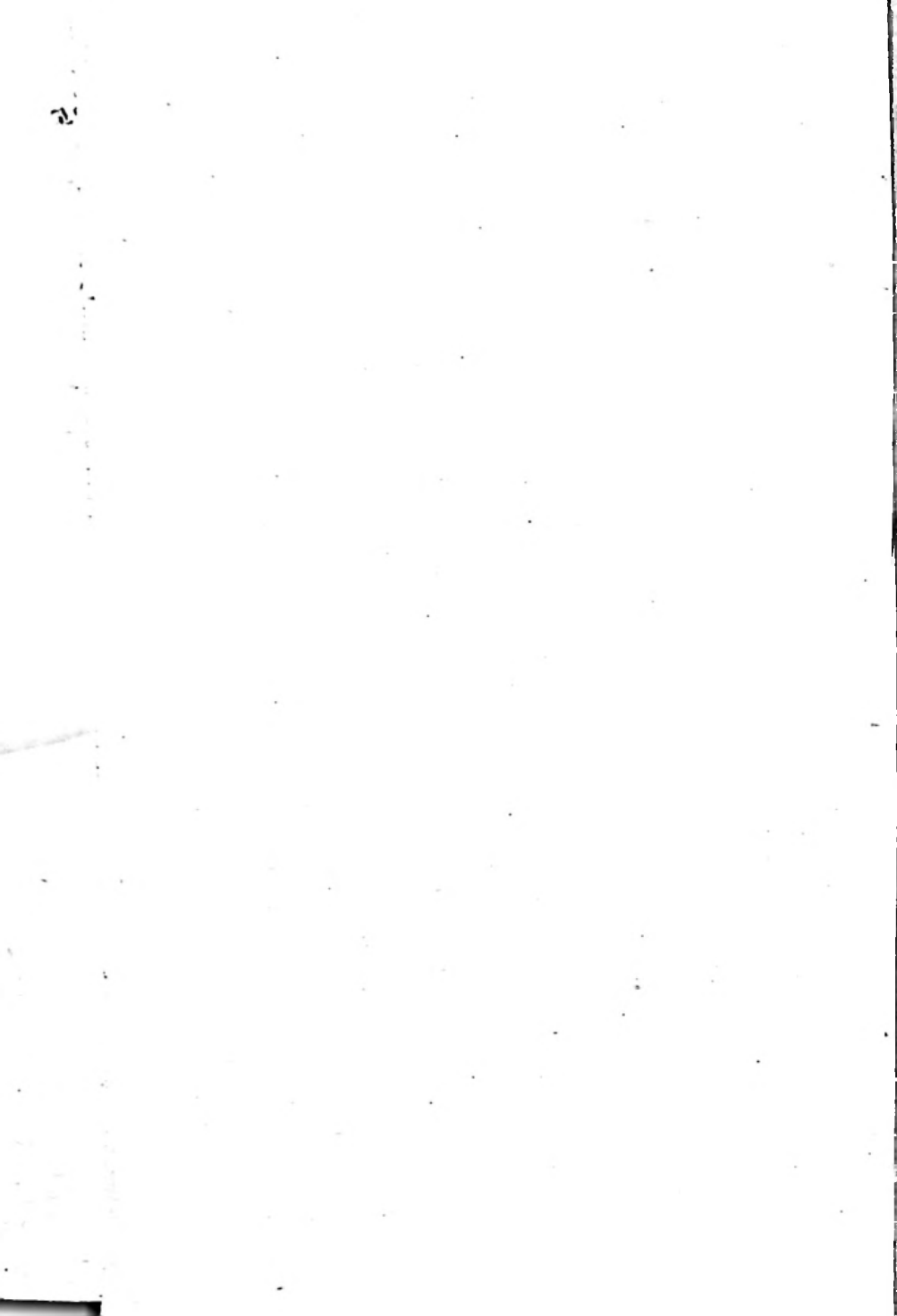


# BACONIANA



Archie Siddouph.  
C. No. 5317.







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# The Bacon Society.

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THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be:—

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius, and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

The Society's Library and Rooms are at 11, Hart Street, London, W.C. (close to the British Museum), where the Secretary attends daily, and from 3 to 5 o'clock will be happy to supply further information.





# BACONIANA..

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## HAYWARD'S *KING HENRY IV.*

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SO much has been written on the Bacon-Shakespeare question that it is not easy now to break fresh ground; but still there are some facts to which, possibly, sufficient importance has not been attached, and the evidence which connects Bacon with the well-known *Raigne of King Henrie IV.*, for which Dr. Hayward was sent to the Tower, appears to me to be one of them.

Everybody who has read the "Apology Concerning Essex" must be familiar with the dramatic scene in which Bacon himself recounts his interview with the angry old Queen, when she had him up and rated him about this brochure of Dr. Hayward's; and if we consider how dangerous Bacon's position was at the time, there is really a touch of Falstaff in the way in which he banters the Queen and tries to draw her off the scent.

This is how Bacon puts it himself: "About the same

time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, *which though it grew from me, went after about in other men's names*. For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry the Fourth, thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the peoples' heads boldness and faction, said she had good opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered, 'For treason surely I found none, but for felony very many.' And when her Majesty asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English and put them into his text. And *another time, when the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it*, but that it had some more mischevious author, and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied, 'Nay, Madam, he is a doctor, never rack his person, but rack his stile; let him have pen ink and paper and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where he breaketh off, and I will undertake by *collecting the stiles* to judge whether he were the author or no.'

Now in this we have two distinct facts very clearly defined—that whoever wrote the book, "the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it," and that Bacon frankly admits that it was a matter "which though it grew from me went after about in other men's names," like the sonnet which he admits in this same "Apologia" having written for Essex, and like innumerable other devices, masques, letters, and sonnets which he wrote for Essex, Southampton, and others of his friends who had need of his

"good pen." As to whether the Queen suspected him of being the real author it is impossible to say, but the facts seem to point in that direction.

As regards the authorship of this interesting pamphlet we have further information in Bacon's own hand in Apophthegm 22, as found in the *Resuscitatio*. "The Book of Deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry the 4th, *supposed* to be written by Doctor Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth, and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her Counsel learned, whether there were any treason contained in it. Who, intending to do him a pleasure and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, 'No Madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion, that there is any, but very much felony.' The Queen apprehending it gladly asked, 'How? And wherein?' Mr. Bacon answered, 'Because he had stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus.'"

This apophthegm has a strong bearing on the case, as it proves, at any rate, that Bacon was familiar with the book; otherwise he could not have pointed out to the Queen the fact that it contained extracts from Tacitus; and when he says that it was *supposed* to have been written by Hayward it is pretty good evidence that he was aware that Hayward had very little to do with it. A point worth noting, too, is that Bacon here drops the correct title and substitutes "The Book of Deposing King Richard II.," a title which is far more in accordance with the facts than the original one. The "booke" is, indeed, neither more nor less than the play of *Richard II.* with the Shakespearian poetry translated into Baconian prose, so much so indeed that it would not be unreasonable to believe that the same "stile" was at work on both of them.

Whether Bacon wrote the book or not, however, there

can be no doubt that it was a real red rag to him which was constantly being flaunted in his face. Anybody familiar with the life of Bacon will, I think, agree with me in saying that whenever Bacon was in hot water, Coke was always to be found there or thereabouts raking up the coals, and this matter of the Judicial Enquiry was no exception to the rule. I take the following from Spedding (Vol. II., p. 173) relative to the Judicial Enquiry at York House in 1599—1600 in the case of Essex :—

“The Crown lawyers, who received their directions from the Council, were specially warned not to press the charge to any point implying disloyalty ; and *the main business fell, of course, upon Coke.* To Bacon was assigned a part of the case comparatively unimportant, merely the countenancing by Essex of a book which had given offence to the Queen ; a part which, *though he did not like it,* and though he seems to have thought the introduction of it into the case injudicious, he had no just ground for refusing, being assigned to him as it was by those who were officially responsible for the business, and the business being designed (whether judiciously or not) to clear the government from imputations which were unjust, arising out of a misapprehension of the facts, by a course studiously contrived to make the proof of the offence compatible with indulgence to the offender.”

Here, at any rate, we get at the fact that the main business in the Judicial Enquiry fell upon Coke. Knowing as we do the relations between Bacon and Coke we may be quite certain that Coke would spare no pains to pick out the most disagreeable bit of work that he could find for Bacon, and he selects this “Booke of the Reigne of King Henry IIII.” Surely it was not the Queen only

who was of opinion that "it was not his writing whose name was to it"!

That this *brochure* was a source of much worry to Bacon is clear enough, as he goes back to it in his "Apologia," when he refers to the distribution of parts in the Judicial Enquiry. "Hereupon the next news I heard was, that we were all sent for again, and that her Majesty's pleasure was, we should all have parts in the business; and the Lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me, that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my Lord of Essex in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, *as it was termed*, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before mentioned of King Henry the Fourth. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their Lordships that it was an old matter and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and that therefore *I, having been wronged by bruits, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence my own tales.*"

It is evident from this that Bacon was irritated by Coke's "allotment" of the parts, but when he goes on to say that if he accepted the allotment it would be said that he "gave in evidence his own tales," I do not see how we can interpret his assertion except as an admission that he was himself the author of the pamphlet. Very vague, it is true; but is there any better solution of the problem?

If, however, we wish to arrive at any proof as to the true authorship, we must take Bacon's own hint and "rack his stile." If we do this, I think that many critics will admit that most of the pamphlet is written in pure Baconese, or if not, that it is a marvellous imitation. In this connection we must not forget that when Bacon said to the Queen "Let him have pen, ink, and paper and help of books and be enjoined to

continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by 'collecting the stiles'\* to judge whether he were the author or no," he evidently intended to suggest that if Hayward was enjoined to "continue the story," † it would be found that his "stile" was *not* that of the pamphlet.

Here is the last paragraph in the "Address to the Reader" of the "Life and Reign of King Henry IV.":

"And since I am entered into this point, it may seeme not impertinent to write of the '*stile*' of a history, what beginning, what continuance, and what meane is to bee used in all matter, what thinges are to be suppressed, what lightly touched, and what to be treated at large: how credit may be won, and suspicion avoided: what is to bee observed in the order of times, and description of places and other such circumstances of weight: what liberty a writer may use in framing speeches, and in declaring the causes, counsailes and events of things done: how far he must bend himself to profit: and when and how hee may play upon pleasure, but this were too large a field to enter

\* This "collecting the stiles" seems to have puzzled Spedding, as he has a note "So in the original"; but if Hayward was one of the "good pens" of whom Bacon always kept a good stock on hand (and of whom Ben Jonson was one of the last), there is no difficulty about it.

† With regard to this "continuing the story," anybody who examines the pamphlet will see at once that there was never any intention of continuing it, and that (written in 1599 and dedicated to Essex, as it was) the Queen was right enough in looking upon it as a "seditious prelude." If Bacon really wrote it, he must have been more deeply involved with Essex than he cared to admit; but my theory does not go beyond a belief that if Hayward was the author, Bacon put on the finishing touches. There is no space here to go into a comparison of "stile" as between the pamphlet and Bacon's acknowledged work of the "Raigne of King Henry VII." and Hayward's "Lives of the Norman Kings," &c.



into: therefore least I should run into the fault of the *Mindians*, who made their gates wider than their towne, I will heere close up, onely wishing that all our English histories were drawn out of the drosse of rude and barbarous English: that by pleasure in reading them, the profit in knowing them myght more easily bee attained."

Surely this torrent of words and ideas without a full-stop is suggestive of the Baconian "stile."

I would like to have re-printed the whole of the character of *Henry IV.*, as it so closely resembles the portrait drawn of him in the play of *Richard II.*, but it is too long, and I must content myself with the following passage, in which I think we may recognize the Baconian rhythm:—

"He was quicke and present in conceite, forward in attempt, courageous in execution, and most times fortunate in event."

Then again, the *brochure*, short as it is, contains many of those wonderful similes so characteristic of Bacon, such as these:—

"Thou hast been once already faithless to King Richard and now again art false to King Henry, so that *like* the fish *Sepia*, thou troublest all the waters wherein thou livest."

"Ambition is *like* the Crocodile which groweth so long as he liveth: or *like* the Ivy, which fastening on the foot of the tallest Tower, by small yet continual rising, at length will climb above the top; it is already grown from a spark to a flame, from a twig to a tree, and high time it is that the increase were stayed."

"*Like* certain Ravens, in Arabia, so long as they are full, do yield a pleasant voice; but being empty do make a horrible cry."

"*Like* swallows, they forsook that house in the winter of fortune's boisterous blasts, where they did nothing but feed and foyle in the summer of her sweet sunshine."

"*Like* the lapwing he cried most when he was furthest from the nest."

"Whose affections are *like* unto Glass; which being once cracked, can never be made otherwise than crazed and unsound."

"The Commons are commonly *like* a flock of cranes, as one doth fly all will follow."

Passages which might have come straight from the Essays are so frequent that I can only quote a few of them.

"Smooth and pleasing speeches need small endeavour, and always findeth favour, whereas to advise that which is meet is a point of some paines, and many times a thankless office."

"It is troublesome to be grateful and many times chargeable: but revenge is pleasant and preferred before gain."

"Nothing maketh men more desperate upon a doubtful danger than fear of that which is certain."

"The nature of man is to hate those whome he hath harmed."

"Times have their turns, and fortune her course to and fro like the sea, and magnanimity is shown by enduring and not relinquishing."

There are also many of Bacon's pet words to be found, such as "obsequious" and others, but which need not be quoted.

I think that I have made out a fairly strong case as to the Baconian authorship of this remarkable pamphlet; but I have no wish to be dogmatic—only suggestive, and if Bacon were the real author of both pamphlet and play it is almost incredible that he could display

such wonderful *sang froid* when the Queen had him up and told him she would have the author racked if she could lay hands on him! He must have been quite familiar with the Queen's "*I am Richard the Second, know ye not that?*" He knew that the play had been acted in the City, to the intense annoyance of the Queen, who looked upon both play and pamphlet as treasonable; he *knew* that his intimate connection with Essex made him suspected, and yet in the midst of all this *sturm und drang* he could, by his own admission, "invent a merry conceite" by way of turning away the wrath of that terrible old lady! It is hard to believe; but, if true, we may well accept "Rare old Ben's" assertion that Bacon was a man "who could never pass by a jest," and we must not make the mistake of judging the men of the sixteenth century by a nineteenth century standard.

A question here presents itself which, so to speak, *saute aux yeux*. *Where was the author of the play of King Richard II. when all this terrible fuss was being made over the authorship of the pamphlet?* This "Storie of the Deposition of King Richard the Second," supposed to be written by Hayward (as Bacon puts it) occupies very much the same position with regard to the play as the story which we find at the beginning of an opera libretto bears to the opera itself. And yet the supposed author of the "Storie" is sent to the Tower, and the author of the play, which was certainly quite as treasonable, gets off scot-free and is never heard of. If the Queen wished to rack the author of the pamphlet, how was it that she spared Shakspeare, if he was the acknowledged author of the play which was acted (and most treasonably acted beyond a doubt\*) in

\* The Deposition Scene in *Richard II.* was omitted in the play as published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but it may have been included in the play as produced in the City, as it was almost certainly in existence.

the City? It is quite incomprehensible. The truth would seem to be that Coke either knew or suspected that Bacon was the author of both play and pamphlet, and nobody would be more competent to judge of Baconian "stile" than the great laywer before whom Bacon had so often pleaded. If so, it all becomes clear enough, as it would be so like Coke to set Bacon to adjudicate on his own handiwork, and (as Bacon himself complains) force him "to put in evidence his own tales." This is not a pleasant suggestion, but if we reflect how these two great men were engaged in a life-long duel, it is not an unreasonable one; nor should we over-look the fact that there is Spedding's authority as to the main business in this "Judicial Enquiry" having been in the hands of Coke.

Hayward, as we know, was only released from the Tower on the accession of King James, when Bacon's sun began to shine. He was then knighted and made Historiographer to the King—a pretty certain indication that Bacon did not forget his old friends.

H. S.

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## BACON AND POPE

I N the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1902, Mr. Marston accuses Mrs. Gallup of making Bacon guilty of plagiarisms from Pope, in her CIPHER translation of Bacon's Catalogue of the Ships, which that Lady says she discovered in Burton's *Anatomy*. In support of this charge Mr. Marston quotes five passages from the Greek text, of which the following he considers conclusive.

Bacon (Mrs. Gallup) writes:—

"Penelius, Leitus, Prothoenor, joined with *Arcesilaus and bold Clonius, equall in arms and in command*, led Boeotia's hosts" (line 494).

Before Mrs. Gallup had deciphered this passage, Pope had translated the lines thus:—

"The hardy warriors whom Boeotia bred,  
Peneleus, Leitus, Brothoenor led;  
With these *Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,*  
*Equal in arms and equal in command.*" (586.)

The important fact in this passage is that the epithets in italics of Pope and Bacon have no existence in the Greek text. The fact that Pope inserted in his translation the same words that Bacon used in his cipher rendering is not only strange, but, as Mr. Marston puts it, "the chances are a thousand to one, against two translators inventing and adding the *same words*, not in the original" (p. 54).

This remarkable discovery of Mr. Marston induced me to collate Bacon's translation of the Catalogue with the Greek text and with Pope's version, with the result that I detected quite a number of coincidences between Pope's translation and Bacon's, in addition to those noted by Mr. Marston.

The following are the coincidences or departures from the Greek text which I have verified, and can vouch for.

Words in *italics* are interpolations of the translator, unrepresented in the Greek text (Wolf's Edition, Leipsic, 1808). Numbers in the second column of figures refer to the pages of Mrs. Gallup's "Argument of the Iliad" (pp. 225 to 230).

1. Bacon.	<i>The waterie plains</i> of Hyrie...	496	225
Pope.	"Hyrie's watery fields" ...	591	
2. Bacon.	<i>Thespia sacred to the God</i> <i>Apollo</i> ... ..	498	"
Pope.	<i>Thespia sacred to the God of</i> <i>day</i> ... ..	599	
3. Bacon.	<i>Pastoral Erythrae</i> ... ..	499	"
Pope.	<i>For flocks Erythrae</i> ... ..	602	

4.	Bacon.	Hyle <i>well watered by its springs</i> ... ..	225
	Pope.	Hyle <i>which the springs oerflow</i>	500 "
5.	Bacon.	<i>Loftie</i> Medeon ... ..	501 "
	Pope.	Medeon <i>lofty</i> ... ..	597
		The Homeric epithet is "well-built city."	
6.	Bacon.	Glissa <i>where Vines abound</i> ... ..	504 "
	Pope.	Glissa <i>for the vine</i> ... ..	602
7.	Bacon.	<i>Greene</i> Platea ... ..	504 "
	Pope.	Platea <i>green</i> ... ..	603
8.	Bacon.	Onchestus, where Neptune's temple stood ... ..	506 "
	Pope.	Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves ... ..	600

The Homeric epithet "sacred" is omitted by both.

9.	Bacon.	<i>Rich</i> Arne ... ..	507 "
	Pope.	Arne <i>rich</i> ... ..	606

This epithet alone would suggest a doubt if the translator understood Greek! The Greek five-syllabled epithet is very beautiful, and has been tenderly dealt with by all translators. First comes the Latin rendering, "uvis abundans," abounding in grapes. Then comes Chapman, who was so impressed that he gives a whole line to the picture the epithet conjures up.

"And Arne, where the vine trees are with vigorous bunches bowed."

Dart	has	"Arne famed for her vines"	... 507
Cordery		"Arne's vine-clad slopes"	... 563
Derby		"Viny-clustered Arne"	... 582
(Anonymous Crib). "Arne abounding in grapes."			

No; depend upon it Bacon never translated "polystaphylos" by "rich." A little later on the same Greek epithet recurs, and is recognised by Bacon.

10.		"In Isteia for her Vineyards"	
-----	--	-------------------------------	--



famed throughout the  
world" ... .. 537 226

And strange to say Pope does the same :

"Isteian fields for generous  
vines renowned" ... .. 645

I leave the reader to draw his own conclusion.

- |            |  |     |   |
|------------|--|-----|---|
| 11. Bacon. | <i>Fertile Orchomenus</i> ... ..       | 511 | „ |
| Pope.      | <i>Spacious Orchomenian plain</i>      | 611 |   |
| 12. Bacon. | <i>Epistrophus and Shedius</i> ... ..  | 517 | „ |
| Pope.      | <i>Epistrophus and Schedius</i> ... .. | 621 |   |

Homer's words are, "Schedius and Epistrophus, the sons of great Iphitus, son of Naubolus" (Derby).

- |            |                                       |     |   |
|------------|---------------------------------------|-----|---|
| 13. Bacon. | <i>From the Faire Land</i> ... ..     | 519 | „ |
| Pope.      | <i>From those rich regions</i> ... .. | 622 |   |
| 14.        | (Hyampolis) ... ..                    | 521 |   |

This city is omitted both by Bacon and Pope.

- |            |  |     |   |
|------------|--|-----|---|
| 15. Bacon. | <i>Oileus sonne th' lesser Ajax</i> ... .. | 527 | „ |
| Pope.      | "Oileus valiant son" ... ..                | 631 |   |

In the Greek a remarkable epithet is used, "with linen breastplate armed" 529 (Derby), which it is remarkable that both Bacon and Pope should have overlooked! Every other translator but Pope whom I can consult has it—Chapman, Derby, Dart, Cordery, an anonymous one, and two Latin Versions.

- |            |                                     |     |   |
|------------|-------------------------------------|-----|---|
| 16. Bacon. | <i>Well-wooded Tarphea</i> ... ..   | 533 | „ |
| Pope.      | <i>Tarphe's sylvan seats</i> ... .. | 639 |   |
| 17. Bacon. | <i>Wel-built Eretria</i> ... ..     | 537 | „ |

Chapman has "*rich Eretria*," which amounts to much the same thing; nor does either occur in the Greek.

- |            |   |     |   |
|------------|---|-----|---|
| 18. Bacon. | <i>Aegina, the sea-girt isle</i> ... .. | 562 | „ |
|------------|---|-----|---|

	Pope.	"Fair Aegina circled by the main" ... ..	677	
19.	Bacon.	Fertil Ornia ... ..	571	226
	Pope.	Ornia's fruitful plain ...	688	
20.	Bacon.	Pelene, noted for flocks ...	574	"
	Pope.	Pellene yields her fleecy store	692	

Here flocks and fleeces are palpably interpolations from the same mint!

21.	Bacon.	Sparta's forces ... ..	582	227
	Pope.	The hardy Spartans ... ..	702	

The Homeric text has "Pharis and Sparta" coupled together. It was nothing for Pope to sacrifice his poet to his verse, but it is remarkable that Bacon allowed this important town to fall in the back-ground and only signify its existence by a simple mention of "Sparta's forces."

22.	Bacon.	Sandy Pylos ... ..	591	"
	Pope.	Pylos' sandy coast ... ..	715	

Homer attaches no epithet to Pylos!

23.	Bacon.	Little Pteleon ... ..	594	"
	Pope.	Little Pteleon .. ...	718	
24.	Bacon.	Famed Dorion ... ..	594	"
	Pope.	Dorion, famed ... ..	721	
25.	Bacon.	Parrhasia her lofty cliffs ...	608	"
	Pope.	Parrhasia on her snowy cliffs	737	
26.	Bacon.	Agapenor ... ..	609	"
	Pope.	Bold Agapenor ... ..	741	

In the text Agapenor is styled "king" (kreion), and it is significant to find this *distinctive title* wanting in both Pope and Bacon.

27.	Bacon.	Glorious Ancaeus ... ..	609	"
	Pope.	Ancaeus ... ..	742	

In Pope it is Agapenor who is "glorious."

28. Bacon. Phyleus. A man whom Jove  
greatly loved ... .. 628 228  
Pope. Begot by Phyleus, the beloved  
of Jove ... .. 762  
Homer calls Phyleus "the Horseman."

Curiously enough Chapman, whom Bacon *might have consulted*, also omits this phrase.

29. Bacon. *Rocky* Crocylea ... .. 633 "  
Pope. *Crocylia rocky* ... .. 772 "  
30. Bacon. *Zacynthus greene* isle ... .. 634 "  
Pope. *Zacynthus green* ... .. 772 "  
31. Bacon. *Zacynthus* ... .. 634 "  
Pope. *Zacynthus* ... .. 772 "

Samos follows in the Greek text, but is omitted by both Bacon and Pope. Other translators give so important a town as a matter of course (Dart, Derby, Chapman, Cordery, Cowper).

32. Bacon. *Rugged* Pylene ... .. 639 "  
Pope. *Rough* Pylene ... .. 777 "  
33. Bacon. Idomeneus ... .. 645 "  
Pope. Idomeneus ... .. 721 "

Bacon and Pope both omit the distinctive epithet of Idomeneus "Skilled with the spear." Chapman also omits it.

34. Bacon. *Phaestus, by the silver Jordan* 648 "  
Pope. *By Phaestus silver Jordan*  
runs ... .. 789 "  
35. Bacon. *Nine fleet* shippes ... .. 654 "  
Pope. *Nine swift* vessels ... .. 794 "  
36. Bacon. *From Isle* Rhodes ... .. 654 "  
Pope. *From* Rhodes ... .. 795 "  
37. Bacon. *Brave* Phidippus ... .. 678 229  
Pope. *Bold* Phidippus ... .. 827 "  
38. Bacon. *Sweet* Hella, where are the  
fayrest o' women ... .. 683 "

	Pope.	Hella blessed with female beauty ... ..	831	
39.	Bacon.	<i>The vales of Phthia</i> ... ..	683	229
	Pope.	Phthia's <i>spacious vales</i> ...	831	
40.	Bacon.	And slain the sonnes of Evenus ... ..	693	,
	Pope.	"The <i>bold</i> sons of <i>great</i> Evenus slew ... ..	844	

The epithet "bold" should be "famed for the spear."  
In the Greek text the names of both sons are given,  
but Bacon omits them, and Pope does the same.

41.	Bacon.	Antrium, <i>where the caves are</i> <i>numerous in those hills</i> ...	697	,
	Pope.	Antrons <i>watery dens and</i> <i>caverned ground</i> ... ..	852	
42.	Bacon.	<i>Grassie Ptelium</i> ... ..	697	,
	Pope.	" <i>Grassy Pteleon</i> " ... ..	849	

This line is of great interest as showing the length  
to which translators will go in mangling the Greek  
text. Literally rendered the line runs thus:—

"By the sea

In Antron, and in Pteleon's grass-clad meads."—DERBY.

Note how Bacon translates this line, and then  
observe how closely Pope follows him, as there is in the  
text nothing about "Caves" or "Dens" or "caverned  
ground," the sole qualifying epithet of "Antron" being  
"maritime" or "on sea."

43.	Bacon.	Lake Boebe <i>with high hills</i> <i>surrounded</i> ... ..	711	,
	Pope.	<i>Where hills encircle</i> Boebe's <i>lowly lake</i> ... ..	865	

There is no reference to hills in the text.

