colour*, in the sense of deception, or error,—as appearance, or sophism. Therefore Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil* constitute a general and a particular *Caveat* (with explications) against every sort of imposture, whether of character, or whether of speech, or of thought. Indeed we might term the subject—"Deceptions of *Good and Evil*," or even "*False Appearances*." Bacon's style is so obscure, so profound, and reserved, that it is no small matter to resolve his meanings into their true everyday significance. So, therefore, let the student again note that Bacon always connects the word *colour* with either deception, or error, of sophism. Here are a few of the ways the words *colour*, *colours*, are introduced into the plays:—

Why hunt I then for *colours* or excuses?

(*Lucrece*, 267.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Under *pretence* to see the queen his aunt,  
 For 'twas indeed his *colour*.

(*Henry VIII.*, I., i., 178.)

\* \* \* \* \*

This that you heard was but a *colour*.

(*King Henry IV.* (part II.), Act I., ii., 275.)

\* \* \* \* \*



Seek no *colour* for your going.

(*Antony and Cleopatra*, I., iii., 32.)

\* \* \* \* \*

I do fear *colourable colours*.

(*Love's Labour Lost*, IV., ii., 156.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Under the *colour* of commending him, I have access my own love to prefer.

(*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV., ii., 3.)

\* \* \* \* \*

What *colour* for my visitation shall I hold up before him?

(*Winter's Tale*, Act IV., iv., 566.)

— — —

Thus we find the term *colour* connected with *excuse*, *pretence*, *appearance*, *deception*, exactly as Bacon connects it. For example this description of Tarquin, in the poem of Lucrece, is an exact example of Bacon's *Protection*, which we have quoted, where evil character masquerades or *colours* under an outward appearance of virtue :—

Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed  
For that he *colour'd* with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate.

(*Lucrece*, 92.)

— — —

It is now highly important to point out, that Bacon's examples of the Colours of Good and Evil, are *parts and appendices of Bacon's "Prudence of Private Speech."* The latter is the thirty-eighth deficient of Bacon's "New World of Sciences," and may be found in the sixth book of the *De Augmentis* (page 210, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640). It is evident, to my mind, Bacon has something of the very greatest importance to declare under this head, not only inasmuch as we have the hint that it is a *subject private and reserved*, i.e. *Acroamatical* or a concealed method—(vide page 273, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640), but because, it is just at this part of the *Advancement of Learning* of 1640 (or

first English edition of the *De Augmentis*), that the regular paging ceases, and after page 280, we find a sequence of false paging thus:—

280, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 289.

Upon counting, it will be found, that 289 is quite correct, proving that the intermediate false pagings, could not have been accidental.

A printer's error may extend to a page or two, but not to eight pages; moreover, in every copy examined by me of this work, this mispaging has never varied in some three dozen examples examined! Now let us quote to the point:—

"Now let us descend to the *deficients* in this Art, which (as we have said before) are of such nature as may be esteemed rather *Appendices* than portions of the Art itself; and *pertain all to the promptuary part of Rhetoric.*"

"First, we do not find that any man hath well pursued or supplied the wisdom and the diligence of Aristotle, for he began to make a collection of the Popular signs of Good and Evil in appearance, both simple and comparative, which are indeed the sophisms of rhetoric. They are of excellent use, specially referred to business, and the *Wisdom of Private Speech.*"

(p. 210, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

This is highly important. It tells us first that these signs or colours of Good and Evil are *promptuary*. That is to say, *they are assistants or cues to something else* (which appears upon the stage), and are parts of an esoteric, private, or veiled wisdom of speaking to the student.

It is most important to note, that these colours of Good and Evil are promptuary of rhetoric, because we just want to ask whether the rhetoric of the plays (attributed to Shakespeare), and the characters upon the stage thereof, do not require for their interpretations and exact understanding, just some such hints, cues, and promptings, as we imagine, and indeed partly know, these colours of Good and Evil are full of?

The world is still deceived with ornament. And not only does this apply generally, but most particularly to the plays in point, and to their rhetoric, which is full of colour or ornament, and is the most subtle art ever penned by a human being. We may indeed, without infringing truth, slightly paraphrase the line, and say the world is still deceived by Colour, particularly Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*.

One of the most frequent words employed by Bacon in his

speeches is that of *Colour*. It literally abounds in the *Resuscitatio*, published in 1671. The way it is used and introduced by Bacon is as follows:—

“Under the *colour* and *abuse* of your Majesty's most dreaded and beloved name.”

(Speech, Part I., p. 8., *Resuscitatio*, 1671.)

“Under the *colour* of a ghostly exhortation.”

(*Ib.*, p. 100.)

“*Coloured* with the *pretence* of conscience.”

(*Ib.*, p. 100.)

“Under *colour* of alliance.”

(*Ib.*, p. 107.)

“Many a *cruzade* granted to him upon that *colour*.”

(*Ib.*, p. 105.)

“Somewhat more *colour* to detain the palatinate.”

(“War with Spain,” p. 4.)

“No *colour* of quarrel or pretence.”

(p. 105, part I.)

It may be seen that Bacon's use of the word *colour*, is exactly the same as that found in the plays, *i.e.* as *pretence*, *plausibility*, *appearance*, *cover*, *imposture*, *deceit*, etc.

It is a highly important subject, because under this heading entitled *The Colours of Good and Evil*, something may be concealed touching the authorship of the plays, and the Colours Shakespeare assumed.

It is very important to point out that Bacon applies the words *colour*, and *painters*, to literary art and artists. For example, in a letter addressed to the Lord Chancellor, touching the History of Britain, Bacon concludes with these words:—“But because there be so many good *Painters*, both for *Hand* and *Colours*, it needeth but encouragement and instructions to give life unto it.”

(Page 28.—Several letters written to Queen Elizabeth, King James, divers lords, and other. 1657. To be found in the *Resuscitatio*. 1661. Second Edition, following the Apophthegms.)

This sentence is made in reference to Bacon's proposal, that somebody should undertake the writing of a history of Britain. The italics and capital letters are reproduced as in the original from which we quote. This passage throws a powerful searchlight upon Bacon's use of the word *colour* generally, and of his *Colours of Good and Evil* in particular, so that when we say, we may metaphorically consider his *Colores Rhetorici* as painter's poetical pigments, we are not indulging in imagination. The words *Colour*, *Colours*, abound in the plays and in the sonnets; thus the whole art, with its self-revealing *inwardness*, or *perspective*, may be discovered in the 24th sonnet:—

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steel'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.

Bacon employs the word *perspective*\* in its entire classical meaning, as borrowed from the latin *perspicio*, to see through. Perspective is described as "*Ea pars optices quæ res objectas oculis, aliter quam re ipsâ sunt repræsentat*" (Ainsworth).

Perspective is really depth, or the third dimension, and is that which *belongs to the solid, or form*. The following passage entirely reveals what is meant:—

Like perspectives, which *rightly* gazed upon  
Show nothing but confusion *eyed awry*  
*Distinguish form.* (Richard II., Act II., ii., 18.)

It is most important to clearly realize this metaphor. Let the reader take a cube, and holding it up to the sight, look at it *rightly*, or in such a direct way that *nothing but one side, or superficies is to be seen*.

We do not know whether this is only a superficies or a solid, whilst it is squarely placed opposite to the line of vision. But move it a little to the right or left,—that is to say, gaze at it *sideways* or "*awry*," and we "*discover form*," or depth, to wit, see that it is solid and has depth.

\*Bacon writes:—Like *perspectives*, which show things *inwards* when "they are but *paintings*." (Natural History, Century I., 98.)

In writing of the impostor Lambert Simnell, Bacon says:—"But yet doubting that these would be too near looking and too much *perspective* into his *disguise*, if he should show it here in England, he thought good (after the manner of *scenes in stage plays and masks*) to show it afar off."

(Page 23, History of King Henry VII.)

It will be seen that Bacon uses the word *perspective* quite in accordance with its Latin derivation, viz. *perspicio*, to see through, Simnell's disguise. That is to say, Bacon means that Simnell was afraid of being *discovered*. But how does this apply to painting? In the same way as in scene painting for the stage—everything meant to suggest distance is painted very small.

So that it is plain, the poet means by perspective, depth and *that which is behind the illusion of art, or poetical painting*. Here let me observe that the real, inward character of an individual, is perspective in this sense, inasmuch as it is the depth, or *inwardness*, of the person. In this sense we find Viola and Sebastian identified, yet distinct in *Twelfth Night*, and described:—

How have you made division of yourself?  
An apple cleft in two, is not more *twain*  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

(Act V., i., 230.)

\* \* \* \* \*

A natural *perspective* that is and is not.

(*Ib.*, V., 224.)

It is most plain that these two characters are simply *twins* of understanding and body, viz. the Spiritual and the Natural man, separate, yet identical, two in one, one in two.

Cicero uses the adjective *perspecto*, as that which is thoroughly seen, inquired into, or understood:—“*Fac ut omnia ad me perspecta, et explore perscribas.*” (Cicero, *Att.*, 3, 17.)

It may be defined as, “*Ars definitur ex rebus penitus perspectis planeque cognitis,*” i.e. “As the art of things clearly understood and profoundly apprehended from within.” Another Latin word *perspecto* means to sit out a show—to continue a spectacle to the end of it. This is interesting as pointing to the Theatre. Here it may be observed that literary art, particularly poetry, may be used as a means to conceal and reveal at the same time. Perspective of painting is the art of giving a picture depth, distance, background,—it gives this illusion where there is only a superficies, so poetry has the power of concealing depth by means of perspective. That is to say by making everything important very small, and everything unimportant very big, *the former is overshadowed by the latter*. Thus in judging people, the outward personality *overshadows* the real inward character, or perspective, which is in the background. All allegory, every symbol, and emblem, embraces a sort of art perspective, which is the thing itself concealed or understood by the vehicle. Just as the colours of a painting *deceive*, so poetical colours, like words, reveal and half conceal the soul within. It is “the letter that killeth”—it is the Spirit “that giveth life!” The poet tells us distinctly that his body is the frame of the portrait, which he has painted of his mind, hidden by the perspective of painter’s or poet’s art.

Upon Hilliard's miniature of Bacon are the words, "*I would prefer to paint his mind.*" But this is just what Bacon has done, he has painted his own spiritual mind, by means of the perspective of poetical colours.

I propose to take these Colours of Good and Evil, at the very commencement, with the object of illustrating them by examples from the plays. The text of the first *example* given by Bacon is:—"What men praise and celebrate is good; what they dispraise and reprehend is evil."

Let the reader clearly understand that Bacon does not utter this except as a sophism, which he now proceeds to expose or reprehend as he calls it:—

#### THE REPREHENSION.

"This Colour deceives four ways; either through *ignorance* or through *fraud*, or out of *partialities* and *faction*; or out of the *natural disposition* of such as *praise* or *dispraise*. Out of *ignorance* for what's the judgment of the common people to the trial and definition of *good* and *evil*? Phocion discerned better, who when the people gave him an unusual applause, demanded '*whether he had not perchance some way or other done amiss*?' Out of *fraud* and *circumventive cunning*, for praisers and dispraisers many times do but aim at their own ends, and do not think all they say:—

Laudat venaleis qui vult extrudere merces.

"So, it is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, and when he is gone he vaunteth."—(Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*, No. 1, page 211. Liber VI., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

Now let us take the first of these examples of reprehensions just given by Bacon, *i.e.* the deception of ignorance, and the cynical contempt of all popular judgments, as illustrated by Phocion's ironical observation;—do we not refind all this represented and depicted in the character of Julius Cæsar, in the play of that name? Indeed I go so far as to assert that Bacon is giving us, under the colour of reserve, and prudence of private speech, certain *cues promptuary*, for the right interpretation of Cæsar's character, as Bacon intended it should be understood when he painted it. Let the reader judge for himself.

In the play of *Julius Cæsar*, in the second scene of the first act, we find Casca relating to Brutus, the offering of the crown to Cæsar, upon the Lupercal. Mark Antony refers to this offer of the crown, and its refusal, when he makes his celebrated funeral oration over Cæsar's body.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man—  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal—  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

(*Julius Cæsar*, Act III., ii.)

Casca's description of Cæsar's refusal of the crown, is an extraordinary piece of character sketching, and would lead us clearly to understand that Cæsar's refusal was not genuine—in short, that Cæsar's entire action, from the putting of the crown aside, to his swoon, was all theatrical and pretended. The theory I am about to advance is, that Cæsar's refusal of the crown was only a colour—that in reality he was feeling the public pulse, and that all the time, whilst playing his actor's part before the populace, he felt the greatest possible contempt for popular judgment. It will be observed that we find Julius Cæsar giving utterance to *exactly the same words Bacon attributes to Phocion with regard to popular judgment.*

Casca, describing Cæsar's swoon, after receiving the crown, says :—"Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me open his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at his word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again he said, *If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity.*"—*Julius Cæsar*, Act I., ii.

Let it be observed that the first part of this exclamation of Cæsar to the Roman populace, is exactly the same ironical interrogation, though framed as an apology, which Bacon has put in Phocion's mouth, who demanded (upon hearing himself popularly applauded) "*Whether he had not perchance some way or other done amiss ?*"

Let the student mark the points of the parallel—popular applause—irony and contempt of the popular judgment—the people taken in by the colour, or acting, of Cæsar, as also by their ignorance !

Casca indeed, describes the whole of Cæsar's action, or conduct during this scene of the offer to him of the crown by Mark Antony, as that of a stage actor playing to a popular audience.

Casca. "I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man." (Act I., ii.)

Directly we turn to Bacon's tenth Colour of Good and Evil, we find Cæsar's conduct (*good or virtue*), described as *Bonum Theatralè—Stage-virtue!*

"So the Epicures say to the Stoics, Felicity placed in virtue, that it is like the felicity of a player, who, if he were left of his auditors, and their applause, he would straight be out of heart and countenance, therefore they call virtue, out of a spiteful emulation, *Bonum Theatralè.*" But it is otherwise of riches, whereof the poet saith:—

"Populus me sibilat: at mihi plaudo."

(p. 294, Lib. VI., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

The last line signifies "The people hiss me, but I applaud myself," which in Cæsar's case we might apply *inverted*, "The people applaud me because I refuse the crown, but I despise their judgments."

Bacon's object is to point out, that Cæsar was assuming a *Colour*—or a virtue, which he did not possess in solitude, or in his heart,—that he was a great actor, who played upon the people, and that this entire scene, of the offer of the crown to him, was pre-arranged—a mere palpation of the public feeling upon the point of his accepting it.

In Bacon's reprehension of his tenth Colour (just quoted) he writes:—"That a man should above all things, and persons, revere himself; so that a good man is the same in solitude which he is in the *Theatre*; though perchance virtue *will be more strong by glory and fame, as heat is increased by reflection.*"—*Ib.*

Let it be observed in passing, that Bacon's view of life, as a *theatre*, propounded (with regard to public action) in the above passage, is the same as we find in *As You Like It*,—"All the world's a stage," etc. But still more striking is the parallel afforded, by a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, with Bacon's theory, that glory and fame, gain by reflection, *after the manner of heat.* Ulysses exclaims:—

A strange fellow here  
Writes me: "That man, how dearly ever parted,  
How much in having, or without or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, *but by reflection,*  
As when his virtues *shining* upon others  
*Heat* them, and they retort that *heat* again  
To the first giver."

(*Troilus and Cressida*, Act III., iii., 99.)



Observe here, the exact parallelism of the subject, *reflection*—even to the illustration borrowed from physics—*heat*!

But to return to Bacon's text, as illustrated by the character of Julius Cæsar, in the play of that name, it is plain Bacon has very clearly illustrated the sophism of the text of his first Colour of Good and Evil, "What men praise and celebrate is good, what they dispraise and reprehend is evil."

Why? Because men are deceived by actors, and their own ignorance, as in the case of Julius Cæsar. Popular judgment, Bacon would have us understand, is easily imposed upon, easily deceived—by appearances! Space does not permit me to do this subject justice, but let me here point out that the whole of the plays of the 1623 Folio Theatre are made up of the colours of characters, as may be seen in this speech of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. :—

I can add *colours* to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages.

(*Henry III.*, III., ii. 191.)

We have a complete key to Bacon's use of the word *colour*! Gloucester will assume all sorts of *characters, disguises, or colours for advantages*, i.e. *his own advancement*. He will use crafty words and crafty speech like Sinon :—

And like a Sinon take another Troy.—(*Ib.*)

Therefore Bacon, in providing us with explanations, elenches, or reprehensions of every sort of *colour, or deceit, or imposture of speech or character*, is paving a way for the proper interpretation of the *dramatis personæ* of his theatre!

Let it be observed that the first quotation introducing Bacon's subject of the Colours of Good and Evil points to the subject of the taking of Troy :—

Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur Atridæ.

(p. 211, *Advancement of Learning.*)

These are Sinon's words as Virgil presents them in the second book of his *Æneid*, and they so deceive the Trojans that Sinon gains admittance to Troy, and eventually this leads to the admittance of the fatal horse, and the fall of the town. Let us observe that Bacon's first colour points to the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, which deals with the subject of the siege of Troy. I allude to Bacon's reprehension of his first colour,

already quoted by us:—"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, and when he is gone he vaunteth."—"Colour" I., p. 212; *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

In a scene laid in Troy, we find Paris exclaiming to Diomed, upon the subject of Helen:—

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy.

(*Troilus and Cressida*, IV., i., 75.)

That is to say, people's dispraise is not always true, or therefore evil, because of their own ends, i.e. to cheapen the thing they desire to buy!

I would here again point out how the play of *Troilus and Cressida* is omitted from the catalogue of the 1623 folio (contents), or list of the plays. It is only numbered upon two pages—79 and 80! It is a play full of extraordinary passages, and I should advise no student to take it literally or simply.

The following passage, from Bacon's eighth book of the *De Augmentis*, illustrates perfectly, what Bacon means by the word *Colour*:—"But the covering of defects is of no less importance than a wise and dexterous ostentation of virtues. Defects are concealed and secreted by a threefold industry, and as it were under three coverts—caution—colour—and confidence. Caution is that, when we do wisely avoid to be put upon those things for which we are not proper; whereas contrariwise bold and undertaking spirits will easily engage themselves without judgment, in matters wherein they are not seen, and so publish and proclaim all their imperfections. Colour is when we do warily prepare and make way, to have a favourable and commodious construction made of our faults and wants; as proceeding from a better cause, or intended for some other purpose than is generally conceived; for of the coverts of faults the poet saith well:—

Sæpe latet vitium proximitate boni.

Wherefore if we perceive a defect in ourselves, our endeavour must be to borrow and put on the person and colour of the next bordering virtue wherewith it may be shadowed and secreted."

(Liber VIII., p. 411, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

It will be seen that this passage is a repetition of Colour number four (or I should say, its reprehension)—only the present passage is more of the *open palm* than the *shut fist* of the former.

Bacon's *Colours* are, in plain language, *the deceits or masques of human character and speech, as well as of thought and art*. In writing upon the third point of *Confidence*, Bacon observes:—"But there is another kind of confidence, far more impudent than this, which is, *to face out a man's own defects—to boast them, and obtrude them upon opinion.*" (*Ib.*). This description might very easily apply to Falstaff. *Colour* then, with Bacon, means *cover, masque, or outer character, and appearance*. Let it be observed that the reprehension of everything false, shallow, hollow,—indeed of all evil—may be understood by such a philosophy of stripping and whipping hypocrisy!

I would point out that the eighth book of the *De Augmentis* is a powerful auxiliary to the understanding of Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*. Not only does Bacon treat of the *Covering of defects*, but of the *revealing of a man's self*—a far more interesting subject! Upon this subject he makes the profound remark:—"As for the revealing of a man's self, we see nothing *more useful, than for the less able man to make the greater show*. Wherefore it is a great advantage to good parts, if a man can by a kind of art and grace, set forth himself to others, by aptly revealing his virtues, merits, and fortunes."

(p. 410, *Ib.*)

Bacon writes: "As for men's words they are (as Physicians say of waters) full of flattery and uncertainty; yet these *counterfeit colours* are two ways excellently discovered; namely when words are uttered either upon the sudden, or else in passion. So Tiberius being suddenly moved, and somewhat incensed upon a stinging speech of *Agrippina*, came a step forth from his inbred dissimulation. These words—saith Tacitus—heard by Tiberius, drew from his dark covert breast such words as he us'd seldom to let fall; and taking her up sharply, told her in a Greek verse—*that she was therefore hurt because she did not reign*. Therefore the Poet doth not improperly call such passions—*tortures*—because they urge men to confess and betray their secrets."

Vino tortus et ira—etc., etc., etc.

(p. 403, Lib. VIII., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

How excellently this surprising of a man's self, either by means of wine, or fear, and other passions, is illustrated in the plays! For example *Parolles*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, in a paroxysm of terror, betrays, whilst blind-folded, his own officers

to themselves! Indeed the exact idea of a man being in hell—under torture—is thus given:—

*Second Lord.* Hoodman comes! Porto tartarossa.

*First Soldier.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without them?

*Parolles.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

(Act IV., iii.)

The meaning of Bacon is well illustrated by a speech of Macbeth, who exclaims:—

Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

(Act III., ii.)\*

In the case of Cassio, in the play of *Othello*, we have a man who is surprised by drink into acts which bring all sorts of tragedies in their train,—besides, does not Cassio betray his secret pride in his cups, when he declares the Ancient cannot be saved before the lieutenant? So Leontes, in the *Winter's Tale*, betrays, under the passion of jealousy, his suspicions of Hermione,—and the same may be said of Othello.

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

\* Bacon continues, "Experience indeed shows that there are few men so true to themselves, and so settled in their resolves, but that sometimes upon heat, sometimes upon bravery, sometimes upon intimate goodwill to a friend, sometimes upon weakness and trouble of mind, that can no longer hold out under the weight of griefs; sometimes from other affections or passion, they reveal and communicate their inward thoughts."

(Liber VIII., *Advancement of Learning*, 404.)

Macbeth is an excellent example of "weakness and trouble of mind," as Bacon puts it, revealing and communicating his inward thoughts, when he fancies he sees the ghost of Banquo appear to him:—

Thou canst not say I did it; never  
Shake thy gory locks at me. (*Macbeth*, III., iv., 51.)

In like manner the King, in *Hamlet*, betrays his perturbed state of mind, upon seeing the performance of the interlude, which Hamlet calls *the mousetrap*.

*King.*—What do you call this play?

*Hamlet.*—The mousetrap.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ophelia.*—The King rises.

*Hamlet.*—What, frightened with false fire!

(*Hamlet*, Act III., ii.)

Weakness of mind is particularly illustrated in the grief of King Richard the Second, when deposed by Bolingbroke, as depicted in that play, he discloses all his inward thoughts,—to his enemies.

## THE DOCTRINE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

## PART II.

CONTINUING the sketch of this subject commenced in a former number we still preserve an alphabetical order, for the sake of any who may be disposed to pursue it with a purpose. The materials collected would form a volume fully double the size of Dr. Bucknill's book on *The Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare*. For we are now able to see the experiments and observations which led to the conclusions (whether correct or incorrect) which appear in the *Shakespeare* plays. For the most part we are also able to trace still farther back, and to perceive in old or classical works the hints or doctrines which served as marks and guide posts to the great Investigator. Modern readers have little time or little patience to go thoroughly into any inquiry which does not concern their own interests or profession. Information must, for the majority, be served up in the form of minced meats, flavoured so as to be palatable, and easily swallowed by mouthfuls. Books which require to be "chewed and digested" are too severe for a generation which reads rather "*to find talk and discourse than to weigh and consider*"; we therefore shelter ourselves behind these words of the great Bacon, from any adverse comments which may be made upon the slight or perfunctory character of the present paper.