44.	Bacon.	Sonne of Alceste ... ..	715	,
	Pope.	Whom Alceste bore ... ..	869	

Both Bacon and Pope omit the name of the father  
Admetus.

45. Bacon. *Bowes made of eugh...* ... 720 230  
Pope. *The tough bow...* ... 875

Here the troops of Philoitetes use "yew" bows and Philoitetes a "tough" bow. In the text there is no epithet applied to the weapon.

46. Bacon. *Faire Rhene* ... 728 "

Pope. *Beauteous Rhena* ... 883

47. Bacon. *Towered Tricca* ... 729 "

Pope. *Her humbler turrets Tricca  
rears...* ... 886

48. Bacon. *Titan hideth in snows his  
hoary head* ... 735 "

Pope. *Titan hides his hoary head in  
snow* ... 894

The literal translation is "And Titanus glittering  
summits" (Dart) ... 735

There is nothing about any Titan hiding in so un-  
comfortable a manner.

49. Bacon. *In strong-walled Arisbe* ... 836 233

Pope. *From great Arisba's walls* ... 1014 "

In the Greek text the epithet of Arisbe is "divine,"  
with no reference to walls!

50. Bacon. *Faire twins of Hellespontus* ... 836 "

Pope. *Sestos and Abydos neighbour-  
ing strands* ... 1013

This bold image seems to suggest that "Hellespontus"  
is lugged in to father the "twins," and the "twins"  
probably originate in Pope's unhappy epithet of "neigh-  
bouring," though the Hellespont ran between.

Here are fifty instances which prove how curiously  
related to one another the translations of the Cata-  
logue of the Ships by Bacon and Pope are, and I feel

strongly it is unnecessary to bring forward any more of the same sort. If these fifty instances do not prove such connection, the reader's mind would be equally unconvinced by five hundred.

And what now is Mrs. Gallup's position? Mr. Marston's assertions and my own (in support thereof), have to be faced deliberately and squarely.

Mrs. Gallup's denial of Mr. Marston's charges is absolute in every particular, and is contained in her "Replies to Criticisms," p. 16 :—

*"Any statement that I copied from Pope, or from any source whatever, the matter put forth as deciphered from Bacon's works, is false in every particular."*

The "Catalogue of the Ships," not being deciphered from a work of Bacon, does not fall logically within the scope of the above denial, but I assume that no quibble of this sort was intended, or that the tension of the position is any way relaxed thereby.

Mrs. Gallup goes on to make a point in the unavoidable resemblance which must exist between different translations of the same passage. Granted; but when this is followed up (p. 16) by an allusion to "*Bacon's directions for writing out the Iliad (by the word-cipher, p. 170)*," it is necessary to remind the writer that she cannot quote in support of herself any passage from her own cipher translations which she has hitherto failed to prove to rest on an indisputable basis. Mrs. Gallup's suggestion (p. 16, at bottom) that there were Latin translations of Homer in Bacon's day that were "equally accessible to Pope a century later," is very smart as possibly explaining coincidences of expression between Bacon's translation and Pope's, but the value of the *suggestion* (for it is nothing more) is discounted by the fact that, fully aware as the lady and her supporters must be of the importance of this statement,



no translation has been identified as capable of bearing out the idea of Bacon and Pope both have "cribbed" from a common source.

The lady, however, does not think much herself of her own suggestion, as she winds up (p. 17) with the candid avowal, "But all this is of small importance; for it is inconclusive," and plunges at once into the safer defence of *assertion* touching her own cipher-deciphering achievements, which no one understands and no one can verify or controvert. On this nebulous voyage I resolutely decline to embark.

W. THEOBALD.

Ilfracombe, October, 1905.

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The above writer sees only one solution of the remarkable similarities he adduces between the alleged deciphered work of Bacon and the published verse of Pope—viz., the entire absence of good faith on the part of Mrs. Gallup. Yet, *à priori*, there is nothing abnormal in the discovery of the practical use by Bacon in Elizabethan books of a cipher, avowedly invented and explained by him, peculiarly suited to the printed page. Stephenson did not content himself with inventing the locomotive steam engine; he set it to work. Bacon and Pope possessed one common attribute—each could read Greek freely, but neither was a profound student of the language.

According to Ruffhead, who from original MSS. compiled a life of Pope within twenty-five years from the latter's death, Pope in translating the Iliad "used in general to take advantage of the first glow, afterwards calmly to correct each book by the original, *then to compare it with other translations, and, lastly, gave it a reading for the sake of the versification only.*"

With a nation waiting years for the book, and a sub-

scription list of £5,000, he had to be thorough. He had (Ruffhead tells us) recourse to the books of the Bodleian and other libraries at Oxford. Bacon's translation of the Iliad was placed in the cipher by Rawley in 1628. Thus the translation necessarily existed in MS. after Bacon's death. We know from Rawley and others down to Stephens as late as 1734, long after Pope's Iliad was published, what care was taken to preserve but not divulge certain of Bacon's writings. Is there not, therefore, a more logical inference open to Mr. W. Theobald, namely, that Pope, whose avowed object was skilful versification rather than literal accuracy, had access to and trimmed his lines with the help, amongst others, of Bacon's manuscript translation? This involves no reflection on Pope. Any prose translation was legitimate raw material for his purpose.

Mr. W. Theobald would seem to confute himself by one at least of the evidences above brought forward. "Bold," as applied to Clonius, is, says Mr. W. Theobald, an epithet which has no existence in the Greek text of Homer's Iliad.

"Bold Clonius" appears in the Bacon decipher. It does not appear in Pope's published work, nor, to the best of our enquiry, is it to be found in other translations. The suggestion of Pope's lines as the inspiration of the Bacon decipher here completely breaks down. The writer of this note (about the time of Mr. Marston's attack) learning through D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," that a MS. of Pope's translation of the Iliad was in the recesses of the British Museum, caused it to be fished out, and discovered to his surprise that "Bold Clonius" was originally used by Pope, though afterwards crossed out. This goes a long way to prove access to a translation in which the epithet, non-existent in the Greek text, of "Bold," had been applied to

Clonius. Pope had no hesitation in publishing as his own work the translations of certain books of the *Odyssey* done by his friends Broome and Fenton. If, during his search through the libraries for material to assist his verse translation of the *Iliad*, he happened, as was likely, to come across a copy of Bacon's prose translation, Mr. W. Theobald's article demonstrates the good use he made of it.

P. W.

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“A CYPRESS GROVE”

WITHIN the past few years many notable books have been written connecting, by means of parallel expressions and identities of thought, the works of Shakespeare with those of Bacon. This test of internal evidence, accepted without a murmur where lesser men are concerned, is, however, ignored or derided by the Shakespeare specialists when their own particular vested interests are concerned. On the strength of a phrase, nay, almost of a word, whole plays may be handed over to Greene, scenes even of Shakespeare may be thrown over (if inferior); but nothing, named or anonymous, must be connected with Bacon, though the evidences adduced may be seventy times seven.

When the vested interests have died out, perhaps the subject may be more fairly considered, and the great community of mind which animates the entire mass of Elizabethan literature, the identity of knowledge displayed, the thoughts inspired thereby, and the language used to picture forth those thoughts, may be fronted and confessed. The present paper is concerned only with a comparatively unknown little master-piece, “*A Cypress Grove*,” and with two Essays on the same

eternal problem—one the undoubted work of Bacon, the second ascribed posthumously to him by a London publisher.

Among Drummond's Cypresses a great peace broods; there is a smoothness and placidity, a great evidence of faith, not immediately noticeable in Bacon's two Essays. But the briefest comparison reveals remarkable underlying identities of thought and expression, which closer study would doubtless amplify.

For the sake of brevity and reference I call the undoubted Bacon Essay B. 1, and the posthumous one B. 2. The references to Drummond are to the easily available edition by Routledge, "The Poems of William Drummond," Vol. II., the Muse's Library.\*

The idea that Death is more terrible in anticipation than reality finds expression thus:—

D. 241.—More terrible in conceit than verity.

B. 2.—The expectation brings terror and that exceeds the evil.

And the reason for the *fear* of death is beautifully and identically stated—

D. 256.—"So little children fear to go in the dark."

B. 1.—"Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark."

But our authors agree that this doubting dread is easily overcome, and express themselves again with remarkable concord—

D. 265.—"There is no passion so weak but it mastereth not the fear of leaving it."

B. 1.—"There is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death."

Also, they are in unison in declaring that death should not be feared, it being but the freeing of the soul

\* Since this was written the firm of E. Grant Richards has published *The Cypress Grove*, in the Venetian series as a 6d. booklet.

from its prison-house, from fetters (albeit golden); that Death is but the end of corruption, the beginning of life; an episode; an opening of the soul's eye to its own fineness, and the grandeur of its Creator. Compare the following—

D. 247.—Wandering with golden fetters in glistening prisons.

D. 266.—“The deathday of thy body is thy birthday to eternity.”

D. 271.—“The last instant of corruption is the first of generation.”

D. 265.—“Freed of thy fleshly care . . . thou shalt rightly discern the beauty of thyself . . . God to whom thou owest thy being.”

D. 277.—Death, being of itself as indifferent as birth.

B. 2.—“Why should a man be in love with his fetters, though of gold?”

B. 2.—“The end of all flesh and the beginning of incorruption.”

B. 2.—“The soul, having shaken of her flesh, dost then set up for herself . . . shews what finger hath enforced her.”

B. 1.—It is as natural to die as to be born—and perhaps the one is as painful as the other.

That Death is by no means the worst of evils, and that it is not the length of life, but the quality of life's work that counts, is finely stated.

D. 257.—Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness.

D. 253.—“There is almost no infirmity worse than age.”

B. 2.—I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness.

B. 2.—“Such an age is a mortal evil.” “I should not be in earnest to see the evening of my age, that extremity of itself being a disease.”

We are but units in a procession, of necessity ever moving.

D. 244.—“They which prevent us, did leave room for us, and should we grieve to do the same for those which come after us.”

B. 2.—As others have given place to us, so we must in the end give way to others.

The following similarities may be noted—

D. 245.—"Old grandmother  
—dust."                      B. 2.—"Our grandmother,  
the earth."

D. 242.—"The great theatre  
of this earth."                B. 2.—"Into this wretched  
theatre" [*i.e.* earth].

Drummond and Bacon both argue that Death is not so painful as it would appear to be. We know Bacon's doctrine of Vital Spirits, and here we have Drummond saying that in death "the vital spirits withdraw to the heart (like distressed citizens which fly to the defence of their citadel)"; further, that this citadel is abandoned "without any sensible touch, as the flame, the oil failing, leaveth the wick." Now Bacon, in his first short essay, says that "death many times passeth painlessly, for the most vital parts are not quickest of sense." This is immediately followed in both instances by—

D. 254.—"Shrinking motions  
and convulsions, witness great  
pain."                      B. 1.—"Groans, convulsions  
—a discoloured face—the like  
shew death terrible."

The reader cannot fail to be impressed by the resemblance to Sir Thomas Browne's trenchant style. The following passage must remind one of another writer—"He should rather constantly endure what he knoweth, than have refuge into that which he feareth and knoweth not."

If this beautiful and thoughtful work of Drummond's were compared and analysed thoroughly, it could probably be shewn that every thought is reminiscent and derived from the great directing mind of the controller of the renascent literature.

There is scope here for an acuter brain and more retentive memory than the present writer possesses.

ROLAND J. BAYLEY.

“LETTERS FROM THE DEAD”\*

THIS remarkable book purports to be a series of letters written respectively by the ghosts of William Shakspeare, Francis Bacon, Guy Fawkes, the emblem writer Jacob de Bruck, and the mathematicians John Napier and Henry Briggs. A superficial glance might persuade the reader that these curious productions had been obtained by automatic writing or under some spiritualistic conditions. It may be that Mr. “Lector,” whoever he is, is willing we should infer transcendental sources of information rather than that his letters emanate from the fount of a fertile imagination. We venture to think that this book is not merely a *jeu d’esprit*, that “Oliver Lector” is not the name of the writer, and that the work has had no miraculous origin; in other words, that it is a serious production masquerading in the diaphanous garments of fiction. If mere fiction, no motive can be assigned to the author for bringing together in such bizarre co-relation so incongruous a crowd of spectres.

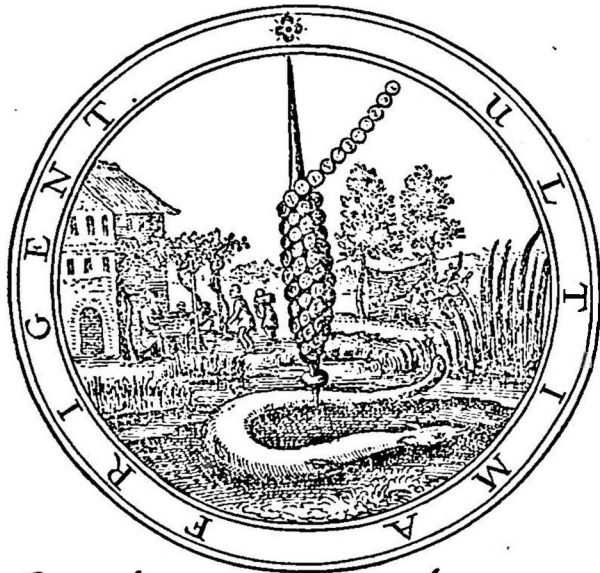
The book opens with a letter from Jacob de Bruck, who has been taxed in the next world (or perhaps in the next world after the next) with certain of his Emblem pictures which were published in the year 1616. Unable to give any explanation, in his extremity De Bruck turns to the shade of Francis Bacon and recalls “The booklet your Excellency for reasons best known to yourself did drawe me on to set forth in the ancient city of Strasbourg.” In a happy piece of Baconian prose, Bacon accedes to De Bruck’s request:—

“Premising this onlie, that the distaste whereof I have spoken proceedeth not upon anie ill conceit of your person; but rather upon mine inflexible opinion that

\* “Letters from the Dead to the Dead,” edited by Oliver Lector (Quaritch, 6s.).

all that I did upon those curious toys called Emblems devoured time that was ill bestowed. Methinks I did assume too great a nimbleness of wit in the Frenchmen of your time, that I builded too great hopes upon the sagacity of the German, and the tenacity and slow plodding of the students who dwelt in the Netherlands. Of mine own countrymen I did expect little; nor in this was I deceived."

Ten facsimiles of De Bruck's Emblems are reproduced in Mr. Lector's volume, and to each is appended what purports to be Bacon's exposition. We reproduce the first, which is expounded thus:—



*Quas tibi non justum nupera glomeramen avare  
Congessit, misceas prodigit altera opes.  
Vivus ocas cunctis invisus, inviditis ipsi:  
Framam defuncti nunc Libitina tegit.*



“You shall see in this Emblem that the wind setteth from that quarter where certain revellers are making merry under the trees : this is indicated by the waving of the sedge seen growing along the bank of the stream, questionless therefore the spear enveloped with ciphers threaded on a strand will shake and vibrate in the brize. The motto or poesy of the ring, *ultima frigent*, at the last they shake, signifieth no less. The eel prone upon his back denoteth two things, first the vowel *U*, that is *you*, may be supposed to utter this phrase, ‘You Shakespeare enveloped as thou art in ciphers.’ As hath been said the *U* may also be taken as expressing the Roman numeral *V*, hence that the five-fold cipher is like the eel his *back on* dead. The last line of the Latin poem, ‘Now the undertaker layeth hold of the fame of the dead man,’ uttereth a prophecy.”

Although in this and other Emblems Bacon refers to a cipher, and although in “The Emblem of the Author” the snail is *wearing a crown*, Mr. Lector contemptuously condemns “that mass of rubbish called The Five-fold Cipher Story which has recently bewildered and amused this age.” Our author brings forward the idea that Bacon’s bi-literal five-fold cipher is unconquerable, and this he thinks is prefigured in that strange book called “Willobie his Avisas.” If, says he (and the suggestion is highly ingenious), the name of the heroine of this book be taken and the number 5 be substituted in place of the *V*, or Roman numeral for 5, the name then reads, “A 5 IS A.” As everyone knows, “A” five times repeated (aaaaa), in Bacon’s bi-literal cipher, is the equivalent for “A.” We know, upon the authority of Bacon himself, that ciphers may be infinite in number—plain ciphers, wheel ciphers, ciphers with non-significant characters intermixed, wheel ciphers with non-significant characters intermixed. If we understand these Emblems at all; if we grasp what this author means

at all, the inference must be, not alone from what he states, but rather from what he has insinuated, that Mr. Lector has hit upon a key from which all his startling and noteworthy "facts" have been gleaned. It is idle to speculate upon the subject what manner of cipher a two-fold cipher may be, and we shall await with curiosity further and more copious details.

Like every impartial Elizabethan student, Mr. Lector has occasion to differ from Mr. Sidney Lee :—

"Felicitous is the lot of the English man of letters who constitutes himself guardian of William Shakespeare's literary reputation. Mr. Sidney Lee, a renowned writer, who depends, in part, on his fancy for his facts, and thereby has been much bepraised by the unthinking, is authority for the following statement :— 'He (Bacon) knew nothing of Napier's discovery of the Logarithms' ("Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," p. 248). So far as Mr. Lee is concerned, Napier's letter states the facts with pitiless accuracy; but *de hors* the record, as one may say, there are extant two books which utterly refute Mr. Lee's placid dictum :— (a) "Napier's Logarithms," 1st edition, 1614, annotated in Bacon's handwriting; (b) "Briggs's Logarithms," 1624, wherein Bacon, with his own pen, has verified some of Briggs's calculations. The irony which pursues men who 'know so much that is not so' will be borne in on Mr. Lee's mind hereafter."

The calm and forcible style in which Mr. Lector expresses his ideas leaves behind it a strong impression of reserve strength. We assume him to be a man rather of deeds than of words, and we trust that this terse little volume is merely a prelude to something of more pith and moment. The dedication of these Letters, "*Ad manes Baconi*,"

“ This, let my supplication be,  
 One fragment of thy radiant soul—  
 Of thy Promethean heat one coal,  
 O, Master-Mystic, give to me”;

together with the very free “Englishing” of de Bruck's Latin verses, stamp Mr. Lector as a writer of distinction both in verse and prose.

Having said thus much, it is a matter of genuine regret that we feel compelled to qualify our appreciation. Mr. Lector is free in expressions of something very like contempt for all Baconian literature which does not follow the lines on which *he* thinks the arguments should be conducted. We have no objections to his speculations, and we lend an interested ear to his theories, but we do object most strongly to the intolerant and scornful way in which he refers to his fellow-labourers in the field. In such a broad and many-sided discussion many minds may present the subject in as many varied lights, and Mr. Lector's point of view is not necessarily so self-evident that he can afford to dispense with all others. In his suggestion that the Shakespeare dramas form a part of the *Novum Organum*, Mr. Lector has been anticipated by Mr. Edwin Reed, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, Father Sutton, and the Rev. Walter Begley. Hence, it was either ignorance or arrogance that prompted Mr. Lector to say that we ignore this proposition, and “argue our case with nothing in our hands but the inept syllogism.” What this means we confess ourselves unable to conjecture. It is entirely untrue. If any method of arguing can expose us to the “scoffing and jeers of the world,” it is not that which, by patient comparison between the two groups of writings, seeks to prove identity of origin, and by historical arguments to show how entirely the results of literary criticism correspond to the facts of Bacon's and Shaksper's

lives. There is nothing contemptible in this. No writer has a right to tell authors, whose works he has apparently not read, that their arguments are "a trickle of trivialities into a puddle of platitudes." We cannot but deplore the flavour of arrogance which mars Mr. Lector's clever work and which culminates in the words just quoted.

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### THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF SHAKESPEARE

IT is the orthodox belief of all well-conducted persons, personally conducted through the realms of literary history by official guides duly equipped with the official badge, that the Shakespeare plays, *King Lear*, *Henry V.*, *King John*, *Hamlet*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, were founded upon earlier plays having substantially the same titles, and that these prototypes were the work of various authors with respect to whose identity there is no evidence, contemporary or otherwise.

That this belief is untenable, and that the earlier plays were, in fact, earlier versions by "Shakespeare" himself, subsequently re-written by him, has been very clearly shown by Mr. Edwin Reed in his book, "*Francis Bacon, our Shakespeare.*" In the case of *Hamlet*, Mr. Reed has been able to cite such ample direct evidence from the poet's contemporaries as sets the question beyond the possibility of refutation. Why, then, is the fact not acknowledged by the "orthodox"? For a very good reason. If "Shakespeare" was the author of the early version of *Hamlet*, he could not

possibly, by reason of the dates, have been William Shaksper, of Stratford-on-Avon.

In this article I propose, mainly by examining the internal evidence more in detail, to support Mr. Reed's contention as far as it applies to the play of *King John*.

For the sake of clearness I shall speak of the early version (*The Troublesome Raigne of King John*) as *The Troublesome Raigne*, and the later play as it appeared in the first folio (*The Life and Death of King John*), as *King John*.

The external evidence, though not so abundant as in the case of *Hamlet*, is direct and positive. *The Troublesome Raigne* was first published in two parts in black letter and anonymously in 1591. It was reprinted in 1611, when it was stated on the title-page to be “written by W. Sh.” A second reprint was issued in 1622, six years after the actor-manager Shaksper's death, the title-page bearing the words “Written by William Shake-speare.” This may not in itself be proof that it was really written by the great dramatist, as many plays appeared in print bearing the same name which are not allowed to be, and quite possibly were not, by him. But it prepares us for the more convincing testimony of Francis Meres. That author in 1598, when *The Troublesome Raigne* had been in print anonymously seven years, and before it appeared with Shake-speare's name or initials, published his *Palladis Tamia*, in which he gave the names of twelve of Shakespeare's plays—six comedies and six tragedies. He says, “Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentleman of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, his *Love's Labour's Won* (generally conceded to be another title for *All's Well that Ends Well*), his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant*

of *Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard the Second*, *Richard the Third*, *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*."

It will be noticed that the wording of the passage shows that he was not giving a complete list, but was merely instancing those which occurred to him as best representing "Shakespeare's" genius. An important point, which must not be missed, is that all the plays in Meres's list appeared in the first folio, and are now part of the accepted canon. That the allusion in the *Palladis Tamia* is to the *Troublesome Raigne* is obvious from the fact that this play had been in print for years, and continued in circulation through three successive editions for more than thirty years, while *King John* did not appear till 1623; after which no fresh edition of *The Troublesome Raigne* was ever issued. We thus see that *The Troublesome Raigne* was never attributed to any other than the author of *King John*, and it was attributed to him on the unimpeachable authority of a reliable contemporary.

We may now turn to the consideration of the internal evidence. The fact is, *King John* is not another play founded on *The Troublesome Raigne*, it is *The Troublesome Raigne* re-written. The author of the later version must have written it with the earlier one—or at least a complete skeleton of it—open before him, following it speech by speech and page by page, striking out, altering, or adding here and there, and condensing the two parts into one play. This will be abundantly clear to anyone who will take the trouble to read the two versions side by side. I incline, myself, to the opinion that the author originally made a complete sketch, which merely required putting into dramatic form, and that in later years he realised that this early effort was unworthy of his mature powers, and so he re-wrote it from the original draft. The following comparative summary of part of the first scene will serve as an example.

*The Troublesome Raigne.*

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, W. Marshall Earl of Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury.

*Q. E.*—Alludes to the death of Richard I. and accession of John.

*K. J.*—Replies and orders the French Ambassador to be admitted.

*Q. E.*—Guesses the object of the Embassy.

Enter Chatillon.

*Ch.*—On behalf of Arthur lays claim to "the kingdom of England with the Lordship of Ireland, Poitiers, Aniou, Torain, Main."

*K. J.*—Refuses.

*Ch.*—Defies John and declares war.

*Q. E.*—Sends a message to Arthur bidding him "leave his armes, \*whereto his headstrong mother pricks him so."

*K. J.*—Orders Chatillon an honourable conduct and declares, "We mean to be in Fraunce as soon as he."

Enter Sheriff of Northampton, Thomas Nidigate who whispers Salisbury in the ear, &c.

*King John.*

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury and others, with Chatillon.

*K. J.*—Demands Chatillon's mission.

*Ch.*—Addresses him as the "borrowed Majesty of England."

*Q. E.*—"A strange beginning, 'borrowed Majesty.'"

*Ch.*—On behalf of Arthur lays claim

"To this faire Iland and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poyetiers, Aniove, Torayne, Mainc."

*K. J.*—Demands "what follows if we disallow of this?"

*Ch.*—Replies war.

*K. J.*—Retorts "war for war."

*Ch.*—Defies him.

*K. J.*—Returns the defiance and bids the ambassador "be as lightning in the eyes of France, otherwise he will be there before Chatillon can report. He then orders him an honourable conduct.

Exit Chatillon.

*Q. E.*—Declares she had \*always said "that ambitious Constance would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world" on Arthur's behalf. It might have been prevented.

*K. J.*—Relies on his strong possession and his right.

*Q. E.*—His strong possession much more than his right.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex, &c.

Is it conceivable that "the apparition known to us moderns as Shakespeare" should, in the plenitude of his powers, have fettered his genius by thus straitly chaining it to another man's work? From the other point of view the treatment is perfectly natural—indeed, just what we should expect if he were re-writing in his age a production of his youth.

It must not, however, be supposed that *The Troublesome Raigne* is a poor or feeble production. Far from it. Singer rightly says that there is in it "so much stirring gold, in language and versification, in poetical ideas and expression, in humour, in power of dramatization, and in adumbration of character, that the author has good claim for some trouble to be taken to identify him." It is a fact that the verse is as smooth as that of the Shakespeare folio, and many passages rise to a high degree of poetic excellence. Witness *Falconbridge's* fine reply to the rebel peers:—

"Why Salsburie admit the wrongs are true,  
 Yet subjects may not take in hand revenge,  
 And rob the heavens of their proper power,  
 Where sitteth He to whom revenge belongs.  
 And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride  
 Give charters for the lives of lawfull kings?  
 What can he blesse, or who regards his cursse,  
 But such as give to man and takes from God.  
 I speake it in the sight of God above,  
 There's not a man that dyes in your beliefe,  
 But sells his soule perpetually to payne.  
 Ayd Lewes, leave God, kill *John*, please hell,  
 Make havock of the welfare of your soules,  
 For hecre I leave you in the sight of heaven,  
 A troupe of traytors food for hellish feends;  
 If you desist then follow me as friends,  
 If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors.  
 For Lewes his right alas, tis too, too lame,  
 A senselesse claime if truth be titles friend.  
 In briefe if this be cause of our resort,



Our Pilgrimage is to the Devil's shrine.  
 I came not, Lords, to troupe as traytors doo,  
 Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause.  
 Please you returne, wee go againe as friends,  
 If not I to my King and you where traytors please.”

Or listen to the despair and remorse of *King John*,  
 deserted by the barons whom his crimes have driven to  
 revolt, poisoned and dying :—

“ Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne  
 Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,  
 The least enough to loose my part in heaven.  
 Me thinkes the Devill whispers in mine eares  
 And tels me tis in wayne to hope for grace,  
 I must be damnd for *Arthur's* sodaine death.  
 I see, I see a thousand thousand men  
 Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth  
 And there is none so merciful a God  
 That will forgive the number of my sinnes.  
 How have I livd but by another's losse ?  
 What have I lovd but wrack of other's weale ?  
 When have I vowd and not infringd mine oath ?  
 Where have I done a deede deserving well ?  
 How, what, when, and where have I bestowd a day  
 That tended not to some notorious ill ?  
 My life repleat with rage and tyranie,  
 Craves little pittie for so strange a death.  
 Or who will say that *John* disscased too soone,  
 Who will not rather say he livd too long ?  
 Dishonour did attaynt me in my life  
 And shame attendeth *John* unto his death.  
 Why did I scape the fury of the French,  
 And dyde not by the temper of their swords ?  
 Shamelesse my life and shamefully it ends,  
 Scorned by my foes, disdained of my friends.”

Or, hear the opening of one of *Falconbridge's* speeches :—

“ My Lord of Salisbury, I cannot coach  
 My speeches with the needfull words of arte,  
 As doth beseem in such a waightie worke.

But what my conscience and my dutie will  
I purpose to imparte."

Who wrote this, if not "Shakespeare"? Compare it in general style and sound with similar speeches in the folio: e.g., *Othello's* before the senators, *Mark Antony's* at *Cæsar's* funeral.

These passages, and many others, are instinct with the Shakespearian spirit. Indeed, the spirit of "Shakespeare" breathes through the whole play. I cannot imagine any student of the great dramatist reading it and not feeling that this is so—any student, that is, but an orthodox Dr. Dryasdust who spends his life in dissecting literature and ranging the dead and withered pieces in a grammatico-anatomical museum. There are, of course, passages which, taken by themselves, would not be pronounced "worthy of Shakespeare." So are there in all of his writings. Not the finest of his plays is without them. Where the light is brightest the shadows show darkest. It is the dull day that has no shadows, as it has no sunshine; and it is only mediocrity that keeps on a dead level. But the play is full of short passages, too, which bear almost unmistakably the Shakespearean stamp. Let me quote one or two at random—

"Yielding no other reason for your claime  
But so and so because it shall be so."

Again:—

"But feare had captivated courage quite."

Compare Sonnet LXVI.—

"And captive good attending captain ill."

Gervinus, in the chapter on *Pericles* in his commentaries, speaking of a prose version of that play by George Wilkens (1608), says, "Shakespeare's pen—so easily is it to be distinguished—is recognised in this prose version in expressions which are not to be found

in the drama, but which must have been used upon the stage. When *Pericles* (Act iii., Sc. 1) receives the child born in the tempest, he says to it, ‘Thou art the rudliest welcome to this world that e’er was prince’s child.’ To this the novel adds the epithet, ‘Poor inch of nature.’ Merely four words, in which everyone must recognise our poet.” The remark is singularly acute, and it is just; and there is one line in *The Troublesome Raigne* of which I think a similar remark might be made with equal truth. When *John* first feels the effect of the poison and knows it to be fatal, he turns to *Falconbridge* and exclaims,

“Philip a chayre, and by and by a grave”;

There is the substance of a long speech summed up in one line with strikingly Shakespearean terseness.

To come to more particular instances, *The Troublesome Raigne* is full of Shakespearean characteristics, predilections, and antipathies. *Exempli gratia*, a fondness for playing with words and using the figure of speech known to grammarians as *oxymoron*; thus, “contented discontent,” “peerelesse in compare,” etc.; and even in tragic passages:

“Then doo thy charge and charged be thy soule.”

Again, a supreme contempt for the common people—

“The multitude (a beast of many heads).”

So in the induction to 2 *Henry IV.*, the populace is called “the blunt Monster with uncounted heads”; and *Falconbridge* can find no stronger term of opprobrium for the *Duke of Austria* than “base peasant.” Poisons are dealt with, as in “Shakespeare,” with true Baconian experimentalism. The monk who poisons *John* experiments first on a toad. “If the inwards of a Toad,” he says, “be compound of any proof,” the poison is safe to do its work; just so *Cymbeline’s* queen

proved her poisons first on dogs and cats, and *Cleopatra* "pursued conclusions infinite of easy ways to die" before she decided upon "the aspic's bite." The use of words derived from the Latin employed in their original sense and of words coined from the Latin we should, of course, look for in any play of "Shakespeare's." Needless to say they occur frequently in *The Troublesome Raigne*. Thus:—

*Lady F.*—"Why stand I to expostulate the crime with *pro et contra*?"

Latin—*expostulare*, to argue about.

Or, "oppugne against." Latin—*oppugnare*, to fight against; or,

"First, I inferre the *Chester's* banishment." Latin—*inferre*, to bring in or forward, and so on. But I shall deal with the classical element generally further on. There is one striking characteristic of Shakespeare's plays which I have not seen noticed by any of the critics; one which shows him to have had, I think, a familiar colloquial acquaintance with the French language. It is this—whenever he uses a French word or name in his verse, he makes it scan as it would in French, making the mute "e" a syllable, even sometimes with the stress falling on it. For instance—

"Thē mēlānchōly Jāquēs griēves āt thāt."

And so we find in the *Troublesome Raigne*—

"Hād Lymōgēs ēscāped thē Bāstards' spīte";

and Prince Louis says—

"And frōm thē hōllow hōles ōf Thāmēsīs

Ēchō āpace rēplīdc, *Vīve le Roy*";

while in *King John* his words are—

"Have I not heard these Islanders shout out *Vive le Roy* as I have banked their townes?"

But I must bring this consideration of similitudes and parallelisms to a conclusion, merely remarking that it must not be supposed to be an exhaustive study; it is only an *ex ungue leonem*. Anyone who reads *The Troublesome Raigne* with attention will find many others that have struck me, and, doubtless, more that I may have missed. One cannot, unfortunately, carry the whole of "Shakespeare" in one's head.

FLEMING FULCHER.

(To be continued).

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## ESSEX AND THE SONNETS

FROM Bacon to Essex is not a far cry; but I am unable to find that the latter has been suggested as the original of the young man in the sonnets. And yet there is some evidence in favour of this view. Sonnet 3 shows that the mother was living and had been a beauty in her young days—thus suggesting Lettice Knollys; 13 shows that the father was dead; and in 9 we see that there was a widow evidently attached to the young man. As Essex married a widow when he was 23, and she had been a widow from the time he was 19, it is not unlikely that he had arrived at a certain degree of friendship with her when he was "the world's fresh ornament" in 1587.

There are numerous allusions that would apply to Essex—even his motto, "*Basis virtutum constantia*," seems to be hinted at more than once:—

"In all external grace you have some part  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart." (53)

"Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,  
One thing expressing leaves out difference." (105)

"Since my appeal says I did try to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love." (117)

Then, again, the name "Rose" in the first sonnet and elsewhere, need not be a stumbling block, for it might be compounded of Ro. Es., an abbreviated form of Robert Essex. 128 looks as if it had been written for Essex's use as against Raleigh—especially as it was his custom to "evaporate his thoughts" in sonnets which were sung before the Queen\*. The sonnet must first be illuminated by a "Baconian Light."

"When Queen Elizabeth had advanced Raleigh, she was one day playing on the virginals, and my lord of Oxford and another nobleman stood by. It fell out so, that the ledge before the jacks was taken away, so as the jacks were seen: My lord of Oxford and the other nobleman smiled, and a little whispered. The queen marked it, and would needs know what the matter was? My lord of Oxford answered: "That they smiled to see that when jacks went up, heads went down."

—*Apophthegms.*

How oft when thou, my music,  
music playst  
Upon that blessed wood whose  
motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when  
thou gently swayst  
The wiry concord that mine  
ear confounds,  
Do I envy those Jacks that  
nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of  
thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which  
should that harvest reap  
At the wood's boldness by thee  
blushing stand!  
To be so tickled they would  
change their state  
And situation with those  
dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk  
with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more blest  
than loving lips.  
Since saucy Jacks so happy are  
in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy  
lips to kiss. (128)

Mr. Gerald Massey sees in the word *Hews*, in 20, a reference to Essex's title, "The Earl of Essex and Ewe,"† although in his opinion the whole sonnet is

\* "The Secret Drama of the Sonnets revealed."—Massey, p. 52.

† "The Secret Drama," etc., pp. 53-54.

addressed to Southampton. Perhaps he is right in the former opinion, but not in the latter. It would be strange if he had discovered, but failed to use, a key which may unlock many of the sonnets, and may, in the hands of experts, unlock them all!

What is the reason for the change in address from the 2nd person singular to the 2nd person plural, which begins in 13 and occurs again at intervals up to 120? It almost looks as if the poet wished to play (in sound) with the word Ewe as he does with "Will" in 135—136. Let anyone read 13, 15, 16 and 17 again, changing "you" to ewe in such places as would be appropriate.

With the lines in 17,

"But were some child of yours alive that time  
You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme,"

this form of address ceases until 24, in which the pronouns are mixed. This sonnet does not seem to be so pointed as many of the others. Leaving 24, we next come to a series 52 to 55. In 53 there seems to be a combination of Ewe and his motto:—

In all external grace you have some part  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Alter the spelling in 55 and we have:—

"Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall Ewe pace forth."

In 104 the line,

"Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green,"

suggests an association in ideas of ewe and yew; and there is a similar instance in 112.

"For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?"

The first and second, and seventh and eighth lines of 84 seem more intelligible when altered to

## 46 More Light on "Twelfth Night"

"Who is it that says most? Which can say more  
Than this rich praise, that you alone are Ewe?  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are Ewe, so dignifies his story."

Anyone who cares to look into this matter may be referred to sonnets 13, 15, 16, 17, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 71, 72, 76, 81, 83, 84, 98, 103, 104.

R. J. D. S.

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### MORE NOTES ON *TWELFTH* *NIGHT.*

#### III.

"Madmen must they be then, to lock up truth, for it will break forth, maugre all opposition whatever."—*Things New and Old.*

**I**N two former articles I have stated at length my reasons for believing the characters in *Twelfth Night* to have been taken from well-known persons. I add a list of these.

#### *Dramatis Personæ.*

Orsino, Duke of Illyria	...	Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lenox.
Sebastian, a young gentleman	...	William Seymore, second son of Lord Beauchamp.
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle of Olivia	...	Sir Gilbert Talbot, Uncle of Arabella.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	... ..	Ulrich, Duke of Holstein, Prince of Denmark.
Malvolio, Steward	... ..	William Fowler, son of the Steward to Margaret Lenox.
Fabian	... ..	Sir Francis Bacon.
Feste, Servant and Musician to Olivia	..	Cutting, Servant and Musician to Arabella.
Olivia, Countess and Princess	... ..	Arabella, Countess and Princess.
Maria, wooed by Sir Toby	...	Mary Cavendish.



Each principal person in the play fits into his or her part like a piece of exquisite mosaic. The more one studies the life and letters of Arabella Stuart the more convinced does one become of the truth of this view of the Comedy, *i.e.*, that it was written partly to amuse the Queen, stricken with a green and yellow melancholy, but more especially to further the cause of Arabella Stuart, a very near heir to the throne, fallen under the suspicion and almost dislike of the imperious Elizabeth, and who was, as her precious autograph book shows us, the friend of the Contriver of the Show, written by Sir Francis Bacon.

That Arabella herself may have had a hand in the dramatic production, helped to train its performers, and possibly may have represented Minerva's votary the fair Olivia, is not at all unlikely, judging by the extraordinary and mysterious letters she wrote to the Countess of Shrewsbury at this time. They really lend themselves to the interpretation that some such action was contemplated, and perhaps carried out, by her; the object being to present herself before the Queen less as the arch-plotter, secretly engaged in furthering the political schemes of Rome and Spain, than the innocent, sad Royal Lady, who, wandering in her beautiful London gardens on the banks of the river, amused herself with the sallies and music of her favourite lute player, and the pretensions of a ridiculous politician, lately arrived from Scotland, who fancied himself in love with a princess of the blood! Anyway, the love-lorn Duke Esmé, whom the Queen had forbidden her to marry, should be declared indifferent to her, and his emissary denied admittance to her gates before the eyes of Majesty itself, as indeed occurred at Puddle Wharf, Blackfriars, every day.

Rumour was busy at Court, and Elizabeth should learn the truth; and by a merry jest should be won

over to applaud even the cunning introduction of Seymore, Arabella's "Little, little love," into her home and heart. Perhaps the laughter which the droll *Comedy of Errors* would evoke from Elizabeth would quell the Bullen temper, which a projected marriage between twenty-seven-year-old Arabella and sixteen year old Seymore, also a scion of the royal stock, might too likely otherwise draw down.

Elizabeth would forgive much for the sake of a jest. A closer sympathy and a warmer intimacy between the dying Queen and her young relative might reasonably follow the unveiling of her true attitude and character, by means of the mirror held up to Nature by a Master hand.

Though Arabella, in certain undated letters, written in most cryptic and mysterious fashion about this time to Lady Shrewsbury, and sent on to the Queen, speaks of the "First-Fruits of my scribbled follies," she does not appear to have been the author of this comedy, but rather the supplier of portions of it, the arranger, perhaps, of scenes, etc., for she was to interview privately certain "servants" who were "to come and go"; possibly actors who required instruction in their parts. She writes to Edward Talbot as follows:—

"Noble Gentleman—I am as unjustly accused of contriving a Comedy as you (on my conscience) a Tragedy. Councillors are acquainted with our bad hands; whilst we wash our hands in innocency, let the grand accuser and all his ministers do their worst, God will be on our side and reveal the truth to our most gracious Sovereign, maugre whatever wicked and indirect practises wherewith some seek to misinform her Majesty."\*

That a person of position and influence was secretly

\* "Life of Arabella Stuart." (E. T. Bradley.) Vol. II., p. 119.

connected with the "action" of hers which should "bring reputation to herself and try her Majesty's love for her," "try what her friends would do for her," and how she "could employ her friends and servants," is certain. "A friend whose" credit is great with her Majesty, "one who had Friends who were his" unwitting instruments, who "did not know to what they were employed, . . . as I think very few did, if any,—for secrecy is one of his virtues, and he hath as many as I believe any subject or foreign Prince in Europe—or more."

A little touch which instantly brings "Bacon" up before us. Was it he? and why not? She goes on:—

"He taught me that one might plead one errand and deliver another with a safe conscience . . . and must speak riddles to their friends, and try the truth of offered love and unsuspected friends in some matter wherein if they dealt unfavorably, it shall make their ridiculous malice appear to their own discredit and no manner of hurt to others. He assured me that her Majesty offence would be converted to laughter, when her Majesty should see the cunning of the contriver to such an end as will be to her Majesty's liking."

"I am more desirous Her Majesty should understand every part and parcel of the Devise, every actor, every action, . . . till Her Majesty be acquaint and fully satisfied that I have done nothing foolishly, rashly, falsely, or unworthy myself." All this argues a certain freedom, which is recognised in the following: "Therefore I thank Her Majesty for that liberty it pleaseth her Highness to allow me, by the which I confer with my friends, without which I could not discover the truth so soon to Her Majesty as I trust to do, . . . I will reveal some secrets of love concerning myself, and some others which it will be delightful to her Majesty to understand,

I will send some to complain of themselves, I will inform Her Majesty of some matters wherof Her Majesty hath yet no manner of suspicion." And then comes a curious passage: "I will offend none but my Uncle of Shrewsbury, (Gilbert Talbot) my Aunt (Maria) and my Uncle Charles, and them it will anger as much as ever they angered me, and make myself as merry at them as the last Lent they did at their own pleasant Device,\* for so I take it, of the Gentleman with the Revenges."

Malvolio's last speech occurs to one at once. "I will have my Revenge on the whole pack of you!" The remark, "A good Lenten answer," made by Maria to the Clown, points to the season at which the episode took place, probably much as it is described in the play. To those who ask why Fabian is down as "Bacon" in my programme, I answer, Read Bacon's essay on Revenge carefully, and see how his ideas are Fabian's—a merry gentleman who has law at his finger ends, and is as honest and just as Bacon himself.

Will Fowler's discomfiture as Malvolio would have delighted Elizabeth, who knew him as the fantastic son of Margaret Lenox's steward, to whom had been committed certain precious relics of Mary of Scotland, to be preserved by him till such times as the little Arabella, with whom she lived in intimate relations at Hardwick, should be old enough to receive them—jewels of price. Margaret had fallen more than once under the displeasure of Elizabeth, and had been sent again and again to the Tower. This Fowler, a Puritan, a self-conceited politician, a go-between for Scotland and England at this time, would not have found much mercy at the Queen's hands if a jest like the present one were played at his expense. How she would have laughed! Arabella gauges pretty well the temper of her Royal cousin. In her curious letters she says:—"Certain

\* This word is used for the Malvolio incident in *Twelfth Night*.

offenders' will have to ask pardon for some iniquity which they are about to commit, for fear lest they should 'offend' Her Majesty for my sake." "And if they receive the sentence of death out of her Majesty's mouth, I dare answer for them they shall die content; but I trust Her Highness will with a smile deride their follies, . . . and give us all leave to impart our joy of Her Majesty's pardon to us all one to another . . . and make ourselves perfect in our parts, which for want of conference we have partly forgotten and partly understand not, and Her Majesty more merry, if it please Her Highness but to keep our counsel, and I will *instruct them* and send them to her Majesty one after another, and none living shall understand my drift but her Majesty, the noble gentleman whose name I conceal, and whom it pleaseth them two to acquaint without limitation."

It is interesting to note in one of the Talbot Letters that the old Earl found fault on the Queen's account with the state that Arabella kept up at Hardwick. The Queen seemed vexed at the Countess of Shrewsbury and her daughter Mary both being kept "under." This is shown by *Maria* being made Olivia's "woman."

The remarks of the Clown about "The Lady of the Strachy" who "married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe" can be read by the light of a certain John Starkey, who was tutor to the Cavendish boys at Hardwick, 1592—1602, and then hanged himself—some say for love of Arabella, and because certain rumours had got about that there had been a marriage between them. The old Starkey episode may be studied at length in Bradley's *Life of Arabella Stuart*.\* The line, "Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage," must have been added to the play after the man's death, in 1603. Feste's words, "He that is well hanged in this world

\* Vol. II., p. 92.

needs to fear no colours," probably has reference to the same business, particularly as a question about a piece of material, "*Geogra, Couleur de Roi*," which Starkey obtained for Arabella, was raised to his undoing. The part of Blackfriars known as the Wardrobe contained several churches. Starkey was a priest whose living was taken from him. If it stood in the Wardrobe, the reference is clear. I should be glad of any help in discovering this.

And now for a point which opens out a still larger and more important question.

Clever, managing, Mary Cavendish was the tenth child of Sir William Cavendish, and on the death of Elizabeth Cavendish, Arabella's gentle, sweet mother, became her second mother.

Why should Toby address her as "the youngest wren of nine"?

Because true History differs from History as we know it.

Shakespeare, notwithstanding what people say, knew what he was about, and is not found to be at fault.

Mary was the "youngest wren," and "of nine," because, according to my belief, Elizabeth was Mary Queen of Scots' *unacknowledged daughter*—a ward only of the Cavendishes.

Mary of Scotland chose her husband for her—Charles Darnley, younger brother of her husband—and without any reference to Queen Elizabeth the marriage took place, much to her fury.

Its fruit, Arabella, has always been a mystery to the historian. She in character, face, disposition, personal charm, passion for music, learning, cultivation, love of Masking or Mumming, and horticulture (in *Twelfth Night* she mostly appears in a garden), was Mary of Scotland over again, who loved her as a child.

I have before me two old prints—one of Arabella as

a young girl, the other of Mary—and the striking resemblance between them is extraordinary. To whom did Mary leave her precious Book of Hours (which is now, alas! in the Musée de l'Hermitage, St. Petersburg), the book in which Francis Bacon has written his name? Arabella. To whom did Mary leave her pearls, her valuable and precious jewels? Arabella. It was in Mary Queen of Scots' tomb that Arabella was buried. Mary hoped that, brought up under the eye of Elizabeth, Arabella would have been her successor to the throne. That Mary had a daughter is an open secret. "Burton's History of Scotland" (Vol. II., 2nd Edit., p. 58, and Vol. V., p. 100), Miss Strickland in "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and Miss Young in her "Unknown to History," more than hint it. I differ only as to the date of the child's birth. 1560 is the time I place it at.

Just at this time Mary was making her running with Elizabeth for the Succession—for herself as History tells us, for her daughter as I believe.\*

To the "wren of nine" hangs a tale of more importance than is usual to that tiny tribe, and much is to be learnt from it. I commend the ideas I have put forth to the readers of BACONIANA, asking them to suspend their judgment till they have sifted the matter. The Guises were not in favour in France. The Salic Law obtained, and there was every reason for Mary sending her daughter, if she had one, to England.

Our interest in Arabella can hardly deepen by all this knowledge. If ever there was a charming, ill-fated, irresistible lady, it was Arabella Countess of Lenox, to whom Mary Queen of Scots even gave titles by will. With some words by Isaac D'Israeli,

\* Buchanan's History of Scotland, Vol. III., p. 143. (Edinburgh, 1821.)

## 54 More Light on "Twelfth Night"

that subtle wit on historical documents and history, I close:—

"Manuscripts are suppressed or destroyed from motives which require to be noticed. . . . There is a partial suppression, or castration of passages, equally fatal to the cause of truth. . . . In Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII., I find, by a MSS. note, that several things were not permitted to be printed, and that the original MSS. was supposed to be in Mr. Sheldon's custody in 1687. Camden told Sir Robert Filmore that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Elizabeth" (p. 134, "New Series of Curiosities of Literature"). On page 256 appears these significant words:—"The name of ARABELLA STUART," Mr. Lodge observes, "is scarcely mentioned in History. The whole life of this lady seems to consist of secret history, which probably we cannot now recover. . . . Her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events, and more particularly when we discover that this lady is so frequently alluded to by her foreign contemporaries." Space forbids my quoting more from this author, which I recommend to those interested in the ever-fascinating study of Countess Arabella, the heroine of Shakespeare's *Mask—Twelfth Night*.

ALICIA AMY LEITH..

[David Rizzio, Mary Stuart's secretary and musician, was the author of *Old Melodies*. "So much loved by natives and admired by strangers," so writes Burton in his History of Scotland. Was he immortalised in Duke Orsino's "Antique Song" sung by spinners? (in the sunny land of France). Had Mary herself taught him that very song at Sheffield or Chatsworth (her prison homes)?

A. A. L.





LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE  
 "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(Continued from page 252).

13.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI DOMINI,  
 D. FRANCISCI VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI,  
 BARONIS VERULAMII, VIRI INCOMPARABILIS.

Parcite : Noster amat facunda silentia luctus,  
 Postquam obiit solus dicere qui potuit :  
 Dicere, quæ stupeat procerum generosa corona,  
 Nexaque sollicitis solvere jura reis.  
 Vastum opus. At nostras etiam Verulamius artes  
 Instaurat veteres, condit et ille novas.  
 Non qua majores : penitos verum ille recessus  
 Naturæ, audaci provocat ingenio.  
 Ast ea, siste gradum serisque nepotibus (inquit)  
 Linque quod inventum sæcla minora juvet.  
 Sit satis, his sese quod nobilitata inventis,  
 Jactent ingenio tempora nostra tuo.  
 Est aliquid, quo mox ventura superbiet ætas ;  
 Est, soli notum quod decet esse mihi :  
 Sit tua laus, pulchros corpus duxisse per artus,  
 Integra cui nemo reddere membra queat :  
 Sic opus artificem infectum commendat Apellem,  
 Cum pingit reliquam nulla manus Venerem.  
 Dixit, et indulgens cæco natura furori,  
 Præsecuit vitæ filum operisque simul.  
 At tu, qui pendentem audes detexere telam,  
 Solus quem condant hæc monumenta scies.

H. T., COLL. TRIN. SOCIUS.

13.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD,  
FRANCIS VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON VERULAM,  
A PEERLESS MAN.

Forbear : our woe loves eloquent silence, since he has died who alone could speak, could speak what the chivalrous ring of princes were lost in admiration at, and (who alone could) resolve the intricacies of the law in the case of anxious defendants. A mighty work. But Verulam restores too our ancient arts and founds new ones. Not the same way as our predecessors ; but he with fearless genius challenges the deepest recesses of nature. But she says:—“ Stay your advance and leave to posterity what will delight the coming ages to discover. Let it suffice for our times, that being ennobled by your discoveries they should glory in your genius. Something there is, which the next age will glory in ; something there is, which it is fit, should be known to me alone : let it be your commendation to have outlined the frame with fair limbs, for which no one can wholly perfect the members : thus his unfinished work commends the artist Apelles, since no hand can finish the rest of his Venus. Nature having thus spoken and yielding to her blind frenzy cut short together the thread of his life and work. But you, who dare to finish the weaving of this hanging web, will alone know whom these memorials hide.

H. T., FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

## 14.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI VIRI, FRANCISCI  
DOMINI VERULAM, VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

Te tandem extincto secum mors læta triumphat  
Atque ait ; hoc majus sternere nil potui ;  
Hectora magnanimum solus laceravit Achilles,  
Obrutus ac uno vulnere Cæsar obit :  
Mille tibi morbos dederat mors, spicula mille,  
Credibile est aliter te potuisse mori ?

THO. RHODES, COL. REGAL.

## 15.

IN CLARISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI BACON, BARONIS  
DE VERULAMIO, VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI,  
MEMORIAM.

Naturæ vires pandens, artisque labores,  
Arte potens quondam studio indagavit anhelò  
Anglus, Rogerius Bacon, celeberrimus olim :  
Optica qui chymicis, physicisque mathemata jungens,  
Perspectiva, suæ præclara molimina mentis,  
Vivit in æternum præclaræ munere famæ.  
Anglus et alter erat clarus Bacon Joannes,  
Abdita Scripturæ reserans oracula Sacræ.  
Stirps Baconiadum quamvis generosa Britannis  
Pignora plura dedit, longe celebrata per orbem ;  
Franciscum tandem tulit hunc : generosior alter  
Ingenio quisquamne fuit ? majora capessens ?  
Ditior eloquio ? compluraque mente revolvens ?  
Scripta docent ; veterum quis hic monumenta  
sophorum  
Censura castigat acri ; exiguoque libello  
Stupendos ausus docet Instauratio Magna ;

14.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS LORD  
VERULAM VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

You at length being dead exultant death in triumph exclaims:—“Nothing greater than this could I have laid low”; Achilles alone destroyed magnanimous Hector, Cæsar perished overwhelmed by one blow; death against you a thousand diseases, a thousand shafts had sent, is it credible that otherwise you could have died?

THOMAS RHODES, KING'S COLLEGE.