It has already been shown how invariably the Philosopher, in his investigations and experiments with regard to the Doctrine of the Human Body, turns his Poet's Eye upon the analogies constantly perceivable between the Body and the Soul of Man. Let us never forget that he was endeavouring "*to mingle Earth and Heaven,*" and to show by Parables from Nature, a shadow of things unseen, and otherwise beyond the reach of human understanding.

## OF DIETS AND THE AIDS WHICH THEY AFFORD TO LONGEVITY.

"Things," says Bacon, "which come by accident, cease as soon as the causes are removed; but the continuous course of Nature, like a flowing river, requires likewise a long sailing or rowing against the stream; therefore we must work regularly by means of *diets*." . . . In the remedies proposed, you will find only three kinds of diets, namely, an opiate diet, an emollient

diet, and a diet emaciating and renewing. But amongst the things which I have prescribed for diet and daily life, the most efficacious are these—*Government of the affections, choice of pursuits, refrigerations (or cooling applications)* which do not pass the stomach; drinks that engender roscid juices; impregnations of the blood with some firmer substance, as pearls and woods; proper anointings to keep out the air and detain the spirit; applications of heat from without, during the time of assimilation after sleep; caution with respect to such things as inflame the spirit and give it a predatory heat, as wine, spices; and a moderate and seasonable uses of things which give a robust heat to the spirits, as saffron, cress, garlic, elecampane, and compound opiates."

Let us take in detail the "remedies proposed" and the "things prescribed for *common diet and daily life.*" (Note the suggestion of ambiguity or double intention.)

(a) *An Opiate Diet.*

Imogen tells Pisanio who is trying to soothe and yet encourage her (and who ends by giving her a remedy against sea-sickness or stomach qualms at land)—

"Thou art all *the comfort the Gods will diet me with.*"

(*Cymbeline*, III., iv.)

Coriolanus will not use any soothing syrups to allay the "heat" of the public excitement, the "disobedience" which, he held, "fed the ruin of the state" he would

"At once pluck out the multitudinous tongue,  
Let it not *lick the sweet which is their poison.*"

(*Coriolanus*, III., i.)

He has, in the previous lines, described the proposed remedy of conciliation as ministering to "a sick man's appetite that which would increase his evil" (i. 1). As if he wished that his own doings "should be *dieted* in praises sauced with lies" (i. 10). Now he goes further, and boldly declares such attempts at remedying great evils to be but a hastening of the catastrophe—

"To jump a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without."

But Coriolanus might have fared better had he followed the wise and kindly counsel given in the *Essay of Anger* by Bacon whose conduct in daily life ever (as the King well knew) *suaviter in modo*. The contrary method, and its results upon mind and body, are well summed up by the Abbess in her shrewd and sensible reprimand to the jealous wife:—

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred.

(*Comedy of Errors*, V., i., etc. See 62-90.)

The good lady resists the efforts of the wife to be the sick man's nurse—

“Till I have used the approved means I have  
With *wholesome syrups*, drugs, and holy prayers  
To make of him a formal man again.”

Plainly the syrups and the prayers are destined to work upon the patient a calming and soothing effect. Elsewhere we read of sleep as “the balm of hurt minds,” of “Pity which hath balm to heal,” and in many other places we meet with the same thought that, whether to a hurt body or a troubled soul, the “opiate diet” of sleep, the soothing syrup of gentle words and kindly actions are the best remedy. Much the same applies to

(b) *The Emollients.*

King Henry IV. is made to say that, although his Lords exasperate him and “tread upon his patience, yet his condition” (or behaviour and language) “hath been *smooth as oil* ;” we need not be told whence those words are taken. From that sacred fountain came all that is most wise and imperishable in the works of our poet-philosopher. Troilus reproaches Pandarus with his harshness or want of sympathy,

“*Saying thus, Instead of oil and balm*  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.” (*Troilus and Cressida*, I. i.)

Gonzalo seems to feel with Troilus, though he expresses his sentiments with a different medical or surgical metaphor.

My Lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaister." (*Tempest*, II., i.)

The application is to be emollient, not irritating—intended to comfort and soothe, not to chafe.

(c) *A Diet emaciating and renewing*

is the third course recommended for those who are "rank of gross diet,"\* who have in consequence "well-liking wits ; gross, gross ; fat, fat."† We see how the twin ideas are everywhere associated—grossness of mind with grossness of body, both body and soul being renewed by an emaciating diet. When the scholars in *Love's Labour's Lost* discuss the "Academe," the new Solomon's House which they propose to establish in the Court of the King, they thus declare their objects and methods:—

*Long*.—I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast.  
The mind shall banquet though the body pine ;  
*Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits*  
*Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.*

*Dum*.—My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified,  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves. . . .

*Biron*.—I can but say their protestation o'er . . .  
. . . *One day in a week to touch no food.* (I., i.)

Biron strongly objects to the severe observances, too hard to keep, which would limit his rest, sleep, and pleasures. But there is no other course ; if his wits are to be sharpened his body must "pine."

A similar coupling of ideas may be seen in the description of the "fat gross man," Falstaff, who, though by nature far from dull or stupid, has fed his body at the expense of his mind until he is good for nothing but to taste sack and drink it, to carve a capon and eat it, or at the best to raise a laugh and to be the cause of wit in others. The converse is illustrated by nearly all the great *thinkers* in the plays, whether it be

\* *Antony and Cleopatra*, V., ii. † *Love's Labour's Lost*, V., ii.



King Henry, whose cares have worn the mure of his body so thin that his soul peeps out, or whether it be Cassius, of whom Julius Cæsar has suspicions on account of his leanness.

“ Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights.  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look :  
*He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.*”

—(*Julius Cæsar*, I., ii.)

Next amongst things most efficacious for the preservation of health in daily life, we have the following sound prescriptions :—

(d) *Government of the affections.*

This prescription is sometimes easier to give than to take. As Antonio cautions Leonato in his ungoverned grief :—

“ If you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;  
And ’tis not wisdom thus to second grief against yourself.”

But Leonato replies that it is easy for men to counsel, and speak comfort to that grief which they themselves not feel ; but *tasting it*,

“ Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
*Would give preceptual medicine to rage.*”

He continues to support his argument with familiar instances. Presently in the same scene, comes Benedick, pale with care and love, and his friends vainly stir him up and try to enliven him by the proverb, “ Care killed a cat.” “ I am sure,” says Sir Toby Belch, “ care’s an enemy to life,” and everywhere in the Plays we are shown by examples that perturbation, and over much care, the unqualified heat of displeasure, passion which shakes the very soul, and all extremes of grief, affection, or rage, are not only wrong, base, and somewhat contemptible, but that they are also “ pernicious ” to health, tending to shorten life. Bardolph knows these things when he says to Falstaff : (“ fallen away vilely . . . withered like an old apple-John ”)

“ Sir John, *you are so fretful, you cannot live long* ” (*Henry IV.*, III., iii.).

Lafeu and the Countess know it when the latter says of Helena that "the *tyranny* of her sorrows" takes all colour from her cheek, and Lafeu replies:—

"Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living." (*All's Well*, I., i.).

Cordelia knows it, urging her physician to find her poor demented father—

"Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to guide it."

Extremes of passion of any kind are associated in the mind of the philosopher with madness, and dotage.\* In the same tragedy the effect of extremes of mingled joy and grief are illustrated in the death of Gloster:—

"His flaw'd heart,—  
Alack! too weak the conflict to support!—  
Betwixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly."

(*Lear*, V., iii.)

And so, because of the injury to both body and mind in him who lets himself be "passion's slave," the dramatist repeatedly makes us learn by the lips of his puppets that we must "let reason govern our laments," must "wrestle with our affections," let our own affections be our "counsellor," and "temporize with" and "control" not only our bad, but our good feelings, when they run to unreasonable extremes.

(e) *The choice of pursuits*

is suggested by the words of Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (V., i.).

"Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
What masque, what music? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?"

It may be observed that in almost all cases where the characters in Bacon's plays betake themselves to sports, plays,

\* See the *Essay of Anger*.

and recreations, it is that they may "drive away the heavy thought of care,"\* to soothe, cheer, or revive the mind, and through it the weary body of the hearer. Some, like Queen Katharine, find solace in sickness, and that troubles "disperse" by means of music and singing:—

" In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart."†

Or, like the dying King Henry IV., who desired that "some dull and favourable hand may whisper music to his wearied spirit." "His eye is hollow, and he changes much," being "exceeding ill," and having, as Prince Humphry thinks, altered much on hearing the good news of his recent victory. The medical notes come out again in the speech of the ever sanguine Prince Henry:—

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

Cleopatra, in the restless impatience of her love-sickness, turns rapidly from one pursuit to another. "Give me some music; music, moody food of them that trade in love. . . . Let it alone; let's to billiards. . . . I'll none now,—give me my angle, we'll to the river,"|| etc.

Even the sly and treacherous King Richard holds out the hope to his little nephew that after a day or two of "repose" in the Tower, he will be free to go

" Where you please, and shall be thought most fit,  
For your best health and recreation."§

In short, the *History of Life and Death* only gives us in detail the same advice, instruction, and information which is conveyed in pithier form in the *Essay of Regiment of Health*, of which every paragraph and observation may be found illustrated by the actions or utterances of the personages in the Baconian Drama.

But to return. We are further recommended,

(f) *Refrigerations which do not pass by the stomach.*

To speak more plainly, cold *outward* applications to allay fever or burning heat. "Sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on

\* *Richard II.*, III., iv. † *Henry VIII.*, I. ‡ *2 Henry IV.*, IV., iv.  
|| *Antony and Cleopatra*, II., v. § *Richard III.*, III., i.

thy choler," exclaims the Host to the enraged Doctor *Merry* in *Wives*\*; and in the same play we have the description of the way in which the Merry Wives propose to duck Falstaff in the river, with the reason for this hydropathic treatment:—

"His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine."†

Falstaff himself narrates the treatment to which he was subjected. Think of it! first the stewing heat in the buck-basket, "and then to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot . . . think of that hissing hot,—think of that Master Brook."

Falstaff has Bacon's opinion of the unwholesomeness of "refrigerations" taken internally. "Go fetch me," he exclaims, "a quart of sack. . . . Come let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins."‡

Again we find the medical science of Bacon running through the whole of the plays and reappearing whenever occasion offers. In *Hamlet* the Queen intreats her son, who she fears is losing his senses.

"Upon the flame and heat of your displeasure  
Sprinkle cool patience."§

Iago, in *Othello*, tells Roderigo that "we have *Reason*, to cool our raging notions," and there seems to be the same suggestion of cooling applications used for the relief of feverous impulses, passions, etc., in the use of the word "*allay*," which is of rather frequent occurrence in connection with the disorders of the mind.

Kindness and sympathy are always associated with warm nourishment. When Page desires his merry wife to bid his guests welcome he says, "Come, we'll have a hot venison pasty to dinner," and hot possets, sack, toasts, and drinks in general are the sure accompaniments to a pleasant and wholesome repast. On the other hand Alonzo, in the *Tempest* "receives comfort like cold porridge," and when the meagre fare of the shepherd is described, the discomfort of it is accentuated by the fact that it is cold.

\* *Ib.*, II., iii.

† *Ib.*, III., iii.

‡ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III., v.

§ *Hamlet*, III., iv.

“The shepherd’s homely curds  
His *cold*, thin drink out of his leather bottle.”

Salarino, in the *Merchant of Venice*, tells Antonio,

“My wind cooling my broth would blow me to an ague.”

Clearly he thinks cold food very unwholesome, and Timon’s pretended\* fear lest the meat should cool, and the dishes of lukewarm water which he throws over them, all point to the same thread of ideas. For he considers these outward applications in the light of *physic*, exclaiming:—

“Dost thou go? Soft, take thy *physic* first.”

(g) *Drinks that engender roscid juices.*

That good healthy blood is red, and that we are not healthy unless we “make good blood,” all know. But here we see that the writer believes that certain “drinks” help to produce in the human body good red blood which is a sign of sound health.

The same association of ideas, both as to the colour of healthy blood, and the drinks which “engender” it are seen in the *Merchant of Venice*. The Prince of Morocco, fearing to be disliked for his complexion begs Portia to bring him the fairest creature northward born.

“And let us make incision for your love  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.”

His destiny turns, so he thinks, upon his being proved to be of good blood.

Farther on we find Shylock in distress at the flight of his daughter, the rebellion of his own flesh and blood. Salarino roughly and unkindly answers him that there is more difference between his flesh and his daughter’s, “*More between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish.*”

The effect of good wine upon the spirits, *through the blood*,

\* See *Timon of Athens*, III., vi., 66-70; and V., i., 79.

which it nourishes, is illustrated in the speech of Mœnienus where he tries to explain away the churlish conduct of Coriolanus :—

“ He was not taken well : he had not dined ;  
The veins unfilled, the blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give, or to forgive ; *but when we have stuff'd*  
*These pipes and these conveyances of our blood*  
*With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls*  
*Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him*  
*Till he be dieted to my requests.”\**

(h) The next item : “ *Impregnation of the blood with some firmer substance, as pearls and woods,*” does not seem to be directly alluded to in the *Shakespeare* plays. Perhaps the author thought it unadvisable to bring the subject to the front, lest he might seem to support the “ trifling ” and “ credulous ” notions which he complains were current in his time, “ that so great a work as this of delaying and turning back the course of nature, can be effected by a morning draught or by the use of some precious drug ; *by potable gold or essence of pearls,* or such-like toys ;— but be assured that the prolongation of life is a work of labour and difficulty, and consisting of a great number of remedies, and those aptly connected one with another.”

Nevertheless, in his *Medical Remains*, a paper to which he gave the name of “ *Grains of Youth,*” Bacon five times introduces *Gold* as an ingredient in his tonics and other recipes for keeping up the spirits, driving away melancholy, and generally resisting the encroachments of age. *Powdered Pearls, Gems, Amber, and Shells of Crabs,* are almost equally recommended, and “ *Rust of Iron* ” is placed foremost as an “ astringent.”

But we must hasten to end this paper. The next remedy is to be,

(i) *Proper anointings to keep out the air and detain the spirit.*

Clifford experiences the lack of such beneficent anointings when wounded on the field of battle, he exclaims :—

Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies . . .  
*The air hath got into my deadly wounds,*” etc.†

\* *Coriolanus*, V., i. † *Henry VI.*, II., vi.

And the same observation though applied to a tree instead of a man by Henry VIII., exhibits precisely the same observation and knowledge.

“Why, we take  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o’ the timber ;  
And, though we leave it with a root, *thus pack’d*  
*The air will drink the sap.* †

(j) *Applications of heat from without during the time of assimilation after sleep.*

For this purpose we learn from the *Sylva Sylvarum* and from the *Medical Remains* that Bacon himself “compounded an ointment of most excellent odour . . . the fragrant or Roman unguent.” Now, when we look to see of what this sweet-smelling preparation consists, we find that it resembles in its ingredients the sweet fumigations, and outward applications with which the Lord orders his attendant huntsmen to restore the deadened senses of the tipsy tinker *when he awakes from sleep.*

“Balm his foul head with *warm* distilled waters,  
And burn *sweet-wood* to make the lodging sweet . . .  
Let one attend him with a silver basin,  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew’d with flowers.”\*

Observe that the applications are to be, according to Bacon’s instructions, *warm*; the “sweet-wood” is we learn from his recipe, “*a stick of juniper,*” and a root of “*Flower de Luce powdered,*” with damask roses also powdered, and myrrh dissolved in rose-water account for the sweetness of the compound.

(k) *The caution with respect to things which inflame the spirit, and give it a predatory heat, as wine and spices, is abundantly illustrated in passages such as that where old Adam describes himself as strong and lusty:—*

“For in my youth I never did apply,  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, etc.” †

When Henry V. desires his uncle of Exeter to “enlarge the man that railed against our person,” he does so on the ground, that he considered “it was excess of wine that set him on.” When “Lepidus is high-coloured and reconciles himself to the drink,” the attendants observe that “it raises the greater war between himself and his discretion.” The wine preys on his

\* *Henry VIII.*, I., ii.

† *Taming of the Shrew, Induction*, i.

† *As You Like It*, II., i.

reason, but at the same time we see that his over-indulgence is bad for his body, for he says :—" I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er give out." When Lepidus is carried off drunk, Cæsar is inclined to forbear, feeling the ill-effects of such excess.

" When I wash my brain it grows fouler."

But Antony persists and will drink " till that the *conquering* wine hath steeped our senses in soft and delicate Lethe." The comparison of the epithets *predatory* and *conquering* in relation to inflammatory drinks seem interesting as clues to the line of thought which our poet was following. Again Bacon returns to his text and preaches—

(l) *A moderate and seasonable use of things* in contradistinction to the " *extremes* " and the " *excess* " which everywhere he deprecates.

" *Be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,*" " *Laugh moderately,*" " *Love moderately,*" " *Be moderate, be moderate.*" It is the echo of Francis Bacon's voice coming down to us in the ages. Extremes of passion, rage, joy, even of zeal, destroy those in whom they work, and confound their aims and efforts.

(m) " *The things* " themselves which he enumerates " *saffron, cress, garlic, cleopampane, and compound opiates,*" we pass over all but the last. Again we perceive that Cleopatra is made to illustrate the use of these—

*Cleo.*—Ha, ha! give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.*—Why, madam?

*Cleo.*—That I might sleep out this great gap of time.

My Antony is away.\*

And the wretch Iago inoculated Othello with the " dangerous conceits which are in their natures poisons, and which, but with a little action on the blood, burn like mines of sulphur," knows that no soothing opiates will now be of any effect with his victim.

" *Nor poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.*"†

\* *Antony and Cleopatra*, I., v.

† *Othello*, III., iii.



## "PROMUS" NOTES AND "PROMUS" PROOFS.

THE question of the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays and Shakespeare Sonnets is one upon which very few of those who have really studied the matter can have any doubt. But great difficulties stand in the way of breaking through the traditional prejudice which others still entertain for their great hero of National literature. Many are unable, and many are unwilling, to enter into laborious details of philological evidence, or of philological argument, which would at once convince ordinary, educated, and unprejudiced persons of the truth that they were composed by Francis Bacon.

That the illustrious stage-player of Stratford-on-Avon could barely sign his name is considered quite immaterial, as an argument against the probability of *his* having been either an author or a poet. The allegation that he could not write is met with a mere "Tu quoque," to the effect that, even as regards the much-lauded Bacon, no manuscript of any sort has ever been discovered in *his* handwriting, whether of plays supposed to have been written by him, or of any private or other document which would either directly or indirectly connect him with the plays. But in spite of such alleged similar conditions or coincidences, we are very plainly told that the plays *could* have been written *only* by the Stratford Player; and that they *could not* have been written by Bacon.

The idea of Bacon's well-known advocacy of concealed authorship has been scouted as folly. An eminent scientist tells me it is quite sufficient to settle the whole matter, that if Bacon did write *Hamlet* he must have been the biggest fool on earth to let Shakespeare take the credit of it. This, however, is only declamation, not evidence.\*

Even now that a document, directly connected with the composition of the plays, has been discovered, and in Bacon's

\* In the plays, as in his other works, so far from Bacon showing himself to be "the biggest fool upon earth," he exhibited his wonderful wisdom, his marvellous superiority to the ordinary aspirant for fame, in pursuing the great study of his whole life not to acquire for his own name honour, or renown, but to render the learning and the literature of his own country and of his own day illustrious.

own handwriting, popular prejudice refuses to listen to the evidence so clearly indicative of his authorship. And the fact itself of the discovery, as well as the nature and importance of the evidence which it has disclosed, is as yet too little known to be fully appreciated.

It is in vindication of this document, together with the appreciative and conclusive comments of the Editor, that I would say a few words upon its structure and its value. For it has been by no less an authority than Dr. Abbott strongly commended to the notice of literary persons, as an incitement to further investigation of the subject.

The document consists of an album of extracts or quotations from a great variety of sources. It was published some fifteen years ago with numerous annotations connecting the extracts directly with the "Shakespeare Plays." It came out in the form of a book called Bacon's "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." The book is out of print, and exceeding great difficulties have arisen in the way of a second edition; on account, apparently, of the evidence which it affords of the authorship of the plays. The collection was never meant to meet the public eye, and even amongst those who, upon other and independent grounds, believe that Bacon was the author of the plays, they are, as yet, but comparatively few who are sufficiently acquainted with this wonderful production to appreciate its vast import; to see that it is in itself amply sufficient to establish, beyond cavil or doubt, the claims put forth by the editor on Bacon's behalf. I say "on Bacon's behalf." I should say on our behalf rather than on Bacon's, seeing we know Bacon himself to have taken such special, systematic steps to conceal his authorship from all but a secret society, or craft of the initiated, which has faithfully and wondrously kept his secret. On several occasions in private letters he spoke of himself as a "concealed poet."

The manuscript consists of some fifty detached folio sheets in his own handwriting; excepting only a series of French proverbs, which, from the style of writing, are supposed to have been copied out for Bacon by a Frenchman.

• On one or two of the folios the collection is entitled a "Promus of Elegancies and Formularies." It was written at various times, as shown by the improved neatness of the writing in the later sheets; and the notes appear to have been made as Bacon read through the books from which they were taken.

The first nineteen extracts are Bible texts, containing terse sayings, taken in their consecutive order from Psalms xii., xxxix., Proverbs x., xviii., xxiii. and xxviii., S. Matthew vii. and xix., and so forth. Then follow Latin quotations commencing with "Virgil." The *Æneids* 2, 3, 4, 6, 11 and 12 are drawn upon in consecutive order, showing that the extracts were taken systematically from the books, as they were read by Bacon; or on a repeated reading of the same author; for in folio 105 we have twenty-nine quotations again from the *Æneids* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, all in consecutive order as before. The *references* are not noted by Bacon himself; but the Editor, prior to publishing the book, undertook the toil of searching through "Erasmus," "Cicero," "Ovid," "Virgil," "Horace," in order to discover, to verify, to index, the original Latin quotations. But in many cases the original reference has not yet been traced out. In some of the folios, extracts were taken from various sources, and in a more promiscuous manner, without any apparent definite order. But there are various classes of subjects to be drawn upon, arranged together, such as texts and proverbs, phrases, turns of speech, metaphors, similes. There are also various qualities, peculiarities, affections, and so on.

Quotations from various foreign languages are in the main grouped together severally, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian; the English again being kept together by themselves. And throughout there is no indication of quotations or extracts having been similarly made *from* the plays; this reverse order of things would in no case be applicable.

It becomes then clear that the "Promus" was written for the purpose of being made use of by Bacon, not by the Stratford Player. And it was for the enrichment of his own compositions, with aphorisms, wise words, forms of speech, poetic ideas, derived from the writings of ancient classic authors, as well as from popular proverbs and trite sayings of more recent times, from both foreign and national sources. Bacon noted them down not simply as forms of expression but as suggestive of ideas, poetic fancies, with which his mind was always well stored; for felicitous phrases, for elegancies of diction. We find also that he made notes for special use in the composition of what he calls the works of his "invention" as distinct from his philosophic or scientific works.

He alludes several times to writings of his "invention," as indicating works of his "imagination," and "recreation," which were not to be openly discussed, but were spoken of by mysterious

allusions in correspondence with his special friends. These apparently were sometimes submitted to them for criticism or approval; as, for example, when his life-long friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, "in one of his enigmatical letters"—supposed to be in 1592—writing to Bacon to acknowledge the receipt of some work not specified, closes with a postscript, "I will not return you weight for weight, but measure for measure." This play was acted in the following year.