15.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FRANCIS  
BACON, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Roger Bacon of yore a most distinguished Englishman potent in art with burning zeal in days gone by searched out and made known the forces of Nature and the works of art: joining optics to chemistry, mathematics and perspective to physics, the glorious enterprises of his genius, he lives immortal through the gift of distinguished fame. Another Englishman, John Bacon, became famous by explaining the obscure oracles of Holy Scripture. Though the Baconian stock had given many noble pledges, widely celebrated throughout the world, to England, at length it produced this Francis: was ever other of nobler genius? of greater enterprise? of richer eloquence? of ampler mental range? His writings answer; wherein with sharp censure he corrects the works of ancient sages; and in modest volume the Great Instauration, the History of the Winds, the Image of Life and Death reveal his stupendous aims. Who of loftier soul exists

Ventorum historiæ ; Vitæque et mortis imago.  
 Quis mage magnanimus naturam artesque retexens ?  
 Singula quid memorem, quæ multa et clara super-  
 sunt ?

Pars sepulta jacet ; parti quoque visere lucem  
 Rawleyus præstat Francisco fidus Achates.

ROBERTUS ASHLEYUS, MEDIO-TEMPLARIUS.

## 16.

IN DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI JAM MORTUI  
 HISTORIAM VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Historiæ scriptor vitæ mortisque Bacone,  
 Sera mori, ac semper vivere digne magis ;  
 Cur adeo æternas præfers extincte tenebras,  
 Nosque haud victuros post te ita tecum aboles ?  
 Nostrum omnium historiam vitæ mortisque (Bacone)  
 Scripsti ; quæso tuam quis satis historiam  
 Vel vitæ, vel mortis, iō ? quin cedite Graii,  
 Cede Maro Latiâ primus in historiâ, (1)  
 Optimus et fandi, et scribendi, et nomini quo non  
 Inclytus, eximius consilio atque scholâ ;  
 Marte idem, si Mars artem pateretur (2), et omni  
 Excellens titulo semihomoque (3) ac studio ;  
 Temptor opum, atque aurum tenui dum posthabet  
 auræ,  
 Terrea regna polo mutat, et astra solo.

## 17.

IN EUNDEM VIRUM ELOQUENTISSIMUM.

Viderit utilitas, moniti meliora, sed adde  
 Ex Ithacâ, fandi fictor, et omne tenes. (4)

E. F. REGAL.

unravelling nature and art? Why should I mention each separate work, a number of which of high repute remain? A portion lies buried; for some also Rawley his *fidus Achates* ensures for Francis, that they should see the light.

ROBERT ASHLEY, OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

16.

ON THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH, BY LORD FRANCIS BACON, LATELY DECEASED.

Writer of the History of Life and Death, O! Bacon! deserving to die late, nay rather to live for ever, why, departed one, do you prefer the everlasting shades, and so destroy with yourself us, who will not survive you? You have written, O! Bacon! the history of the life and death of us all; who, I ask, is capable of (writing) the history either of your life or death? alas! Nay, give place, O Greeks! give place, Maro, first in Latin story. (1)

Supreme both in eloquence and writing, under every head renowned, famous in council chamber and lecture hall;

In war too, if war would submit to art (2), surpassing in every pursuit, under every title, a very Chiron (3); a despiser of wealth, and while he reckons gold less than light air, he exchanges earthly realms for the sky, the ground for the stars.

17.

TO THE SAME MOST ELOQUENT PERSONAGE.

Let expediency consider the better parts of counsel, but add, a poet from Ithaca, and you hold all. (4)

E. F., KING'S COLLEGE.

## NOTES.

1. Cf., "Leave thee alone, for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome  
Sent forth."—From Ben Jonson's Poem prefixed to  
First Folio. In his "Discoveries" he gives to Bacon the self-  
same superiority over "insolent Greece and haughtie Rome."
  2. *Marte idem.* Bacon here is declared great alike "in the  
field and in the Cabinet." But where did he distinguish himself  
as a military genius except in the plays of Shakespeare, where  
the soldiership is said to be as perfect as the seamanship or any  
other excellency of knowledge of all the "mysteries" of arts and  
crafts therein contained? It is known that Bacon was a master  
in all (or nearly all) arts and crafts, liberal and mechanical;  
nothing of the kind is known about Shakspeare the actor.
  3. *Semihomo.* This word here means Centaur. Chiron, the  
wisest and justest of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn, was  
renowned for skill in hunting, medicine, music, prophecy, &c.  
Himself the pupil of Apollo and Diana, he became the teacher in  
the above-mentioned arts of the most famous heroes of Grecian  
story—Peleus, Achilles, Diomedes, &c.
  4. No one can deny the extreme obscurity of this couplet.  
*Moniti meliora sequamur* are Anchises' words in *Æn.* III. 188.  
Admonished let us follow better counsels. But the two words  
*moniti meliora* are inscribed on the outer scroll of the left-hand  
title-page of the Frankfort edition of Bacon's works 1665, while  
inside is written the motto of the Bacon family, *mediocria firma*—  
moderation is strength. It seems to me that the two phrases are  
to be taken as forming one sentence. The meaning would then  
be: the best part of counsel is what combines strength and  
moderation. Now, applying this to the couplet, and in the light  
of what is now known of Bacon, the writer seems to warn the  
literary intimates of Bacon not to tell too much or claim too  
much for him, but that his memory would be best served, and  
the ends he had in view best promoted, by making no seemingly  
exaggerated claims of authorship, as in justice might be done;  
but to be moderate and yet to intimate that he was "a concealed  
poet (*ex Ithaca fandi fictor*), which virtually covers the whole  
ground of the Baconian contention.
- Fictor fandi Ulixes* (*Æn.* IX. 602) means Ulysses the counter-



feiter or feigner, but *ficlor sandi* would also signify poet ("The truest poetry is the most feigning," *As You Like It* III. 3); so *Ex Ithaca sandi ficlor* well suggests the "concealed poet," as Bacon writes to Sir John Davies he was.

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## NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

1906

I N all probability the year 1906 will be memorable in literary consequence. Certainly never hitherto has so keen an interest been exercised in the elucidation of the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, and the collateral issues which it embraces. In this New Year's Number of BACONIANA it is a pleasure to note that five new writers make their introductory bow, and the quality of their work promises well for the future.

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### New Shakespeareana

I T has been our agreeable task to chronicle from time to time a friendly reference to BACONIANA from the pages of the quarterly Magazine of the Shakespeare Society of New York. The conductors and editors of *New Shakespeareana* have consistently displayed a courtesy and friendliness towards their Baconian *confreres* which is in sharp contrast to the impudence and petulance of most English "men of letters." The editors of *New Shakespeareana* and BACONIANA have now the pleasure to announce that they have made experimental arrangements to exchange a certain number of their respective magazines; that is to say, that *members* of the Bacon Society will receive in future not only BACONIANA but *New*

*Shakespeareana*, and will thus be in a position to glimpse both aspects of the controversy. Eventually we trust satisfactory arrangements will be concluded by which the two publications may, without any loss of identity, double their usefulness. Both are pursuing the same goal by converging pathways, and sooner or later they must meet as fellow travellers.

---

### Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare

BY ISAAC HULL PLATT. (Gay & Bird, 5/- net.)

DR. PLATT has written a very interesting little book, and, what is better, containing very valuable matter. This is what one expects from such a distinguished champion of Bacon's claims. Dr. Platt is an investigator of more than one field of research embraced by the grounds of these marvellous claims. As a literary and historical exponent he has shown his ability in his well-known discussion with Dr. Appleton Morgan, a full report of which appeared in *New Shakespeareana* (April, 1903), the organ of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

The present little volume is mainly concerned with Dr. Platt's interpretations of Baconian Cryptograms in Shakespeare. As he says himself, deprecating the ordinary connotation of Baconian ciphers and cryptograms:—"Nevertheless there are Baconian cryptograms, and in this little book I have attempted to demonstrate some of them. They are very simple and innocent . . . nor do they throw the slightest cloud on the title of the present reigning family of England to the throne."

Readers of BACONIANA are aware that to Dr. Platt we owe the formation of a coherent Latin sentence from *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* in L.L.L. *Hi ludi sibi tuiti Fr. Bacono nati*—these plays, protected by them-

selves, originated from Fr. Bacon. This was declared by a Quarterly reviewer to be "magnificent, but not Latin." This reviewer is dealt with by the author at considerable length towards the end of his book. There can be no doubt but that the setting of the long word in L.L.L. is a most powerful corroboration of Dr. Platt's interpretation. He brings forward a new fact discovered by him connected with this setting. The question is asked, "What is Ab spelt backward with the horn on his head?" The author shows that a horn-shaped mark at the beginning of a word—on the head—in Elizabethan writing and printing stood for the syllable *con*. Therefore *Ab* with the horn on its head is *jab*, and backward = Bacon.

Another discovery is from the Shakespeare Quartos. From three of these, two of the year 1594 and one dated 1597, the headpiece is shown by the aid of diagrams to be a monogram of FR. BACON. Dr. Platt suggests that here we have the key to Marston's allusion to the "Sage Mutius," of whom it is said "Whose silent name one letter bounds" (*Scourge of Villainy*, Sat. IX.). A monogram is a single device, character, letter, containing a name.

We wish we had more space to do justice to this most interesting little work. What has been said will give some indication of the nature of its contents. It has its flaws like all human undertakings, but it can be said of it emphatically, as of a greater, that there "is more in it to be praised than to be pardoned."

---

### Mr. Edwin Bormann's Announcement

IT has been reported from Berlin by some English newspapers that Edwin Bormann, a "champion of the so-called Bacon theory, writes to the Press saying that he has succeeded in discovering Francis

Bacon's definite confession that he is the author of the plays generally attributed to William Shakespeare."

The confession is said to be "contained" in hundreds of verses—English, Latin and French—partly curious, partly comical—all signed by Bacon.

If these "signatures" are *not the anagrams* which we for twenty years have been discovering throughout the Renaissance or Baconian literature, or the *Progressive Anagrams* so ingeniously worked out more than a year ago by Mr. "Medfurl," this additional confirmatory evidence by Mr. Bormann will be most welcome. His book, with full details of the discovery, is to be published early January, 1906.

---

### Dr. George Holzer's Discourse on Shakespeare's "Tempest" \*

DR. HOLZER in a masterly discourse, issued as a 65-paged pamphlet, gives a general view of the Baconian controversy and a special discussion of the view of the *Tempest* as a kind of parabolic representation of the conflict between man and Nature, and the ultimate triumph of the spirit of knowledge and progress. This view has been maintained by other Baconians, and was a favourite notion of Donnelly's. But it has never before been expounded with such eloquence and in such analytic detail as in the present discourse by Dr. Holzer. This also appears to be an abridgment of a larger work on "Shakespeare's *Tempest* in Baconian Light," which was published in 1904. The fact that the *Tempest* occupies the first place in the Folio may point to some special significance attached to it, and the character of Prospero—the representative of *Hope of future good fortune*—is generally recognised as the ideal portrait of the poet himself wielding the rod of enchantment and magic which he casts away when the marriage between his daughter and Ferdinand is completed. The same happy alliance between the mind of man and the nature of things is shadowed forth repeatedly in Bacon's writings. The giants and dragons and tyrants of mediæval and Aristotelian philosophy are to be destroyed, and a new race of

\* Bacon-Shakespeare der Verfasser des Sturms. Nachhall aus einen am 24 Juni, 1905, im Hobbelerverein Zu Heidelberg Gehaltenen Vortrag,—Von G. Holzer, Professor an der Oberrealschule an Heidelberg.

heroes in knowledge, theology and science will arise. And as all the monuments of earthly time must vanish, and, like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision, leave not a rack behind, so Bacon's vision had already shewn him that the monuments of the Spirit are more enduring than the monuments of Time—even as uncounted palaces, temples, cities, castles and civilisations had already disappeared, while the verses of Homer remain without the loss of a word. The various persons of the play receive their interpretation, as representative of worldly power, of scholasticism, and the power of nature. And the author adds:—

“It is, moreover, worthy of notice that ‘many expressions, thoughts, and comparisons which are found in the *Tempest* are to be recognised also in Bacon's prose works. Over sixty of these are pointed out in my small treatise on the *Tempest* in Baconian Light’; and by a closer examination many others may doubtless be discovered. But even by these the conclusion is fully established that the *Tempest* and Bacon's prose works must be considered as parts of one and the same literary structure.”

Doubtless for German readers, Professor Holzer's summary of the main features of the Baconian argument are valuable. It is less necessary for English readers, for this has been presented by so many Baconian advocates that any repetition is now superfluous; and what is most necessary is a diligent search for all the details which establish the identity of Shakespeare and Bacon. Further, Holzer's discourse on the *Tempest* is a valuable and interesting contribution.

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### “Eclipse Endured”

TO THE EDITOR OF “BACONIANA.”

I WAS reading the Shakespearean Sonnets the other night and came upon a line which read—

“The mortal moon hath her *eclipse endured*.”

I at once asked myself, Where did I see that expression before—“eclipse endured”? Surely a Baconian phrase! Then a few days afterwards I was reading Bacon's great play—his undoubted play—*The History of Henry VII.*, and I came on the following expression, “The Queen hath *endured* a strange *eclipse*.” There is no doubt that both expressions referred to Queen Elizabeth. Can any reader of BACONIANA give me a third use of the expression? *Notes and Queries* has failed to give me the information.

GEORGE STRONACH.

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### "Arden of Faversham" and Sir Anthony Cook

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

IN Act II, Sc. I, of *Arden of Faversham* occurs the line, "Saying he served Sir Anthony Cook." The passage is irrelevant, and appears to have been injected for no other purpose than to introduce the name of Bacon's grandfather, the father of Lady Anne Cook.

The story of *Arden of Faversham* follows the account in Holinshed's *Chronicle*; "Bradshaw," "Black Will," "Greene," "Michael," "Mosbie," "Shakebag," are all taken from Holinshed; but in the *Chronicle* Greene is stated to have been the "servant to one Sir Anthonie Ager" (Vol. II., p. 1063).

Why does the anonymous author of *Arden* suddenly break away from his authority and transmogrify Sir Anthonie Ager into Sir Anthony Cook?

H. B.

---

### Concretes and Latent Configurations

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Having read Mr. Oliver Lector's *Letters from the Dead to the Dead*, I ask myself the question, Do I really understand what it is that Bacon intended to bring about? What, in short, are prerogative natures? What are prerogative instances? What are concretes? What, in short, are latent processes and latent configurations described in the 21st Aphorism of the Second Book of Bacon's *Novum Organum*? Do we really know—does anybody know?

M. A.

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OWING to the pressure upon our space several communications have been necessarily held over until next Number.

APRIL, 1906

# BACONIANA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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# The Bacon Society.

(INCORPORATED.)

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THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be:—

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius, and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

The Society's Library and Rooms are at 11, Hart Street, London, W.C. (close to the British Museum), where the Secretary attends daily, and from 3 to 5 o'clock will be happy to supply further information.







REV. WALTER BEGLEY, M.A. (1845—1905).

*Author of "Is it Shakespeare?"; "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio"; "Biblia Cabalistica"; "Biblia Anagrammatica;" Discoverer, Translator and Editor of "Milton's Nova Solyma," &c.*

necessary to add to, or diminish, many of the things that had been omitted or added to by Bacon's chaplain (Rawley), who, after the death of his master, had all the papers that he found in his cabinet confusedly printed; and he adds further, "I say this so that those who understand the English language may not accuse me of inaccuracy when they encounter in my version many things that they will not find in the original." From this it would seem that "D. M." had his eye upon an English edition of the work he was translating. If so, there is nothing anywhere recorded of it.

The license to print is not issued to "D. M.," but to one Pierre Amboise, Escuyer, sieur de la Magdelaine, who is said to have translated into French a book entitled the "Natural History of Mr. Francis Bacon, Chancellor of England, with some Letters of the same Author; together with the Life of the said Mr. Bacon, prepared by the said Applicant," which he desires to bring into light. This would seem to cut "D. M." out of the work altogether and make us look only to Amboise as the translator, though it is "D. M." who signs the Epistle dedicatory and who would lead us to believe that he had made the translation. Curiously, too, though the license to print is given with so much particularity, there are no letters of Bacon's in the volume; but at the end of it there is a translation into French of Bacon's "New Atlantis," which, so far as I have been able to examine it, seems to be fairly literal, and about which nothing was said in the license.

The book is dedicated by D. M. to the Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf, who was Ambassador Extraordinary to England from France in 1629 and 1630; and from the Dedication to the permission to publish "Avec Privilège du Roi," the book has all the appearance of having been brought out under auspices of the highest class and in a perfectly authoritative manner.

Following upon the license to print, there is the "Life of Bacon," and this it is that seems to be particularly interesting. Except for the allusion that I have quoted in the license to print, the writer of this is not identified, not even by initials. The short sketch that he gives is interesting in that it differs in many points from the Life that was brought out—long afterwards—by Rawley, and which has been so faithfully followed by subsequent biographers. We miss in this French sketch the little stories about Bacon's being called by the Queen her "little Lord Keeper," and of his reply to Her Majesty, when asked how old he was, that he was just two years younger than Her Majesty's happy reign—stories which (faithfully retailed by Rawley) I confess have never seemed to me to be particularly illuminating. Instead, we have the information that he spent some years of his youth in travel—in France, Italy and Spain—and that his father was extremely solicitous about his education and upbringing. Important facts such as these are unnoticed by Rawley and unknown to other writers. And yet in this life other important matters are slighted; there is no mention of dates of either birth or death, nor is the name of either his father or his mother ever brought out; his father is spoken of simply as "son pere"; his mother not at all; and it is important to notice that this "Life of Bacon" in French was the first that ever appeared in print. At the date 1631 no account of his life had come out in English, and it was not until 1657 that Rawley brought out for the first time his life of the Lord Bacon as part of the "Resuscitatio, or Bringing into Public Light of Several Pieces."

The first edition of the "Sylva Sylvarum" was published in 1627, but there was no Life included with that; and it was not until the 9th edition of that work, published in 1670, that the Life appeared with it.

Neither did the Life appear with the English version of *The Advancement of Learning*, published in 1640, as might reasonably have been the case; but, as I said above, it was held back to make its first appearance in 1657. This sketch that appeared in this French book of 1631—only five years after Bacon's death—is undoubtedly the first printed Life, and antedates its English counterpart by some twenty-six years. I think this adds very materially to the value of this work, and, in considering it, it is important to notice in how many particulars it differs from the orthodox conception of Bacon's parentage and early years. What "son pere" did for him as described in this sketch differs greatly from what Sir Nicholas Bacon did, or could possibly have done. Sir Nicholas died on the 20th February, 1579, when Francis was barely turned 18 years of age, and left him without any provision for education or maintenance. Such was not the conduct of "son pere" as set out in this Life. The cipher story, that disclosed the information that Bacon was the son of the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, born of their secret marriage, is familiar to students of the Baconian question, and it is remarkable how the language of this Life lends support to that tale.

The translation of the sketch is as follows:—

DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE OF M. FRANCIS BACON,  
CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

(Translated from "*Histoire Naturelle*," Paris, 1631.)

Those who have known the quality of M. Bacon's mind from reading his works will, in my opinion, be desirous to learn who he was, and to know that Fortune did not forget to recompense merit so rare and extraordinary as was his. It is true, however, that she was less gracious to his latter age than to his youth; for his life had such a happy beginning, and an end so rough and strange, that one is astonished to see England's

principal Minister of State—a man great both in birth and in possessions—reduced actually to the verge of lacking the necessities of life.

I have difficulty in coinciding with the opinion of the common peope, who think that great men are unable to beget children similar to themselves, as though nature was in that particular inferior to the art which can easily produce portraits that are likenesses; especially as history teaches us that the greatest personages have often found in their own families heirs of their virtues as well as of their possessions. And, indeed, without the need of going to search for far-away examples, we see that M. Bacon was the son of a father who possessed no less virtue than he; his worth secured to him the honour of being so well beloved by Queen Elizabeth that she gave him the position of Keeper of the Seals and placed in his hands the most important affairs of her kingdom. But, in truth, it pains me to say that soon after his promotion to the first-named dignity he was the principal instrument that she made use of in order to establish the Protestant religion in England. Although that work was so odious in its nature, yet, if one considers it according to political maxims, we can easily see that it was one of the greatest and boldest undertakings that had been carried out for many centuries; and one ought not the less to admire the author of it, in that he had known how to conduct a bad business so dexterously so as to change both the form of religion, and the belief, of an entire country without having disturbed its tranquility. M. Bacon was not only obliged to imitate the virtues of such an one, but also those of many others of his ancestors, who have left so many marks of their greatness in history that honour and dignity seem to have been at all times the spoil of his family. Certain it is that no one can reproach him with having added less than they to the splendour of his race. Being thus born in the purple (*nè parmy les pourpres*) and brought up with the expectation of a grand career (*l'esperance d'une grande fortune*) his father had him instructed in "*bonnes lettres*" with such great and such especial care that I know not to whom we are the more indebted for all the splendid works (*les beaux ouvrages*) that he has left to

us, whether to the mind of the son, or to the care the father had taken in making him cultivate it. But however that may be, the obligation we are under to the father is not small.

Capacity (*judgement*) and memory were never in any man to such a degree as in this one: so that in a very short time he made himself conversant with all the knowledge he could acquire at college. And though he was then considered capable of undertaking the most important affairs (*capable des charges les plus importantes*), yet so that he should not fall into the usual fault of young men of his kind (who by a too hasty ambition often bring to the management of great affairs a mind still full of the crudities of the school) M. Bacon himself wished to acquire that knowledge which in former times made Ulysses so commendable, and earned for him the name of Wise; by the study of the manners of many different nations. I wish to state that he employed some years of his youth in travel in order to polish his mind and to mould his opinion by intercourse with all kinds of foreigners. France, Italy, and Spain, as the most civilized nations of the whole world, were those whither his desire for knowledge (*curiosite*) carried him. And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the kingdom (*le timon du Royaume*) instead of looking only at the people and the different fashions in dress, as do the most of those who travel, he observed judiciously the laws and the customs of the countries through which he passed, noted the different forms of Government in a State, with their advantages or defects, together with all the other matters which might help to make a man able for the government of men.

Having by these means reached the summit of learning and virtue, it was fitting that he should also reach that of dignity. For this reason, some time after his return, the King, who well knew his worth, gave him several small matters to carry out that might serve for him as stepping stones to high positions; in these he acquitted himself so well that he was in due course considered worthy of the same position that his father vacated with his life. And in carrying out the work of Chancellor he gave so many proofs of the largeness of

his mind that one can say without flattery that England owes to his wise counsels, and his good rule, a part of the repose she has so long enjoyed. And King James, who then reigned, should not take to himself alone all the glory of this, for it is certain that Mr<sup>e</sup> Bacon should share it with him. We may truly say that this Monarch was one of the greatest Princes of his time, who understood thoroughly well the worth and the value of men, and he made use to the fullest extent of Mr. Bacon's services and relied upon his vigilance to support the greater part of the burden of the Crown. The Chancellor never proposed anything for the good of the State, or the maintenance of justice, but was carried out by the Royal power, and the authority of the Master seconded the good intentions of the servant; so that one must avouch that this Prince was worthy to have such a Minister, and he worthy of so great a King.

Among so many virtues that made this great man commendable, prudence, as the first of all the moral virtues, and that most necessary to those of his profession, was that which shone in him the most brightly. His profound wisdom can be most readily seen in his books, and his matchless fidelity in the signal services that he continuously rendered to his Prince. Never was there man who so loved equity, or so enthusiastically worked for the public good as he; so that I may aver that he would have been much better suited to a Republic than to a Monarchy, where frequently the convenience of the Prince is more thought of than that of his people. And I do not doubt that had he lived in a Republic he would have acquired as much glory from the citizens as formerly did Aristides and Cato, the one in Athens, the other in Rome. Innocence oppressed found always in his protection a sure refuge, and the position of the great gave them no vantage ground before the Chancellor when suing for justice.

Vanity, avarice, and ambition, vices that too often attach themselves to great honours, were to him quite unknown, and if he did a good action it was not from the desire of fame, but simply because he could not do otherwise. His good qualities were entirely pure, without being clouded by the admixture of any imperfections, and the passions that form usually the defects



in great men in him only served to bring out his virtues ; if he felt hatred and rage it was only against evil-doers, to shew his detestation of their crimes, and success or failure in the affairs of his country brought to him the greater part of his joys or his sorrows. He was as truly a good man as he was an upright judge, and by the example of his life corrected vice and bad living as much as by pains and penalties. And, in a word, it seemed that Nature had exempted from the ordinary frailties of men him whom she had marked out to deal with their crimes. All these good qualities made him the darling of the people and prized by the great ones of the State. But when it seemed that nothing could destroy his position, Fortune made clear that she did not yet wish to abandon her character for instability and that Bacon had too much worth to remain so long prosperous. It thus came about that amongst the great number of officials such as a man of his position must have in his house, there was one who was accused before Parliament of exaction, and of having sold the influence that he might have with his master. And though the probity of Mr. Bacon was entirely exempt from censure, nevertheless he was declared guilty of the crime of his servant and was deprived of the power that he had so long exercised with so much honour and glory. In this I see the working of monstrous ingratitude and unparalleled cruelty—to say that a man who could mark the years of his life rather by the signal services that he had rendered to the State than by times or seasons, should have received such hard usage for the punishment of a crime which he never committed ; England, indeed, teaches us by this that the sea that surrounds her shores imparts to her inhabitants somewhat of its restless inconstancy. This storm did not at all surprise him, and he received the news of his disgrace with a countenance so undisturbed that it was easy to see that he thought but little of the sweets of life, since the loss of them caused him discomfort so slight. He had, fairly close to London, a country house replete with everything requisite to soothe a mind embittered by public life as was his, and weary of living in the turmoil of the great world. He returned thither to give himself up more completely to the study of his books and to

pass in repose the remainder of his life. But as he seemed to have been born rather for the rest of mankind than for himself, and as by the want of public employment he could not give his work to the people, he wished at least to render himself of use by his writings and by his books, worthy as these are to be in all the libraries of the world and to take rank among the most splendid works of antiquity.

"The History of Henry VII." is one of those works which we owe to his fall, a work so well received by the whole world that one has wished for nothing so much as the continuation of the history of the other kings. And even yet he would not have given opportunity for these regrets had not death cut short his plans, and thus robbed us of a work that bid fair to put all the others to shame.

The "Natural History" is also one of the fruits of his idleness. The praiseworthy wish that he had to pass by nothing, but to connote the nature and qualities of all things, induced his mind to make researches which some learned men may perhaps have indicated to him, but which none but himself could properly carry out—in which he has without doubt achieved so great a success that but little has escaped his knowledge; so that he has laid bare to us the errors of the ancient philosophy, and made us see the abuses that have crept into that teaching under the authority of the first authors of the science. But whilst he was occupied in this great work want of means forced him to concentrate his mind on his domestic affairs. The honest manner in which he had lived was the sole cause of his poverty, and as he was ever more desirous of acquiring honour than of amassing a fortune, he had always preferred the interests of the State to those of his house, and had neglected, during the time of his great prosperity, the opportunities of enriching himself; so that after some years passed in solitude he found himself reduced to such dire necessity that he was constrained to have recourse to the King, to obtain by his liberality some alleviation of his misery. I know not if poverty be the mother of beauty, but I aver that the letter he wrote to the King on that occasion is one of the most beautiful examples of that style of writing

ever seen. The request that he made for a pension is conceived in terms so lofty and in such good taste that one could not deny him without great injustice. Having thus obtained the means to extricate himself from his difficulties, he again applied himself as before to unravel the great secrets of nature; and as he was engaged during a severe frost in observing some particular effects of cold, having stayed too long in the open and forgetting that his age made him incapable of bearing such severities, the cold, acting the more easily on a body whose powers were already reduced by old age, drove out all that remained of natural heat and reduced him to the last condition that is always reached by great men only too soon. Nature failed him while he was chanting her praise; this she did, perhaps, because, being miserly and hiding from us her best, she feared that at last he would discover all her treasures and make all men learned at her expense. Thus ended this great man, whom England could place alone as the equal (*en parallèle avec*) of the best of all the previous centuries.

Such is the Life. With the difficulties of translation I fear that I have only imperfectly brought out the spirit of the original. Parts of the work are so intimate and so introspective that the thought has come to me that I was dealing—not with Pierre Vamboise or with “D. M.”—but with Bacon’s own “*Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*.” One seems to catch the personal note of bitterness, grieving over unrealized hopes and shattered ambitions.

“The long bright day is done  
And darkness rises from the fallen sun!”

And again the fierce cry of indignation is heard at the recollection of the “monstrous ingratitude” and “unparalleled cruelty” from which he has suffered. All this is so different from the dry and precise details of Rawley’s “Life,” so much more interesting, and, if one may venture to say it, so much more like Bacon.

When we analyse the Life in detail we find passages that are impossible to reconcile with the theory of the Sir Nicholas Bacon parentage, while at the same time there are statements that will not fit with Leicester. The information that "son pere" was the principal instrument used to establish the Protestant Religion in England is not readily applicable to either Sir Nicholas Bacon or Leicester, though, I think more can be brought forward as indicating Leicester than Sir Nicholas. In the anonymous book called "Leicester's Commonwealth," first published about 1584, and recently produced afresh by Mr. Burgoyne, of the Brixton Library, there are passages that shew that Leicester interested himself to a great extent in what one may call religious politics. But, indeed, Leicester's power was so great, and he used it in so masterful a fashion, that almost whatever he had a mind to he could do.

The remarks about Bacon's ancestry are very significant. Tracing his ancestors through Sir Nicholas Bacon, how could it be said that they "have left so many marks of their greatness in history that honour and dignity seem at all times to have been the spoil of his family"?

Sir Nicholas came of no exalted stock; his father was Mr. Robert Bacon, of Chiselhurst; and his mother, Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Caye, of Pakenham, in the county of Suffolk.\* But tracing the ancestry through Leicester and Queen Elizabeth the statement was well within the truth. And in the very next sentence the author speaks of "the splendour of his race," a phrase quite inapplicable to the progenitors of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Of Leicester, too, it could be said with much more force than of Sir Nicholas that Her Majesty "placed in his hands the most important affairs of the Kingdom." At his death in 1588 he was

\* Birch's "Heads of Illustrious Persons," p. 31.

Lieutenant-General and Marshall of all England ;\* the latter a position that has never been held by any other subject. On the other hand Sir Nicholas, though he was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was never advanced to the position and title of Lord Chancellor.

Again, take the phrase "born in the purple" as applied to Francis Bacon ; this is striking in its clear significance ; so, too, is the expression "brought up with the expectation of a great career."

By no stretch of imagination could this apply to the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon ; Sir Nicholas died when Francis was just 18, and left no provision at all for him (see Rawley's "Life"). Again, how very clear and striking are the remarks about Bacon's travels. All that we know hitherto about his having been abroad is contained in Rawley's "Life." What he says is that Francis, being 16 years of age and having learnt all that College could teach him, was sent to be with the English Ambassador in Paris, Sir Amyas Paulet. This was in 1577 and, with the exception of a visit to Queen Elizabeth, he remained here until the death of Sir Nicholas, which took place on the 20th February, 1579. Barely two years covers the time of the Paris visit. True it is that Rawley in the "Life" vaguely says, "Being returned from travel," without specifying where he had been, or how long, or the time of his return. But this French Life plainly says that he spent some years of his youth in travel, and passed through France, Italy and Spain. We have here the very sort of education that one would say Bacon must have received in order to form him for the work he afterwards did. Note, too, the extraordinary sentence : "And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom," &c. What can this mean except that the author of this "Life" conceived that Bacon at

\* Stowe's "Chronicles," p. 750. Edition 1615.

that time was filled with the idea of his royal birth? The cipher story, to which I have alluded, tells us that he came to the knowledge of the wonderful position in which he stood when he was about 16 years of age, and just before he was sent away to be with Sir Amyas Paulet. In the above quotation there is an unmistakable recognition of this fact, and I do not think that there is any other reasonable explanation of the passage but that the writer had reference to Bacon's exalted parentage.

It is curious to note that from this period of travel the Life makes a jump into the reign, and well into the reign, of James I. ; all the period of Queen Elizabeth's life is passed over without a word. The hiatus is very remarkable, and may be not without significance.

The account, too, that is given of Bacon's life and work after his fall and retirement is very interesting and has about it a personal note that seems to me most striking. The thoroughly intimate manner in which the writer speaks of the letter Bacon wrote to King James is highly curious, remembering that this Life was published early in 1631. I conceive it is impossible that this letter could have been public property at this early date ; Rawley does not give it in the "*Resuscitatio*" published in 1657 ; nor is it given in the "Cabala" that appeared in 1654 ; but it is given by Stephens in his "Letters of Sir Francis Bacon" published in 1702,\* and in a footnote there, I gather that it was quoted in one of Howell's letters ; I do not know the date of this publication, but from Stephens' remarks it plainly does not long antedate his own. And yet the writer in this 1631 book speaks of this letter in a manner shewing that he was thoroughly familiar with it.

The choice of the person to whom this book is dedicated is not without a certain significance. It is

\* At pp. 272 and 297.

dedicated to Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf, who, as I said before, was Ambassador Extraordinary to England in 1629 and 1630. Allowing for differences of spelling, I imagine that this de Chasteauneuf was a relative, possibly a son, of the Monsieur de Castelnau, Ambassador to England from France in Elizabeth's reign, of whom Birch speaks in his "Heads of Illustrious Persons" (published in 1747), under the title "Leicester," as having been directed by his Government to press on the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester. The passage from Birch is extremely interesting, and as he relies upon the "Memoirs de Monsieur de Castelnau" for the statement he makes, perhaps I may be permitted to quote. He says: "When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, she gave him [that is Leicester] the earliest marks of her esteem, and in the first year of her reign made him Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter. Encouraged by these signal distinctions, he flattered himself with the most promising hopes, and imagined that if his Lady were dead he needed not despair of soon rendering himself agreeable to Her Majesty. With this view he sent her into the country to the house of one of his dependents at Comnore, near Abington, where it is said he first attempted to have her taken off by poison; but, failing in this design, caused her to be thrown down from the top of a staircase and murdered by the fall." [This of course refers to the unfortunate Amy Robsart]. "In the meantime he met with a more favourable reception than ever from the Queen. The management of all affairs was principally intrusted to him; and though Her Majesty did not openly countenance his pretensions, she seems not to have been at all displeased with the overture. She frankly declared to Sir James Melvill, the Scottish Ambassador, that she looked upon him as her brother

and her best friend; and that, had she ever designed to have married, her inclination would have led her to make choice of him for a husband. And some time after, when Monsieur de Castelnau, the Ambassador of France, was pressing this match by order of the French Court, she told him that if this nobleman had been descended of a Royal Family, she would readily have consented to the motion he made in his master's name; but she could never resolve to marry a subject of her own, or raise a dependent into a companion."

Of course, by the cipher story, we are told that the marriage had been performed a considerable time before the date of the conversation with Castelnau and, while he was pressing for the marriage, Elizabeth was holding back from the public acknowledgment of what had already been accomplished. Doubtless she wished to preserve to herself the right of either proclaiming the marriage, or treating it as a morganatic alliance, a policy of hesitation that was made decisive by the sudden death of Leicester in 1588. But however that may be, I think there is an interesting connection shewn by the similarity of names between the man to whom this book is dedicated and the Monsieur de Castelnau who favoured the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester.

It must be readily apparent that the publication of this "Life" at the time it was brought out, containing allusions such as I have pointed out, was not unattended with danger to author and printers, if these allusions were too clear. Indeed, to obtain the King's license it would be necessary to make these allusions sufficiently obscure. We must remember that Louis XIII. was brother to our own Queen Henrietta Maria, and therefore care would have to be taken that the Royal license was not asked for anything that might be obnoxious to Royal feelings, as this would be merely to court a



refusal. If one could find a Spanish edition of a work of Bacon's about this period, with a life of the author prefixed, one might look for a greater freedom of speech, and a further lifting of the veil.

There are other thoughts about this life that will doubtless occur to those who are more familiar with the literature of the subject than I. There is no mention of this book in Spedding, I believe, nor does he seem to have known of its existence. There is a copy in the British Museum, which I am informed was added to the Library about 1820.

GRANVILLE C. CUNNINGHAM.

12th February, 1906.

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*THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE  
OF SHAKESPEARE.*

(Concluded from page 43.)

WE will now turn our attention to the most important differences between the two plays. These are particularly interesting; for, while they afford the strongest evidence in support of the identity of authorship, they also point in the most unmistakable manner to the fact that that author was Francis Bacon. The brain that conceived *The Troublesome Raigne* is not a brain of intrinsically inferior calibre to that which gave birth to *King John*; it is a brain in an earlier stage of development—less mature and less experienced. And that brain is the brain of "Shakespeare." All the traits which are admittedly characteristic of his early work are there. But on this point more anon. The main differences, as I was saying, are generally such as we should naturally expect to find between a play written

by a genius in his early youth and the same play rewritten by him in his latter years, and particularly such as we might look for in the writings of Bacon's youth and age. Thus, one of the most remarkable changes in the later play is the absence of the violently anti-papal spirit which breathes through *The Troublesome Raigne*. In the former, John's opposition to the Pope finds expression just so far as it is historical and consistent with his policy and character. But the latter is made to *preach* no-Popery, and no possible opportunity is lost of dragging in diatribes against the See of Rome and the whole papal system. - An introductory verse gives the *raison d'être* of the piece as the representation of the man who threw off the papal yoke, even though the play itself, following history, shows that *John* actually ended by subjugating England to Rome more completely than ever. The Pope is “a priest, a man of pride,” “the arche proud titled priest of *Italy*,” &c., &c. Such expressions as “popelings,” “misproud priest,” “abbey-lubbers,” and so forth, are plentifully sprinkled all through. King John soliloquises:—

“Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man  
T' abolish Pope and Popery from thy Realme ;  
But in thy Seate, if I may gesse at all,  
A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.”

And again—

“I cry unto my God  
As did the Kingly Prophct *David* cry  
I am not he shall buyld the Lord a house  
Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth.  
But if my dying heart deceave me not,  
From out these loins shall spring a kingly braunch  
Whose arms shall reach unto the gate of *Rome*  
And with his feete tread down the Strumpet's pride  
That sits upon the chayre of *Babylon*.”

In *King John* the apparition of the five moons is

merely reported and supposed to presage Arthur's death. But in *The Troublesome Raigne* it is actually seen by *King John* and others, and explained by the prophet. The sky is Rome, and the smallest moon "that whirles about the rest" is Albion,

"Who gins to scorne the Sea and State of Rome  
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope."

One whole scene—the principal omission in *King John*—is written solely to attack and ridicule the monastic system, and to portray it as the home of immorality. The scene is broad farce, written in doggerel rhyme which very strongly recalls *Love's Labour's Lost*, and must have been very popular with Elizabethan playgoers. And finally the play concludes with the following couplet:—

"If England's Peeres and people join in one  
Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them wrong."

This is just what we should expect from young Francis Bacon, still under the influence of his strongly Protestant surroundings, and whose mother was so staunch a Protestant that the good lady on one occasion had a messenger from her dear son clapped into prison for no other reason than that he was a papist, and she feared the effect of his influence on her boy. On the other hand, we know how nobly tolerant of religious differences Bacon became in his later years.

Scarcely less striking than the modification of religious antipathy is the great advance which *King John* shows in power of characterization. This is a change which must necessarily be due to the experience of years. The characters—with, perhaps, one notable exception to which I shall refer directly—are not different, but in the later version they are more crisply and more consistently drawn. In the earlier play

speeches are sometimes put into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ* rather because the author wished them said than because they are suitable to the character. This is especially noticeable in the case of *Falconbridge*; doubtless because his is the character of greatest individuality. In both versions he is a “hote yong man” (*Troublesome Raigne*), “a good blunt fellow” (*King John*), with a strong sense of humour and loyal to the core. But in the later version his sense of humour and his blunt honesty are more prominent, and he never falls into a trance and poetic rhapsody as he does in the earlier one. The gain is great from a dramatic point of view, though we have to regret at least one passage of so much poetic beauty that I beg to be allowed to quote it. *King John* asks *Philip*, by way of settling the disputed question of his parentage, to declare whose son he is—not a very logical demand, but founded on an historical case which actually occurred in France. *Philip* thereupon falls into a trance and exclaims:—

“*Philippus atavis edite regibus*

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings ?

*Quo me rapit tempestas ?*

What winde of honour blows this furie forth ?

Or whence procede these fumes of majestie ?

Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho sound

That *Philip* is the sonne unto a King ;

The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees

Whistle in concert I am Richard's sonne :

The bubbling murmur of the waters fall

Records *Philippus Regius F'ilius* :

Birds in their flight make music with their wings,

Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth.

Birds, bubbles, leaves and mountains, eccho, all

Ring in mine ears that I am Richard's sonne.”

The exception to identity of character to which I alluded just now is Prince Arthur, though even here the alteration is more a matter of age than of actual

character. *The Troublesome Raigne*, historically correct, represents him as a youth, while in *King John* the poet disregards history and paints him as quite a child. This is a bold dramatic stroke, natural enough on the part of an experienced play-wright, since it makes the innocent victim a still stronger foil to his cruel and unnatural murderer. The young author, inexperienced in play-writing, would not venture to alter history; and to him, too, the historical Arthur, only a very few years younger than himself, would not seem so much of a child; but to the elderly man there would be little difference between a child of, say, fourteen and a lad of sixteen. So the unfortunate young prince of *The Troublesome Raigne* is a gentle, pious, and precocious lad, a (perhaps unconscious) auto-portrait, as I think, of Bacon himself. When he pleads with Hubert, it is the heinousness of the crime on which he insists, and the peril of Hubert's soul.

"Oh, *Hubert*, makes he thee his instrument  
 To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?  
 Heaven weeps, the saints doo shed celestiall teares,  
 They feare thy fall and cyte thee with remorse;  
 They knock thy conscience, mooving pity there,  
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell.  
 Hell, *Hubert*; trust me, all the plagues of hell  
 Hangs on performance of this damned deede.  
 This seale the warrant of the bodies blisse,  
 Ensureth *Satan* chieftaine of thy soule;  
 Subscribe not, *Hubert*; give not God's part away.  
 I speak not only for eyes priviledge,  
 The chief exterior that I would enjoy;  
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,  
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack:  
 A cause internall and eternall too.  
 Advise thee, *Hubert*, for the case is hard  
 To loose salvation for a king's reward."

And we trace the mother's influence once more in

the death scene. Mrs. Rose has maintained that in the early play Arthur “is an unconscionable time dying.” This may be so from a stage manager’s point of view ; though, indeed, he is not long about it. But stagecraft is responsible for the loss of one beautiful feature, which we miss with regret in the later version. When Arthur begins to recover consciousness after his fatal fall, his first words are to call upon his mother, whom he imagines to be by him ; and he expires with a prayer for her happiness on his lips.

We must now turn to the question of classicism. The amount of classical learning displayed—I use the word “displayed” advisedly—in a “Shakespeare” play is an acknowledged test of the date of its composition. In some of the earliest it amounts to an evident desire to show off the writer’s wide and intimate acquaintance with the language and legends of Greece and Rome. It will easily be seen how strongly this favours the true—*i. e.*, the Baconian—authorship of the works. We are asked by the “orthodox” to believe that William Shaksper, arriving in London “almost destitute of polished accomplishments,” as Halliwell-Phillipps not inaccurately but somewhat euphemistically says, set himself to acquire that extensive acquaintance with the classics which is characteristic of the works acknowledged as “Shakespeare’s.” There is not a trace of external evidence that he did so ; and everything that we do know for a fact which might give us any possible insight into his personal character, cries loudly that it is about the last thing he would have done ; every fact which we know of his actual life in the capital suggests that it is the last thing he could have done. His time must have been well occupied with serving and acting in the théâtre, and in pushing his fortunes with a success which argues a large expenditure of business talent, energy, and time.

Moreover, it was not classics alone that he must have studied, but also modern languages, law, medicine—in fact, he must "have taken all knowledge for his province." However, let us suppose that he could have done this; and, having stretched our imagination to this point, another turn or two of the mental rack cannot make much difference; so let us suppose that he actually did do so. What would have been the effect on his works? It may be stated with absolute certainty that we should have seen the classical element becoming gradually more and more noticeable in them for, at least, a considerable portion of his literary career. The real facts, as is well known, are exactly the reverse. And, in truth, looking at the question from an unbiassed and unprejudiced point of view, there can be no shadow of doubt that the young "Shakespeare" was widely read in the classics, and, with a touch of that vanity which is inseparable from youth, especially brilliant youth, was not averse from displaying his learning. This is a trait which would naturally fade with the mere advance of age and with the extension of knowledge in other directions. I must apologise if I seem to have digressed. I return at once to *The Troublesome Raigne*. I shall not weary my readers with a list of the classicisms; suffice it to say that quotations from Cato, Horace, Ovid, Virgil, and other authors; allusions to multifarious classical legends and history and Latin names, fall continually from the mouths of any and all of the characters, not excepting the ladies. Thus Queen Elinor asks,

"Know you not *omne simile non est idem*?"

Compare *Julius Cæsar*, Act II., Sc. 3.

"That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,  
The heart of *Brutus* earns to thinke vpon."

And Constance :—

“Must I discourse? Let *Dido* sigh and say  
She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy*.”

The siege of Troy, with its various incidents, is continually cropping up; the stories of Nero, Lucrece, and others; the legends of Phæton, Icarus, Io, the Giants, the Furies, Hades, and many more. The sun is *Titan*, the moon *Luna*, the earth *Tellus*, war *Mars*, death *Mors*, the Thames *Thamesis*, and so on; I had almost said *ad infinitum*.

There are two other characteristics of “Shakespeare’s” plays which are used, and, provided they are not strained too far, justly used, as tests of the date of composition. To these I must briefly allude. They are “rhyme” and the “run-on line.” Generally speaking, the earlier the play the more rhymes will be found in it. Let it be granted that *The Troublesome Raigne* is “Shakespeare’s,” and the amount of rhyme—even excluding the monastery scene, which is entirely in rhymed lyrics—would at once stamp it as a very early work; though the percentage of rhymes is so much higher in the first part than in the second as to lead me to believe that some years may have elapsed between the composition of the two.

The “run-on line” test is this: In the earlier plays of “Shakespeare” the number of lines in which the sense has no pause at the end of the line, but runs straight on into the next is very small, while in the latest plays such lines are very frequent. This test would also place *The Troublesome Raigne* in the former category.

Looking over the varied evidence collected above as to the authorship of *The Troublesome Raigne* and *King John*, I would sum up, if I might be pardoned for parodying a passage from *Julius Cæsar*, by saying, “When these prodigies do so conjointly meet, let not men say, ‘*These are their reasons, they are natural*’;



for I believe they are portentous things unto the author ; that they point upon one and the same author for both plays, whose pen-name was Shakespeare and whose personal name was Francis Bacon."

FLEMING FULCHER.

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## ESSEX AND THE SONNETS

"R. J. D. S." thinks there is "some evidence" that the Earl of Essex was the person addressed in the Sonnets. So is there some evidence that Southampton, Herbert, Queen Elizabeth, William Hall and several others are each in turn similarly identified—that is to say, there is a little of something in the Sonnets which, in an indefinite and aimless manner, suggests every candidate that has been nominated as the original of this mysterious friend, but all of whom fail when subjected to the tests of context, coherency, and clear intelligibility of interpretation. Upon one point only do all critics agree—that the Sonnets are enigmatical. Henry Irving, in *Collier's Weekly*, of New York City, a short time before his death, declared that the Sonnets of Shakespeare were the greatest literary puzzle of this age. To recognize the hidden, allusive and esoteric character of these verses it is only necessary to contrast them with the direct and plain narrative poems of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. There is, then, but one conclusion for a Baconian, and that is that in the Sonnets Bacon has given us an example of what he has termed "Enigmatical Poesy." Is it not inconceivable that Bacon, in such an art product of fifteen thousand words, should devote the painfully silly labours of his Muse in detached verses to sycophantic adulations and

salacious reminiscences of his personal friends, and then publish them together in 1609 in a small volume, in sequent order, divided into two great series, each with a formal opening and ending? And all of these realistic theories of the personality of the youth addressed in the Sonnets fall of their own weight when loaded with the obscurities and inconsistencies of interpretation which such theories necessitate.

There is but one personage which fits these Sonnets in a way worthy an enigmatical subject and the genius of their author, and that is the character of the elder Cupid, the Greek God of Creation, and the personification of Bacon's own poetic genius or spirit.

"R. J. D. S." revives Mr. Massey's suggestion that the word *Hews*, in Sonnet 20, is a sly identification of one of the titles of "The Earl of Essex and Ewe." This verse is nearly a key to the collection when properly interpreted, and is as follows:—

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the Master Mistress of my passion ;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion ;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
 A man in hue, all *Hews* in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.  
 And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

The "Master Mistress" is the poet's own genius of creative poesy personalized by the elder Cupid. But why should his mistress partake of the male character? Because poesy is a passion, and, according to Bacon, every vehement passion is of doubtful sex. He says in

the interpretation of the myth of "Dionysius or Desire" (and "Desire" is but Eros or Cupid):—

Most true also it is that every passion of the more vehement kind is, as it were, of doubtful sex, for it has at once the face of the man and the weakness of the woman.

There is little doubt that the "passion" here meant is the passion of the poet. Mr. Hart suggests this to Mr. Dowden; and even the literal Mr. Massey concedes that Shakespeare here refers to his Sonnets as his literary passions. He also points out that Thomas Watson's Sonnets (1582) are called "Passions" throughout. The two little ditties in *Midsummer Night's Dream* are termed the "Passions of Pyramus and Thisbie." That this passion of the poet was a vehement one cannot be doubted. He is "replete with too much rage"; his mind can "no quiet find"; he is "debarred the benefit of rest"; he suffers "in the distraction of this maddening fever," etc., etc. Shakespeare classes the madman, the lover and the poet together.

The seventh line furnishes a striking example of that tormenting criticism which tampers with the text as originally published, and, in attempting to mend, has irreparably marred it. Dowden printed the line thus, save the italicization—

A man in *hue* all *hues* in his controlling,

and this form has generally been followed until very recently. The meaning carried with the change is that of "A man in color all colors in his controlling." Mr. Trywhitt noticed the italics and capitalization of the word "*Hews*," and thought he had found a play upon some person's name. This in turn suggested the name of William Hughes, a contemporary poet; and this in its turn seemed to discover the mysterious

"W. H." of the dedication. Mr. Massey saw in it a play upon the word "Ewes"—one of the titles of the Earl of Essex—and to whom he imagined the poet had reference as a rival of Southampton. Mr. Dowden inclined to the opinion that the Sonnet was addressed to "William Hews," a popular singer who had been the favourite minstrel of the old Earl of Essex. Mr. Wigston, to the discredit of his usual perspicacity, found a play upon the word "you." Later, Mr. Dowden discovered that the word *hue* was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of *shape* or *form*, and he then admits that the meaning of the line may be—

A man in form and appearance, having the mastery over all forms in that if his, etc.

Mr. Wyndham very properly preserves the original reading and its use in the sense of *shape*, and says that "The line then means a man in shape all shapes in his controlling." But let us change the word *shape* to its synonym *form*, and then the line will carry the meaning slyly intended—

"A man in form all *Forms* in his controlling," meaning simply that his "Master Mistress" has the *face* of a woman and the *form* of a man. We catch the connection again in 62, where the poet, admitting his self-love, thinks no *face* is so *gracious* as his own, and "no *shape* so true"; and in 104 the same word is used in an identical sense:—

"Ah, yet, doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his *figure*, and no pace perceived :  
So your sweet *hew*, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion," etc.

We hear again Hamlet's famous observation—

"There's a divinity that *shapes* our ends  
Rough-hew (form) them how we will."

Forms was the key of Bacon's philosophy, and there is every reason to think that he applied it to the character and passions of human beings in his dramatic works. He applied the principal of forms to Induction itself. He says, in the *Advancement of Learning* :—

But the greatest change I introduce is in the form itself of Induction and judgment made thereby. . . . Now, what the Sciences stand in need of is a form of Induction which shall *analyze experiences*.

Listen to the language, of which this Sonnet is the echo :—

"Whosoever knoweth any form knoweth the utmost possibility of *superinducing that nature upon any variety of matter*" (*Advancement of Learning*).

The italics are Bacon's own. This would be equally true of poetic form, and it is in both of these senses that Bacon speaks of his spirit as "a man in form all Forms in his controlling." It was Bacon, according to Ben Johnson, who had "filled up all numbers"—who had mastered poetic form.

It is suggested by your correspondent that the "Rose" of the first Sonnet might be a compound of "Ro. Es." for Robert Essex. So it might be the "Sore" which the poet is over because his young friend does not marry and have "ten" children. And, again, it might, with better luck, by a slight transposition of the final "e" (like "Hamlet," from "Amleth"), be *Eros*—again Cupid.