But his philosophic writings contain but few extracts from the *Promus* notes. Yet they are sufficient to indicate a connection between the *Promus* and his prose.

One objection that has been taken to the practical, common-sense use of a common-place book is that no true poet would condescend deliberately to take down expressions of others for importation into his own compositions. His own poetic fancy and feeling must instinctively dictate his own mode of diction. Yet it is well-known that Tennyson, by no means the least of our National Poets, was by one writer invidiously termed a mere plagiarist, in taking his ideas from other authors. But if he did so, he managed to clothe them with a fascinating music of his own; and this, instead of crippling his imagination, or injuring his reputation, gave him a power of expressing himself in a manner to captivate the attention, and the sentiment, of his readers to the brightening of his renown.

So also is it with reference to public speaking. The greatest orator of recent times learnt by heart the whole of the Latin *Gradus* so that he might never be at a loss for noun or verb, for synonym or antithesis, for adjective or metaphor, or for other qualifying or alternative word in his speeches. And what does Bacon himself say on this very subject in his great work on *The Advancement of Learning*? He says, "The transferring of the things we read and learn into common-place books, is thought by some to be detrimental to learning . . . nevertheless I hold diligence and labour in the entry of common-places to be a matter of great use and support in studying: as that which supplies *matter to invention*, and contracts the sight of the judgment to a point."

Howsoever this may be, the learned Professor, who indited the preface for the Editor of the *Promus*, seems inclined by his apologetic tone to "damn it with faint praise"; intimating, as he does, that the book affords no confirmation of the Editor's view that the *Promus* was written to supply matter for the Plays.

Indeed he actually states his own personal belief that the *Promus* itself was borrowed from them. But he affords no clue to the grounds of his "belief." He gives, nevertheless, full and deserved credit to the Editor for indefatigable industry, zeal, and research under enormous difficulties. And, happily, he establishes the fact demonstrated by the Editor that there is a real connection of some sort (though according to him not of the right sort) between the *Promus* and the Plays. For after speaking of the connection which the Editor had discovered, he goes on to explain that "the *Promus* seems to render it highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that Francis Bacon in the year 1594 had either heard, or read, Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, for in Act II., iii., 40, we read :—

. . . . ' There golden sleep doth reign ;  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art uprused by some distemperature.' "

And then he follows on—that in the *Promus* entries 1207 and 1215, we "find that Bacon, among a number of phrases relating to early rising, has in close connection with each other these words, 'golden sleep,' and 'upruse.'" "One of these words," he continues, "would prove little or nothing, but anyone accustomed to evidence will perceive that two of these entries (bearing on each other) constitute a coincidence amounting almost to demonstration that either Bacon or Shakespeare borrowed from some common source, at present unknown; or that one of the two borrowed from the play." He thus goes on to state his own "belief" that the *Promus* was borrowed from the play.

It was clear to him that there were similarities between the *Promus* and the play of *Romeo and Juliet* which indicated a borrowing of some sort. But then in order to make his belief tally with the dates, he is obliged to accept the ante-dating of the play as 1594—which was first heard of and published in 1597—to which year its production has been commonly assigned; the date of this folio of the *Promus* being between December, 1594, and 27th January, 1595, prior to the supposed date of the play.

Even proving him to be mistaken in his belief that the *Promus* was culled from the play, this will not of itself prove that Bacon was indeed the author of the play. The demolition of the negative argument will not necessarily prove the positive. It may, however, do something towards it. It is in any case

perfectly clear that the learned doctor has merely stated his own personal belief, without having at all considered the necessity of a careful search into the structure of the *Promus* itself; else he must have seen that his contention would be contrary to the whole nature and purpose of it; unless indeed he could likewise believe in Bacon having taken from the plays of Shakespeare his extracts in English, and then and there translated them into the very words of the original language from which the quotations were drawn, Latin, French, Spanish or Italian, and in their regular order, before entering them into his *Promus* for future re-translation, adaptation, and adoption. This too will apply almost equally to the English Notes with which the plays abound. For the extracts from the *Promus* do not re-appear in the plays, as so many identical expressions, but rather by ideas suggested by them.

This effectually disposes of Dr. Abbott's alternatives, and his suggested nature of the "borrowing;" unless he should further be able to believe in the possibility, or probability, of Bacon having, from time to time, lent the Stratford Player his newly compiled folios for the purpose of assisting *his* poetic genius, of affording *him* every possible facility for the enrichment of *his* language, in the writing of *his* unrivalled compositions.

It is due, however, to Dr. Abbott for me to say that when I asked him personally if he could not give *some* satisfactory explanation of these apparent difficulties, he assured me he could not attempt to do so without carefully going again into the whole question, which would be impossible with his present engagements.

It is clear that Bacon had himself felt the need of such self-help, as the *Promus* would afford, for his own purposes. And he made efficient use of it. The very mode in which use was made of the extracts would of itself go a great way in showing that such was the use which the compiler intended they should serve. Some of the notes, if made use of at all, have not been traced in the plays.

A few words as to further annotations which may yet be, and in all probability will be, made by various literateurs. It may look like a gigantic coincidence, some may call it a gigantic swindle, but it must be conceded as a matter of marvellous corroboration of the *Promus* Theory, that tens of thousands of comparisons have been already made, showing like similarities between Bacon's prose works and the plays, in words, in modes of

expression, both in the rudiments and in the refinements of language, which were not in common use when Bacon began his lofty and successful quest in the pursuit of knowledge, in the *Advancement of Learning*, and in the regeneration of Dramatic Literature. For in this especially he expressed the deepest interest, as a valuable means of imparting "moral instruction;" morality in his day being at as low an ebb as literature; all dramatic performances and performers being of a most disreputable and degraded character, standing much in need of a National as well as rational Reformation.

### BACON IN HIS SHAKE-SPEARE GARDEN.

In his essay on "Gardens" Bacon says: "God Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork; and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection." The Garden, and his Natural History, were made to stand in the foreground of his system.

By foot notes from his attributed writings we here touch into relation identity of thought distinguished and embellished by him in his Shake-speare, and quote, touching the garden in relation to government and the deposing of Kings, from *Richard II.*, Act 3, Scene 4, thus:—

#### "THE DUKE OF YORK'S GARDEN.

*Enter THE QUEEN AND TWO LADIES.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thoughts of care?

*1 Lady.* Madam will play at bowles.\*

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,†  
And that my fortune runs against the bias."

\* We would here draw attention to the words "will play at bowles," to show Bacon's familiarity with the subject, and not otherwise, and quote from private notes made by him touching Buckingham in 1621, thus: "You bowl well; if you do not horse your bowl and hand too much. You know the fine bowler is knee almost to ground in the delivery of the cast."—*Bacon's Letters*, Spedding, Vol. vii., p. 445.

† Touching the words "the world is full of rubs," we quote Bacon thus: "This day afternoon, upon our meeting in council, we have plained those rubs and knots which were mentioned in my last, therefore I thought good presently to advise your Majesty."—*Bacon's Letters*, Vol. i., p. 61.

The word "*planted*" here used by Bacon he uses in this play of *Richard II.*, Act I., Scene 3, thus :—

*Richard.*

"It boots thee not to be so passionate  
After our sentence, planting comes too late."

His distinctive expression "*thought good*" here used, he uses in *Macbeth*, Act I., Scene 5, thus :—

"This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner in greatness, that you might not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee."

Further on the Queen says :—

"But stay, here come the gardeners :  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—  
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so  
Against a change : woe is forerun with woe."

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

*Enter A GARDENER and TWO SERVANTS.*

*Gard.* Go, bind you up yond' dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty\* in our commonwealth :  
All must be even in our government.—  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Servant.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?

\*In his philosophical works by Spedding, vol. 5, p. 400, Bacon says, "Periander being consulted with, how to preserve a tyranny newly usurped, bid the messenger attend and report what he saw him do: and went into his garden and topped all the highest flowers; signifying that it consisted in cutting off and keeping low of the nobility and grandees."



When our sea-walled\* garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

This is just what Bacon was doing in the Duke of York's Garden now under review. See our book "Defoe Period Unmasked," p. 90. Note 2 as to Bacon's knowledge of Persian magic.

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs.

† Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.*

‡ Hold thy peace.

|| He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring,

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter.

§ That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.*—What! are they dead?

*Gard.*

They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O! what a pity is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land

As we this garden.¶

\* Touching the words "Showing us in a Model," and which we see concern government, we quote Bacon's thus: "For there is a great affinity and consent between the rules of nature and the true rules of policy, the one being nothing else but an order in the government of the world, and the other an order in the government of an estate. And therefore the education and orudition of the kings of Persia was in a science which was termed by a name thon of great reverence, but now degenerate and taken in an ill part, for the Persian magic which was the secret literature of their kings, was an observation of the contemplations of Nature and an application thereof to a science politic; taking the fundamental laws of Nature, with the branches and passages of them as an original and first model whence to take and describe a copy and imitation of government."—*Bacon's Letters*, vol. 3, p. 90.

† In sub. 389 of Bacon's "Natural History," he says: "There be diverse herbs but no trees that may be said to have some kind of order in their putting forth of their leaves; for they have joints or knuckles, as it were, stops in their germination; as have gilly-flowers, pinks, fennel, corn, reeds, and canes. The cause whereof is, for that the sap ascendeth unequally, and doth as it were tire and stop by the way. And it seemeth they have some closeness and hardness in their stalk, which hindereth the sap from going up, until it hath gathered into a knot, and so is more urged to put forth. And therefore they are most of them hollow when the stalk is dry; as fennel-stalk, stubble or canes."

‡ Earlier in this play the "caterpillars" are alluded to as the "caterpillars of the commonwealth." See Bacon's "Natural History," sub. 728.

|| As to the words "disorder'd Spring," we quote Bacon touching that early spring in government, to wit, the beginning of the union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, thus: "And, therefore, it seemeth to me that as the spring of nature, I mean the spring of the year, is the best time for purging and medicining the natural body, so the spring of kingdoms is the most proper season for the purging and rectifying of the politic body." *Bacon's Letters*, vol. 3, p. 106.

§ Touching those that operate under a cover, "the weeds," see our book, "Defoe Period Unmasked," p. 102.

¶ Another allusion to the topping of the flowers, see note 3.

To wound the bark,\* the skin of our fruit-trees,  
 Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
 With too much riches it confound itself; †  
 Had he done so to great and growing men,  
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
 Their fruits of duty. ‡ Superfluous branches  
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live;  
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Scrv.*—What I think you then the King shall be depos'd?"

We here have a Baconian model for the regulation of a kingdom.

After the deposing of Richard we from Act V., Scene 2, quote thus:—

" *Duch.*—Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,  
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?"

*Ann.*—Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.  
 God knows, I had as lief be none as one.

*York.*—Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime."

We quote the above to make sure to the reader that we mistake not in our note of interpretation touching the expression, "disorder'd spring," note 7, and to show that it is usual in the play in its Baconian sense of a new beginning in matters of government. Bacon ever presented his thought in figures, not arguments. There are "figures in all things," see "Defoe Period Unmasked," p. 590, note 1, and see *Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 142. And touching the garden in a poetic sense (see p. 197)..

Bacon's knowledge was subtle, his vocabulary distinctive, and his figures universal. Concerning his subtlety or comprehension

\* As to the words, "wound the bark," we from sub. 557 of Bacon's "Natural History" quote thus: "Therefore trial would be made by ripping of the bough of a crab tree in the bark, and watering the wound every day with warm water dunged, to see if it would bring forth misseltoe or some such thing." This word "misseltoe" we find him using in *Titus Andronicus*. Act II., Scene 2. "O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe."

† Touching the words "sap and blood," here both applied to the fluid in trees, we quote from sub. 657 thus: "The sap in trees, when they are let blood, is of differing natures," and in sub. 464 we have "As terebration doth meliorate fruit, so upon the like reason doth letting a plant's blood: as pricking vines, or other trees, after they be of some growth; and thereby letting forth gum and tears; though this be not to continue, as it is in terebration, but at some seasons."

‡ As to the expression "fruits of duty" we find Bacon using not only it, but such expressions as "fruits of learning," "fruits of conference," "fruits of my private life," etc.

Macaulay says : " With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension, such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being."

His tact in throwing his knowledge, his vocabulary, and his figures, into almost any sentence form has been the mist that has hid our great luminary from many (see his tentative literary methods, " Defoe Period Unmasked," p. 188). Others, again, and among whom are some of the finest of our Shakesperian scholars, know nothing, or next to nothing, of his writings. What, then, can their opinions be worth, on this question of authorship?

Desiring to make this paper as brief as possible we have but drawn together points of relation by footnotes, and without comment we should therefore be glad to have the reader go over this paper afresh, staying somewhat for conclusions upon each note thus made.

In conclusion we would say, if Shakespeare be the real author of the work attributed to him, then may a man, absolutely without culture, and a man of the very widest range of subtle culture, have not merely identity in this vast range, but identity in the word forms, by which it is set forth, nay, may couch his thoughts in the same figures of speech. We have given some tentacles of proof of this in this paper, and its like may be spread into every phase of the Shakesperian writings.

J. E. ROE.

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#### A CORRECTION.

SIR,—In the April number of *Baconiana*, on page 14, one of your contributors (Mr. J. E. Roe) falls into an error which it seems advisable to correct. He says : " Bacon's intention early formed, to shake a spear at human ignorance, made the word Shake-speare, so written in all the Quartos, as well as in the original Folio, etc." (2<sup>nd</sup> Vol.)

There can be no doubt that the intention of the author of the plays was, as Ben Jonson says in his dedicatory lines at the commencement of the First Folio (1623)—

" to shake a lance,  
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance."

In the same dedication Ben Jonson also says—

" Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent Greece, or hautie Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

While Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries" (1641, folio page 102), speaking of Lord Chancellor Bacon, says, it "is he who hath fill'd up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compar'd, or preferr'd either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

I agree, therefore, with Mr. Roe that Ben Jonson, writing in the Shakespeare first folio (1623), really refers to Bacon, and I agree that Shakespeare is a nom-de-plume of the real author, Bacon, who intended to "shake a spear at human ignorance," but it is not a fact that the name Shakespeare is written with a hyphen in all the Quartos. I have now before me the photographic *fac simile* copies of all the early quartos extant, and I have carefully examined each play. There are fifteen Quartos of an earlier date than 1600; of these four only bear the name of Shakespeare, and the name is not written with a hyphen. Of the twenty-three published between 1600 and the issue of the first folio (1623), in one the title page is lost, in four Shakespeare's name is omitted, while in the remaining eighteen the name Shakespeare appears; but it is only in seven of these that the name is written with a hyphen, Shake-speare. The name is written Shakespeare, without any hyphen, in all the first four folios, but in some of the dedicatory poems in the first folio (1623), and in the second folio (1632) the name Shake-speare appears with the hyphen, as if to draw attention to the real meaning of the nom-de-plume.

The proofs of the Baconian authorship of the Shakespeare plays are numerous, and are being strengthened almost daily, but great care must be taken not to support arguments by inaccurate statements; and I feel that *Baconiana* should not only be filled with interesting articles, but that every statement should be substantiated by accurate references so that your publication should become a reliable text book to which enquirers may with absolute confidence refer.—Yours truly,

E. J. D-L.

## BOHEMIA BY THE SEA.

Shakespeare in the *Winter's Tale*, Act III., Scene iii., makes Antigonus say:—

?/ "Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia." /?

This is commonly quoted as a mark of the great ignorance of the writer of Shakespeare, but, as usual, it is the critics who display their ignorance—it is the writer of the plays who possessed the knowledge.

Professor Freeman tells us that for a short time Bohemia extended from the Baltic to the Hadriatic, and that Bohemia had not one, but two seaboard.

In Vol. II., page 319, 1882 edition of his "Historical Geography of Europe," Professor Freeman writes as follows:—

The first change was one which brought about for a moment from one side an union which was afterwards to be brought about in a more lasting shape from the other side. This was the annexation of Austria by the kingdom of *Bohemia*. That duchy had been raised to the rank of a kingdom, though of course without ceasing to be a fief of the Empire, a few years after the mark of Austria had become a duchy. The death of the last Duke of Austria of the Babenberg line led to a disputed succession and a series of wars, in which the princes of Bavaria, Bohemia, and Hungary all had their share. In the end, between marriage, conquest, and royal grant, Ottokar, King of Bohemia, obtained the duchies of Austria and Styria, and a few years later he further added Carinthia by the bequest of its Duke. Thus a new power was formed, by which several German states came into the power of a Slavonic king. The power of that king for a moment reached the Baltic as well as the Hadriatic; for Ottokar carried his arms into Prussia, and became the founder of *Konigsberg*. But this great power was but momentary. Bohemia and Austria were again separated, and Austria, with it indefinite mission of extension over so many lands, including Bohemia itself, passed to a house sprung from a distant part of Germany.

Momentary  
Union of  
Austria and  
Bohemia.

Bohemia a  
Kingdom,  
1158.

Ottokar of  
Bohemia  
annexes  
Austria and  
Styria, 1252-  
1262.  
Carinthia, 1266.

Great power  
of Ottokar.



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## A PAPER ON THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF THE BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A.

*Read at a Meeting of the Bacon Society, May 24th, 1898.*

AFTER reading the numerous reviews, notes, suggestions, and forcible arguments contained in the two volumes of the *Journal of the Bacon Society*, and the brilliant papers by Mrs. Henry Pott, Dr. Theobald, Mr. George Stronach, and Mr. Alaric Alfred Watts; and further, after studying Mrs. Pott's edition of the *Promus*, Mr. William H. Smith's "Bacon and Shakspeare"; Mr. Appleton Morgan's "The Shakespeare Myth," and Mr. Edwin Reed's admirable presentation of the whole case in his "*Bacon v. Shakspeare*," it seems unnecessary and somewhat presumptuous again to bring forward the question in an elementary form. The justification, if any, is to be found in the fact that the arguments remain unanswered and may be universally ignored if fresh attention is not from time to time drawn to them. It only remains for me, with this apologetic note, to express my personal indebtedness to my accomplished friends in bringing the results of their labours before you.

In the present paper I propose to present for your consideration a few facts, collected from various sources out of a much larger number of the same kind, which have an important bearing on the question of the authorship of *Shakespeare*. They may be suitably prefaced by some observations on the nature of evidence. Evidence has been defined as the means of proving an unknown or disputed fact. Two significations of it are to be distinguished; one involving testimony as to the existence of facts, the other denoting relevancy to an issue. Research, discrimination, and the free exercise of an unhampered judgment are needed for the collection and valuation of evidence in the present enquiry. In ordinary cases evidence is derived from the mouths of witnesses, or from written testimony, but oral or parol evidence is of course not available for the settlement of historical problems which

## 2 CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP.

depend for their solution entirely upon documents. All statements which can by any means be admitted as relevant to any enquiry, whether obtained from oral testimony or from inscribed records, belong to one or other of two kinds of evidence, *direct* or *circumstantial*. If positive proof from satisfactory direct evidence is not forthcoming the doctrine of presumptions must be resorted to, and this is founded upon circumstantial evidence. It is generally regarded as an occasion of weakness to Baconians, and is certainly one of scorn to their opponents, that direct evidence in favour of Bacon's authorship of *Shakespeare* is wanting. It is tacitly assumed that direct testimony is in its nature reliable and satisfactory, and that circumstantial evidence is necessarily weak and inconclusive, but this is a delusion. In courts of law, where some hold can be maintained over the witnesses, direct evidence is to be preferred, but it should always be remembered that direct evidence, whether oral or written, is liable to certain defects. The witnesses may be mistaken in their judgment; they may have been deceived by interested persons; or they may be deliberately false. On the other hand, "circumstances cannot lie," and if they are numerous and all point to one and the same conclusion they may be regarded as morally satisfactory as grounds of assurance and judgment. It is easy, therefore, to exaggerate the disadvantages occasioned by the absence of direct evidence, while we must acknowledge that the deficiency in this particular case has enormously stimulated research amongst ardent Baconians. The latter naturally maintain that where not one or two but a considerable number of independent and isolated as well as connected and continuous facts are to be found, explainable on one hypothesis only, it is irrational not to accept their obvious lesson.

Let us suppose that the Shakespeare Plays, which appeared for some years at first without any author's name on the title page, had continued to be anonymous to the end, and that the problem of discovering the concealed author was left for solution to our own day. This is not asking a very extravagant supposition, for the connection of W. Shakspeare with the plays is indeed of the slightest. After certain anonymous issues, his name appeared on the title pages, as it did on several other works not admitted in the Shakespearean canon, but in this circumstance his connection with the authorship begins and ends. The Plays began to appear before Shakspeare left Stratford, and new ones appeared and old ones were altered and revised several years after he was dead. The presence of a man's name on the title page of a book might be regarded as an item of presumptive evidence that he was the author, were it not for the fact that so



many writers in former times put down any name rather than their own. The explanation of this curious custom is to be sought in the different conditions of the then literary world. There were many disadvantages and some dangers attendant upon unrestrained freedom of speech, and at the same time fewer inducements to seek a literary reputation. There were neither dining clubs nor newspapers to fête and lionize a popular writer. If, therefore, this one fact of the use of Shakspeare's name on the title pages be ignored, we may ask are there any facts in existence that would lead any student to-day to advance his claim to the authorship? Let us give this question the attention its importance deserves. In the year 1780 George Steevens wrote as follows: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." The meagreness of this summary of the life of the greatest genius in English literature was regarded as almost a scandal, and during the last hundred years an unparalleled amount of research has been devoted to the study of Shakspeare's life with the object of obtaining some knowledge of the interesting processes of informing, developing, and moulding the genius of the author of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear. It was justly felt that the author of these Plays must have had a great and imposing personality, that could no more be hidden from the eyes of men than could the sunshine of heaven, and consequently signs of its influence were confidently sought. It was not unreasonable to expect to find letters addressed to the poet expressing warm admiration for his genius, and devotion to his person; letters addressed to other persons referring to Shakspeare in like terms of eulogy and affection; contemporary testimony as to the irrepressible nature of his wit, and the magical charm of the eloquence of the author of Mark Antony's oration, and the brilliancy of his conversational powers. It was also naturally believed that the genius behind these plays could not possibly have exhausted itself in their production, but must have poured itself out in many literary forms, and on such subjects as are there treated incidentally but with a wealth of learning, original conception, and brilliant idea; I mean the subjects of history, philosophy, jurisprudence, natural science, music, heraldry, etc. All these expectations were, however, doomed to disappointment. The only additions we can make to George Steevens' slender list of "what can be known with certainty" are such details as that he purchased property, dealt in malt, sold stone to the corporation, loaned money on

interest, prosecuted poor debtors, favoured a conspiracy to enclose public lands at Stratford and received a remonstrance from the Town Council in consequence. The references made to Shakspeare personally during his lifetime are the reverse of complimentary, and the effect on the reader's mind by the contemplation of the unattractive record has been thus expressed: "There is not recorded of him one noble or lovable action" (Thomas Davidson). "An obscure and profane life" (Emerson). "Whether Bacon wrote the wonderful plays or not, I am quite sure the man Shakspeare neither did nor could" (John G. Whittier). "I would not be surprised to find myself ranged with Mrs. Pott and Judge Holmes on the side of the philosopher against the play-actor" (Oliver Wendell Holmes).

The first set of circumstances for us to notice, therefore, are those which tend to disprove W. Shakspeare's authorship, and they are necessarily negative in character. Neither Shakspeare nor any of his family ever claimed that he was either author or owner of the plays. Everything we know of Shakspeare shows that he valued money, position, and social reputation. His fortune, equivalent to £4,000 a year of our money, had been made chiefly at the theatres, where many of these plays had been produced, yet in his will, although he specifies "houses, lands, messuages, orchards, gardens, wearing apparel, furniture, a sword, a silver and gilt punch-bowl, a second best bed," no books are mentioned, nor any manuscripts of unpublished plays. "It is simply silly to talk, as the commentators will," says Appleton Morgan, "of Shakspeare's omitting to mention them in his testaments because his copyrights had expired, or because he or his representatives had sold them to the Globe Theatre or to any other purchaser, except by registry of later date. The record of alienation could have been made in but one place, and it was never made there." Objectors to the Baconian theory sometimes say that it is impossible to believe that anyone could have written the plays and then abstained from claiming them; that any author could have been so indifferent to such creations of his brain, and to the fame of their authorship. They forget that if Shakspeare was the author, he exhibited precisely this indifference. If Bacon were the author, it was natural and necessary that he should conceal the fact. This matter is so well expressed in the *Algemeine Zeitung*, that I quote the passage in full. "The question why Bacon, if he were the composer of the plays, did not acknowledge the authorship is not difficult to answer. His birth, his position, and his ambition forbade him, the nephew of Lord Burleigh, the future Lord Chancellor of England, to put his name on a play-bill. In the interests of his family and of his

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP.

political career, the secret must be so strictly preserved that mere anonymity would not be sufficient. A live man-of-straw, a responsible official representative known to everyone, was required. No person could be better fitted for such a purpose than an actor, wise enough to understand and appreciate what was to his own advantage. Perhaps this Johannes Factotum of Greene's did not know the name of his benefactor. But even if he did know the name, it was obviously to his interest to keep from the world, and particularly from his gossiping companions, a secret which brought him money and fame." Bacon's reasons for continued concealment in later life can be easily comprehended when the man himself begins to be understood. In the introduction to one of his books unpublished at the time of his death, he wrote as follows:—"For myself, my heart is not set upon any of those things which depend on external accidents. I am not hunting for fame, I have no desire to found a sect, after the fashion of the heresiarchs; and to look for any private gain from such an undertaking as this, I should consider both ridiculous and base. Enough for me the consciousness of well-deserving, and those real and effectual results with which fortune itself cannot interfere." "The ring of these words," says Mr. Edwin Reed, "three centuries have not dulled. They will ring through all time, for they are of pure gold." It is evident from a letter which Bacon wrote to Bishop Andrews, in 1622, that he was fully aware that his lighter writings would yield, as he said, "more lustre and reputation to my name than those other which I have in hand," but his chief ambition was to serve mankind by instructing them in better ways of thinking; in other words, he preferred the fame of a philosopher to that of a poet.

It would be gratifying if the Shakspearean controversialists, who waste so much time in "taunting with the licence of ink" the Baconian advocate, would favour the enquirer with some simple and satisfactory explanation of such circumstances as the following:—

I. Bacon and his brother Anthony had cause for resentment against their uncle, Lord Burleigh, who seemed not to appreciate his gifted nephews, and turned a deaf ear to their entreaties for advancement. *Hamlet*, which Nash refers to as a familiar play in 1589, and says that the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," had been a subject of declamation on the public stage since 1586, and may, therefore, have been written before Shakspeare had left Stratford, contains a clever satire on Lord Burleigh. A writer in "Notes and Queries" (January 31st, 1863) declares that "Polonius is not so much a satire as a portrait of Lord Burleigh," and concludes that Shakspeare had some prejudice against that

celebrated minister. There is a twofold difficulty here, on the assumption that Shakspeare was the author of *Hamlet*. It is very improbable that at that early date the Lord Treasurer could have incurred the displeasure of the Stratford youth, and it is quite incredible that Shakspeare could have been so perfectly familiar with the prolixity of style and mental characteristics of Burleigh. On the other hand, granting Bacon to have been the author, the matter becomes clear and interesting.

II. Sir Edward Coke was a rival of Bacon at the Court, in the profession of the law, and in *love*, both men being suitors for the hand of Lady Hatton; accordingly we find Coke lampooned in the plays. In Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (II., 531), it is stated "Coke was exhibited on the stage in *Twelfth Night* for his ill usage of Raleigh," and Lewis Theobald, in 1733, cites the utterances of Sir Toby Belch as a proof of Shakspeare's detestation of Coke.

III. The dedications of the poems and plays have given rise to endless romantic guesses. With reference to the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton, Richard Grant White says, "In those days and long after, without some knowledge of his man, and some opportunity of judging how he would receive the compliment, a player would not have ventured to take such a liberty with the name of a nobleman." Bacon and Southampton were fellow-lodgers at Gray's Inn, and for many years adherents of Essex. The Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, to whom the first collected edition of the plays was dedicated, were shareholders with Bacon in Lord Somer's ill-fated expedition to America. The W. H., to whom the Sonnets are addressed, is believed by many to be W. Herbert, and Bacon's poetical versions of the Psalms are addressed to his relative George Herbert. When *Venus and Adonis* was re-published, after Bacon had become estranged and alienated from Lord Southampton, the dedication was omitted.

IV. The 1604 edition of *Hamlet* contains the lines addressed by the Prince of Denmark to his mother—

"Sense sure you have,  
Else could you not have motion."

But they were omitted in the folio 1623. An explanation of the passage and of the cause of its omission at the later date, can only be supplied by reference to the prose works of Bacon. It is given by Mr. Reed as follows: "*The Advancement of Learning* was published in 1605, the year after the quarto, but it contains

no repudiation of the ancient doctrine that everything that has motion has sense. Indeed, Bacon had a lingering opinion that the doctrine is true, even as applied to the planets in the influence which they were supposed to exercise over the affairs of men. But in 1623 he published a new edition of the 'Advancement' under the title of *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, and therein expressly declared that the doctrine is untrue; that there is motion in inanimate bodies without sense, but with what he called a kind of perception. The Shakespeare folio came out in the same year, and the passage in question, no longer harmonizing with the author's views, dropped out."

V. One of the many puzzling difficulties presented by the plays arises from the numerous and marvellously accurate descriptions of foreign scenes. Travellers familiar with those parts are the most convinced that the author wrote from personal and first-hand observation. We are well assured that Shakspeare never left this country, while Bacon spent several years in travel and study in France and Italy, the countries particularly described.

VI. However impersonal and objective a great writer may be, it will inevitably be found that his works reflect the places, circumstances, offices, prejudices, studies, rank, society, education, taste, etc., specially associated with his personal experiences. The plays known as Shakespeare are only an anomaly when the actor Shakspeare is assumed to be the author; they harmonize perfectly and in every detail with Bacon's authorship. They contain special references to the people of Kent, the county of Bacon's ancestry; they have nearly twenty references to St. Albans, where Bacon lived, but not one to Stratford-on-Avon. They reveal by technical terms an intimate acquaintance with life at the Universities, and the Inns of Court, which was not within Shakspeare's experience, while Bacon was a University man, and a member of the leading Inn of that age. They describe the provinces of France and the districts in Italy where Bacon and his brother travelled and lived, but where Shakspeare never set foot. They are remarkably deficient in accurate delineation of child-life, though Shakspeare had many children while Bacon was childless.

VII. The plays ceased to appear while Bacon was holding office, and reappear after his fall, when Shakspeare had been long dead.

VIII. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Bacon was in very heavy trouble. Essex had just been executed; Bacon's

beloved brother Anthony had just died, and his mother had fallen into a deplorable mental derangement. Curiously enough this corresponds with the universally admitted dark period of the dramatist's life, when the gloomy tragedies of *Macbeth* and *Lear* appeared. At this time, however, Shakspeare was rich and prosperous, was buying laud, and bringing suits against debtors.

IX. A wonderful note-book has been discovered which we believe to have been prepared by, and for the use of, the author of the plays for the following reasons:—

(a) It contains 203 English proverbs copied out of Heywood's collection, of which 152 are found in Shakespeare.

(b) There are 240 Foreign proverbs, of which 150 occur in the plays.

(c) There are 225 phrases from Erasmus which are repeated in Shakespeare. The order in which they appear in the note-book is constructively followed in the plays, although it is not the same order as in Erasmus.

(d) Of the 1655 entries in the note-book a surprisingly large number are identical with expressions used in no other literature of the age except the plays and poems called Shakespeare. This unmistakeable common-place book for the plays, however, is in the handwriting of Francis Bacon and not in that of William Shakspeare.

X. The historical plays contain a remarkable series dealing with English History from the banishment of Hereford, son of John of Gaunt, to the birth of Elizabeth, with one curious gap; Richard the Second, Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and Henry VIII. are all in the plays, but not Henry VII. Why the reign which united the Roses should have been omitted is a mystery until we turn again for explanation to Bacon. He fills up the gap by writing a history of Henry VII. in prose.

XI. The patient and industrious search for manuscripts, or any scrap of documentary evidence of William Shakspeare's connection with the plays was rewarded in rather a strange way in 1867. On the cover of a volume of manuscripts was written a table of contents which included the names of two of the Shakespeare plays, namely *Richard the Second* and *Richard the Third*, which plays, however, had been abstracted from the collection when it was discovered. The cover is "scribbled all

over with various words, letters, phrases, and scraps of verse in English and Latin, as if the copyist were merely trying his pen and writing down whatever first came into his head." Among the scribblings is the extraordinary word *Honorificabilitudino*, which with a different ending occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Also the line from *Lucrece* "revealing day through every cranny peeps," and the name *William Shakespeare* eight or nine times over. Surely here is something which the advocates of William Shakspeare ought to make much of; independent documentary evidence associating his name with the titles of, and quotations from, the plays and poems. They do not speak of it, however, for the truth is that the manuscripts were Francis Bacon's, and, as Dr. Theobald says, "The only place in the world where we may be sure the manuscript of a Shakespeare play once existed is Bacon's portfolio."

XII. Several years after Shakspeare's death someone re-wrote portions of the plays and made considerable additions to them, and also produced half-a-dozen entirely new ones. The second and third parts of *Henry IV.* were first published in 1594 and 1595, under the titles, respectively, of the "First Part of the Contention between the two Famous Houses, York and Lancaster," and the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York." In 1619, three years after Shakspeare's death, they were republished under the same title as at first. In the folio of 1623, however, they appear under new titles and largely re-written. The second part now contains 1578 new lines, and is otherwise much altered. The *Merry Wives* was reprinted in 1619, in the same form as in 1602, but in the folio it is nearly twice as long as in the quartos. The prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* appeared for the first time in 1623. *Othello* first appeared in quarto form in 1622, six years after Shakspeare's death; and yet it received numerous and important emendations for the folio one year later. These most significant facts are to be found in a foot-note in *Bacon v. Shakspeare* by Edwin Reed.

It is maintained that such facts as these added to the argument afforded by the innumerable reflexions of Bacon's style, language, philosophy, sentiments, and habits of thought in the plays and poems, constitute a body of testimony as to his authorship which is irresistible. The unprejudiced and candid enquirer will notice in the so-called replies of the Shakspeareans an outpouring of abuse on the Baconians, a caricature of their method, an evasion of their arguments, a disdainful flavour throughout as if the writers regarded themselves as superior persons. The intelligent student will thereupon look into the

matter for himself, and we may safely trust to his reaching the truth.

Shakspeare has not only occupied the chief place in our respect and veneration, but he has also won his way into our affections, and this it is that makes his dethronement at once difficult and painful, even though our better judgment tells us he was only the mask for the real author. Those who have accepted the new theory have found two considerations facilitate this great transfer. First the reflexion that the love and reverence so prodigally given are not attributable to a single fact or circumstance connected with William Shakspeare, but all are excited by the qualities of the hidden Dramatist as seen in his works. Nothing can dethrone that literary monarch from his secure place. We Baconians cherish his memory in common with all Englishmen. Secondly, the real genius, character, and disposition of Francis Bacon, as revealed by his faithful biographer, Spedding, and as admitted by every unbiassed student, are such as to command precisely the same admiration and affection as we feel for the author of the plays. We can still speak of our Shakespeare, although with deeper feelings and with more rational sentiment, but when we wish to get behind these brilliant productions to have a glimpse of the actual author, we think not of the common-place bourgeois of Stratford, but of the poet and sage of St. Albans.

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## CHIEFLY OF HIEROGLYPHIC SYMBOLS AND PICTURES AND THEIR USE.

**B**EFORE we plunge into the depths of our subject let one thing be made quite clear. It is not claimed for Francis Bacon (or for even his father Sir Nicholas) that he invented or was the originator of the system of hieroglyphics, symbols, and emblems which we are about to explain. Probably this system was adopted in mediæval times in connection with the Renaissance, or Revival of Learning, of which Dante seems to be regarded as the centre.\* Certainly in many illuminated manuscripts of a hundred years later date than the death of Dante, emblems are not only introduced, but repeated, in a manner which shows plainly that amongst a certain set of artists (all apparently connected with monastic and religious institutions), such symbols

\* Dante born 1265, died 1321.



were recognised as having a definite meaning. Amongst these are the five-petaled Rose, the Fleur-de-lis, Trefoil, Olive and Lotus Leaf, the Sun, Crescent Moon, and Orb, the Flaming Heart, Five-pointed Star, and other objects whose descent from the ancient mystical symbols of Egypt and India seems plain.

But, of such pre-Baconian symbolism, sufficient has been written, to excuse us from dwelling upon a tale already well told.\* Readers must expect, as with the histories of Printing and Paper Making, that all useful information (excepting as to the titles of books) will stop short at about 1540-50; and so indeed it does. If we wish for more, "Nay—an we get it, we shall get it by running"—and so with all due recognition of earlier efforts, our attention will, in the following pages, be focussed upon the growth and development of Symbolism and Parabolic illustrations as a method of teaching; and upon the special use and application of such things by Francis Bacon, and as part of his method.

No doubt Francis and his father Sir Nicholas were perfectly well acquainted with the "Little Book of Emblems" of the celebrated lawyer André Alciati, published in 1522,† and which is said to have "established, if it did not introduce, a new style for emblem literature, the classical, in the place of the simply grotesque and humorous, or of the heraldic and mythic."‡

Let us glance together at some of the Illustrations, Head-lines, Tail-pieces, and other decorative wood-cuts from the chief and best-known works of the 16th and 17th centuries; from the Bibles of 1583 to 1613, from various editions of the *Arcadia*, the *Fairie Queene*, from the works of *Drayton*, *Shakespeare*, *Ben Jonson*, *Cowley*, and a host of other authors, not only poets and dramatists, but also writers on Law, Physic, and Divinity, on History, Geography, Mathematics, and all manner of other subjects.

\* See especially as a guide to books which should be consulted the excellent work *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, by Henry Green, M.A. Lond.: Trübner & Co., 1870.

† Or said to have been then published. The Second Edition of 1531 is all that is now known to exist, and seeing the extraordinary tricks played in many other cases with dates and author's names, books post-dated and ante-dated, second editions of which no first can be found, we are inclined to be sceptical as to the tale that Alciati destroyed his first edition. Rather, we can well conceive that Sir Nicholas Bacon may have done as his more distinguished son did after him, *i.e.* published under the name of another. The Little Emblem book was enormously augmented, and republished at Padua in 1621.

‡ Green, p. 69.

What is the first general impression given by these designs? Do they not suggest a general resemblance, as if one mind had invented, and one or two hands only had been engaged in their execution? On examining into details, we are presently surprised to find the constant return to certain particulars, there seems to be a want of originality, a continual harping upon the same set of ideas, yet at the same time we cannot but observe and admire the ingenuity with which these oft-repeated details are combined and re-combined, so as to produce from a few simple elements, an almost endless variety.

If resemblance is perceptible, and a common origin suspected, then—Who was the Designer? Who the Draughtsmen of these woodcuts?—Were they free agents, drawing their book-ornaments according to their own fancy, or did they design by order of some controlling power? And by what means did these peculiar patterns get into books so various, published by printers apparently disconnected, and in times and places so far apart?

Some of our illustrations are from books as early as 1580, others are more than a hundred years later.

“But”—(we echo explanations frequently offered)—“you make too much of a simple matter; no doubt these designs were *in the style of the day*. A few artists designed, and their wood-blocks were afterwards passed from hand to hand, and exchanged amongst the printers, so that the same designs were used over and over again in different works at different periods.”

We reply, what do you mean by *the style of the day*? Like all things else, it must have had a cause. Where then was it bred? Whence nourished? On closer inspection we find that, although sometimes the blocks may have passed through the hands of different printers, yet, more often, the designs, at first supposed identical, are, like the Water-Marks, neither the same, nor from tracings, nor absolute copies—but the same “*with a difference*.” The difference is always of such a nature as to exclude the idea of chance, yet such as not to attract attention from the uninitiated, though by the initiated, to be instantly perceived. Sometimes circles, round spots, or other figures, are introduced into blank spaces, or one flower is changed for another, details are omitted, and other parts of the design adjusted to supply the deficiency, or whole sections will be cut from one picture and transferred to another, with other devices too numerous to specify in this place, but to be seen by any observer who will compare several examples of the same design.

But again, with regard to the statement that these designs were *in the style of the day*, we have to add that, so far as we have seen, they are only to be met with in books which (in certain

editions) have also some of a certain set of Water-Marks, and which, when the book containing them is well-bound, have, in the binding, certain tooled patterns, and other signs which we have learnt to identify with Freemasonry or Baconism. And these books, from other evidence, internal, and circumstantial, we have been led to associate with Bacon and his Secret Society long before we thought of prying into the paper, or collecting and analysing the wood-cuts.

To prove a negative is usually a difficult and thankless labour, but in this case inquirers may, without much trouble, satisfy themselves that the Book-ornaments in question were neither fortuitous in their occurrence, nor hap-hazard in their designs; that on the contrary, the group of pictures upon which our argument turns, are not only peculiar, and full of meaning, but, in a manner, *mysterious*, kept secret, so long as any suspicion or special interest was likely to attach to them.

It appears probable that the Freemasons (especially those connected with the Arts and Crafts of Printing and Engraving) are the Cause why any mystery should be made about this particular class of designs which we term "*Baconian*," and which certainly form part of a clue leading to Bacon, and to a recognition of his Works.

For it is provable that these Baconian Book-ornaments, these particular Head-lines and Tail-pieces, are excluded—rather, they have been *carefully eliminated*—from a gigantic collection of scraps at the British Museum, brought together to illustrate the arts of Printing and Engraving. The point is important, and the circumstances inexplicable, excepting on the assumption of the existence of a Society working *secretly* in the present day, in some respects just as it worked in "days dark and dangerous," three hundred years ago, when such devices and artifices for concealment were of the greatest use and necessity.

Sir Hans Sloane was the originator of the British Museum, for at his death he directed that his enormous collections—50,000 volumes of books, 3,566 manuscripts, and upwards of 30,000 preparations of specimens of natural objects—were to be offered to the nation for less than a fourth part of their value. Sir Hans Sloane was a physician, and a man of high scientific attainments, Fellow and President of the College of Physicians, Associate of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Fellow, and by turns, Vice-President and President of the Royal Society. We may therefore, without further inquiry, rest satisfied that he was a Freemason.

Now when we find added to the Sloane collections, those other most precious collections known as the "*Harleian*," and the

“Cottonian” Libraries of Manuscripts, and the whole placed in a museum on the site of Montagu House, we begin to grasp one end of another of those chains which connect our present Libraries, Societies, and Great Institutions, Literary and Scientific, with Francis Bacon and his most intimate associates and friends. Those who found an institution have a perfect right to dictate the rules by which it is to be managed, and hence there is nothing strange in the fact that portions of such collections as we have named, should be put in trust, and only exhibited under certain restrictions—that in short, they should remain to some extent *Secret*. Doubtless the rule when made, was a wise and necessary rule, we can only regret that there appears to be now no ready means of rescinding it, that the whole matter should be inextricably interwoven with Freemason secrets, which (except perhaps by common consent) cannot be revealed without a wholesale breaking of vows or pledges.

The question readily arises—Why should a particular section of a Collection of Book-ornaments be, *as a Collection*, suppressed, kept in the background, and made difficult of access; “un-recorded,” in short, in any public catalogue at the British Museum?

One solution of this riddle alone presents itself. A simultaneous exhibition of these designs, properly arranged and catalogued, must inevitably strike the eye, and bring to the mind of the most superficial observer, the fact that, from whatever source these woodcuts were collected—by twos or threes, from over the whole extent of English Literature—*All come from the works of Francis Bacon*, as so many rays from one luminary, and that it has been, for the last three hundred years, thought desirable to put that light under a bushel.

It was John Bagford who at the end of the 16th Century formed the huge Collection, destined, we are told, to be the basis of a complete History of Printing and kindred subjects; a work which, however, seems never to have been undertaken.

This Collection, which is unattainable in the ordinary way, (namely by means of the public printed Catalogues of the Library) may therefore be described as *a secret or reserved Collection*, known only to Freemason Printers, and to a select clique. It consists of 108 volumes, some with MSS. but the majority are Albums filled with pieces cut from books, and unexplained.

Amongst the tens of thousands of specimens torn from their homes and here buried alive, one remarkable group of designs is *absent*—those, namely, which adorn the pages of the Bible of 1583, of certain editions of the *Arcadia*, *Fairie Queene*, *Shakespeare*, *Ben Jonson*, *Cowley*, *Drayton*; of *Charles Bulter*, *Peter Heylin*,

*Sir Walter Raleigh, Purchas, Evelyn*, and many other distinguished "Authors" during the space of 100 years.

Probably, as we shall show, these woodcuts once filled the many blank spaces in these scrap albums, where marks of gum bear witness to pieces having been removed; but (with a few notable exceptions), their place knows them no more, and the fact is significant. For observe, that we are here speaking of the *absence*, from an enormous Collection of woodcuts, of those very designs whose *presence*, in the most important works of the most important epoch in English literature, has been explained upon the assumption that *these designs were common to books of the period*. It is left to the reader's consideration, whether he would not reasonably expect to meet with the most notable woodcuts from the most notable books of the time, in the gigantic Collection of book-plates described by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Whatever else may be proved by means of this "Bagford Collection," one point is clear—that its possessors or guardians have recognised the particular set of Book Plates to which we refer, as a *Class*, to which some peculiar interest attaches, and which must, for some cause, be kept secret; not allowed to be presented collectively to public view, or exposed, so as to attract public attention. The assemblage of many Title pages\* tells a good deal, but each Book and Title has its own lettering to vary the effect of the page, and the illustrations of the Title-pages are often seen to have a direct relation to the firm of Printers from which the book emanates. But who would not be startled at seeing many pages together of Head-lines or Tail-pieces, at first sight identical, from the *Bible* and from *Bartholomew Fair*, from *Du Moulin's Council of Trent*, *Howard's Court Comedies*, and *Bacon's History of Life and Death*?

The Custodians of the Collection have apparently taken this view of the case, and although abundant traces on the bereft pages, and numerous entries of past librarians attest the removal "to the portfolios of the Print Room" of a considerable number of these pieces, there is in the Print Room "no record" of their existence. *No record in writing*, that must mean, for nothing brought into the Libraries of the British Museum has been allowed to quit it, and doubtless any Freemason in possession of the proper password could obtain a sight of them.†

\* There are eight ponderous folios of "Bagford's Title pages" in the Large Room. They form a separate collection.

† Since the above was written we have discovered the unrecorded Collection. It may be seen in the Print Room, with the title "Miscellaneous Matters relative to printing, for collecting specimens of Blooming Letters." 10. 1866. 12. 8. 633-636. The book has *evidently* been much handled.