H. C. F.

BACON'S "*NOVA RESUSCITATIO*" \*

THE recently published volume by the author of *Is it Shakespeare?* is an important contribution not only to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but to Elizabethan history. It is not simply a book of Bacon-Shakespeare polemics; it supplies missing chapters in Bacon's biography, and new additions to his writings. It fills up gaps left by Spedding in his account of Bacon's early life. Spedding's Life begins virtually when Bacon was nearly thirty years old. Spedding had no materials for the many years during which Bacon lived a quiet, solitary life, constantly engaged in study and literary work, denying access to visitors—distressing his anxious mother by the pallor in his cheeks, produced by late hours and uninterrupted chamber work. Spedding can see the quiet, solitary student, but he cannot point to any of the results of this incessant mental toil. He had made up his mind that no results shall be found in Shakespeare, but he had nothing else to show for it, and his resolute dismissal of Shakesperean composition in his estimate of Bacon really made him incapable of fully understanding the hero whom he loved so well, and to whose history and portraiture he devoted his life. For Spedding himself our affection and admiration amounts almost to idolatry; but his limitations were such that his judgment on the Bacon-Shakespeare question would be pronounced rank nonsense if written by a less eminent and revered man. We do not think it any exaggeration to speak thus of a critic who could say—"I doubt whether there are five lines

[\*Bacon's "*Nova Resuscitatio* ; or, The Unveiling of His Concealed Works and Travels." By the Rev. Walter Begley. Three Volumes. Gay and Bird. Each volume sold separately, price 5s.]

together which are to be found in Bacon which would be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with their several styles and practised in such observation." And Father Sutton (*Shakespeare Enigma*, p. 140) rightly characterizes as an "amazing statement" what Mr. Spedding said of Shakespeare's learning—"If Shakspere (*i.e.*, the player) had no learning as a scholar, neither do the works attributed to him show traces of trained scholarship, or scientific education." Mr. Spedding is obliged to qualify his statements about Shakespeare's scholarship and education by the hedging adjectives *trained* and *scientific*, which make the assertion pointless and indefinite. If he must admit scholarship and education, the denial of training and science is very debateable and not very important.

Surely Spedding put his reputation as a critic into great peril when he wrote all this, which Baconians welcome, because so shallow a judgment quite neutralizes the importance of his opposition. Mr. Begley takes up the story of Bacon's Life at the point where Spedding's narrative is blank, and points to the results of these early studies and the consequent literary production. He claims for Bacon the partial or entire authorship of the Bodenham books and of George Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, and other works attributed to George Puttenham; and he shows that these account for Bacon's early studies—that they supply a kind of porch to the Shakesperean temple, and fill up some of the missing sections of the "*Magna Instauratio*." All this is found in the first of the three volumes of the "*Nova Resuscitatio*."

Now we have no sympathy with that indiscriminating appropriation on Bacon's behalf of nearly the whole Elizabethan literature which some of our friends have advocated, although we believe that even with Mr.

Begley's additions the whole ground is not covered. All these questions may be left for settlement till the remote time arrives when all the critics agree to discuss our case without bias or bad temper, when Mr. Sidney Lee and Dr. Furnivall have learnt manners, and Mr. Churton Collins veracity. Meanwhile we think Mr. Begley's challenge cannot be slighted, especially because it takes a wider than a merely controversial range, and appeals to all students of Bacon and the literature and history of his time.

We need not describe in detail all the indications of Baconian authorship which Mr. Begley points out in the books referred to. We may, however, notice that three or four of the Bodenham books are substantially identical—the "*Palladis Tamia*," the "*Palladis Palatium*," "Wit's Theatre of the Little World," and "Belvidere or the Garden of the Muses"—and that they are all collections of detached sentences, referring to the topics heading each chapter, which answer to the description of the "*Tabulæ inveniendi*," or "*tables of discovery for anger, fear, shame, and the like; for matters political, and again for the mental operations of memory, composition and division, judgment and the rest, not less than for heat and cold, or light and vegetation, and the like*," which Bacon promises in the first book of his "*Novum Organum*."

Now, such tables of discovery, furnishing facts to be used in induction in order to find the law governing psychological conditions, are not obviously of much value. Induction does not help much when the disturbing factors of volition are present, and the failure to recognise this is one of the indications that Bacon's mind was cast in the mould of a poet more than a man of science. For this reason it is not at first easy to assent to the judgment of Mr. Edwin Reed and Father Sutton, that the Shakesperean plays are intended to



serve this same scientific purpose. How is it possible, we are inclined to ask, that "*Tabulæ inveniendi*" should ever be constructed out of these materials? But Bacon did construct them, and these Bodenham books are specimens of such collections, and set aside the antecedent improbability that the Shakespeare plays and poems are intended for similar uses. Indeed, Bacon himself anticipated the reluctance which would be shown to this feature of his "*Magna Instauratio*":—"Men will be so pleased with the example given that they will even miss the precepts." Mr. Begley has done service to the Baconian cause by his proof that the Bodenham books show that during his early life he was at once constructing "*Tabulæ inveniendi*" for his science, and preparing for the creation of the more glorious examples in poetry, which were to be so captivating as to cease to be scholastic. This is the topic of Mr. Begley's first volume.

In the second volume he extends the argument of *Is it Shakespeare?* pointing to a number of personal allusions to Bacon, as at once a lawyer and a poet, made by Ben Jonson, Gabriel Harvey, Bishop Hall, and others. We are glad to find that Mr. Begley carefully disavows all belief in the scandal which he related in his former volume, which caused much distress to many in our own camp. Mr. Begley, perhaps rightly, claims that no biographer of Bacon is entitled to ignore such facts in his history as the existence of *mendacia famæ*, although they rested on the evidence of unreliable witnesses. Yet Bacon, like the sun, was full of light; and such light is "Holy—offspring of heaven first born," which can never dawn in a sky darkened by sin. By his works we know him, and not by the unhallowed gossip of his enemies. Mr. Begley thinks Mr. Spedding, who certainly knew of these *mendacia*—for he refers to the books which record them—was much to

blame for ignoring them ; biography ought not to deal in preferences and exclusions ; it must show all sides of the character and all incidents in the history which it portrays.

The third volume is the most remarkable of them all. Mr. Begley, who was an indefatigable and skilful literary detective, picked up in a Paris book-shop an old French version and translation of Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum*," with a biographical introduction. This was published in 1631, less than five years after Bacon's death. If any biographer or critic of Bacon had chanced to see this volume, and omitted to examine it carefully, he would probably put it aside, concluding that it was simply a French version of what we already possess in a better form. But this conclusion would be a mistake. The French version is not the same as the English. In some respects it is better—more methodically arranged. It is differently constructed, containing six books instead of ten, and it contains discussions of matters in natural history not referred to, or differently treated, in Dr. Rawley's version. For instance, we find a curious discussion on the generation of metals, which is almost as remarkable as the wonderful investigation into the nature of heat which occupies most of the second book of the "*Novum Organum*," for it to some extent anticipates the discoveries and speculations of Sir William Ramsay and Sir Oliver Lodge. There are new contributions to Bacon's literary work in this remarkable volume, and the Biographical Introduction relates facts in Bacon's early life not contained in Spedding's Life, proving (what Spedding only inferred) that Bacon travelled into Italy and Spain ; probably also into Scotland.

Mr. Begley discusses the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy with great vigour and ability, and exposes the unscrupulous character of the criticisms made by such

adversaries as Mr. Sidney Lee and Mr. Churton Collins with much humour and unsparing condemnation. He supplies quite a new explanation of Bacon's anonymous publication of his poems and plays. "Bacon kept his name from the title-pages of his poems and plays because, for one thing, he had learnt a lesson from what befell his father, Sir Nicholas. The greatest and almost the only mistake that very able man made was to give his adversaries an advantage over him by assisting Hales in his treatise on the title of the Scottish queen. If he had only 'concealed' his share in the book, and made Hales his instrument or mask, he would have saved himself, I may say, years of worry and vexation. Sir Nicholas Bacon's known connection with that book was the means of excluding him from the Privy Council, after he had been several years in the possession of the Great Seal, and owing to the animosity of the Earl of Leicester, he did not for some time re-establish himself in the Queen's favour. Here was, indeed, a lesson to young Francis, and he took it, in numerous instances, during his life" (Vol. III., p. 152).

By this work Mr. Begley takes his rank in the highest class of Baconian critics and biographers, and the most able and resolute champions of the Bacon-Shakespeare claims. For this reason he deserves some personal record in our journal.

Rev. Walter Begley was born at King's Lynn, in Norfolk, in 1845, and died at West Hampstead, December 3rd, 1905, rather more than sixty years of age. He became a clergyman soon after graduation at Cambridge and took curate's duty at Weston-sub-Edge, Gloucestershire, and subsequently at Marylebone and St. John's Wood. He was Vicar of East Hyde, Luton, in Bedfordshire, between 1880 and 1898, and then retired to West Hampstead, and devoted himself to literary pursuits, to book-hunting, book-

collecting, and book-writing—"a Scholar, Bouquineur, Bouquiniste, Bibliophile, and Biblio-grapher," as he described himself in the Dedication of his "*Biblia Anagrammatica*." He collected a large and valuable library, travelling far and wide in his search after books, and the results of his researches are contained in the books already mentioned, besides the "*Biblia Cabalistica*" and "*Breviarium Anagrammaticum*," and other books, some not yet published, or printed for private circulation. He was a widower for about three years before his death, childless, with very few relations, living a solitary life in a house full of books, but strangely deficient in domestic comfort, for which his absorption in study left him little concern. About a year ago his health failed, at first by an attack described as ophthalmia, but which proved to be malignant disease of the orbits and nasal passages, with constant hemorrhage, without severe pain, but attended by ever increasing prostration. For some weeks before he died he was generally unconscious. His kind, skilful, and devoted nurse kept him alive by feeding through an œsophagean tube, and thus prolonged his life for some time; but the fatal event could not be averted. Sad, indeed, was it to see one of Milton's most accomplished followers, with some of his gifts, inheriting also his calamity of blindness.

Mr. Begley was a clergyman of the Broad Church type, tending to High; somewhat of a mystic in some branches of his faith, with ideas much akin to the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondences. He had a singularly open mind, and in his latest work did not hesitate to express belief in spiritualism and mesmerism, and some other tabooed topics. The Baconian cause has lost in Mr. Begley an able advocate, and his name will remain as one of the most prolific contributors to our arguments.

R. M. THEOBALD.

## THE DROESHOUT FRONTISPIECE

THE German author, Edwin Bormann ("Die Kunst des Pseudonyms," p. 106), has remarked that the Shakespeare portrait on the title-page of the folio of 1623 is the portrait of a nobleman, the garb being such as worn by noblemen, and that the inexpressive face is only a mask. He has drawn the attention to the double line under the left ear and has explained the upper line as the mark between mask and flesh.

Let us follow up this supposition and consider Ben Jonson's verse, facing the portrait :—

## TO THE READER.

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

At the first glance this verse seems to contain merely an indication of the depicted gentleman's name, combined, in a witty manner, with an exhortation to read the book. But on closer examination it appears unintelligible where it describes the work of the graver Droeshout. Were it not a jest, it would contain a ridiculous conception of a graver's task, and its conclusion would be illogical.

The verse affirms that Martin Droeshout "had a strife with nature to out-doo the life." Taking the word *out-do* in its common signification as synonymous to *surpass*, *excel*, the passage is unintelligible to me.

No graver can do more than imitate and represent the life: why ought he surpass it? What would a *surpassed life* be in a portrait? Why would nature oppose that remarkable doing of a graver? Since the graver is said to have had "a strife" with nature, nature seems to have hindered him in surpassing the life. A very strange behaviour of nature.

Ben Jonson's conception of a graver's task is not less strange. The desire that the graver should have drawne the *wit in brasse*, is a very far going exigency. Had Ben Jonson been in a serious mood when making the verse, he would have declared himself satisfied by the more modest performance—the gravings of gentle Shakespeare's material face.

The exclamation, *O, could he but have drawne his wit*, etc., is evidently an artificial manner to arrive at the illogical and surprising conclusion of the verse, not to look on the picture but the book. The conclusion would have been logical if the verse had run: "but, since he cannot, be content with what the graver's art has spent." Instead of this simple but natural solace for our missing the "*wit in brasse*," Ben Jonson offers us the book, inviting us *not to look* on the picture! An exhortation not flattering to Droeshout. If we have not to look on the picture, why has it been put on the title-page? If it is a real portrait of the poet, then it is worth looking at; it would have been the only reproduction of the face of a man, whom some pages further Ben Jonson honoured:—

Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe  
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe,  
He was not of an age, but for all time!

The suggestion of Ben Jonson is not only illogical, it is rather stupendous.

In connexion with Bormann's meaning that the

portrait is a masked nobleman's, another interpretation of the verse appears to be possible.

The difficulty lies in the words that the graver did *out-doo the life*, and that he has *hit the face*.

But the word out-do may not only mean *to surpass*; it may also have a literal meaning, viz., to efface. The first signification is the metaphorical, the second the etymological one. In the English the word seems to be used only in the metaphorical signification, but why would the etymological sense be absolutely forbidden? In Dutch exactly the same word *uitdoen* is exclusively used in its literal sense: to wear out, to erase, to efface. In the second verse of Ben Jonson to Mr. William Shakespeare we find a word in the same double-sense: out-shine. It means to efface and to surpass: "And tell, how far thou didst our Lily out-shine."

Secondly: "he hath hit his face." Can this not contain a pun? If we read "he has *hid* his face," the verse becomes intelligible. The portrait has a remote resemblance to Bacon's well-known portrait, made by Paul van Somer. The verse would hint that the graver did not easily reach his aim—to destroy the lines of Bacon's face and to give a mock-portrait, of which Bacon's friends could think for themselves this is Bacon, and at the same time openly declare this is Shakespeare. In 1623 Shakespeare, who had left London since about twenty years, was most likely unknown to the buyers of the folio, and even if vaguely remembering the manager's face no one had any interest to openly criticise Droeshout's engraving.

#### TO THE READER.

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Wherein the Graver had a strife  
With Nature to efface the life:

O, could he but have drawne his wit  
 As well in brasse, as he has hid  
 His face ; the Print would then surpasse  
 All, that was ever writ in brasse,  
 But, since he cannot, Reader, looke  
 Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

J. d'AULNIS DE BOUROUILL.

University of Utrecht (Holland).

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## Peter Böener's Testimony

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Peter Böener, an apothecary of Nymegen, Holland, published at Leyden, in 1647, a translation into Dutch of forty-six of Bacon's Essays, the "Wisdom of the Ancients," and the "Religious Meditations."

So far as I am able to judge, the translation appears to have been made with scholarly fidelity to the originals and with not a little skill. This much has long been known. In the year 1871 a gentleman discovered in Amsterdam a copy of this forgotten book and communicated the fact of his discovery to the *Athenæum*.

Spedding unfortunately appears to have contented himself with so much knowledge of the book only as the *Athenæum* article supplied. He nowhere cites the original book, nor does it appear that he ever examined a copy. This is not strange, since there is no copy in the British Museum, nor so far as I can learn in any other English Library.

The chief interest in the book centres in the life of Bacon, written by Peter Böener, prefixed to the Leyden Edition of 1647.

Now, Böener had his information about Bacon at first hand. For many years he was a servant of Bacon—his domestic apothecary and occasional amanuensis. He quitted his employment as late as the year 1623.

If there was any rumour in 1623, or tradition in 1647, that Bacon masqueraded in literature under another name, Böener was as likely a man as any both to know and chronicle the fact.

The business of this letter is to point out that Böener does, in unmistakable language, voice such a belief and intimate such a suspicion. Here is the original passage in Böener's words, to which I have appended my own translation :—

"Hy alsoo in Wijshcyt ende Welspreeckentheyt uytmuntende, en allen te boven gaende (ut & Libri & acta probant) Wierde daerom oock ten laetsten in sijn Vaderlandt van veel Navolgers benijdt, als eenen Phœnix, die gheen gehelijcken en hadde,



en gehelijck eenen Propheet, die selden verheven wordt Sijn Eyghen landt; van welcke voor—verhaelde dingen, Sijne Boecken genoescham getuygen, als onder andere oock sijn *Historia Ventorum.*"

So in wisdom and surpassing eloquence he excelled all, as his books and deeds attest, although, in his fatherland, the last to be appreciated, because so many imitators envied him—for the Phœnix, like a prophet, is not without honour save in his own country. His books avouch the truth of the last statement, *although under another*; likewise his "History of the Winds," etc.

The italics, "although under another," are my own. There is a manifest hiatus of the Dutch word "naam" after 'als onder andere,' and the passage should read, "although under another name."

Such a conjectural emendation is permitted with classical authors—in the Shakespearean text and in the Holy Scriptures—but, it seems, must not be used to restore to Francis Bacon his literary estate. Yours respectfully, J. W. GARDNER.

## The Poet's Eye

### TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

1. An ordinary mind is unaffected by sights which to the poet are full of imagery.

The anonymous author of the play of *Edward III.* (printed 1596), contemplating the view of ships at a distance, called up a simile:—

"The proud Armado of King Edward's ships,  
Which at the first far off when I did ken,  
Seemed as it were a grove of withered pines."

2. In *Macbeth* (printed 1623), the "moving grove" idea is again introduced in the witches' prophecy that "*Macbeth* shall not be vanquished until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come again." We know how the boughs of Birnam Wood were cut down and used by *Macduff's* soldiers to mask their approach. "Methought it moved and Birnam's Wood had come to Dunsinane."

3. In his translation of the 104th Psalm (printed 1625), Francis Bacon deals with the same simile. There is nothing in the Psalm to suggest the picture. The 26th verse contains the simple line, "There go the ships," which adverts to the "great and wide sea" of the previous verse. Bacon versifies it as follows:—

"There do the stately ships plough up the floods;  
The greater navies look like walking woods."

Identity of expression was quite common amongst Elizabethan writers, say the omniscient critics. Yet instances 2 and 3 look very like re-forgings in the same brain of the original concept of instance 1.

PARKER WOODWARD.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE  
 "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(Continued from page 63).

18.

IN OBITUM LITERATISSIMI JUXTA AC NOBILISSIMI  
 VIRI FRANCISCI DOMINI VERULAM VICECOMITIS  
 SANCTI ALBANI.

Occidit aute diem musarum phosphorus! ipsa  
 Occidit ah clarii (1) cura, dolorque Dei.  
 Deliciæ (naturæ) tuæ; mundique Baconus;  
 Mortis (quod mirum est) ipsius ipse dolor.  
 Quid non crudelis voluit sibi parca licere?  
 Parcere mors vellet, noluit illa tamen.  
 Melpomene objurgans hoc nollet ferre; deditque  
 Insuper ad tetricas talia dicta deas:  
 Crudelis nunquam verè prius Atropos; orbem  
 Totum habeas, Phæbum tu modo redde meum.  
 Hei mihi! nec cælum, nec mors, nec musa (Bacone)  
 Obstabant fati, nec mea vota tuis. (2)

19.

IN OBITUM EJUSDEM.

Si repetes quantum mundo musique (Bacone)  
 Donasti, vel si creditor esse velis;  
 Conturbabit (3) amor, mundus, musæque, Jovisque  
 Arca, preces, cælum, carmina, thura, dolor;  
 Quid possunt artes, quidve invidiosa (4) vetustas?  
 Invidiam tandem desinat esse licet.  
 Sustineas fælix, maneasque (Bacone) necesse est,  
 Ah natura nihil, quod tibi solvat, habet.

18.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST LEARNED AND NOBLE  
FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

The day-star of the Muses has set before his hour! the special care and special grief, alas! of the Clarion (1) God has perished, Bacon, thy darling, O! Nature! and the world's; the special sorrow of death itself, which is a marvel. Why was not cruel fate willing to allow herself liberty? Death would be willing to spare, but fate refused. Melpomene rebuking would not endure this; and addressed the dire goddesses in these words:—Atropos, never before truly cruel; take the whole world, only give me back my Phœbus. Ah! woe is me! neither heaven, nor death, nor the muse O Bacon! nor my prayers prevented your doom. (2)

19.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

If you will claim, O Bacon! as much as you have given to the world and to the muses, or if you mean to be a creditor, love, the world, the muses, Jove's treasury, prayers, heaven, poetry, incense, grief will stop payment (3); what can the arts do, or envied (4) antiquity? At length envy may cease. It is necessary, O Bacon! that you should kindly submit and remain a creditor, ah! nature has not wherewithal to repay you.

20.

## IN OBITUM EJUSDEM, ETC.

Si nisi qui dignus, nemo tua fata (Bacone)  
 Fleret, erit nullus, credito nullus erit.  
 Plangite jam verè Clio, Cliùsque sorores,  
 Ah decima occubuit musa, decusque chori.  
 Ah nunquam verè infælix prius ipse Apollo!  
 Unde illi qui sic illum amet alter erit?  
 Ah numerum non est habiturus; jamque necesse est,  
 Contentus musis ut sit Apollo novem.

21.

## AD UTRASQUE ACADEMIAS CARMEN

*Παραμυθητικόν.*

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota sorores,  
 (Ah venit ante suum nostra querela diem!)  
 Non foret ambiguum nostri certamen amoris,  
 (Et pia nonnunquam lis in amore latet:)  
 Nos nostrum lacrymis, et te potiremur Apollo  
 Delicium patriæ (docte Bacone) tuæ. (5)  
 Quid potuit natura magis, virtusque? dedisti  
 Perpetui fructum nominis inde tui.  
 Cum legerent nostri pars te prudentior ævi,  
 Unum jurabant usque decere loqui.  
 Hunc nimium tetricæ nobis, vobisque negarunt  
 (Ah sibi quid nolunt sæpe licere) deæ.  
 Dignus erat cælo, sed adhuc tellure morari,  
 Pro tali quæ sunt improba vota viro?  
 O fælix fatum! cum non sit culpa (Bacone)  
 Mortem, sed fælix gloria, flere tuam.  
 Sistite jam meritos fletus, gemitusque sorores;  
 Non potis est mæstos totus inire rogos.

20.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME, ETC.

If none but the worthy should mourn your death, O Bacon! none, trust me, none will there be. Lament now sincerely, O Clio! and sisters of Clio, ah! the tenth muse and the glory of the choir has perished. Ah! never before has Apollo himself been truly unhappy! Whence will there be another to love him so? Ah! he is no longer going to have the full number; and unavoidable is it now for Apollo to be content with nine muses.

21.

CONSOLATORY POEM TO BOTH UNIVERSITIES.

If my prayers with yours O Sisters! had prevailed (ah! our plaintive song comes before its time), the contest of our love would not be ambiguous (sometimes too in love there lurks affectionate strife), we should be in possession of our tears and of thee, Apollo (5), the darling, learned Bacon of your native land. What more could nature or worth produce? Thence have you put forth the fruit of your undying name. When the best critics of our age read your works, they kept vowing that it was fitting that you alone should express yourself. To grant him to us and to you (sisters) the excessively dire goddesses have refused (ah! why are they so seldom willing to make concession?). He deserved heaven, but that he should yet a little while tarry on earth, what prayers are too importunate considering his worth? O happy fate! since it is not a fault but highly and auspiciously creditable to lament your death, O Bacon! Restrain at length your just tears and wailings, sisters; he cannot all enter the sad

Et noster, vesterque fuit : lis inde sequuta est,  
 Atque uter major sit dubitatur amor.  
 Communis dolor est, noster, vesterque ; jacere  
 Uno non potuit tanta ruina loco.

GULIEL. LOE, COLL. TRINIT.

## 22.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI VERULAMII, VICECOMITIS  
 SANCTI ALBANI.

Dum scripturivit multum Verulamius heros,  
 Imbuit et crebris sæcla voluminibus :  
 Viderat exultos (6) mors dudum exosa libellos,  
 Scripta nee infælix tam numerosa tulit.  
 Odit enim ingemi monumenta perennia, quæque  
 Funereos spernunt æmula Scripta rogos.  
 Ergo dum calamum libravit dextera, dumque  
 Lassavit teneras penna diserta manus ;  
 Nee tum finitam signarat pagina chartam  
 Ultima, cum nigrum Theta (7) coronis (8) erat :  
 Attamen et vivent seros aditura nepotes,  
 Morte vel invitâ, scripta (Bacone) tua.

JACOBUS DUPORT, T.C.

## 23.

AD VIATOREM, HONORATISSIMI DOMINI,  
 FRANCISCI DOMINI VERULAM, MONUMENTUM  
 INSPICIENTEM.

Marmore Pieridum gelido Phœbique choragum  
 Inclusumne putes, stulte viator ? abi :  
 Fallere : jam rutilo Verulamia fulges Olympo ;  
 Sydere splendet aper (9) magne Jacobe tuo.

funeral pyre. He was ours and yours: thence a contest ensued, and which of our loves be the greater is uncertain. Our grief and yours is mutual; so vast a catastrophe could not be confined to one place.

WILLIAM LOE, TRINITY COLLEGE.

22.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS  
VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

While the Verulamian sage was filled with the desire of writing and enriched the ages with crowds of books: death detesting polished (6) books had long had his eye on them, nor did the wretch endure such numerous writings. For he hates the everlasting monuments of genius, and ambitious compositions, which despise funeral pyres. Therefore while the (writer's) hand wielded the pen, and while the eloquent pen wearied the frail hands, not yet had the page wound up the completed manuscript, when the black Theta (7) became the crowning period of the work (8): nevertheless in spite of death your writings, O Bacon! will live and descend to our remote posterity.

JAMES DUPORT, TRIN. COL.

23.

TO THE PASSER-BY LOOKING ON THE TOMB OF  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS, LORD  
VERULAM.

Think you, foolish traveller, that the leader of the choir of the Muses and of Phoebus is interred in the cold marble? Away, you are deceived. The Verulamian star now glitters in ruddy Olympus: The boar (9) great James shines resplendent in your constellation.

## NOTES.

1. Claros, a small town on the Ionian coast with a celebrated temple and oracle of Apollo, surnamed Clarius.

2. This poem from beginning to end affords the strongest support to the Baconian theory. Bacon is called "the day-star of the Muses." He is the chief care and grief of Apollo, their leader, god of poetry, music, &c. Melpomene above all is concerned for him. Now Melpomene, the songstress, is the muse of tragedy, and Shakespeare compared with himself even, is supreme, unapproachable in tragedy. The muse of tragedy recognises this and calls him, not her disciple or votary—no matter how excelling—but her Phœbus, her god. Such was Bacon to the poetic eye of the scholar who wrote this elegy, and such and so much space did he fill in the eyes of many other contemporaries—some represented by these memorials.

No doubt Melpomene or any muse need not always stand for the goddess of that department of poetry she is usually entrusted with. Horace certainly speaks of Melpomene as goddess of poets generally, but this does not lessen at all the force of the testimony here supplied.

3. *Conturbabit*. Cf. *Sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit*, so Pedo stops payment, Matho fails.—Juv. vii. 129.

4. *Invidiosa*, here means envied, not envious. Cf. *Mæcenas nostræ spes invidiosa juventæ*, Mæcenas the envied hope of our youth.—Prop. II. i. 83. We need no longer envy antiquity its literary greatness, since we have Bacon's works.

5. Apollo, god of poetry, music, &c., is here identified with Bacon.

6. *Exultos*. Probably a misprint for *excultos*. There is no reason in the nature of things why *exolescere*, to grow up, to come to maturity, should not form its participle the same way as *adolescere*, *adultus*, but as a matter of fact the form *exoletus* only is found. I am inclined to think the writer meant it as the participle of *exolescere*.

7. Theta, the first letter of *θάνατος*, death, and used as an abbreviation for it.

8. *Coronis*, a flourish of the pen at the end of a book. It also means the end or completion.