Sometimes, during the progress of researches into these Book ornaments and their history, we have heard them accounted for as "products of the Renaissance." Well-sounding words, one degree more satisfying than those which describe our woodcuts as in "the style of the day." Yet when we press for an explicit definition of "the Renaissance," it comes in so shadowy and questionable a shape as to be a mere ghost of an explanation. Let us, then, begin at the beginning, and inquire, "when did that Revival begin—of Art, Science, and Literature—which we associate with "the Renaissance"?

The Italian Revival of Learning, which took place about the time of Dante, is said by a competent authority to have consisted wholly, or mainly, of "that *resuscitation of Classical Literature and Art*, which exercised so potent an influence over the mind of Europe . . . and brought back the old *Mythology* which had previously intervened between the mind, and natural objects. *This Mythology was no longer believed in. It appeared as mere machinery, and literary artifice.*"\*

This Sentence assures us that the aims of the Italian Renaissance were shorter, the scope far narrower, than those which Bacon set before him in the "New Birth of Time," which, to our own mind, was the *true Renaissance*.

Did Bacon desire that Mythology, Philosophy, Religion—anything—should "intervene" between the Mind of Man and Nature?

If so, it must intervene as the Ladder between Heaven and Earth, as the Golden Chain reaching to the foot of Jupiter, as the Mirror of the human mind reflecting from its surface the whole universe, opening and intelligencing—

"Between the sanctities of Heaven  
And our dull workings."†

But the great "Restauration" was not to be accomplished by literary artifice or even by *imitation*. "For a long space," says our authority, "Poets thought that they must imitate Virgil or Horace in their descriptions."

Those were their Hercules' Pillars, beyond which scarcely one dreamed of venturing. Their souls reached not to the discovery, invention, or advancement of anything—their utmost bourne was *imitation* of the great wits who preceded them, and of a *Mythology no longer believed in*.

But Bacon had no faith in the benefits derived from mere imitation, which he brands as "base" and "apish." "*Imitarius*

\* The Renaissance. Walter Pater.

† 2 Hen. IV., IV. ii.

Pater's Chain

*nothing*”—nothing, that is, except it bring some improvement, some advance, or further good to mankind.

It cannot be said that the first Renaissance was “nothing.” On the contrary, it was much to have revived a love of the classical writings of Greece and Rome, to have awakened remembrance of the great things done by them of old time, perhaps even to have inspired others to emulate them. But after all, this first Renaissance was practically for the learned only, not for the many-headed and ignorant multitude; for the rich dilettanti, not for the unenlightened poor.

The books revived in this first struggle towards the light, were chiefly written in Latin, and closed the door to the uneducated masses, excluding all who had not the advantage of a classical training, and limiting their readers to members of the learned professions or to inmates of religious houses. Art, at this period, was chiefly religious, and from this religious art, the Rosicrucians, later on, seem to have borrowed some things, but *not* the designs of which we are speaking.

If, then, these designs are neither truly accounted for by attributing them to “the style of the day,” if they are not peculiar to one printer, nor always printed from the same blocks, nor from mere copies of the originals; if they can neither be truly defined as “common to books of the period,” nor as “products of the Renaissance,”—what are they? Who devised them? Have they any meaning? and if so, is that meaning still recognised, and insinuated or expressed, in the ornaments of modern books?

These questions have to be answered, and it is the object of these pages to give a little impetus to the inquiry, which will be found to drag after it a whole train of suggestions, inferences, theories, and to end perhaps in shaky conclusions. We write preparing to be tripped up, or to find that we have unwittingly run off the rails. But mishaps to a Pioneer engine count for little. “Experience is by industry achieved,” and when, by a few failures, the organisation has been perfected, future progress will be ensured. Let us, then, do the best we can to make a start, and where we break down, may others lend a hand to mend the matter—and go on again.

First, then, it seems safe to say of these designs that they are products of, and inseparable from that Revival of Learning which, germinating at the time of Francis Bacon's birth, grew with his growth, and came to maturity and full bearing before his death.

Manifestly, also, these designs have a character peculiar to

\* *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii.

themselves. They cannot accurately be described as "antique," "classical," "pseudo-Greek or Roman," "Mediæval," or "ecclesiastical;" they can neither be identified as Dutch, French, or Italian, and many of them appear at first sight to be so singularly inappropriate to the books in which they are found, as to give the impression that they must have been originally intended for some other work than that which they adorn, and that there is ground for the assumption that the printers used old blocks hap-hazard.

But set against this, that books in the 16th and 17th centuries were too scarce, too precious, to be treated cavalierly, and that the arts of wood-engraving and of ornamental design had attained great perfection in a generation previous to Francis Bacon; Italy for design, and Holland for execution, seem to have been pre-eminent.

The *Variations* (almost always for the worse) can only be estimated by comparing several specimens of each design, printed at different dates. It then becomes plain that as time went on and the arts of Printing and Engraving became perfected and more general, *these particular designs degenerated*, signally and with intention, until at length they were discarded.

Probably the deterioration was meant to impose upon careless observers as being the result merely of the wearing and gradual destruction of the block; we need but magnify and count the lines, or note their direction, especially in shaded portions of the drawings, to make sure that such explanations are fictitious.

Meanwhile, in proportion as one set of designs shows signs of departure, another set begins to appear with the same emblems, the same set of ideas differently rendered. Observe the details of both old and new designs. Sort out and catalogue for yourselves the items which compose them, and which occur over and over again, ringing the changes amongst themselves; you will find definable limits to the objects or details introduced.

Take, for instance, the Flowers; here are Roses, five-petaled, single and conventional, more rarely double; Moss Roses, never; Pinks often strangely rayed or patched black and white; Lilies of many natures, but no Lily of the Valley. There are Sunflowers, Anemonies and Daisies, but not the striking Ox-eyed Daisy; Poppies, too, and Thistles, Narcissus, Daffodil, Tulip, and some Bell-flower; but neither Primrose, Buttercup, Cowslip, Hyacinth, Heartease or Pansy, Violet, Forget-me-not, Cornflower, Convolvulus, nor Orchid or any kind, nor trailing or creeping plant excepting the Honey-suckle, Vine and Ivy.

Wheat is seen (and perhaps Barley) but neither Oats, Rye nor any of the elegant and artistic grass tribe; Nuts and Acorns, but



no Hips and Haws, Mountain-Ash or Rowan berries, Dog-wood, nor even the picturesque and prickly Horse-chestnut.

Of Fruits, we have the Apple, Pear, Fig, Almond, Pomegranate and Grapes in abundance; but neither Orange, Lemon, Peach, Plum, Cherry nor Currants. The Palm branch, but never the fruits, and nothing that comes under the denomination of "berry" whether wild or cultivated. Neither Mulberry, Elder-berry, Gooseberry, Raspberry, Strawberry, Barberry, Ivy berry nor Holly berry.

Edible Roots and Vegetables are entirely absent; it may be said that they are not artistic or beautiful, yet Ceres might have condescended to place some in her Baskets and Horns of plenty, and for the matter of beauty, there is nothing essentially beautiful in a Pomegranate or a nut. A Carrot, with its feathery top, or a silver-green Onion may vie with either.

And turning to the animal world we find the Lion, Bear, Dog and Horse, and sometimes the horns of the Bull, and the head of the Panther, Boar, Hound, Goat or Ram; but neither Wolf, Tiger, Fox, Lynx, nor Cat; neither Elephant, Camel, Ass, Mule, nor other beasts of burden.

Rabbits and Squirrels are frequent, Hares less common, Porcupines occur in Title pages, but probably only in allusion to the Sidney family who bore a Porcupine as their crest. In the Head-lines are Stags, and other long-horned animals of the Deer tribe, but the young of all animals excepting Colts are absent, neither have we noted any example of the following:—Ape, Monkey, Marmoset, Otter, Beaver, Hedgehog, Rat, Mouse, Shrew, Bat.

And so we might continue through every department of Natural History—Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects. In every case the same eclecticism—one taken, and another left. The designs may be as early at 1583, or as late as 1893, but in each and all, the elements which compose them are the same. The modern Freemason printers appear neither to have added to, nor taken from, the original code of emblems handed down to them by tradition (perhaps without their knowledge of the meaning) for at least three hundred years.

Mark, next, the difference between the *First* (Italian, or Dante) Renaissance,\* and the *Second* Revival, designated as Bacon's "New Birth of Time."—This was, like Bacon himself, nothing if not practical. Every effort was to be a step in advance, and a

\* The opinion has been already expressed that the Renaissance movement was started by Sir Nicholas Bacon and his friends, who established or got the control of the Paper Mills and Printing Presses at home and abroad.

step in time; for this was a true "march of intellect," the progress of an army of Red Cross Knights, destined to a long unending contest with Ignorance and Error—an army which "came not in single spies, but in battalions," and though starting from opposite quarters, all bending their steps to one point with the systematic order and good results so well described in *Henry the Fifth* (I. ii.).

"I this infer,—

That many things having full reference  
To one consent, may live contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well-borne  
Without defeat."\*

Not only was there to be Advancement in Learning, Co-operation, and a uniform Method and Aim, but the Baconian revivalists were not to be content with imitating, or even equalling, the Ancients, *they were to surpass them.*

Ben Jonson praises in almost identical words, first "*Shakespeare*" in poetry, then Bacon, in prose. Neither "insolent Greece nor haughty Rome," could be compared to *him* (Bacon or *Shakespeare*, as you like it). This sentiment is generally held to be Ben Jonson's own particular property. Not so, it is Bacon's, who, long before Ben Jonson's lines saw the light, challenged for modern literature and science, comparison with all that Greece and Rome had produced, prophesying triumph for the new philosophy and for the advance of learning.†

Lastly, we might draw arguments from a not inconsiderable number of forms which, having no apparent meaning, no inherent beauty, and being, indeed, almost indescribable, can only have been produced, and variously produced, in accordance with some rule, or mutual understanding amongst the artists, which we confess ourselves unable to fathom.

\*If we pass from objects of Natural History to Mythological objects and personages—the small number picked from the densely populated regions of pantheistic religions—and to a still small number of Biblical personages, the same principles of choice and rejection are seen to rule, all combining to produce certain details, and none other.

† See *Adv. L.* ii. To the King. *Spedding* iii. 335 and 340. *Filices Labyrinth*: *ib.* iii. 499. *Nov. Org. Pref.* *ib.* p. 52-62, xxxi. lxi. lxii. *De Aug.* vi. i. *ib.* iv. 442, etc. See also "To the Reader"—5th Page, Bible 1611 Compare *Montaigne's Ess.* Cotton's Edn. ii. 404, etc.

Really, when we set to work upon these subjects, we ought first to make sure of what Bacon has to say about them. But experience shows that many will glance at this book and rush headlong into arguments and controversy upon the subjects which it includes, without having taken the trouble to read his works. It therefore seems well to make a few Extracts from that Chapter\* in which, beginning with the Art of Transmitting Discourse, of Hieroglyphics, and the Notations of Things, he proceeds through the divisions of Grammar, to "Poetry in respect of Metre," and thence to the doctrine concerning Ciphers and their reference to writing.

After drawing attention to *Gesture*, as a vehicle of thought, and to the Chinese characters, which represent neither letters nor words, but things and notions, he continues:—"The Notes of things then, which carry a signification without the help or intervention of words, are of two kinds: one . . . where the note has some congruity with the notion, the other . . . where it is agreed upon at pleasure. Of the former kind are Hieroglyphics and Gestures; of the latter the Real Characters above mentioned.

"The use of Hieroglyphics is very old, and held in a kind of reverence, especially among the Egyptians, a very ancient nation. So that they seem to have been a kind of earlier-born writing, and older than the very elements of letters, except perhaps among the Hebrews.

"Gestures are as transitory Hieroglyphics. For as uttered words fly away, but written words stand, so Hieroglyphics expressed in gestures, pass; but expressed in pictures, remain. For when Periander, being consulted with, how to preserve a tyranny, bade the messenger follow him, and went into his garden and topped the highest flowers, hinting at the cutting off of the nobility,† he made use of a Hieroglyphic just as much as if he had drawn it on paper.

\* *De Aug.* IV. 6. The close alliance in Bacon's mind between Hieroglyphics and Ciphers, as branches of the Arts of Discourse and Writing, and specifically of Poetry, ought not to be overlooked.

† There seems to be an allusion to this in the speech of King Edward.

"What valiant foemen, like to Autumn's corn,

Have we mov'd down, in tops of all their pride." (*3 Hen.* V. vii.).

"He in fury shall cut off the proudest conspirator." (*Tit. And.*, IV. iv.).

And of Humphrey Duke of Gloster "*a limb lopped off . . . Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays.*" (*2 Hen.* VI., II. iii., etc.).

The anecdote is related of Tarquin in *Catiline* iii. 5, and also in the Anonymous, "*Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger*," a small cipher book which seems to be an abridgement, in Bacon's language, of the Latin *Gustavi Seleni Cryptographiæ*.

"In the mean time it is plain that Hieroglyphics and Gestures have always some similitude to the thing signified, and are a kind of emblems; whence I have called them, "Notes of things by Congruity."

"Real Characters, on the other hand, have nothing emblematic in them, but are merely surds, no less than the elements of letters themselves, and are framed *ad placitum* and silently agreed on by custom."

"It is evident, however, that a vast multitude of them is wanted for writing; for there ought to be as many of them as there are radical words. This portion therefore of the Doctrine of Discourse which relates to the notes of things, I set down as wanting. And although it may seem to be of no great use, since words, and writing by letters, are by far the most convenient organ of transmission, yet I thought good to make some mention of it here, as a thing not unworthy of consideration. For we are handling here the currency, so to speak, of things intellectual, and it is not amiss to know that as moneys may be made of gold and silver, so other Notes of Things may be coined besides words and letters."\*

Here Bacon stops, and gives no hint of why this deficient art requires to be taken in hand and improved. He does not say what it is that he proposes to transmit, but implies that it is something of great value, and necessitating secrecy. Otherwise why should not the knowledge be handed down, plainly and openly, by speech and writing? But he adds that this portion of the Organ of Discourse, useful though it would be, is *wanting*. We are therefore struck with surprise to find Hieroglyphic pictures, or *Ciphers in Images*, described, and illustrated by examples, in the elaborate book of Cryptography by "Gustavus Selenus," already mentioned, and which was published in January, 1623, whereas the *De Augmentis* containing these remarks by Bacon on the deficiencies in Cipher Writing, and other methods for the transmission of knowledge, was not published until the following autumn. We leave readers to their own meditations and conclusions on this subject.

Another book (it is a very small one, and appears to be a kind of abbreviated edition of the large work of "Selenus") paraphrases, but still in thoroughly Baconian language, acknowledged sayings of Bacon, and adds to our stock of information:—

"Concerning *Hieroglyphics*, the word signifies, Sacred Scriptures, which were engraven on pillars, obelisks, pyramids, and other monuments, before the invention of letters. Thus the

\* *De Aug.* VI. i.

Egyptians were wont to express their minds by the pictures of such creatures as did in them some resemblance to the thing intended. By the shape of a Bee, they represented a King; intimating that he should be endowed with industry, honey, and a sting. By a serpent with his tail in his mouth, the year, which returns unto itself; and which was a *kind of*\* prophetic hieroglyphic . . . Many and great mysteries were this way delivered by the ancient priests, who did conceal all their learning under *such kind of* magical expressions . . . Like unto these hieroglyphics are the expressions by emblems; . . . of this nature are the stamps of many art medals, the impresses of arms, the frontispieces of books, etc." †

"An emblem," says "Francis Quarles" *To the Reader*, is but a silent parable . . . Before the knowledge of letters, † God was known by Hieroglyphics. And indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His Glory." Similar reference to the great Antiquity of Emblems, and their derivation from the Egyptians, is made in almost every Baconian work which approaches the subject from any side. Such frequent references point plainly to the studies which attracted Francis in boyhood, when, as we have seen, the young Red-cross Knight of fifteen or sixteen years old, was "travelling" through the learning of the Egyptian and Arabian philosophers, and endeavouring to satisfy himself, as to how much was good and true, how much corrupt, in their "Cabbala," or secret principles of philosophy and religion.

Perhaps it was then that his poetic spirit was stirred by the grandeur and beauty of much of the symbolism of "the Antique World," then, that he realised the practical use to which such Emblem pictures, and parabolic phraseology might be turned—"drawn into great variety by a witty talent or an inventive genius." He saw that the beautiful fables of the Ancients had been "miserably wrested and abused"—but adds:—"Though I have well weighed and considered all this, and thoroughly seen into the levity which the mind indulges for allegories and allusions, yet I cannot but retain a high value for the Ancient

\* Note the frequency of this expression with Bacon. It occurs three times in the short extract just quoted from *De Aug.* VI. i.

† Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger, Chap. XII. 1st Edition, Anon. In later Editions the name of Bishop Wilkins was attached to this little book.

‡ Compare (*Ante*) Bacon, who says that Hieroglyphics were "older than the very elements of letters," and "*Mercury*," that they were "before the invention of letters."

Mythology. And, certainly, it were very injudicious to suffer the fondness and licentiousness of a few, to detract from the honour of Allegory and Parable in general. This would be rash, and almost profane; for since religion delights in such shadows and disguises, to abolish them were, in a manner, to prohibit all intercourse betwixt things divine and things human."

Elsewhere he pronounces the proper understanding and due use of them, to be amongst the "deficiencies" in learning which he was endeavouring to supply.

Although Bacon made free with the symbolic language of the ancients, there is no mysticism, in the sense of misty transcendentalism, in anything with which he had to do. His parables conceal, in order the better to teach; they are never puzzling, but elucidate and make clear, ideas which were dark, and clouded. His method is so simple; no far-fetched or exaggerated interpretations are needed to expound his parables, whether in words or pictures. It is, he says, illogical and irrational to wrest words from their true sense, in order to uphold some particular theory. It is the *bad thinking* which wrests the true speaking"\* and, to begin at the root of the matter, he must make men *think*.

Now to understand or still more to contrive or invent a metaphor, an emblem, or hieroglyphic picture, one must think; and when we find all the thinkers of one period thinking to the same effect, expressing their thoughts in similar language, and adorning their books with similar parable pictures, it cannot be illogical to argue that they all drew their ideas from a common source, all brought their pitchers to be filled at the same fountain.

So much space would not be devoted to the book plates, with which this volume is chiefly concerned, except for the conviction caused by these inquiries, that the "Emblem Writings," were emanations from Bacon's Secret Society, that from them we may learn the secret language of Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, and that the symbols thus interpreted, still mark the books, the buildings—Yes, and even the productions of many minor arts and crafts, not in Europe alone, but in India, China, and other regions.

No wonder, we think, that in books on Masonry (the old books especially) much stress is laid upon the necessity for instruction in Hieroglyphics, and the accurate elucidation of Types, Allegorical Figures, Emblems, and Parables. Without such

\* *Much Ado*, III. iv. 33.

knowledge no Mason can rise in the scale ; for by these vehicles the higher traditions of the Society are conveyed.\*

Yet a few words, of a serious nature. Whilst seeking to interpret the emblematic pictures impressed upon the pages of our greatest literary age, we must remember that the ultimate object, the highest aspiration, the dream of those lofty minds who conceived them, was to mingle Heaven and Earth, to show how closely and inseparably things spiritual, and things material, the Esthetic and the Practical, Mind and Body, Shadow and Substance, are united.

"An Emblem is but a Silent Parable. Let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed SAVIOUR figured in these types. In Holy Scripture, He is sometimes called a Sower ; sometimes a Fisher ; sometimes a Physician ; and why not presented so, as well to the Eye as to the Ear ? Before the knowledge of Letters, God was known by Hieroglyphics ; and indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His Glory ?"†

"Symbolism," says another, "typical worship of the Supreme God, was a leading feature of religion in very early times, so instinctive a necessity of the oriental mind, that its birth was probably coeval with the most primitive systems of divine adoration . . . the theology of the East is incomprehensible without a knowledge of this symbolism . . . Religion would have little or no influence on the Hindu or the Persian, if she did not appeal to his imagination, as well as to his reason."‡

A highly glorious and imaginative view of God has therefore characterized the religion and philosophy of the East ; but as the multitude was not capable of ascending to the elevated conceptions of the teachers, the latter soon began to use emblems

\*It should, however, be said that poetical figures are capable, (as Bacon himself remarked) of being wrested to other than their true meanings. Recently we have had repeated occasion to be confirmed in the opinion expressed in the former part of this work, that a great change came o'er the spirit of the dream when the Freemasons, as now existing, parted from the high-minded Rosicrucians. This seems to have occurred in 1717. Since then very decidedly in Germany and France, and to a certain extent in England, *the ultimate aim of Freemasonry has been to abolish Christianity.* Many excellent and right-minded men are in the ranks ; they are totally unaware when they join that the objects of the community extend beyond those of a kind of Universal Benevolent Society, combined perhaps with a kind of trades-union with traditional secrets. So far good, but there is much more behind, as may be found by those who can get at the present history of Freemasonry in France and Germany.

† Introduction to *Quarles' Emblems.*

‡ Our Missionaries should take a hint from this.

by which they familiarised their followers with some of the great fundamental truths of all religious belief. Under the veil symbolism they concealed articles of doctrine, which they thought it unwise to expose to the gaze of the profane or ignorant. Thus in course of time, a typical language, as applied to creeds, became universal, but meanwhile the higher and grander ideas of the "All-Father," the Universal God—which belonged to the first imaginative view, faded away, and a lower, secondary form of fanciful types followed, producing such superstition, atheism, and general corruption, as we see, not only in heathen countries, but often, unhappily, even in the Christian countries of Europe and the West.

Schubert does not hesitate to assign the very highest origin to symbolic language. It is very striking, he says, that in all ages, all people have clothed the ideas of their dreams in the same imagery. It may therefore be asked whether the language which now occupies so low a place in the estimation of men, be not the actually waking language of the higher regions, while we, awake as we fancy ourselves, may not be sunk in a sleep of many thousand years, or at least in the echo of their dreams, and only intelligibly catch a few dim words of that language of God, as sleepers do scattered expressions from the loud conversation of those around them.\*

The Bible teaches throughout by symbols, types and parables, and most of the symbols are the same as those of Ancient India, Persia and Egypt. But these are not employed in the sacred volume, merely to fire and exalt the human imagination.

By Allegory and Parable, by visible types and similitudes in individuals, in historical events, and in the world of Nature, the "First book of God" not only reveals some dim idea of the Creator, His power, omniscience, universality, but it also clearly sets forth His will, and His commands, setting before the eyes of man the great pattern by which he must frame his life and conduct.

Of what practical use would it be to a man that he should be capable of forming a highly imaginative conception of the divine glory, if his religious life were to begin and end in this lofty dream? Would he become the more true, pure, generous, forgiving because he had learnt that all myths are "poetic-symbolic-metaphoric inspirations of a transcendent, material, power of nature, or the physical incarnation of an infinite spirit"?†

"Words, mere words, no matter from the heart."

\*Symbolism of Dreams. Introduction to Apocalypse. Book of God, p. 385.

† *The Poet as Seer*, Steinbeck.



Another German writer maintains that "all the writings of the early Indians are replete with expressions noble, clear, and severely grand; as deeply conceived, and reverentially expressed as in any human language in which men have spoken of their God . . . The mere conception of so grand an idea as the incarnation of a God, is an abiding proof of the profound reflective character of the Indian mind, and of the high degree of intelligence with which that people was endowed." \*

But here, again, we seem to see the religion of the Indian beginning and ending in a beautiful dream. What evidence is there that the poetical-religious philosophies of the East have produced any effects tending to the moral elevation of mankind? Here is some faith, but where are the works? † By such religion as this, men may be made calm, dreamy, fatalists, or, when roused to enthusiasm by priests or leaders—fierce or unreasoning fanatics, but the storm over, they settle down into the former deadly dullness and apathy, all goes on as before, no improvement, no progress. Immorality, ignorance, selfishness, go hand-in-hand, self-satisfied, where Faith rests only upon "poetic-symbolic-metaphoric inspirations."

It was otherwise when the veil of divine Mysticism was lifted, and Heaven and Earth, for the first time visibly mingled.

"The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His face, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

The mystic rites and legends of India and Egypt, the mythologies and fables of Greece and Rome, ‡ the types and ceremonials of the Hebrews, found their true solution and application in Christianity, and it may be said that, since the Advent of Christ, no new types have been offered, or have presented themselves. His Birth was the Birth of love as the Shepherds were taught by the Angels, singing:—

"Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Goodwill to all men."

\* Schlegel's *Indian Philosophy*. Part I. pp. 61-65.

† The nearest approach to these are in the self-inflicted tortures, asceticism and resignation or fatalism of the Hermit Saints of India, and we cannot include these with works of elevating or edifying tendency.

‡ "The religion which attempts to be rid of the bodily side of things spiritual, sooner or later loses hold of all reality. Pure spiritualism, however noble the aspiration, however living the energy with which it starts, always has ended at last, and will always end in evanescence." Rev. J. R. Illingworth, in *Lux Mundi*, p. 272. The reason why the study of the ancient mythologies is so beset with difficulties, and the religions of which they are the expression, so wanting in the energy needful for advance, seems to be because such religions have no system, *no facts*, they consist in Names and Words, not Deeds or even aspirations.

With this joyous, simple message came the Living Type of all that is lovable and lovely—the Pattern of a practical human life of perfect unselfishness, in which Duty to God, and love to His Creatures are inseparably intermingled. Such studies as we hint at in these pages will, we trust, enable the reader to see how all great fundamental truths have been, from time immemorial, revealed or explained to mankind, by type, symbol, and parable, and that the symbols now in use, were known and understood thousands of years before the coming of the Saviour filled up the measure, perfecting the prophetic types, and revealing their true meaning.

This digression is prompted by remarks frequently made within our hearing, to the effect Symbols are things trivial, fit for children, unworthy of consideration in connection with matters of highest importance; inconceivably unworthy of the mighty mind of Bacon. A distinguished historian has actually endorsed such opinions. "*Man*," he says, "*has never, in the possession of an idea, amused himself by clothing it in symbols.*"\*

We trust that readers will detect this fallacy, and perceive in true symbolism an expression of thoughts too deep for words; an aid to simple minds not only during the world's pupilage, but even now, when the whole of our external worship is in a high degree symbolic—objects within our apprehension being brought to figure to us things beyond the reaches of our souls.

Bacon says that there are no true Metaphysics, for there is no break in the connection between God and Nature. To show Man, made in God's Image, inspired by God's Spirit; to remind us that by that Spirit we may do much, without it nothing, that a Soul, Reason, and Speech, distinguish Man from the brutes, that by the use of these great gifts of God, Man can and will raise himself, that love of Truth for Truth's sake will in the end secure the highest happiness; these, and such as these, are the matters which by signs and emblems are taught in the woodcuts, of which we have spoken. Who will say that either the subjects or their expression, are trivial or unprofitable?

\* Renan's *Life of Jesus*, p. 36.

## CORIOLANUS.

## I.

**D**IRECTLY we commence to study the play of *Coriolanus*, the first thing that strikes us, in the character of the hero of the play (from which it derives its name), is *his inordinate pride*. This key-note of the character of Caius Marcius is sounded at the opening of the play, where we are introduced to a company of mutinous Roman citizens discussing him :—

*Second Citizen.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

*First Citizen.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for it, *but that he pays himself with being proud*.

*Second Citizen.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

*First Citizen.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, *and to be partly proud ; which he is even to the altitude of his virtue*.

*Second Citizen.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. (Act. I. i.)

This pride is very conspicuous in the speeches of Coriolanus, who, when he hears of the leader of the Volsces—Tullus Aufidius—exclaims :—

I sin in envying his nobility.

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he !

(Act I. i.)

This pride of Coriolanus excites the envy of Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, tribunes of the people. Bacon writes :—  
“ Envy never makes holy-day—nothing but death reconciles envy to virtue. Envy doth put virtue to it, as *Juno did Hercules*. *Envy in a state is a wholesome ostracism*. (Envy. Antitheta Rerum, Liber VI., p. 308. *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

Now we are going to find all, and each of these texts, exactly applied and paralleled in this play of *Coriolanus*. But first as to the envy.

*Sicinius.* Was ever man *so proud* as is this Martius ?

*Brutus.* *He has no equal*.

*Sicinius.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

*Brutus.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

*Sicinius.* Nay but his taunts.

*Brutus.* Being moved, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

*Sicinius.* Bemock the modest moon.

*Brutus.* The present wars devour him ; *he is grown too proud*  
to be so valiant. (Act I. i.)

This pride of Coriolanus is the sole topic of the envious diatribes of these two tribunes. In the second act, we find once more this:—

*Brutus.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sicinius.* *Epecially in pride.* (Act II. i.)

To this, Menenius Agrippa, a friend to Coriolanus, replies:—

*Men.* You blame Martius *for being proud ?*

*Brutus.* We do it not alone, sir. (*Ib.* II. i. 36.)

Coriolanus is again described:—

That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance *proud*, and  
loves not the common people. (Act II. ii.)

It is not so much the pride of Coriolanus, as his impotence to conceal it, that brings about his overthrow—his ostracism and his death! When his mother asks him to dissimulate and flatter the people, in order to beg the consulship at their hands, he promises obedience, but a word upsets him, and he undoes everything by his ungovernable anger and contempt of the common people. Bacon writes:—"Pride wants the best condition of vice, *that is concealment.*"

(Antitheta Rerum. Pride XIV.)

Bacon writes of *Envy*:—"Above all, those are most subject to *Envy*, which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and *proud manner*; being never well, but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition, or competition; whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to *envy*."

"Now to speak of *public envy*. There is yet some good in *public envy*; whereas in private there is none. For *public envy is as an ostracism*, that eclipseth men, when they grow too great. This envy, being in the Latin word *Invidia*, goeth in the modern language, by the name of discontentment. Of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state, like to infection. For as infection spreadeth upon that

which is sound and tainteth it ; so when *envy* is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odour.” (Essays, Envy, 1625.)

Now this passage, upon *public envy*, finds a miraculous echo in the play we are discussing. Indeed, Coriolanus is banished from Rome, or *ostracised*, on account of the *public envy*, of his virtues and pride, which the tribunes Brutus and Sicinius stir up and nourish in the Roman populace. In Brutus and Sicinius, we have the most remarkable instances of particular or private envy—the play being almost entirely surrendered to the growth and action of this private envy :—

*Brutus.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his *envy* to the people.  
(Act III. iii.)

For that he has  
As much as in him lies, from time to time  
*Envied* against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power. (Act. III. iii.)

The result of this speech is that Coriolanus is *ostracised*,\* falling a victim to the private and public envy of the Tribunes and the Roman people at the same time.

*Sicinius.* In the name of the people  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, *banish him our city*,

\* We have found Bacon writing that, “*Envy in a state is a wholesome ostracism.*” (Essays, Envy, also Antitheta Rerum XVI.)

Not only is this illustrated by the case of Coriolanus, but also in the play of *Richard the Second*. The play opens with the quarrels of Bolingbroke (afterwards King Henry the Fourth), and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. King Richard *banishes* them with these words :—

And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating *envy*, set on you  
To wake our peace—

\* \* \* \* \*  
Therefore we *banish* you our territories.  
(*King Richard II.*, I. iii.)

Bacon writes :—“The causes and motive of seditions are ; ———  
*advancement of unworthy persons.* It is certain, so many *overthrown estates, so many votes for troubles.*” (Essays, Seditions and Troubles, 1625). Both these points are illustrated in the play of *King Richard the Second*. One of the chief causes of the overthrow of the King was his advancement of the unworthy persons—Bushy, Green, and Bagot. Another of these causes was his overthrow of the estate of Bolingbroke, which the king confiscated after his banishment.

In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian never more  
To enter our Roman gates : i' the people's name,  
I say it shall be so.

*Citizens.* It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away ;  
*He's banished, and it shall be so.*

(Act III. iii.)

We have found Bacon calling envy, " a *disease* in a state like to *infection*. For as *infection spreadeth* upon that which is sound, and tainteth it ; so when *envy* is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odour " (Envy).

Now mark this parallel—

*Sicinius.* He's a *disease* that must be cut away.

*Menenius.* O, he's a limb that has but a *disease*,  
Mortal, to cut it off, to cure it, easy.

(Act III. i.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Brutus.* We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence  
*Lest his infection, being of catching nature,*  
*Spread further.*

(Act III. i.)

Coriolanus is a perfect example of a character, who carries his greatness, " in an insolent and proud manner," as Bacon puts it. His contempt of the people knows no bounds, and his pride is just that sort of pride, which Bacon describes, as *wanting in concealment*.

When Bacon writes upon Envy—" Envy doth put virtue to it as *Juno did Hercules*," there is very little doubt he is writing and pointing at the play we are discussing. For example, Volumnia it is who puts Coriolanus to it—and it is Volumnia who is compared to Juno in the play. Volumnia exclaims :—

*Vol.* Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,  
*In anger Juno-like.*

(*Cor.*, IV., ii., 53.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius  
Approaches ; *for the love of Juno lets go !*

(*Cor.*, Act II., i.)

Coriolanus compares his mother to the wife of Hercules :—

*Cor.* Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved  
Your husband so much sweat. (Cor., IV. i. 17.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Indeed, Coriolanus is described as a sort of *Hercules* :—

*Cominius*. He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears

*Menenius*. As *Hercules*  
Did shake down mellow fruit.

(Cor., IV. vi. 99.)

It will be remembered that Juno was jealous of Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, and on this account, put the hero to all sorts of endless and impossible tasks of heroism. It is to just such tasks that Volumnia puts Coriolanus; and finally, when she persuades her son to spare Rome, it culminates in leading to his sacrifice and death at the hands of the Volscians. Bacon writes: "Nothing but death doth reconcile envy to virtue," (*Antitheta Rerum*, Envy xvi.). This is completely realised in the case of Coriolanus, who arouses the jealousy and envy of Aufidius, which leads to the final end of the hero.

Bacon says of Envy :—"Lastly, to conclude this part ; as we said in the beginning, that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft ; for there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft. And that is, to remove the *lot* (as they call it), and to lay it upon another. For which purpose, the wiser sort of great persons, bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves." (Envy, 1625.)

We may justly ask ourselves, whether Bacon is not giving us in this passage a profound hint for his own case, as one of the wiser sort of great persons, who perceived, that it would be well to bring in upon the stage somebody (Shakespeare?), in order to derive the envy, that would certainly come upon one, who was not only a Lord Chancellor, but a writer of prose works (which attained a European reputation during his life), and an acknowledged great philosopher? We perceive throughout the plays the most side-piercing apprehension of the dangers produced by too much greatness—resulting in envy. It is painted large in the conspiracy of Cassius and Casca against Cæsar, in the play of that name. We perceive it at work throughout the play of *Coriolanus*. Bacon writes : "They that desire to excell in too many matters, out of levity and vain glory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work, it being

impossible ; but many, in some one of those things, should surpass them. Which was the character of Adrian the Emperor, that mortally *envied Poets, and painters, and artificers*, in works, wherein he had a vein to excell." (Envy Essays, 1625.)

Let the hint be noted Bacon gives us in the words relating to the stage—"bring in ever upon the stage"—for Shakespeare was an actor, as well as a stage manager. We may ask ourselves, also, whether Bacon did not recognize fully for himself, the dangers he points out, arising from those who "*envied poets*," seeing Bacon excelled in such matters himself.

Aufidius sums up the character of Coriolanus with these words :—

First he was  
A noble servant to them ; but he could not  
Carry his honours even : whether t'was *pride*,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man —

\* \* \* \* \*

But he has a merit  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time.  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail,  
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.

(Act IV. vii.)

This play is a sermon upon Bacon's text : "Pride is the insinuating ivy to virtues and all good qualities." (Pride, Antitheta Rerum XIV.) Then, on the other side, Bacon says of *Pride* : "Pride is even with vices incompatible. And as *poison is expelled by poison*, so many vices are by pride." (*Ib. Pro.*) The student will, of course, recognize in a moment the two last lines of the quotation just made. As evil often expels evil, so too much good may cancel good. For example, war is an evil, but a righteous or just war may be the means of ending an unrighteous or unjust war. A little poison taken as medicine may and does do us good often, and may serve as an antidote to another poison. So with Coriolanus, his excellencies were of such a nature that, unable to dissimulate, and always speaking his mind, he choked his virtues in their utterance. Bacon is here enunciating, in the character of Coriolanus, the theory that too great virtues of the heroic kind are full of danger to their possessor, unless tempered by some vice, such



as concealment, *on account of the private and public envy they excite*. The passage is so curious that it is almost impossible not to apply it to Bacon himself, and, indeed, I cannot help thinking Bacon was thinking of himself when he penned the seven last lines upon virtues! When we think of Lord Bacon, we see him as he is sculptured, *seated in a chair at his tomb in Saint Michael's Church, St. Albans, with the words Sic Sedebat*—"thus he was wont to be seated." Indeed, it is always being recognized that men's "virtues lie in the interpretation of the time," but never more than in the case of Francis Bacon, when just three hundred years after his life, we are beginning to discover a little of his virtues! I think myself, Bacon intended to paint in the character of Coriolanus, a man of Herculean or heroic virtue, *in contest with envy*; and to show us that unless we can in some measure dissimulate, or flatter, our very virtues may become our undoing! Let us remember that Francis Bacon was successful not only in his law career, and attained to its highest dignity, the Lord Chancellorship, but was also a philosophical and prose writer, who acquired a European reputation during his own lifetime. If we in these liberal days feel, perhaps, the incongruity of a Lord Keeper, or a Lord Chancellor uniting in one person the majesty of the law, and the laurels of poet laureate, and successful playwright—then it was ten times more incongruous during Queen Elizabeth's reign, when neither poet or dramatist enjoyed any social privileges, and were often not respectable!

Bacon seems to have perfectly realized in full the dangers and evil powers of envy. Doubtless he experienced sufficient of it at the hands of his cousin Cecil, or from his old enemy, Coke, for he has embodied his reflections thereon, in an essay dedicated to it. How we find these studies reflected in the plays may be seen in the envy of Casca and Cassius for Julius Cæsar; in the envy of Brutus and Sicinius for Coriolanus; in the envy of the bastard for his brother, in *King John*; in the envy of Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, in *King Richard the Second*; or of the nobles for Wolsey, in *King Henry the Eighth*!

Upon page 108 (Liber II.) of the Advancement of Learning we find Bacon writing upon *Poesy Allusive or Parabolical*: "Hence the symbols of Pythagoras; the Ænigmas of Sphinx; and the fables of Æsop; and the like. So the Apophthegms of the ancient sages were likewise expressed by similitudes. So *Menenius Agrippa, amongst the Romans, a nation in that age not learned, repressed a sedition by a fable.*" (Advancement of Learning, 1640.) This fable is the fable of the *Belly and the Members*, with which we find the same Menenius Agrippa repressing a

sedition of the Roman people, in the first scene of the first act of the play of *Coriolanus*. This is no new discovery, but cannot be omitted in the marshalling of our evidence as to the authorship of this play.

In Bacon's essay upon "*Seditions and Troubles*," we find him writing: "Concerning the materials of sedition. It is a thing well to be considered. The matter of sedition is of two kinds; *much poverty and much discontentment*." (Essay, 1625.)

It is just this poverty with which the play of *Coriolanus* opens, producing discontentment. Bacon continues, "And if this poverty and broken estate, in the better sort, be joined with a want and necessity in the mean people, the danger is imminent and great. For the rebellions of the belly (*Quæ a Ventre ortum habent*) are the worst."

In his essay upon *Envy*, Bacon writes:—"There shall be none of the affections, which have been noted to *fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy*." In describing the popularity of Coriolanus with the soldiers he commands, a lieutenant of the Volscian army is made to say:—

I do not know what *witchcraft's* in him, but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end.

(*Cor.*, IV. vii. 2.)

And we find Coriolanus himself describing just this sort of *popular love* (in Bacon's words) as *bewitching, or bewitchment*:—

I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the *bewitchment of some popular man*.—(*Cor.*, II. iii. 102.)

In just this sense, as the power of *charming*, we find Cleopatra's fascination described:—

O this false soul of Egypt, this grave *charm*.  
Antony exclaims—

For when I am revenged upon my *charm*,  
I have done all.

(*Ant.*, IV. 12, 16.)

It is to be observed that Bacon uses the word *envy* to signify jealousy and hatred, according to the classic sense of the word *invidia*, as spite, ill-will, malice.

The play of Coriolanus should be studied in relationship to the character of Julius Cæsar, as depicted in the play of that name. In both plays we are presented with two noble Romans, who are successful soldiers, and attain to the highest martial honours. But whilst Julius Cæsar is represented as a brave man, he is also presented as a profound *dissembler*—in short, a master of those arts, which seek and attain popularity, by means of concealing the inner man. Cæsar is painted, as feeling just the same sort of contempt for the Roman common people as Coriolanus feels, but with the great difference, that while the former conceals his contempt, the latter reveals it, and revels in unbosoming himself of his scorn. Both these characters are victims of envy, both meet with a violent and tragic end, on account of the envy—but brought about differently. Bacon writes :—“ Concerning that all are more or less subject to envy. First, persons of eminent virtues—envy is ever enjoined, with the comparing of a man’s self, and where there is no comparison, no envy.”

(Envy, Essays, 1625).

This comparison is most marked in both plays. Particularly is it conspicuous in the envy of Aufidius for Coriolanus. He exclaims to the latter :—

We hate alike,  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and *envy*.

(Cor., I. viii.)

The comparison between the two generals is made by the servants (in Act IV. v.) of Aufidius, and finally his lieutenant remarks to him :—

And you are darken’d in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.—(Act IV. vii.)

The envy of Brutus and Sicinius Velutus should be paralleled with the envy of Casca and Cassius for Julius Cæsar. The envy of the two former is painted with very great skill in the first scene of Act II. of *Coriolanus*. Bacon writes :—“ Nay, some have been so curious, as to note that the times when the stroke, or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are, *when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph, for that sets an edge upon envy.*”—(Envy, Essays, 1625.)

Let the reader open the play at the point where, with cornets and in state, Coriolanus is pictured, as led *crowned in triumph to the Capitol, to be made consul*. It will be seen that the envy of the two tribunes of the people, Brutus and Sicinius, is set on edge, just at this juncture of triumph !

*Brutus.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
 Are spectacled to see him : your prattling nurse  
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins  
 Her richest 'lockram 'bout her reechy neck,  
 Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed  
 With variable complexions, all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him ; seld-shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station. Our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask in  
 Their nicely gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phebus 'burning kisses. Such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever God that leads him  
 Where slily crept into his human powers  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden I warrant him consul.

*Brutus.* Then our office may,  
 During his power go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
 From where he should begin and end, but will  
 Lose those that he hath won.

*Brutus.* In that there's comfort.

(Act II. i. 221.)

Bacon writes of *Praise and Reputation* :—" The lowest virtues draw praises from the common people ; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration ; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or piercing at all."

(*Antitheta Rerum IX. Contra.*)

Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, after his banishment, exclaims to Brutus, one of the tribunes of the people :—

'Twas you incensed the rabble :  
 Cats that can judge as fitly of his worth  
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
 Will not have earth to know.—(*Cor. IV. ii. 34.*)

Bacon writes of *Popularity* :—" No terms of moderation takes place with the vulgar." (*Antitheta Rerum, Popularity Contra XXX.*) This is powerfully reflected in the following speech, concerning the common, or vulgar people, delivered by Coriolanus :—

What would you have, you curs,  
 That like not peace nor war ? The one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;  
 Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
 To make him worthy whose offence subdues him  
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness  
 Deserves your hate ; and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?  
*With every minute you do change a mind,  
 And call him noble that was now your hate,  
 Him vile that was now your garland.* (Act I. i. 172.)

Coriolanus exclaims in another passage :—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them  
 Regard me as I do not *flatter*, and  
 Therein behold themselves.—*Cor.* III. i. 68.)

Indeed, the character of Coriolanus is incapable of either flattery, or dissimulation, of any sort. Whatever he thinks, he must utter, at no matter what cost. Menenius describes him :—

His nature is too noble for the world :  
 He would not *flatter* Neptune for his trident,  
 Or Jove for powers to thunder. His heart's his mouth :  
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
 And, being angry, does forget that ever  
 He heard the name of death. (*Cor.* III., i. 256.)

Bacon says : " To honour the people is to be honoured." (*Popularity*), but Coriolanus cannot honour the people. So well does Volumnia, his mother, know his character, that she exclaims :—

Go and be ruled : although I know thou had'st rather  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
 Than *flatter* him in a bower. (*Cor.* III., ii. 89.)

It is just in this point of his mother's advice to him, to *dissemble* his feelings before the populace, when begging for the consulship, that we understand the application of Bacon's *Dissimulation* (with its *pro.* and *contra.*) in his *Antitheta Rerum*. Volumnia says :—

I would *dissemble* with my nature where  
 My fortunes and my friends at stake required.  
 (*Cor.* III., ii. 62.)

Bacon writes, "*Dissimulation is a compendious wisdom*" (*Pro.*). Again (under the same head, for or in favour) of dissimulation: "*Dissimulation is both a grace and a guard.*"

(*Antitheta Rerum XXXII.*)

On the other side Bacon writes: "*What hath a good man to do with the dull approbation of the vulgar?*" (*Praise or Reputation.*)

Under the heading of *Popularity*, Bacon writes: — "*To fawn on the people, is the lowest degree of flattery.*"

(*Pop. Contra. XXX., Ant. Rerum, p. 315 Adv. of L. 1640.*)

And again under *Flattery*, Bacon writes: — "*Flattery is the style of servants.*" ("Flattery," *Contra.* [*Ib. p. 319.*].)

It is just this flattery of the populace that the pride of the patrician Coriolanus abhors. Nevertheless, at his mother's earnest entreaty, in order to beg the consulship of Rome at the hands of the people, he promises to use flattery:—

*Cor.* Pray be content :

Mother, I am going to the market place ;

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,

Coy their hearts from them, and come home beloved

Of all the trades in Rome. I'll return consul

Or never trust to what my tongue can do

*I' the way of flattery further.*

(*Cor., III. ii. 130.*)

But all the same Coriolanus cannot keep his word, for his violent temper and proud spirit prove too strong for his promises. When his friend Menenius Agrippa counsels calmness, Coriolanus replies:—

Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece

Will bear the knave by the volume.

(*Cor., III. iii. 32.*)

It will be observed that Coriolanus is repeating here Bacon's text upon flattery (from the *Contra*, or opposed point of view), *i.e.* "*That flattery is the style of servants,*" the style of an ostler who for the poorest piece of money, will bear from a knave a volume of abuse, or suffer anything. Whether the word "*bear*" means here sufferance, or calmness, it is plain the context implies servility, or flattery (active or passive) *for the sake of gain.*

Coriolanus, however, despises the populace so profoundly that when it comes to the point he loses control of his temper, and falls a prey to the machinations of the two tribunes of the people, Brutus and Sicinius, who stir up the popular envy. Bacon

writes:—"A proud man, while he despiseth others, prejudiceth himself."