9. The boar, Bacon's crest.



## FRANCIS BACON'S TIME OR CLOCK CYPHER

[We print herewith the first of a series of articles on Bacon's Time Cipher. Mr. Williams has, we believe, struck on further clues to the track of that elusive system of mathematical ciphers which has already engaged the attention of Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Wigston, Mr. Tanner, Rev. E. Gould, Mrs. Pott, and others. Mr. "Oliver Lector," in *Letters from the Dead to the Dead*," leads us to assume that Bacon was the true source of Napier's and Briggs' Logarithms. On this point we are unqualified to express an opinion, but there is now in existence a considerable mass of evidence which points to the probability of some elaborate system of mathematics underlying Baconian literature. This we suspect forms part of the acroamatical or concealed method of publishing referred to in Book VI. of the *Advancement of Learning*, to the interpretation of which those only were to be initiated who had been taught by tradition, or by the sharpness and subtlety of their own wit could pierce the veil. But we believe Bacon to have been animated by a deeper motive than mere wit whetting. "We neither dedicate," says he, "nor raise a Capitol or Pyramid to the pride of man, but rear a holy Temple in his mind ON THE MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE, WHICH MODEL THEREFORE WE IMITATE."<sup>o</sup> This was no mere figure of speech. The *Advancement of Learning* is divided into six books corresponding to the six days of creation. The Universe is said to be a living arithmetic in its development and a realised geometry in its repose. By the Ancients numbers were regarded as the best representation of the laws of Harmony which pervade the cosmos, and, by involving figures in all things, Bacon—if he has done this—would thus have revealed his kinship to the wisdom of the Ancients. "All is number," was the thesis of the Pythagoreans; or, as Plato puts it, "God formed things as they first arose, according to form and number."—ED.]

**R**EPEATED perusals of Bacon's Biliteral Cypher Story deciphered by Mrs. Gallup convince me, in spite of a number of things therein which do not square with history as we know it, that the condemnation showered upon this book is premature and that the volume is eminently one that a forger would *not* produce. A forger would carefully avoid deviations from accepted history on points that are quite irrelevant to his main divergencies, such as the alleged

<sup>o</sup> *Novum Organum*, Book I.

putting out of Essex's eyes prior to his execution, and the statement that the signing of Mary of Scots' death warrant under the coercion of Burghley and Leicester led Secretary Davison to his death. Again, it is wildly improbable that a forger would have devoted 114 of his 368 pages to what are termed "Arguments" of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. In addition to this the old world flavour of the book generally compels me to think that "the very spirit of a time far past doth informe the whole," and that writers who have a vested interest in Shakespeare have been more concerned to "slobber the gloss of a new creation" than to search for truth.

Having come to the conclusion that Mrs. Gallup's book could not be disregarded I gave some little attention to the subject of the employment of cyphers in and about Bacon's time and was astonished to find the extent to which their use prevailed. A handsome folio volume published in 1624 by "Gustavus Selenus" (Duke of Brunswick Luneburg) contains 493 pages crowded with cyphers of all kinds, and an interesting article published by Mr. Harold Bayley in the July, 1902, number of *BACONIANA* contains a very long list of writers upon the subject and clearly shows that cyphers were formerly held in much esteem. Bacon deals with the subject in his *Advancement of Learning*, where, as everyone knows, is to be found (in the 1640 Edition) the Biliteral Cypher Alphabet. In view of all this I saw no reason why, supposing that he had a secret story to tell, Bacon should not have employed cyphers for that purpose.

Inspection of the 1605 edition of the *Advancement of Learning* led me to doubt the accuracy of the assertion of Shakespearians that the mispaging in the First Folio is entirely attributable to printers' errors. In the second book of the 1605 *Advancement* the folios (the book is folioed—not paged) run 69, 70, 70, 71, 70, 72, 74,

73, 74, 75, 69, 77, 78, 79, 80, 77, 74, 74, 69, 69, 82, 87, 79, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 99, 97, 99, 94, 100, 99, 102, 103, 103, 93, 106, 107, &c. The man who will believe that these errors in the first edition of an epoch-making book were unknown to Bacon, or that he would allow them to pass unless they had some especial significance, will believe anything. Turning to Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum*" we find Dr. Rawley openly stating of the contents of that book that "he that looketh attentively into them shall find that they have a *secret Order*," and another of Bacon's books, "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," is in the same place referred to as being "written in the Exactest Order." These statements are highly suggestive of hidden work, and little less so is the mention in Dr. Tenison's BACONIANA, 1679, of the 1623 edition of "*De Augmentis*" as "the fairest and most correct edition in Latin," supplemented as this statement is by the advice that "whosoever would understand the Lord Bacon's Cypher let him consult that accurate Edition." Dr. Tenison mentions the best editions of several of Bacon's other works; but, perhaps, the most singular of his statements is his assertion that the best edition of the fragment of the History of Henry the Eighth is that published in Quarto in 1629. To talk of the best edition of a fragment that occupies only *two pages* is ridiculous unless it is done for some secret purpose. At the foot of the title-page of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* are two owls, the symbol of secret writing, and as I shall show later there are on this page, and on the one facing it, a number of suggestive items in regard to which it is difficult to understand how they have so long escaped notice. My authority for saying that the Owl is the symbol of secret writing is Falconer's "*Cryptomenyxis Patefacta*," 1685. The author in speaking of Trithemius says, "The Hieroglyphic he takes to express secret writing in general by the owl is very natural." In the

same way there are features in the first two pages of the Shakespeare First Folio and in the portrait of William Shakespeare that should have long ago prompted enquiry.

This *prima facie* evidence of the existence of cypher work in Bacon's books prompted an attempt to verify the Biliteral Cypher, but although I could readily perceive in capital letters the differences which are the foundation of that cypher I was entirely unable to classify the minute variations in the smaller letters. I then turned my attention to the Time or Clock Cypher, so called because "numbers were keyes." In his Biliteral Cypher Story Bacon enjoins his decypherer to "Court Time, a sure leader, and proceed to his Alphabet of Nature. Learne well two portions, Masses, and the Rule," and to "Turne Time into an ever-present, faithfull companion, friend, guide, light and way."

Turning to Bacon's "Alphabet of Nature" (BACONIANA, 1679) I found two sections respectively headed

"GREATER MASSES"

and

"THE RULE (OR FORME) OF THE ALPHABET,"

and I had no doubt that it was to these that the words in the Biliteral Cypher Story pointed.

"Greater Masses" consist of six Inquisitions, of which four are on the first page and the others on the following page. The four are entitled:—

"The 67th Inquisition. The three-fold Tau, or concerning the Earth.

The 68th Inquisition. The three-fold Upsilon, or concerning the Water.

The 69th Inquisition. The three-fold Phi, or concerning the Air.

The 70th Inquisition. The three-fold Chi, or concerning the Fire."

It occurred to me that the name "Alphabet of Nature" is a designation perfectly appropriate to the Shakespeare plays, and it seemed singular that whereas a full column of the First Folio contains 66 lines the first line of the Inquisitions in the "Alphabet of Nature" bears the sequent number 67, and it also appeared strange that the Inquisition that commences the second page bears the number 71, this number being the sum of 35 and 36, the catalogued and actual numbers of the plays. My impression that these two works are in some way connected was strengthened by the fact that whereas the subjects of the Inquisitions on the *first* page of the "Alphabet of Nature" are the Elements, the two concluding lines on the *last* page of *The Tempest* (the *first* play in the Folio and the *last* written) contain the words:—

"Then to the Elements

Be free,"

and when I found that the literal meaning of the word *Tempest* is "a PORTION of time" and that the *first* passage in the *last* Act includes the words, "Time goes upright with his carriage," I was convinced that the words, "Court Time, a sure leader" point to (among other things) *The Tempest*, the first or "leader" of the plays in the First Folio, and that it is through the medium of "The Alphabet of Nature" (described in BACONIANA, 1679, as "A FRAGMENT of a book written by the Lord Verulam") that Prospero redeems his promise to tell "The story of my life." Due warning that the task will be troublesome is given in the words:—

"'tis a Chronicle of day by day

Not a relation for a breakfast,"

but I was encouraged to make a trial by noticing that at the commencement of the 1640 *Advancement* Preface is the word PROSPEROUS, printed in a manner which suggests "Prospero" and its abbreviation "Pro" ("Prospero" means "Prosperous"). When in addition I found that the last word of the Preface is SPIRIT, standing in a line alone, and that, like *The Tempest* spirit Ariel, it is a spirit of "diligence and vigilance," and that the first page of the book has a portrait of Bacon seated under a poet's wreath; that the title-page of the 1662 Latin Edition of Bacon's "History of the Winds" has a representation of a ship and figures of Neptune and of Juno and her peacock, all these being points of resemblance to *The Tempest*; that the first experiment in "*Sylva Sylvarum*" deals with salt and fresh waters, on both of which considerable emphasis is laid in *The Tempest*; and that the second collected Edition of Bacon's works has upon its title-page "one tree, the Phœnix throne," a palm tree, the emblem of calmness and fortitude under calamity, I felt that mere coincidence failed to account for these and other similarities between *The Tempest* and Bacon's works.

That Prospero's method of telling his story is a secret one may be gathered from the Epilogue to *The Tempest*.

Now my Charmes ; are all ore-throwne  
 And what strength I have's mine owne  
 Which is most faint; now 'tis true  
 I must be heere confinde by you.  
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not  
 Since I have my Dukedome got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare Island, by your Spell,  
 But release me from my bands  
 With the helpe of your good hands  
 Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes  
 Must fill, or else my project failes,

Which was to please : Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce : Art to inchant  
 And my ending is despaire,  
 Unlesse I be relieved by praier  
 Which pierces so, that it assaults  
 Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.  
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your Indulgence set me free.

The supplicatory tone of these lines is in marked contrast with the exultant note of the closing lines of the Fourth and the opening lines of the Fifth and last Act.

At this houre  
 Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Now do's my Project gather to a head :  
 My charmes cracke not : my spirits obey.

In Prospero's exultation we see Bacon's elation on the completion of the secret history, showing things as they really were, which he had found such a long, wearisome, and dangerous undertaking; and in the Epilogue we have a reflection of his fears lest, "leaving a work of Time to Times mastery," it should fail to find a decypherer. "It is not easie to reveal secrets at the same time that a wall to guard them is built but this hath beene attempted." "If there bee none to decipher it at length, how many weary days will have beene lost." In his Biliteral Cypher Story Bacon further says of this work :—

"It would weary the veriest clod; when, however, it shall be completed, my joy will exceede th' past wearinesse."

"My labour must bring villanie unto just puniton, give the full name of one who is heir apparent to this kingdom, put to rightes the most important records of these lands."

"To this work have many weary years been ungrudgingly given."

"'Tis a thing rare, as you well know, this keeping of a purpose unalter'd through every change of a man's life."

"In truth feare is growing within mee that this is all a lost labour, for it doth seeme too well hidden to finde the light of daie, and it doth ever wage warre in my heart with most earnest desire for sweete assurance of a safety I have not for manie a day or yere felt."

"We having worked in drama, history that is most vigorously suppress, have put ourselfe so greatly in danger that a word unto Queene Elizabeth, without doubt, would give us a sodaine horrible end—an exit without re-entrance."

"Th' restlesse eyes of foes watched my worke, to finde a thread to twiste into the loop of th' executioner."

"These true words would cost us dearly, were one of the tales so much, even, as whispered in some willing eare."

"I am torne betwixt feare that it be too well hid and a desire to see all my devices for transmitting this wondrous history preserved and bequeathed to a future generation undiscovered."

"Some might not trust a labour of yeeres to oblivion, and hope that it may one day be summoned to take upon it, one happy sunlit morning, its owne forme: yet doth some thought uphold me,—so hopefully my heart doth cling to its last desire, I write on each 'Resurgam,' beleeving they shall, even like man, arise from the dust to rejoyce againe in newnesse of life."

"When our decypherer doth see any works of ours, he knoweth at the first cursory glance it doth speak to him verie forcibly and maketh a plea for aide, that a prisoner may be set free."

Bacon's unfaltering faith in Divine justice, and his belief in the ultimate revelation of his real history, is beautifully expressed in the following words:—

"I thinke some ray, that farre offe golden morning, will glimmer even into th' tombe where I shall lie, and I shall know that wisdom led me thus to wait unhonour'd, as is meete, until in the perfected time,—which the Ruler, that doth wisely shape our ends—rough hewe them how we will doth even now knowe,—my justification bee complete."

"Farre off the day may be, yet in time here or hereafter, it shall be understood. Though sorrowe is my constant companion now joy shall come on that morning."

"Though it shall not happen in mine owne day, this assurance that it cannot fail to come forth in due time, maketh weary labour lesse tiresome. It is noe doubt long to wait, but whatever



should have beene ordained by that Supreme Governour of our lives doth give such a satisfaction, it doth fully sustaine and succour th' heart, so that it surmounteth all fears."

"No weary work can close my heart's doors 'gainst a Heavenly Guest."

Believing, as I do, that the characters Prospero, Ariel and Caliban represent the intellect, diligence and animal nature of one individual (In the same column Prospero speaks of Ariel as "my diligence," and of Caliban he says, "this thing of darknesse I Acknowledge mine"), I see in Ariel and Caliban's persistent desire for freedom the reflection of Bacon's references in the Bilingual Cypher Story to his "weary work." I also venture to think that Miranda personifies the Plays, and Ferdinand, whom she is to marry, the Cyphers and their dangerous character (the meaning of the name Ferdinand is "adventuring his life"), and that Prospero's warning to him in regard to Miranda is a figurative allusion to the risk of too precipitately associating the Cyphers and the plays. In the figure of the "brave vessel," "Dashed all to peeces," we see a reference to the breaking into fragments of Bacon's secret work and the scattering of it through his other writings. "Holy Gonzalo" I take to be the counterpart of Bacon's devoted Chaplain and Secretary, Dr. Rawley, to whom this affectionate appellation is peculiarly applicable, as is much more said of Gonzalo by Prospero. It is Gonzalo who repeatedly calls attention to the curious fact that there were no stains of seawater upon the garments of the shipwrecked voyagers, and, as Dr. Rawley, he would probably know the reason of this to be that the shipwreck (or scattering) took place in Bacon's Sea of Experiments, "*Sylva Sylvarum*," in regard to which Rawley says that he "had the Honour to be continually with my Lord, in completing of this Work." Of these Experiments

Rawley hints, in his Preface to the book, that they are not in proper order, and adds that those who look attentively into them will find that they have "a Secret Order." It would not surprise me to find that Prospero's island is "New Atlantis," which, in the many copies that have come under my notice, is invariably bound up with "*Sylva Sylvarum*." "New Atlantis," like "The Alphabet of Nature," is a FRAGMENT.

Ferdinand's task is log carrying ("this wooden slaverie"). The "logs" are probably logarithms. At the end of the log-carrying scene Ferdinand and Miranda having plighted their troth, Miranda says—

"and now farewell  
Till halfe an houre hence."

to which Ferdinand makes the response—

"A thousand, thousand."

"Thousand" is the last word used by him in this scene and, coupling this with log carrying, "*Sylva Sylvarum*" (wood of woods) with its 1,000 experiments is naturally suggested. "A thousand, thousand" are 1,000,000, and this number contains six cyphers, and that is the number of the cyphers named by Bacon in the Biliteral Cypher Story.

Caliban's chief task is wood carrying, and in view of the repeated references in *The Tempest* to "wood," or its relatives, I am inclined to think that these words are some of the "bonds of connexion" mentioned in "The Alphabet of Nature." Caliban says:—

"There's wood enough within."

"Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly."

"Do not torment me, prethee: I'le bring my wood home faster."

"I'le fish for thee and get thee wood enough."

"I'll beare him no more stickes."

"With a log batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake."

Ariel was imprisoned by Sycorax in a *pine*. Prospero threatens to enclose him in an *oak*. Ariel promises himself enjoyment "under the blossom that hangs on the *bough*." Prospero complains of his brother that "He was the Ivy which had hid my princely *Trunck*," and he says that he (Prospero) and Miranda were shipped in "a rotten carkasse of a *Butt*." Stephano escaped on "a *But* of sacke," and he requests Caliban to "swear by this bottle which I made of the *barke* of a *Tree*," and also says, "If you prove a mutineer, the next *Tree*." The reference to "one *Tree*, the Phœnix throne," has already been mentioned. Ben Jonson's ("my friend, adviser and assistant" he is called in the Biliteral Cypher Story) references to Bacon and Shakespeare occur under the name "Timber or Discoveries" (the first page has the heading "Sylva"), and his ode to Bacon on his sixtieth birthday, which contains the suggestive words—

"Thou stands't as if some Mysterie thou did'st!

'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne  
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine owne,"

appears under the heading "Underwoods," the first page of which bears, in distinctive type, the words "Sylva," "Wood," "Forrest" and "Underwood." The Biliteral Cypher Story tells us that Bacon was the author of "The Forrest," published as Ben Jonson's work. In the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* we have the expression, printed in italic type, "Woods and Inclosures of Particulars," and the next word, in the same type, is "Mathematiques." In another place we are told that "we must continually make our way through the woods of Experiences," and, lower down

the page, the word "Discoveries" stands alone, in distinctive type.

It is very remarkable that in connection with *Hamlet*, which, like *The Tempest*, ends with the promise of a life story which remains untold, we find in the Biliteral Cypher Story words that connect the Time Cypher with it, *viz.*—"The play of *Hamlet* hath the commencement of a Cypher rule of no small interest. One called a Time Cypher, because numbers were keyes sheweth you th' first o' th' directions." I will show later that the 73rd Inquisition in "The Alphabet of Nature," which is "The four-fold Alpha, or concerning Being and not Being," is, through the medium of the Time Cypher, connected with *Hamlet* in the First Folio.

A. J. WILLIAMS.

(To be continued.)

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## NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

### The Discovery at Belvoir Castle

On December 27th a long letter from Mr. Sidney Lee appeared in *The Times* announcing the discovery by the Historical Manuscripts Commission of a Book of Household Expenses incurred at Belvoir by Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland. In this book, under the heading of "Paymentes for howshold stuff, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles, and reparacions," there occurs an item alluding to Shakspeare. The entry reads thus:—

"1613.

"Item, 31 *Martii*, to Mr. Shakspeare in gold about my lordes *impreso*, xliiij s; to Richard Burbage for painting and making yt, in gold xliiij s—iiij li viij s."

Mr. Lee discovers in this entry "a capricious sign of homage on the part of a wealthy and cultured nobleman to Shakspeare, who, in his last leisured years, complacently turned his powers of invention to playful account in the rich lord's interest." An *impresa*

was an heraldic or punning device suggesting some characteristic of the user. The one in question—for the idea of which Shakespeare was paid so handsomely—unfortunately does not exist, but it is supposed to have been used on the shield, weapons and armour of the Duke at an elaborate tilting match held at Belvoir in 1613.

We cannot deny that the entry may possibly bear the interpretation placed on it by Mr. Lee; but it seems very curious that such a (for those times) big sum should have been paid for a mere idea, and that, if the payment really was for mental and not manual value received, why it should appear under the unpromising heading, "Paymentes for howshold stuff, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles, and reparacions." There is not even a remote connection between these and literature, and we cannot avoid the suspicion that Shaksper earned his money not for a choice fancy of his brain, but in conjunction with Burbage as property master of a pageant. If we remember rightly, the late Sir Augustus Harris several times arranged and managed the Lord Mayor's Show.

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### Shaksperean Biography

Lecturing at the Royal Institution on January 18th, Canon Beeching is reported by *The Tribune* and *The Westminster Gazette* as having asserted that Shakespeare "was sent to the free Grammar School, at Stratford-on-Avon, at seven years of age (!) . . . they might guess that Shakespeare's home was not an ill nursery for one who was subsequently to stand before kings." On a correspondent questioning the authority for this breathless statement, Miss Marie Corcelli informed *The Tribune* that Canon Beeching's statement was "unfortunately not founded on fact." She continued: "There is, of course, absolute proof that the school existed, for the names of the masters are known and the receipts of their stipends can be seen; and although it cannot be proved that Shakespeare was educated there, no evidence exists to the contrary (!) It is therefore fairly reasonable to suppose," *etc., etc.* Comment is uncalled for.

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### From Heidelberg

IT was an agreeable surprise for me to find a *critique* on my little pamphlet, "Nachhall," concerning Shakespeare's *Tempest*, in your last issue, No. 13, page 66, 67. It appears, from the observations of the critic, that, as a "Baconian," I am considerably behind the times. I frankly confess that I am only a novice in Baconian studies, a Baconian of a few years' standing only—one who did not even know, until October last, that a Baconian Society existed in England, and that a quarterly magazine of BACONIANA was issued.

When I embarked on "The Tempest in Baconian Light" (1904), I ingeniously fancied that it would waken congenial echoes in the learned circles of Germany. But I have now abandoned this illusion, and am sorry to confess that Germany seems to be far behind the times in the great question concerning Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare dramas. I must say besides, that the Baconian topics in my "Nachhall" were rather tame or muffled, as the discourse was to be delivered before an audience most of whom were outspoken antagonists to the Bacon theory. I may say, now, after two years' experience, that enthusiasm concerning the Bacon theory is still below zero in Germany, and that, to thaw the ice, many more warm rays of Baconian light will be necessary. In fact, as far as I know, there are only about a dozen "convinced" Baconians in Germany, and none, as yet, in the chairs of our Universities. Yet we must not despair (*non desperandum est*). A beginning has been made, and, for my modest part, I venture to say, *mutatis mutandis*, what we read in Schiller's *Tell*: I am but doing what I feel compelled to do (*Ich hab getan, was ich nicht lassen konnte*), and I will, with my poor strength, continue to do what I can do.

I should feel much obliged if one of the Baconian leaders in England would undertake the task of severely examining my conjectures concerning Miranda, Sycorax, Caliban, etc., in my former little pamphlet, "Shakespeare's Tempest in Baconian Light." If I understand Shakespeare's *Tempest* aright, we have still many Calibans among us in our time; and, I fancy, the best method of fighting against them successfully would be to resuscitate—as you have done in England—as Begley did in his "*Nova Resuscitatio*," Bacon, the philosopher, and Bacon-Shakespeare, the poet. Noble Francis, the great genius, who was far before his time and full of hope when writing his *Tempest*, would, no doubt, feel happy to see our time so much advanced in Natural Science. But he would be disappointed, or, at least, astonished, to see our time so little advanced in the right seizing of "his fantastical toys."

G. HOLZER.

### Bacon's Tomb

SIR JOHN COCKBURN favours us with some short extracts relating to Lord Verulam, from Frederick Lake Williams, in his "Description of Ancient Verulam," published 1822. In connection with the monument in St. Michael's Church, the Author writes:—

"We are lost in profound admiration when we contemplate that beautiful and expressive monumental statue of one of the first moral and natural philosophers that ever this nation produced; equal, if not superior, to any the world ever has seen—so completely absorbed is all sensation whilst we are only viewing the effects of art, to endeavour to convey to posterity the sage,

that we fear to aspire, unconscious of all but HIM. Speaking from conviction, and endeavouring to justify our feelings, we may be pardoned for inserting the following brief memoir of this vastly superlative character."

Further on, writing of the ruin of Gorhambury, he adds: "It has now become the retreat for commiserative sentiments in solitary mood, where the devoted visitor imagines his steps now press the sod which once supported the venerable sage: he treads with reverence; he experiences, in common with the philosopher, these bounties nature poured forth before him. He hails the manner of the departed, if, haply, that illuminated spirit still enjoys her accustomed haunts. In his ejaculations he adds a prayer, and beseeches the God of spirits, the source of all intelligence, to vouchsafe to him a portion of his light on whom these scenes once smiled."

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### Will. Kempe

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA"

SIR,—The Rev. A. Dyce, in his Introduction to "Kempe's Nine Days' Wonder," page 17 (Ed. 1840), says that Will. Kempe, the actor, whose jigs were so popular in Elizabeth's reign, was "famous for works in print." He gives a list of pieces erroneously attributed to his pen. He also says: "My belief is that the jigs in question were composed by regular dramatists, and that they were called 'Kempe's' merely because he had rendered them popular by his acting, and, probably, by flashes of extemporal wit." Was this also the case with Will. Shaxpur and his alleged works? Elizabeth speaks of Kempe as the greatest low comedian in England, and beloved by the people, after Tarleton's death.

It is interesting to know that Kempe called himself a "Knight of the Red Cross." He was familiarly known as "Jesting Will" and "Morrice-tripping Will," and was the "Grave-digger" in *Hamlet* of his day.

Yours faithfully,

A "STAUNCH BACONIAN."

P.S.—The only copy *extant* of the "Nine Days' Wonder" is a Quarto, given by Robert Burton to the Bodleian.

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### Lady Anne Bacon

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA,"

SIR,—I am unaware if any of your members have remarked a peculiarity in one of Lady Bacon's letters to her son Anthony, dated 18th April, 1593 (I quote from Spedding's Life), which leads one to believe that Francis had written a letter in cypher to

Lady Bacon on the previous day, and which, as she declared herself unable to read it, she now sent to Anthony, with a request that it might be interpreted for her.

The occasion was when Francis urgently begged Lady Bacon to consent to the sale of his estate called "Markes," as the money was required to pay his debts.

Here is part of the letter to Anthony:—"I received, some what late yesterday, all (that was) sent by the Glover. All the notes savour of discontents mixed . . . . I send herein your brother's letter. Construe the interpretation. I do not understand his enigmatical folded writing. . . . The scope of my so called by him "Circumstance," which I am sure he must understand, was not to use him as a ward,—a remote phrase to my plain motherly meaning. My plain proposition was, and is, to do him good. God bless my son. What he would have me do, and when, for his own good, as I now write, let him return plain answer by Finch. He was his father's first choice," etc.

The points I wish to remark on are—first, his enigmatical folded writing; second, she uses the word "ward," which might have a meaning that I am not aware of, but seems strange if she was really Francis' mother; third—"As I now write, let him return plain answer" (not in cypher?); fourth, he was his father's first choice. The latter word is doubtful. Spedding acknowledges he can't read it on the MS. and that it looks like "*chis*." Might I suggest that the word might be "*filis*," though the sense would be more perfect if the word was "care."

Speaking of Francis Bacon's letters also reminds me of the peculiar postscript he adds to an epistle written to the Earl of Essex, couched in mysterious language, about a man called "Huddler." The postscript runs thus: "I pray, sir, let not my jargon privilege my letter from burning, because it is not such but the light showeth through."

It would be worth while examining the original letter to see where "the light shows through," and if by "light" is meant a hidden meaning, or cypher; or, perhaps, the paper holds a mark only to be found on holding the letter up against the light.