("Pride," *Antitheta Rerum*\* XIV., *Contra.*)  
(*Liber VI.*, p. 307. *Adv. of L.*)

This text is completely realised in this play, for Coriolanus prejudices his own fortune from his inability to honour the people.

Another of Bacon's texts realised in this play is:—"He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to fortune."

("Wife and Children," *Antitheta Rerum*\* *Contra. V.* p. 302 *Ib.*)

It is on account of his wife and child (and mother) that Caius Marcius Coriolanus spares Rome, with the result that it leads to his death. Another very interesting portion of Bacon's texts, or promptuary cues (or skeins to be unravelled) applicable to this play is the following:—"He that carries all things with an open frankness deceives, as he that somewhat dissembles. For many either do not comprehend him, or do not believe him."

("Dissimulation," *Antitheta Rerum* XXXII. *Pro.* p. 315.)  
(*Adv. of L.* 1640.)

This text is profoundly reflected in the open character of Coriolanus, who becomes the victim of what a Senator of the Volscians calls "a violent popular ignorance." This play is really an exquisite sermon upon the passions of pride, anger, envy (private and popular) portrayed in a man of patrician birth, and heroic virtue, who cannot dissemble his contempt for the people. Bacon writes, "To contain anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things whereof you must have special caution. The one of extreme bitterness of words, especially if they be aculeate and proper, for *communia maledicta* are nothing so much." ("Anger," *Essays* 1625.) This may be applied to the speeches of Coriolanus, which are full of bitterness of words, if not *communia maledicta*, or revilings, aimed at the Roman common people.

\*It is to be noted that Bacon is strictly impartial in the form under which he has presented us these *Antitheta Rerum*. We must not identify either the *pro* or the *contra* with Bacon himself, but merely view these as texts for characters, situations, actions, in the plays open to discussion and unwinding. It will be asked, Why has Bacon thought fit to cast up these *Antitheta* in a double or opposed shape of for and against? One answer is evident. Everything has a double or twofold aspect, according as we view actions, with regard to their present or future aspects, their material or spiritual conditions, their expediency, or their want of expediency, for nothing stands single and alone. And this is particularly Bacon's philosophy, who remarks, "For who knows not that the doctrines of contraries are the same, though they be opposite in use." (*Book VI.*, p. 209, *Adv. of L.*, 1640.)

With regard to my statement that Julius Cæsar was a *dissembler*, here is Bacon's judgment upon him, which, it will be seen, agrees completely with the character Casca attributes to Cæsar, in the second Scene, Act I. of *Julius Cæsar*. Bacon writes:—

“ And in all other things he passed, not for a crafty, deceitful person; but for an open-hearted and plain-dealing man. And whereas he was indeed an *Arch-Politician*, that could *counterfeit and dissemble, sufficiently well; and was wholly compounded of frauds and deceits; so that there was nothing sincere in him, but all artificial; yet he covered and disguised himself so, that no such vices appeared to the eyes of the world; but he was generally reputed to proceed plainly and uprightly with all men.*” (“A Civil Character of Julius Cæsar,” page 282, *Resuscitatio* 1661.)

With regard to my last article (on Bacon's “Colours of Good and Evil”) I would point out, that the *History of Britain* Bacon proposed should be written by “so many good *painters for hand and colours,*” was really fulfilled in the series of the *Chronicle plays!*

Bacon writes of *Poetry, History, and Painting* thus:—“Poesy, in that sense, we have expounded it, is likewise of individuals, fancied to the similitude of those things, which *in true history are recorded.* Poesy composeth, and introduceth at pleasure, *even as Painting doth.*”

(Chap. I., Liber II., p. 77., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

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## "SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF ELIZABETH."

## PART II.

No. 20.—DATE 1586-7: MARY, ARRAIGNED AND CONDEMNED.  
Act IV., Scene 1.

Beginning and ending the same.

THE event towards which, Elizabeth and her ministers had for years been pressing forward, had at length arrived, they had hunted the unfortunate Queen of Scots into their toils, whose end was predetermined.

*Hub.*—Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand,  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

February 1, 1586-7.—Walsingham, by Elizabeth's commands, wrote to Sir Amyas Paulet expressing surprise that he, Sir A. P., had not in all that time (without other provocation) found some way of shortening the life of the Scottish Queen, complaining that the burden should be cast upon the Queen (Elizabeth) of shedding blood."

Sir A. P., in his reply, bitterly regrets that he had lived to see the unhappy day in which he was required by direction of his most gracious sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth.

*First Attend.*—I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.  
[bear the responsibility.]

Elizabeth, on being informed of his reply (fell into terms of offence), complained of the *daintiness* and perjury of him and others, who contrary to the oath of association, did throw the burden upon herself, blaming the *niceness* of those precise fellows, who in words would do great things for her surety, but in deed performed nothing.

*Hub.*—Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.

October 12th, 1586.—The Commissioners opened their court, but Mary refused to acknowledge their authority, whereupon they delivered to her Elizabeth's letter, which, in brief and imperious terms, required, charged, and commanded her (Mary) to make answer, as if she (Elizabeth) were herself present.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586-7.

*Hub.*—Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

October 14th, 1586.—At the early hour of nine in the morning, Mary entered the hall, passing through a double file of halberdiers who formed a lane from her chamber door, conducted by her physician Bourgoigne, and Sir Andrew Melville. The chair provided for her studiously indicated her inferiority.

*Hub.*—Good morrow little prince.

Mary paused in indignant surprise, and proudly observed, I am a Queen by birth, and have been the consort of a King of France. My place should be there, glancing at the vacant seat beneath the canopy. Having thus asserted her claims to the honours of regality, and marked the breach of etiquette of which her foes had been guilty, the transient flash of anger subsided.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1586-7.

*Arth.*—As little prince (having so great a title to be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

On the morrow Mary again appeared before the Commissioners whose hostility she had fully proved, by the manner in which Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor endeavoured to brow-beat her, in her defenceless position. In the course of her defence, she said, my innocence is well known to God, my crimes consist of my birth.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1586.

*Arth.*—Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

\* \* \* \*

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench this fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence.

December 18, 1586.—Mary wrote her last letter to Elizabeth.

The effect produced by this touching, but dignified appeal to the conscience of Elizabeth, is rather hinted at than described by the pitiless satrap Leicester, in one of his letters to Walsingham. There is a letter from the Scottish Queen, writes he, "that hath wrought tears, but I trust, shall do no further herein ; albeit the delay is too dangerous."

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586.

*Hub.*—[*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with this innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
Therefore I will be sudden and despatch.

November 22, 1586.—The next move was to announce to Mary the sentence, and to see whether a confession of its justice could

be drawn from her; for this purpose Lord Buckhurst and Mr. Beale were sent down to Fotheringay. They were to take advantage of her terror and distress of mind to draw from her this important admission, but in this the messengers signally failed. Mary heard the sentence with an air of composure, protested against its injustice, but declared that death would be welcome to her as an escape from her weary captivity.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1586.

*Hub.*—[*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom,—  
Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning despiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at my eyes in tender womanish tears,—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.*—Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect;

From all that we have gathered in our investigations, there was no one but the Earl of Mar, with whom Mary was associated, that the following speech of Arthur's would so accurately portray, and the circumstance relates to the negotiations for her transfer to the Scottish Lords, 1572.

Hostages were, in fact, to be given that Mary should be brought to trial and executed within four hours after her consignment by the English authorities to the rebel Lords within her own realm. "Mar" faltered and required time for consideration; he had been Mary's guardian and tutor from the time she was brought for refuge to the Priory of Inchmahone, and had never been separated from her till her marriage with the Dauphin; he had seen her grow up from infancy to early womanhood, in endearing domestication with himself. Dearly had she loved him, gratefully had she repaid his attentions, fatally had she trusted him, perhaps of all the traitors who betrayed their orphan Queen for English gold—calumniated and plotted against her life—"Mar" is the most inexcusable.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1572.

*Arth.*—Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time.

Saying "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"

Or "What good love may I perform for you?"  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it cunning:—do, an if you will;  
 If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes that never did, nor never shall  
 So much as frown on you?

Mary summoned to execution.

Thomas Andrews, who finding the ante-chamber door barred and locked, smote loudly against it with his wand to warn her that the hour was come.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1587.

*Hub.*—[Stamps.] Come forth.

Her own servants, overpowered with grief and horror, followed her weeping and lamenting, but when they reached the outer door of the gallery, they were rudely stopped, and a passionate scene ensued; all refused to be separated from their royal mistress and tried to force their way after her, but were thrust back with threats and uncivil language. [*Ibid.*]

*Arth.*—Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?

Bourgoigne appealed to the Earls but could not prevail. Mary herself addressed them, and after making certain requests, she said, I conjure you that these poor afflicted servants of mine may be present with me at my death, that their eyes may behold how patiently their queen and mistress will endure it. [*Ibid.*]

*Arth.*—I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the *iron* angrily:

The Earl of Kent with unprecedented brutality refused her request, her tears burst forth, and with indignant emotion, she said, I am cousin of your Queen, descended from the blood royal of Henry 7th, a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland. The Earls and her keepers at last gave way, and admitted some of her servants, and afterwards Sir Andrew Melville, with whom she spoke earnestly, one of the commissioners, doubtless the pitiless Earl of Kent, here interrupted by reminding her that time was wearing apace. Farewell, said she, good Melville. Farewell. [*Ibid.*]

*Hub.*—Go stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Attend.*—I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

The Author of the play, having brought the history of the sad ending of Mary's career to within the last few steps, ingeniously draws a veil, by interposing lines of great beauty and significance, and finishes up this scene of surpassing interest by a short review (as we venture to think) of the line of conduct pursued by Sir Ralph Sadler, who, on Mary arriving a fugitive into England, advocated her being put to death. He was one of the Commissioners at York, and afterwards her keeper, but standing as he now was, on the threshold of eternity, he beheld things in a light more worthy of a Christian; finally he learned to speak of her with respect and tenderness, and as far as he dared, insinuated the propriety of her being treated with kindness and good faith by his sovereign.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1585.

*Hub.*—Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;  
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose boy,  
With this *same very iron* to burn them out.

No. 21.—DATE 1559: THE ACT OF RECOGNITION AND MARY  
STUART'S RELEASE PETITIONED FOR.

Act IV., Scene 2.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd.

Ending: *K. John.*—Let it be so; I do commit his youth  
To your direction.

Elizabeth's first care was to procure an act for the recognition and declaring of her own title, from her parliament which was unanimously passed, and without any allusion to her mother's marriage, or to the stigma that had previously been put on her own birth.—Miss Strickland's *Life of Elizabeth*, 1559.

*Pemb.*—This "once again" but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sal.*—Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

\* \* \* \* \*

To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Under the rainbow, . . . . .  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about  
 Startles and frights consideration ;  
 Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

But a nobler spirit, says Miss Strickland, would it have been to have used the influence for the vindication of her mother's honour, by causing the statutes which defamed her, to be swept away from the records. The want of moral courage on the part of Elizabeth in leaving this duty unperformed was injurious to her royal dignity, and has been regarded as a tacit admission of Anne Boleyn's guilt. Many writers have agreed that it was a point of wisdom in Elizabeth, not to hazard calling attention to the validity of her mother's marriage, or the charges against that unfortunate queen, but inasmuch as it was impossible to prevent those subjects from continuing, as they always had been, points of acrimonious discussion, her cautious evasion of questions so closely touching her own honour, gave rise to the very evils she was so anxious to avoid.

*Pemb.*—And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—  
 As patches set upon a little breach,  
 Discredit more in hiding of a fault,  
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.  
 1569.

Pembroke, Arundel, Leicester, Lumley, and many others joined in an effort to bring about an amicable arrangement between Elizabeth and Mary, and for the latter's reinstatement.  
 Froude's *History of England*, 1569.

*Pemb.*—Then (as one that am the tongue of these  
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts),  
 Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,  
 Your safety, for the which myself and them  
 Bend their best studies), heartily request  
 Th' enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 22.—DATE 1586-7 : THE NEWS OF MARY'S DEATH.  
 Act IV., Scene 2.

Beginning : *K. John.*—Hubert, what news with you ?

Ending : *K. John.*—No certain life achiev'd by other's death

The instant the axe had fallen on Mary, Lord Talbot rode off with fiery speed to Greenwich, where he arrived early on the morning of the 9th February, and communicated the news to Burleigh and his colleagues, who were anxiously awaiting it. Burleigh forbade him to announce it to their royal mistress, saying, "that it would be better for time to be allowed to break it cautiously to her by degrees." Lingard regards this extraordinary proceeding as indicative of a secret collusion between Elizabeth and her premier. . . . In the evening she observed the blaze of bonfires, and asked "why the bells rang out so merrily?" "Because of the death of the Queen of Scots," replied one of the ladies. Elizabeth made no reply.

Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary Stuart*.

[Enter HUBERT.]

K. John.—Hubert, what news with you?

[Speaks apart with him.]

One of the charges against Davison was, that of having broken the Queen's injunctions in having showed the "warrant" to Burleigh, and when Burleigh asked him if she meant it to be executed, with having replied that she did.

Froude's *History of England*, 1586-7.

Pemb.—This is the man should do the bloody deed :

*He showed his warrant to a friend of mine :*

The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his

Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast ;

And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,

*What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.*

\* \* \* \* \*

K. John.—We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The suit which you demand is gone and dead ;

He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Pemb.—Indeed, we heard how near his death he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick :

This must be answered either here or hence.

K. John.—Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

\* \* \* \* \*

The last line is very significant, indicating that the responsibility was with some one else, and the peculiar symbol "shears of destiny," we venture to think, points to Burleigh, whose ancestor was said to have been a tailor.

The line, "*Pemb.* That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle, we suggest," refers to Mary's right to Scotland, and England, united.

No. 23.—DATE 1586-7: THE FIVE MOONS.

Act IV., Scene 2.

Beginning: *Hub.*—My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night.

Ending: *Hub.*—Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Fotheringay, at this agitating crisis, when everything extraordinary however natural, was construed into a portent, the soldiers who kept guard under the windows of the death-doomed Queen on the night of Sunday, January 29th, half an hour after midnight, were startled by the appearance of a large and brilliant meteor, like a flame of fire in the firmament, opposite her bed-chamber window, which returned thrice, to their inexpressible terror, and was not visible in any other quarter of the castle.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1586-7.

On October 8th, Davison, by her Majesty's command, writes to Burleigh, who had gone to Fotheringay, and after giving various instructions, informs him and Walsingham, that he, Davison, is especially commanded by her Majesty to signify to them both how greatly she doth long to hear how her "Spirit" and her "Moon" do find themselves after so foul and wearisome a journey. By the above pet names was the mighty Elizabeth accustomed in moments of playfulness to designate those grave and unbending statesmen. But playfulness at such a season was revolting to every feeling of humanity, when the object of that foul and weary journey, on which Elizabeth's "Spirit" and her "Moon" had departed, is considered.

Miss Strickland's *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586.

*Hub.*—My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night ;

Four fix'd ; and the fifth did whirl about,

The other four in wonderous motion.

*K. John.*—Five Moons !

*Hub.*—Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw a *smith* stand with his hammer thus,

[LEICESTER.

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;

[*The news was first brought to BURLEIGH on the morning of the 9th February.*]



Who, with his *shears* and measure in his hand,  
 Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Another lean, unwashed *artificer*  
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

[WALSINGHAM, and the alleged insnaring "plots."]

The "Meteor" seen at Fotheringay probably suggested the simile of the "five moons," and is an apt allusion to Elizabeth's pet name for Walsingham. Implying (as we think) that the other four ministers involved in this tragedy, were equally as merciless. The four primaries being Walsingham, Leicester, Burleigh, and Hatton, while Davison, the fifth, did whirl about the other four in wonderful motion.

No. 24.—DATE 1587: ELIZABETH DISOWNS HER RESPONSIBILITY  
 Act IV., Scene 2.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
 these fears?

Ending: *K. John.*—Between my conscience and my cousin's  
 death.

The next morning she heard the truth and sending for Hatton, expressed the most vehement indignation, wept bitterly, and launched into furious threats of vengeance, "against the men who had usurp'd her authority by putting the Queen of Scots to death without her knowledge or consent." Hatton informed his colleagues; all were in consternation and advised their tool Davison, who had undertaken to stand in the gap, to keep out of her sight till her anger should have subsided. Davison took to his chamber under pretence of indisposition; but Elizabeth ordered him to be arrested and sent to the Tower.

*Miss Strickland's Life of Mary Stuart, 1587.*

*K. John.*—Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause  
 To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

*Hub.*—No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.*—It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life;

And, on the winking of authority.

To understand a law ; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.*—Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.*—Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation !  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make ill deeds done ! Had'st not thou been by.  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind ;  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;  
And thou, to be endear'd to a king  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.*—My lord,—

*K. John.*—Had'st thou but shook thy head or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But thou did'st understand me by my signs,  
And did'st in signs again parley with sin ;  
Yea, without stop, did'st let thy heart consent  
And consequently thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
name,—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my *cousin's* death.

No. 25.—DATE 1586-7 : MARY'S DEATH.

Act IV., Scene 3. Arthur's Speech.

*Arth.*—The wall is high, and yet will I leap down :—  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !  
There's few, or none, do know me : if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite,  
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[Leaps down.

Oh, me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !

[Dies.

The mode of Arthur's death, as described in these lines, is not in agreement with the speeches following, of Salisbury and Pembroke, where the latter says, "All murders past do stand excused in this." The author of the play, we think, desired to conceal the identity of whom he intended to represent.

The last words of Arthur and Mary are in singular agreement.

"Kneeling on the cushion, she repeated in her usual clear, firm voice, 'In te Domine speravi.' In Thee, Lord, have I hoped ; let me never be put to confusion. Being then guided by the executioner to find the block, she bowed her head upon it intrepidly, exclaiming as she did so, 'In manus tuas.' Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*, 1586-7.

*Arth.*—Heaven take my soul, —

No. 26.—DATE, 1586-7 : SALISBURY AND PEMBROKE DENOUNCE  
THE EXECUTION, AND VIEW THE REMAINS.

Act IV., Scene 3.

Beginning : *Bast.*—Once more to-day well met, distemper'd  
lords !

Ending : *Pemb.* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.  
*Big.* }

Mr. Secretary Woolley, writing to Leicester, says, "It pleased her majesty yesterday, to call the lords and others of her council before her, into her withdrawing chamber, where she rebuked us all exceedingly for our concealing from her our proceeding in the Queen of Scots' case."

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586-7.

*Bast.*—Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !

The King by me requests your presence straight.

"While the tempest of Elizabeth's anger lasted, Burleigh lowered his sails and affected the deepest penitence for having been so unfortunate as to displease her by the zeal for her service ; he humiliated himself by writing the most abject letters that could be desired, and after a time succeeded in re-establishing his wonted ascendancy in the Cabinet."

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1586-7.

*Bast.*—Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

The mangled remains of Mary were laid in the hall, and covered with a billiard-table cloth.

Miss Strickland, *Life of Mary Stuart*.

*Sal.*—This is the prison :—what is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Mary was unburied for six months.

*Ibid.*

*Pemb.*—The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

The writer of Cassell's History of England, 1587, says, " We are now called upon to contemplate one of the most extraordinary scenes in the history of the world. It is that of a woman who, with all the power of a mighty kingdom at her back, has pursued her female relative and neighbouring sovereign to the death with a persevering and undying malice, of which there is no more shocking example."

*Pemb.*—All murders past do stand excus'd in this ;  
And this, *so sole and so unmatchable.*

The same writer, further on, says, " The gross hypocrisy, the intense and unmitigated selfishness, the consciousness of the blackness of the crime she was meditating, and the righteous award of its infamy by all posterity the world over, with the resolve to make others bear the damnable stigma, by tricks and stratagems to which only the most practised criminals could resort, is a spectacle so awful, so astonishing, and so hideous, that we in vain look for its parallel, not merely in the darkest pages of history, but in the all-prolific villainies of fiction."

*Sal.*—Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,  
Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see ? could thought, without this object ?  
Form such another ? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

No. 27.—DATE 1587 : DAVISON MADE RESPONSIBLE.

Act IV., Scene 3.

Beginning : *Hub.*—Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :

Ending : *Bast.*—And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

The circumstances connected with the charge against Davison, and his defence, are fully given in Robertson's *History of Scotland*, Froude's *History of England*, also Miss Strickland's *Life of Elizabeth*, 1587, to which we refer.

"His fellow-countrymen, after a strict investigation, exonerated him from all blame."—See Appendix, Robertson's *History of Scotland*.

Walsingham, who saw that the responsibility would certainly be thrown upon someone, feigned illness and got out of the way. The warrant, drawn up by Burleigh, was given to Davison for completion, and after some delay Elizabeth signed it, bidding Davison take it to the Great Seal and to trouble her no more. From the many ominous speeches of the Queen, he was terrified at the gulf, on the edge of which he saw himself standing, and although he had her orders to send off the warrant, he would not do it of himself, which was afterwards done on the joint responsibility of the Council, behind which, Davison fondly hoped, he had sheltered himself. It was a delusion; the Queen, and his more crafty colleagues, made him their scapegoat. He was arrested, committed to the Tower, and, after a form of trial, fined ten thousand pounds, and imprisoned for the rest of his life. The most astonishing part of this affair is that he received considerable sums from the Government, and a pension of one hundred pounds a year, the receipts for which have been found amongst the records so recent as 1839.

*Sal.*—Thou art a murderer.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hub.*—'Tis not an hour since I left him well :  
I honoured him, I lov'd him ; and will weep.  
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bast.*—Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work ?  
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou did'st this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.*—Do but hear me, sir :

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bast.*—If thou did'st but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,  
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.*—If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
 I left him well.

No. 28.—DATE 1587: ELIZABETH AND SEXTUS V.

Act V., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. John.*—Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory.

Ending: *Pand.*— Take again  
 From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

“Surrendering the crown.”

These lines, we think, may be taken metaphorically, viz. that Elizabeth had sacrificed the glory of her reign, by the execution of Mary Stuart.

*K. John.*—Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory.

And its restoration, we suggest, was the eulogy on Elizabeth by Pope Sextus V.

This dark chapter of the annals of the maiden monarch closed with the farce of her assuming the office of chief mourner at the funeral of her royal victim, when the mangled remains of Mary Stuart, after being permitted to lie unburied and neglected for six months, were at last interred with regal pomp in Peterborough Cathedral, attended by a train of nobles, and ladies of the highest rank in the English court. The Countess of Bedford acted as Queen Elizabeth's proxy on that occasion, and made the offering in her name.

“What a glorious princess!” exclaimed the sarcastic Pontiff, Sextus V., when the news reached the Vatican. “It is a pity,” he added, “that Elizabeth and I cannot marry, our children would have mastered the whole world.”

Sextus entertained so high an opinion of Elizabeth's regnal talents, that he was accustomed to say, “There were but three sovereigns in Europe who understood the art of governing, namely, himself, the King of Navarre, and the Queen of England.”

Miss Strickland, *Life of Elizabeth*, 1587.

*Pand.*— Take again  
 From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

No. 29.—DATE, 1560: ELIZABETH TEMPORIZES WITH ROME.

Act V., Scene 1.

Beginning: *K. John*.—Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

Ending: *Pand.*—Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

Elizabeth, with that astute diplomacy which characterized her whole reign, trimmed her sails at this period so as to bring her within friendly relations with the Pope, whose influence at this moment, if against her, would have augmented her political difficulties, to which the subjoined letter has reference:—

De Quadra, to the Bishop of Arras. June, 1560.

“I said his Holiness, being a wise prince and a loving father to all his children, could have no object save to give her paternal admonition and advice. I thought perhaps the mission had originated in a suggestion of the King (Philip), our sovereign, who always hoped that a woman so gifted and so wise would find a way to re-unite her subjects with the universal Catholic Church. His Majesty (Philip), I knew, had expressed this conviction to the Pope, *to obviate the designs of the French*; and the Pope wished to ascertain her real feelings.

“She was evidently pleased; she was afraid that his Majesty had withdrawn his support from her at Rome, and a declaration of the Pope against her at this moment she knows would be most unseasonable. For this reason she went on to tell me that she was as good a Catholic as I was. She called God to witness that her belief was the belief of all the Catholics in the realm.”

Froude's *History of England*, 1560.

*K. John*.—Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;  
And from his Holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflaméd.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Pand.*—It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;  
But since you are a *gentle convertite*,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

## No. 30.—DATE 1601: ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO DOVER.

Act V., Scene I.

Beginning: *Bast.*—All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out.Ending: *Bast.*—The little number of your doubtful friends.

In this speech of the Bastard's, "All Kent hath yielded," etc., there is a marked difference in tone to the next one, "So, on my soul," etc., and to the one, also, in Scene 2, "By all the blood that ever fury breath'd," both are defiant and resolute, the two latter, we suggest, refer to a much earlier period, and the Dover Castle incident, refers to Elizabeth's visit in 1601, when, having heard that Henry IV. was at Calais, she hoped to induce him to come over and visit her, but he declined the compliment, and sent his minister Rosny, with whom Elizabeth had a very agreeable interview. Henry afterwards sent a grand embassy to his good sister, headed by his troublesome subject Biron, when four hundred noblemen accompanied him, including Count d'Auvergne, the natural son of Charles IX.

The line, "London hath received like a kind host," we suggest, has reference to this incident.

The line, "Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy,"

may be taken, that her nobles had gone over to her successor, which many had, including Sir Robert Cecil, and her kinsman Sir Robert Carey, thereby enabling James to obtain a great ascendancy in the councils of Elizabeth during the last years of her reign, although the fact was far from being suspected by the declining Queen, even Harrington, dearly as he loved his royal mistress, showed signs and tokens of this worship to the rising sun, when he sent a jewel in the form of a dark lantern, as a new year's gift to James, signifying that the failing lamp of life waxed dim in the declining queen, and would soon be veiled.

Miss Strickland's *Life of Elizabeth*, 1602.

"And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends,"

suggests the idea of a confused state of parties, and of individuals, no one knowing exactly the line of policy to pursue for their best advantage.

## No. 31.—DATE 1559-60: CECIL URGES ELIZABETH TO ACTION.

Act V., Scene 1.

Beginning: *Bast.*—So, on my soul, he did, for ought he knew.Ending: *Bast.*—Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

With these lines we associate the French designs in Scotland, whose ultimate goal was England.



Cecil's conclusion, therefore, was in favour of immediate action, and to this, for a time, he brought Elizabeth to consent. He would pluck safety only from the nettles of danger, steadily he urged it on Elizabeth, whose constitutional irresolution shifted to and fro under alternate pressure, her conviction went with Cecil, but the weight of advice on the other side far preponderated, and the responsibility of choice was terrible, but her braver nature rallied again, her own nobler qualities which danger raised to their due pre-eminence, brought her to Cecil's views, and orders went to Gresham, to borrow, not one, but two hundred thousand pounds. Guns, pistols, and powder barrels were sent over faster than ever, and the young Admiral, Sir William Winter, was ordered to the Forth. A small convoy to Berwick was made the excuse, but his orders were to watch and frustrate the French movements. "He might provoke a quarrel if he did not find one," and if challenged, he was to say that he was acting on his own responsibility. But were he to have lost an action, and to be taken prisoner under such conditions, he would have made himself liable to be hanged as a pirate. But Elizabeth expected these minor sacrifices from her subjects.

Froude's *History of England*, 1559-60.

*Bast.*—But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust.

\* \* \* \* \*

What! shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.*—The legate of the Pope hath been with me.

[ELIZABETH'S *advances to Rome.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bast.*— Oh, inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms;

Perchance, the Cardinal cannot make you peace :  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.*—Have thou the ordering of this present time.

No. 32.—DATE 1560 : LORD MONTAGUE'S DISAFFECTION.

Act V., Scene 2.

Beginning : *Lew.*—My Lord Melun, let this be copied out.

Ending : *Lew.*—What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Both France and England now turned to Spain. On the part of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Chamberlain and Lord Montague were despatched on a special embassy to Madrid, Montague was selected as the one Catholic nobleman who had opposed every one of Elizabeth's reforming measures, and therefore would be the most welcome to Philip; Chamberlain went as a check upon his companion, and—in Montague's own opinion—as a spy upon him. There was perhaps a secret reason for a choice from which so much danger was to be feared; the Queen may have desired that in the event of a rising of the Catholics their principal leader should be out of the way.

*Froude's History of England, 1560.*

In 1562, Borghese, a servant of the Bishop de Quadra, made to Cecil, a complete revelation of every secret that he, Borghese, knew, which implicated chiefly, Lord Montague (the Salisbury of the play), the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland.

*Sal.*—Upon our sides it never shall be broken,  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
By making many. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

*Lew.*—A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As Lewis himself : . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Look, where the holy legate comes apace  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
 And on our actions set the name of right  
 With holy breath.

*Pand.*—Hail, noble prince of France !  
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy church.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pandulph's speech has a reference to Elizabeth's advances to Rome, see De Quadra's letter, paper No. 29.

No. 33.—DATE 1560 : ELIZABETH DEFIANT.

Act V., Scene 2.

Beginning: *Bast.*—According to the fair-play of the world.

Ending: *Bast.*—And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

In England, all the world was mustering, drilling, and practising. Elizabeth, herself, on a Neapolitan courser, exercised every day with the train bands in St. James's Park ; and even De Quadra could not withhold his sarcastic admiration from her.

*Bast.*—For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,—  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
 Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

So the world drove forward, the horizon growing every moment darker, yet the form in which the storm would break was still uncertain. Sir George Howard, on arriving in London, found Elizabeth ready to fight all Europe, in the cause which she had undertaken.

De Sevre, who was charged with a message from the French Government, waited on Elizabeth. She was in one of her violent humours, and threw off all concealment, once more going over the weary ground of the Queen of Scots' misdoings, then bursting out, she said, you complain of the fleet and army which we have sent to Scotland, what were we to do? Have we forgotten, think you, your treachery at Ambletue, when our brother was king? You challenge our crown ; you deny our right to be

Queen, you snatch the pretext of a rebellion to collect your armies on our borders, and you expect us to sit still like children, you complain that we sent our fleet to intercept your reinforcements; It is true we did so, and the fleet has done its work; and what then? We know what was intended for ourselves, and we have forborne long enough. We mean nothing against your mistress's lawful right, but events must take their course.

Froude's *History of England*, 1560.

*Bast.*—By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
 The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;  
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
 He is preparéd; and reason too he should:  
 This apish and unmannerly approach  
 This harness'd mask and unadvised revel,  
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,  
 The king doth smile at: and is well preparéd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories,  
 That hand which had the strength, even at your door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;

\* \* \* \* \*

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,  
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;  
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
 No! know the gallant monarch is in arms;  
 And, like an eagle o'er his aiery, towers,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 34.—DATE 1560 to 1603.

Act V., with a few "intermediates" interwoven, begins and ends Elizabeth's reign.

Scene 1. Represents the hopes entertained by the Pope, of a reconciliation with Elizabeth, and it also represents Cecil's policy.

Scene 2. Is taken up with all that is important in regard to the affairs of the French in Scotland 1560.

Scene 3. We find intermingling with the end. The nonsuccess of the English troops at Leith, and the first signs of Elizabeth's declining health.

The lines, "Be of good comfort; for the great supply,

That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands,  
This news was brought to Richard but even now :  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves,"

we suggest, have reference to D'Elbouf's reinforcements, "are wreck'd" we think infers this.

"D'Elbouf, less fortunate, was caught at sea by the tempest. In all directions the storm must have blown; half the fleet was dashed in pieces on the Holland flats—sailors, troops, horses, all perishing, some vessels foundered at sea and the drowned bodies were washed up upon the Norfolk coast. In one day and night, the laborious preparations of the autumn were annihilated."

Froude's *History of England*, 1560.

Scene 4. The most important feature is, "Melun's" betrayal to Salisbury of the French designs.

Monluc, Bishop of Valence (whom we take to be "Melun" of the play) was intrusted with a mission from the French Government, to England, and Scotland, but he played a very unsatisfactory part, he created distrust in the minds of the English, against the French, and Scotch, also in the minds of the Scotch, against their own Queen, and against the English.

Scene 5. Is the finishing up of the French affairs in Scotland.

#### No. 35.—DATE 1560 : CECIL AND THE TREATY OF LEITH.

Act V., Scene 6. For the most part is a gathering in of the "ends," the principal feature of which is, the speech of the Bastard, and has reference to the "Treaty of Leith." The first line represents Elizabeth's dissatisfaction :—

*Bast.*—Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !—  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them,  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd  
Away, before ! Conduct me to the King :  
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

If Cecil hoped for gratitude on his return to the court, his expectations deceived him. Clinton and Pembroke might express their private satisfaction; the Duke of Norfolk might think the "agreement" so happy for England, that the Queen could not have bought it too dearly; he might wish that those who

quarrelled with it might do their country as good service ; but the Queen had set her heart on a more substantial result for the money which she had laid out.

The favourites of the palace who hated Cecil, and had objects of their own, at which they could not arrive, except by Cecil's fall, persuaded her that she might have covered herself with glory, and extorted the surrender of Calais. . . . She quarrelled with conditions which far exceeded her recent anticipations, and resented the close of a war which she had so unwillingly consented to undertake.

Froude's *History of England*, 1560.

Cecil, who was held in such high favour by the Queen, is made to say :

“ Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.”

No. 36.—DATE 1607 : SIR FRANCIS BACON ADVOCATES A DIGEST OF THE LAWS.

Act V., Scene 7.

Salisbury's speech.—Be of good comfort, Prince. . . .

Sir Francis Bacon, on March 28th, 1607, speaking in the House of Commons on the benefits that would follow a union of the laws between England and Scotland, he observed that the means to the work would be as excellent as the work itself, “ for if both laws shall be united, it is of necessity for preparation and inducement thereunto that our own laws be reviewed and recompiled : than the which I think there cannot be a work that his majesty can undertake in these times of peace, more politic, more honourable, nor more beneficial to his subjects in all ages. . . . For this continual heaping up of the laws without digesting them, maketh but a chaos and confusion, and turneth the laws many times to become but snares for the people,” etc.

On the 28th July, 1608, in a sheet of private memoranda concerning “ policy,” we find these :

“ Persuade the King in glory, Aurea condet soccula ” ;

“ New laws to be compounded and collected : law-giver, perpetus, princeps.”

Spedding's *Life of Bacon*.

*Sal.*—Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

## No. 37.—DATE 1603 : ELIZABETH'S DEATH.

Act V., Scene 7.

Beginning : *P. Hen.* It is too late : The life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ;

Ending : The scene.

Miss Strickland, in her life of Elizabeth, says : " Though she became not suddenly sick yet she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days, continues Lady Southwell, ' she felt down right ill,' " and the cause being wondered at by Lady Scrope, with whom she was very private and confidant, being her near kinswoman, her Majesty told her (commanding her to conceal the same) that she saw one night her own body exceedingly lean and fearful, in a light of fire."

*K. John.*—I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment ; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

On the 14th January, the Queen having sickened two days before of a cold, removed to Richmond, which she said, was the warm winter box to shelter her old age.

*Pemb.*—His Highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief  
That being brought into the open air  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.*—Let him be brought into the orchard here.

" The Lord Admiral was sent for, as the person who possessed the most influence with the Queen ; he was one of her nearest surviving kinsmen. He came and knelt beside her, where she sat among her cushions, sullen and unresigned, he kissed her hands with tears, and implored her to take a little nourishment, after much ado, he prevailed so far that she received a little broth from his hands, he feeding her with a spoon, but when he urged her to go to bed, she angrily refused, and then, in wild and wandering words, hinted at phantasma that had troubled her midnight couch. If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed, she said, as she did in hers, he would not persuade her to go there."

*P. Hen.*—It is too late : the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house)  
Doth by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Some attempt appears to have been made to charm away the dark spirit that had come over the Queen, by the power of melody at this dread crisis, for Beaumont says, "this morning the Queen's music has gone to her." He sarcastically adds, "I believe she means to die as gaily as she has lived."

*Pem.*—He is more patient  
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.*—Oh, vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible ; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should  
sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

"On the 19th March, De Beaumont informs the King his master, that the Queen had been very much indisposed for the last fourteen days, having scarcely slept at all during that period, and eaten much less than usual, being seized with such a restlessness, that though she had no decided fever, she felt a great heat in her stomach, and a continued thirst which obliged her every moment to take something to abate it."

"The Queen," writes Beaumont, "had been somewhat better the day before, but grew worse again, and so full of chagrin and weary of life, that notwithstanding all entreaties of her councillors and physicians for her to take the proper medicine and means for her relief, she refused everything."

*K. John.*—Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsooth, cast off :  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you  
much,  
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that,



Lord Admiral Howard, to whom, as her near relation and fast friend through life, she was confidential to the last, ever regarding those unreal phantasma which, when her great mind awoke for a moment, it is plain she referred to their proper causes. When Cecil and his colleagues were gone, the Queen, shaking her head piteously, said to her brave kinsman, "My Lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck." The Lord Admiral reminded her of her wonted courage, but she replied despondingly, "I am tied, I am tied, and the case is altered with me." The Queen understood that Secretary Cecil had given forth to the people that she was mad.

*K. John.*—Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :  
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd  
 And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who assisted her last moments with his consolations, continued long in prayer, and when he thought to leave her, the Queen made a sign with her hand, that he should continue to pray. Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or nurse, was eager for spiritual medicine. She had tasted in the dark hour, of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satisfied. She made a second time a sign to have the Archbishop continue in prayer. He did so with earnest cries to God for her soul's health. The Queen to all our sight much rejoiced thereat, continues an eye-witness to this impressive scene.

*K. John.*—My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
 Which holds but till thy news be utterèd  
 And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
 And model of confounded royalty.

By this, it grew late and everyone departed, all but the women who attended her.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly that the vigilance of the self-interested spies by whom she was surrounded, was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions, she had after the Archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep from which she never awoke, and about three in the morning it was discovered that she had ceased to breathe.

Unsuspected by the Bastard, King John dies, while the former was speaking.



## INDEX.

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
ANNOT Dr. . . . .	July	10	Coke, Edward . . . .	Oct.	6
Acroamatical . . . .	July	19	Collins, Samuel . . . .	Jan.	41
Actus . . . . .	July	5	ditto . . . . .	April	11
Addison . . . . .	April	7	Colores Rhetorici . . . .	April	56
Affections . . . . .	July	35	Consequence . . . . .	Jan.	7
Albanus . . . . .	April	3	Conspiracy, Ridolfi . . . .	April	32-43
Al'co Madam . . . . .	Jan.	14	Constringed . . . . .	April	29
Aloiate André . . . . .	Oct.	11	Contrivo . . . . .	April	26
Amphiballon . . . . .	April	2	Coriolanus . . . . .	Oct.	29-42
Animal Emblems . . . .	Oct.	19			
Anointings . . . . .	July	40-41	DAVIDSON and Mary		
Anthony Bacon like			Queen of Scots . . . .	Oct.	54-55
Cato . . . . .	Jan.	48	Davidson, Thos. . . . .	Oct.	4
Apollo Musagetes . . . .	April	51	Davis, Sir John . . . .	April	14
Ashley, Robert . . . .	April	11	Death of Elizabeth . . . .	Oct.	65
Aspersion . . . . .	Jan.	6	Death of Mary Queen of		
Atkins, William . . . .	April	12	Scots . . . . .	Oct.	49-60
Atlantic Monthly . . . .	April	13	Destitution . . . . .	July	15
Atlantis New . . . . .	April	14	Diets . . . . .	July	31-34
Armada, The . . . . .	April	46	Digest of the Laws . . . .	Oct.	64
Arraignmont, Mary			Dixon, Hepworth . . . .	July	10
Queen of Scots . . . .	Oct.	43-47	Documents . . . . .	Jan.	8
BACON ANTHONY as			Double . . . . .	Jan.	8
Cato . . . . .	April	19	Dover Visited . . . . .	Oct.	68
Bacon Francis as the			Drinks . . . . .	July	39
Arcopagite . . . . .	April	5	Duport . . . . .	April	11
as					
Dinarchus . . . . .	April	21	E. F. REGAL . . . . .	Jan.	39
as			Elizabeth Defiant . . . .	Oct.	61
Hannibal . . . . .	April	—	Elizabeth and Mary		
as			Queen of Scots . . . .	Oct.	51-52
The Law Moderator	April	6	Elizabeth and Sixtus		
as			V. . . . .	Oct.	56
Quirinus . . . . .	April	4	Emblems, Little Book		
Bagford . . . . .	Oct.	14-15	of . . . . .	Oct.	11
Barton-on-Heath . . . .	Jan.	12	Emerson . . . . .	Oct.	4
Benetting . . . . .	April	2	Eminent . . . . .	Jan.	9
Birch . . . . .	Jan.	46	Emollients . . . . .	July	33
Blaisdell . . . . .	July	7	Epitaph Montaigno . . . .	Jan.	34
Bohemia . . . . .	July	55	Erdgeist . . . . .	April	54
Bright, John . . . . .	July	8	Evitaco . . . . .	Jan.	9
Burke, Dr. . . . .	Jan.	56	Execution, Mary Queen		
Burleigh, Lord . . . .	Oct.	5	of Scots . . . . .	Oct.	53-54
Burrhus . . . . .	July	35-38	Exsufficate . . . . .	Jan.	9
CADENT . . . . .	Jan.	6	Extenuato . . . . .	April	26
Calais, Restoration of . .	April	33	FATIGATE . . . . .	Jan.	8
Cambray, Placo of . . . .	April	38	Ferne, Henry . . . . .	April	11
Camp Followers of			Fiske, Prof. . . . .	Jan.	54
Apollo . . . . .	April	52	Flower Emblems . . . .	Oct.	18
Capricious . . . . .	Jan.	6	Fotheringay . . . . .	April	44
Cecil and Elizabeth . . . .	Oct.	68	Fowler . . . . .	July	10
Cipher . . . . .	Oct.	22	French Troops . . . .	April	42
Church, Prof. . . . .	July	7-10	Fruit Emblems . . . .	Oct.	19

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
GESTURE.. .. .	Oct.	21	Phronesium .. .. .	April	21
Ghosts-Verulamiani ..	April	1	Platforms of Design ..	Jan.	26
Grain Emblems .. .. .	Oct.	19	Post Ape .. .. .	Jan.	30
HAVILAND, John .. .. .	Jan.	45	Post, The .. .. .	April	50
Henry III. .. .. .	April	40	Proston's Masonry ..	April	3
Herbert, George .. .. .	April 11	6	Printing and Paper Making		
Heroules Pillars .. .. .	Oct.	16		Oct.	11
Hermer Kriophoros .. ..	April	54	Promus .. .. .	July 11,	43-49
Hieroglyphics, Egyptian	Oct.	23	" .. .. .	Oct.	1-8
Holmes, O. W. .. .. .	Oct.	4	Propugnation .. .. .	Jan.	10
Homer .. .. .	April	55	Prolection .. .. .	July	15, 16
Humo .. .. .	July	10	Psychopomp .. .. .	Jan.	24
IdOLA Fori .. .. .	Jan.	24	Purchas .. .. .	Oct.	15
Idola Tribus.. .. .	Jan.	24-25	QUESTION. Marriage ..	April	35
Illustrations of Masonry	April	3	Quirinus .. .. .	April	3
Inequality .. .. .	April	22-23	RANDOLPH, Thomas ..	April	11
Ingelby, Dr. .. .. .	July	5	Rawley, G. .. .. .	Jan.	44
Immanity .. .. .	Jan.	9	Recordation, .. .. .	April	26
Inhabitable .. .. .	Jan.	9	Reid, Edwin .. .. .	Jan. 55	July 10
Intenible .. .. .	Jan.	7	Refrigerators.. .. .	Jan.	37
JAMES .. .. .	Jan.	40	Release of Mary Queen of		
Joan, Madam .. .. .	Jan.	14	Scots .. .. .	Oct.	47, 48
Kentish folk .. .. .	Oct.	7	Renaissance, Second ..	Jan.	42
Loe, William .. .. .	April	11	Renaissance, Second ..	Oct.	68
Lyde .. .. .	Jan.	22-24	Reprehension .. .. .	July	24
MACAULEY .. .. .	July	7	Repugnancy .. .. .	Jan.	10, 11
Manchester, Rev. L. O.	July	9	Rovue des Revues .. ..	Jan.	55
Monachmi .. .. .	April	21	" SESSA " .. .. .	Jan.	11-12
Montagu .. .. .	July	7	Shakespeare .. .. .	July	54
Montaigne .. .. .	Jan.	32-34	Simular .. .. .	April	27
Montague, Lord .. .. .	Oct.	60	Simulation .. .. .	Jan.	27
Montgomery, Earl of..	Oct.	6	Smith, Alexander .. ..	July	7
Moons, Five .. .. .	Oct.	50-51	Southampton, Earl of	Oct.	6
Morgan Appleton.. ..	Oct.	4	Speculation .. .. .	April	27
NASH .. .. .	Oct.	5	Splendide Mondax .. ..	Jan.	22
Navarre, King of .. ..	April	41	Steevens, George .. ..	Oct.	3
Nicholls.. .. .	July	10	Stelled .. .. .	April	28
Noctos Shakesperianæ	Jan.	2	Strena .. .. .	Jan.	34-36
Northumberland MSS.	Oct.	8-9	Succession, Right of ..	April	30
OBSCURATION .. .. .	July	15	Supremacy .. .. .	April	39
Ockley, Henry .. .. .	Jan.	53	TAINÉ .. .. .	April 15	July 7
October 29th .. .. .	April	45	Tennyson .. .. .	July	8
Officed .. .. .	April	28	The League .. .. .	April	47
Opiates .. .. .	July	32	Theobald, Dr. .. .. .	July	7
Oppugnancy.. .. .	Jan.	10-11	Treaty of Leith .. .. .	Oct.	68
Orpheus Theatre.. .. .	Jan.	25	Truculentus .. .. .	April	17-21
Overtures for Peace ..	April	33	VERULAM, Shades of ..	April	1
PEACE .. .. .	April	33	WATER Marks .. .. .	Oct.	12-13
Pembroke, Earl of .. ..	Oct.	6	Welsh, Prof. .. .. .	July	7
Permission .. .. .	April	24	Will of Henry VIII. ..	April	34
Perspective .. .. .	July	22-23	Williams, Dr. .. .. .	April	11
Phillipps, R. .. .. .	April	12	Wincott .. .. .	Jan.	12
Phillipps, Thos. .. ..	April	12	ZEITUNG, Allgemeine ..	Oct.	4

Author's name not known until death - p 34  
(E. J. B. B. B. B.)

Bacon's will, death, burial - p 35