Yours truly,

A. C. BUNTEN.

## The Cipher Stories

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—I would like to call the attention of the readers of BACONIANA to a book, printed in London, which confirms certain statements made in the Bacon Cipher Story as deciphered by Dr. Orville W. Owen, vol i., pages 111 to 117. This book is entitled "The Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria." London, 1887 (Burns and Oates), edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. Jane Dormer (1538—1612) was a Catholic, an attendant of Queen Mary. With



her husband, Count Feria, she left London after the death of Queen Mary and lived and died in Spain. As she had no reason for concealing historical facts, while the Protestant historians of England had very urgent reasons for doing so (for they preferred to keep their heads on their shoulders, instead of being beheaded or maimed for life), she states some facts that have been suppressed in England—one of them was concerning the Princess Elizabeth, who, at the age of about fifteen years, was seduced by Admiral Thomas Scymour, and for which seduction the Admiral was condemned and executed. On page 83 is recorded as follows:—

“A great lady who knew her (Princess Elizabeth) very well, being a girl of twelve or thirteen, told me that she was proud and disdainful, and related to me some particulars of her scornful behavior, which much blemished the handsomeness and beauty of her person. In King Edward’s time what passed between the Lord Admiral Sir Thomas Scymour and her, Dr. Latimer preached in a sermon, and was a chief cause that the Parliament condemned the Admiral. There was a bruit of a child born and miserably destroyed, but could not be discovered whose it was; only the report of the midwife, who was brought from her house blindfold thither, and so returned, saw nothing in the house while she was there, but a candle light; only she said it was the child of a very fair young lady. There was a muttering of the Admiral and this lady, who was then between fifteen and sixteen years of age. If it were so, it was the judgement of God upon the Admiral, and upon her, to make her ever after incapable of bearing children.” The Duchess, having left England after Elizabeth became the queen, knew nothing of her sons Francis and Robert, but was under the delusion then prevailing—that Elizabeth was a “virgin queen.”

A Mr. T. H., who is a clerk in the War Department (1905) in Washington, D.C., a native of Germany and a student of the Leipsic University at Leipsic, Germany, between 1853 and 1860, tells me he well remembers that while a student in the University he read in some history which was used as a text-book about an *attache* of the Dutch Legation from Holland who resided in London in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was a very handsome man, and, it was stated, had free access to the Queen’s apartments and would go there, day or night, whenever he pleased—that it was well-known among the Queen’s female attendants, from whom the story came. He cannot now recall the title of the history. I would suggest that some Baconian who is a resident of Leipsic attempt to find out what histories were used as text-books in that University between 1850 and 1860. A similar story is related of a member of the French Legation. In the “Great Cryptogram,” by I. Donnelly, on page 273, is the following: “And may not the maiden virtue rudely strumpeted be a reflection on her (Queen Elizabeth) of whom so many scandals were whispered, who, it is said, had kept

Leicester's bed-chamber next to her own," etc. Undoubtedly many confirmations of these statements, and of other revelations made in the cipher stories, can be found in printed books and in MS. that are still in existence in the various countries of Continental Europe.

In BACONIANA of October, 1892 (American Edition), page 87, are these extracts from the *Tempest* and *Much Ado About Nothing* :—

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

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

Here we have Bacon, as it says in *Love's Labour Lost*, without a crack or flaw ; and so we will find in many more places Bacon's and other names worked in.

With the exception of the above quotation from BACONIANA of 1892, I have not seen in the columns of this magazine any of the items mentioned in this letter. I trust the Editor will from time to time add other items of this nature and occasionally reproduce what has appeared in its columns years back. R. A. S.

War Department, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

## "Eclipse Endured"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

IN reference to Mr. George Stronach's letter, "Eclipse Endured," the word is to be found used in same sense in *Essay Of Great Place*. "The Standing is Slippery, and the Regress is either a downfall, or, at least, an Eclipse, which is a melancholy Thing."  
H. S. S.

MR. STRONACH is positive of there being "no doubt" that the line in Sonnet 107, reading—

"The mortal moon hath her *eclipse endured*"

refers to the death of Queen Elizabeth ; and that the expression found in Bacon's "History of Henry VII." to the effect that "The Queen hath *endured* a strange eclipse," also referred to the same person. It is usually hard to disagree with Mr. Stronach, but I must do so in this instance. If we may believe Bacon himself, the queen referred to in his *Henry VII.* was the Queen

Dowager, and it was of her that he wrote: "This lady was amongst the examples of great variety of fortune . . . and even in his reign she had *endured a strange eclipse*." I know of no authority for the suggestion that Bacon was here writing of Elizabeth. It could not have been Elizabeth, for she did not *endure* her eclipse. She died. An eclipse signifies a temporary obscuration such as the Queen Dowager experienced. Her fortune changed, as did that of the person written about in the Sonnet. As Mr. Dowden has pointed out, the reference in Sonnet 107 is to the poet's friend (Bacon's own genius, which Mr. Dowden did *not* point out). Mr. Dowden says:

"But an earlier reference to a moon eclipse (xxxvi.) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present Sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse and come out none the less bright." Again, an eclipse by death would not be a "strange" one. Death is common enough, and F. Ba. Shakespeare always means what he says.

Mr. Wyndham, in his most excellent work upon the poems of Shakespeare, thinks the eclipse referred to in the Sonnet was an actual one which occurred on May 24th, 1603, "with a possible secondary allusion to the death of Elizabeth." This agrees with the possible date of the composition of the verse, and with a similar figure in *Antony and Cleopatra*, as follows:—

"Alack! our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony."

And Cleopatra was not then dead! This play was also written about 1603, as was probably *King Lear* ("By M. William Shakespeare"), in which are also found the lines—

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us" (i. 2).

"O, these eclipses do portend these divisions" (i. 2).

Bacon, who was always "suprised with a sudden fit of fainting" upon any eclipse of the moon, would naturally find in such an event effective similes for use in his literary labours.

But there is much more of Bacon in this Sonnet than the significant identity which Mr. Stronach has also discovered. The word "incertainty" is distinctively Baconian. Says the Sonnet—

"Incertainities now crown themselves assured  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

"Beginning with incertainty and difficulty," Bacon writes in the "Interpretation of Nature." And, referring to this very time, he also writes, in the "History of Great Britain" (published in the same year as the Sonnets):

"Many were glad (after the death of the Queen) and especially those of settled estates and fortunes, that the fears and *incertainities* were overblown and that the dye was cast."

Says Shakespeare :

"I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

The Southamptonites find in this Sonnet some small ground to stand upon from the fact that that nobleman had been imprisoned in the Tower of London for participating in the treasonable practices of Essex, and had been released by James after the death of Elizabeth in 1603. The line—"Supposed as forfeit to a *confined doom*," is thought to refer to Southampton's confinement, but the context fails so palpably to fit the Stratford man that Mr. Massey, as usual, thinks the number "out of place." In my judgment, this "*confined doom*" was the identical "*confine immured*" found in number 84. But if something common and literal is desired, why not assume that it was Bacon's anticipated confinement along with Southampton? The latter was one of Bacon's closest intimates, and was, later, a witness to Bacon's patent of nobility. That Bacon was exceedingly wary in this matter, and that he was still the true friend of the erring nobleman there is no doubt, for he writes to Southampton after the death of Elizabeth that however incredible it might seem to him (Southampton), it was "as true a thing as God Himself knoweth," that the change of the Queen's death and the King's accession "had wrought no greater change towards his lordship than this—that he might safely be that now which he was truly before." In either event, the whole Sonnet brings Bacon into the very centre of the lime-light, while "Mr. Shagsper, of thone part," is not discernible in the Egyptian darkness which surrounds him.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Stronach (our decided thorn in the side of the Stratford "Idol of the Theatre") will "look again" before committing himself irrevocably to his identification of this eclipse. I ask him to read carefully the following Sonnet extracts :

XXXIII.

Even so my Sun one early morn did shine  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But out, Alack ! he was but one hour mine :  
The region cloud hath *masked* him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain (*mask*), when heaven's  
sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day  
And make me travel forth without my *cloak*,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
*Hiding thy bravery* in their rotten smoke ?

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
*Clouds and eclipses stain both Moon and Sun.*

Guthrie, Okla, U.S.A.

F. C. HUNT.

### Eclipse Endured

MR. GERALD MASSEY pointed out the reference to Southampton's release from prison, contained in the 107th Sonnet. He also refers to Bacon's use of the same phrase:—"Bacon, I think, had no doubt of this Sonnet being written at the time of the Queen's death. Hence his borrowed description in the history of Henry VII.—'The Queen hath endured a strange eclipse.'" Exactly the same allusion—differently expressed—is found in the dedicatory epistle to King James at the beginning of our English Bibles. Mr. Massey gives the following very striking parallels, which shew that this dedication was written by Bacon. It is exactly in the style which he used in writing State documents and proclamations. Of course, Gerald Massey has nothing to say on this point. The parallels are as follows:—

#### DEDICATION.

It was the expectation of many.

Upon the setting of that bright occidental star.

The appearance of your Majesty, as of the sun in his strength.

"That men should have been in doubt—that it should be hardly known."

"Accompanied with peace and tranquility at home and abroad."

#### SONNET.

"Mine own fears"; and "the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come."

"The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured."

"New with the drops of this most balmy time," *i.e.*, the dews of this new April dawn.

"Incertainties now crown themselves assured."

"And Peace proclaims olives of endless age."

R. M. T.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly draws our attention to the following extract from an article on "Roses," by the Rev. Canon Ellacombe, *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1905:—

"Bacon often speaks of the rose, and in the *Sylva Sylvarum* he gives a special account of the scent, which shows how closely he had observed it. He says:—'The daintiest smells of flowers are out of those plants whose leaves smell not—as violets, roses, wallflowers, etc.' (No. 389). And I think he is the first English



[There is a similar play upon words in Peele's *Polyhymnia* "describing the honourable Triumph at Tytt before her Majestic on the 17 of November last past. . . . Printed at London 1590":—

"Young Essex that thrice-honourable Earl  
Y-clad in mighty arms of mourners dye  
And plume as black as is the ravens wing  
That from his armour borrowed such a light  
As boughs of *yew* receive from shady stream  
His staves were such, or of such *hue* at least  
As are those banner-staves that mourners bear."

—EDITOR.]

## Twickenham

### TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—Having recently explored Twickenham, your readers may like to hear what I found there. There is a villa to be let there by Messrs. Chancellor and Sons, King Street, with a Baconian Summer House in the garden. A spiral staircase took me to the first floor; it is five-sided, roomy, and old local tradition, dating back as far as I could trace it fifty or sixty years, says that here Bacon and Shakespeare sat and arranged the plays together. Continuing to track Francis' Twickenham Lodge Estate given him by Elizabeth, and lying just opposite her Palace of Sheen, I found two magnificent cedars, by ornamental water. Tradition again connects these with Bacon and Shakespeare, who "both had a fondness" for their shade. Here Bacon is said to have written his *Essay on Gardens*. Those interested in these most extraordinary traditions will find them enlarged upon by Mr. James Walter, a Twickenham man, now dead, in his beautifully got up book, "The True Life of Shakespeare" (Longmans, Green & Co., 1890). In it he speaks of the incontrovertible fact that Shakespeare visited his friend Bacon at his home at Twickenham, after they had arranged a Play together and brought it out at Gray's Inn. Mr. Walter also declares that the Queen discussed with Bacon the wit of Falstaff and Hamlet. Ah! the pity of it, that he does not give his authority. He mentions "Catholic Tradition." A family of Bardolph, friends of Shakespeare, is spoken of as living at Twickenham then, and the Vicar at that time is said to have been the brother of the Vicar of Stratford. I shall be glad to hear what your readers think of this surprising book.

Yours faithfully, ALICIA AMY LEITH.

March, 1906.

P.S.—*More Mead*, part of the Estate, is now devoted, as its owner would have wished, to football and cricket. It is a Public Recreation Ground.

### The Bacon Society

(Incorporated).

The Annual General Meeting of the Society took place on Monday, March 12th, at No. 11, Hart Street; Mr. Granville C. Cuninghame in the chair.

The Minutes of the preceding meeting having been read, Mr. Bayley—on behalf of Mr. Fearon, who was unavoidably absent—presented the accounts for the past year, showing a balance of £47 11s.

The following officers were elected:—President: Mr. Granville C. Cuninghame. Vice-President: Mr. W. T. Smedley. Treasurer: Mr. Francis Fearon. Council: Messrs. Woodward, Fearon, Fulcher, Sinnott, and Bayley. Auditor: Mr. R. E. Mitchell.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Mr. Fleming Fulcher for organising the series of Drawing Room Lectures, which are being held with such success.

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### Mr. Edwin Bormann's Find

We understand that Mr. A. SIEGLE, of Langham Place, Regent Street, has acquired the English rights of Mr. Bormann's new work, which will probably be published in May.

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### New Shakespeareana

Owing to a hitch in the postal arrangements the current issue of *New Shakespeareana* has not reached us. We hope to forward to Members later.



JULY, 1906

# BACONIANA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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# The Bacon Society.

(INCORPORATED.)

THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be :—

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet ; also his character, genius, and life ; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea ; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

The Society's Library and Rooms are at 11, Hart Street, London, W.C. (close to the British Museum), where the Secretary attends daily, and from 3 to 5 o'clock will be happy to supply further information.

# BACONIANA.

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## PETER BÖENER'S LIFE OF BACON

[We have been furnished with a copy of Böener's Dutch edition of Bacon's "Essays" (Leyden, 1647) referred to by a correspondent in our last issue. For the translation which is here given we are indebted to the courtesy of Professor J. d'Aulnis de Bourouill, of Utrecht University. No previous translation, as far as we are aware, has been made of this record.—ED.]

THIS great light is born in England, at London, in the year 1560—a nobleman of ancient descent—and has, firstly, by his diligent assiduity attained the degree of Advocate or Doctor of both Laws. Few years later, by reason of his virtues and great gifts, is he chosen Syndicus of the King, who is the King's spokesman to Parliament. He now continually growing in wisdom is by James, King of Great Britain, and also by the Parliament, chosen to be High Chancellor of England and Keeper of the Privy Seal of the King, to whom many affairs of jurisdiction have their appeal from divers provinces, towns and places—to have them again looked over by him and have his verdict anew. Of this task he acquitted himself in a way that all eyes were fixed on him, and that many foreign kings, potentates and ambassadors honoured him greatly when they had to present their embassies

and lay their requests before the King and thereupon expected answer from the King by him. Further, showing himself as a second Seneca, or as a light of the world, he first became suspect to some learned men in his country, but by divers authors in Italy, France, Germany, the Netherlands, highly esteemed, and often greeted by them in letters, some of which I have seen and read, as also the answers to the same. Once the last line of one of these ran—*perge ut cepisti me, præcipere autem veritatem, amare.* He thus excelling in wisdom and eloquence and surpassing all (*ut et Libri et acta probant*), was therefore lastly envied by many imitators in his own country as a phoenix who had no equals and like a prophet who seldom receiveth honour in his own country. Of these before-told things his books give sufficient evidence, as, amongst others, also his *Historia Ventorum*, his *Historia Naturalis et Experimentalis*, his *Instauratio Magna*, and so forth, and which last (what more is) he did publish in the midst of his greatest offices during his chancellorship, as can be seen and remarked in his Preface to the King (to whom the work was dedicated), where he says:—

“Serenissime Potentissimeque Rex,—Poterit fortasse Majestas tua me furti incusare quod tantum Temporis, quantum ad hæc sufficiat, Negotiis tuis suffuratus sim, non habeo quod dicam; Temporis enim non fit restitutio; nisi forte quod detractum fuerit Temporis Rebus tuis, id Memoriam, Nominis tui, et Honori sæculi tui reponi possit, etc.,” which books denote that he was grafted on philosophy and philosophy on him, and all high schools and academies who saw and read these works bear evidence to the same that they never have been able to write about those matters in such a way nor in a better style. Regarding his *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, certain learned and wise men said: He who made that book knew all that a man could, or even

could wish to know, and they were desirous to see his principal work named *Novum Organum*. The author has, besides, left yet a number of manuscripts under the keeping of the Honourable Agent of England—now in the Hague—as his Honourable told me. This is also noteworthy in him, that both high wisdom and high offices were at the same time with him; it is doubtful if this could have been so with anyone in such a high degree. On this account he can the more be held *rari quid*, hereby holding a State, as there was none greater under the Crown; holding open house and free kitchen; also a retinue of servitors (sometimes a hundred or more persons, when he had invited some ambassadors or grandees) being thereto partly bid by the honour of the king. In the winter he resided in London, in the summer in the country—about half-a-day's journey from thence, near to his vice-countyship of St. Albans, at his Seignourial Verulam—this being a very beautiful and pleasant place, where sometimes were seen together forty or fifty coaches of gentlemen and lords coming to take counsel with him and to perform their affairs and matters of business.

Here a word concerning his memory must needs be told. I have never seen him having a book in his hand; only that he sometimes charged either his chaplain or me to look in such and such an author—how he described this or that in such or such a place—and then, what he had thought in the night or had invented, in the morning early he bid us write. And about the difference of nationalities he once said that the Dutch in England were wiser than the wisest of the Netherlands, and that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are, and so on.

But how runneth man's fortune? He who seemed to occupy the highest rank is, alas! by envious tongues near King and Parliament deposed from all his offices

and chancellorship, little considering what treasure was being cast in the mud, as afterwards the issue and the result thereof have shown in that country. But he always comforted himself with the words of Scripture—*nihil est novi*; that means “there is nothing new.” Because, so is Cicero by Octavianus; Calisthenes by Alexander; Seneca (all his former teachers) by Nero; yea, Ovid, Lucanus, Statius (together with many others) for a small cause very unthankfully—the one banished, the other killed, the third thrown to the lions. But even as for such men banishment is freedom—death their life; so is for this author his deposition a memory to greater honour and fame, and to such a sage no harm can come. This was also proved later. When the Parliament was once assembled, and a certain affair was being treated and could not well be brought to an end, King James said, “O, had I my old Chancellor Bacon here, I would speedily have an end to the affair.” The only cause for his before-told disfavour with the King and the Parliament is held to be, either his great State, or his enjoyed endowments; whereupon followed that when he entered Parliament with his State and retinue the King, paying attention thereunto, said, “My Chancellor’s servants are costlier than mine own; they are besemed and behung with gold buttons as if it cost no money”; and so on.

I, in March, Anno 1623, departing for Holland, left him with his wife in good health. He was a great amateur of medicines, living particularly for his health (*plures enim gula, quam gladius occidit*), every morning taking at his breakfast of cremor tartar a scruple, or 22 asen, in a little broth or sauce of a young fowl that I brought him; thereby every week a soft purgation in the evening at 7 o'clock (and soon thereafter some porridge, or sparing meal) of half-an-ounce of rhubarb, with a few grains of schœnanthi, together only soaked

for an hour in wine, then well wrung out without any applying of fire, and awaiting the working of the purgation at 11 or 12 o'clock of the night; and in that time he used to study when all had retired to sleep with the exception of his body-valet only.

To conclude, although his rivals had robbed him of his state, afterwards he carried on the same state as he did before his chancellorship—to stop the mouths of those who spread that he died in a low degree. And to conclude as I began, so it is that whilst his fortunes were so changed, I never saw him—either in mien, word, or acts—changed or disturbed towards whomsoever; *ira enim hominis non implet justitiam Dei*, he was ever one and the same, both in sorrow and in joy, as becometh a philosopher; always with a benevolent allocution—*manus nostræ sunt oculatæ, credunt quod vident*. He was also bountiful, and he would gladly have given more, and also with greater pleasure, if he had been able to do more; therefore it would be desirable (he having died anno 1626, on the 9th April, being old 66 years) that a statue or a bronzen image were erected in his country to his honour and name, as a noteworthy example and pattern for everyone of all virtue, gentleness, peacefulness and patience.

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### The Discovery at Belvoir Castle

MISS A. A. LEITH writes: "The Mr. Shakespeare mentioned may have been Mr. Thomas Shakespeare referred to in Knight's "London," p. 106, Vol. 5, evidently a messenger or carrier used by the Court. His bill extant is for 'chuzez and pains' in delivering Letters for the Queen to the Bishops in 1577. Could the impreso have been some large device or property which came down by special messenger from the theatrical carpenter in London, and had to be repaired and set up in the grounds of the Castle?"



PIERRE AMBOISE'S LIFE OF BACON,  
 PREFIXED TO THE *HISTOIRE*  
*NATURELLE*, PARIS, 1631.

WHILE my preceding article was being printed I happened across a notice of this *Histoire Naturelle* in the 1640 edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, which is specially worthy of remark. As all Bacon students know, this edition of the *Advancement* is a translation, by Gilbert Wats, of the original *De Augmentis Scientiarum* first brought out in 1623. Though purporting to be a translation there are many things in the 1640 edition that have no counterpart in the 1623 version, among others a long and important preface by Lord Bacon himself. But what I am particularly interested in is that Gilbert Wats gathered up and printed in the beginning of his book "Testimonies consecrate to the Merite of the Incomparable Philosopher Sr. Francis Bacon, by some of the best learn'd of this instant Age." These "Testimonies" are (naturally) not to be found in the 1623 book; but among these laudations is a selection from the *Histoire Naturelle*. This is what Gilbert Wats says of it:

"Mr. Pierre Amboise, Sr. de la Magdelaine, in his just and elegant discourse upon the life of our author, delivers his censure thus—

"'Judgment and Memory never met in any man in that height and measure they met in him; so as in short time he became Master of all those knowledges which are learnt in schooles.'"

"A page after: 'But as he ever valedwed himselfe, rather borne for other men, than himselfe; now that he could not, for want of employment, any longer endow the publique with his Active perfections, he was desirous at least to become profitable in a comtempla-



tive way by his writings and by his books, monuments certainly meriting to find entertainment in all the Libraries of the world and which deserve to be ranged with the fairest works of Antiquity.'"

The foregoing is all from *The Life*, and it is easy to compare the passages above with the translation that I have given in my former article. After this Wats makes a somewhat long extract from the "Advertisement to the Reader" prefixed to the *Histoire Naturelle*, and this is unusually interesting, as Wats makes a very notable departure from the French of my version of the *Histoire*. I will not give the whole of the quotation, as it is somewhat long, but I will give the part where the difference occurs. Gilbert Wats introduces it in this way:—

"The same noble French-man in his Advertisement to our Auctor's Nat. History thus expresses him.

. . . "But Mon. Bacon not relying upon the meer word and credit of such as went before him, will have experience joined with Reason,\* and examines the receiv'd principles of the Schooles, by the effects of Nature, the speculations of the Intellectual Globe by the operations of the Corporale.\* By this means he hath found out so many rare secrets, whereof he hath bequeathed us the invention, and made many axioms acknowledged for false, which hitherto have gon current amongst Philosophers, and have bin held inviolable.'"

Now the French corresponding to the foregoing passage is as follows :

"Mais Monsieur Bacon, sans s'arrester aux termes de ceux qui l'out precedé, a voulu joindre l'experience avec la raison.\* Et pour cet effet il avoit une maison de campagne assez proche de Londres qui ne lui servoit qu'à faire ses experiences. En ce lieu il avoit un nombre infny de vases et de fioles, dout les unes estoient

remplies d'eaux distillees, les autres d'herbes et de metaux en leur propre nature, quelques unes de meslanges et compositions : et les laissant exposees à l'air pendant toutes les saisons de l'annee, il observoit soigneusement les diverse actions du chaud et du froid, du sec et de l'humide, les productions et corruptions des simples, et autres effets de la nature.\* C'est par ce moyen qu'il a trouvé tant de rares secrets dont il nous a laissé l'invention, et qu'il a fait reconnoitre pour faux tant d'axiomes, qui jusques icy avoient esté tenus pour inviolables parmi les Philosophes."

I have shown by asterisks the English counterpart as given by Wats of the widely different French original. Why should Wats have gone about it to hide this most interesting description of the country house that Bacon had close to London, equipped for his experiments, with its infinite number of vases and phials, filled with distilled water, botanical specimens, and minerals in their native state? It is difficult to see what object could be served by this concealment; and the explanation is as unsatisfactory if we assume that he was quoting from a different edition of the *Histoire*, for why should the editions be changed in this particular? And of course there is not the smallest ground for thinking that there is another edition.

In any case the use made by Gilbert Wats of what he terms "the just and elegant discourse upon the life of the Author," is of value as showing that he had read this life, with all the extraordinary statements it contains, and yet did not feel called upon to make any protest against them.

There is also a copy of the *Histoire Naturelle* in the library of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, and on the fly-leaf of the book there is a remark, written in a handwriting of an early period, and in old French, that is of very great interest. I have been favoured with a copy of

this, and I give it both in the original French and in a translation. It is as follows :

“Le Docteur Rawley et Isaac Gruter de Hollande prétendent que le Traducteur de cette *Histoire* y ait ajouté de sou crû plusieurs choses qui estoient point dans le Manuscrit Anglois dont il s'est servy. Mais il est plus davancer cela que dele prouver : et si l'on vient à lire exactement cette Traduction, on verra clairement, ce me semble, que ce qu'elle a de plus que l'Anglois publié par le Docteur Rawley, ne peut estre que du Chancelier Bacon, et par consequent, que le Traducteur s'est servy d'un Manuscrit plus complet que n'estoit celuy du Chapelain.”

S. Codomiez ?

(or) S. Colomies. ?

“Doctor Rawley and Isaac Gruter of Holland, assert that the Translator of this History has added to it from his imagination some things that were entirely absent from the English manuscript with which he was provided. But it is easier to say this than to prove it; and if one reads carefully this translation, one can clearly see, it appears to me, that what there is in it more than in the English version published by Doctor Rawley, can only be from the Chancellor Bacon; and consequently that the Translator has been furnished with a Manuscript more complete than that of the Chaplain.”

“S. Codomiez or S. Colomies.”

The signature to this interesting memo. is not very distinct, and I have no suggestion to make as to the person. But this certainly seems to show that there was extant an English version that could be compared with the French translation; and this again raises the question as to the fate of this English edition. There is nothing corresponding to it in any of the lists pub-

lished by Rawley or Gruter. This memo. also suggests that Rawley and Gruter must both have been familiar with the book we have been considering, and consequently with the *Life* prefixed to it, and yet neither—to the knowledge of M. Colomies at any rate—took exception to the statements made therein, and which were so inconsistent with those that Rawley afterwards made when he undertook to write the *Life*. This memo. of M. Colomies' seems to have considerably increased the puzzle surrounding the book.

This *Histoire Naturelle* is also noticed in the third volume, recently published, of the late Rev. Walter Begley's *Nova Resuscitatio*; but he has confined himself almost entirely to the literary view of the subject, and does not appear to have realized the significance of the *Life*.

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

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## THE SHAKESPEARE SYMPHONY

THE work of recovering the true facts of the Elizabethan Renaissance proceeds very like that of reclaiming marsh land from inroads of the sea. First only small portions are secured and with difficulty defended. Then by special effort a larger tract is gained. Mr. Harold Bayley, author of *The Shakespeare Symphony* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1906) is to be thanked for the broad forward movement of which his volume is the new boundary and, it is to be hoped the safe embankment.

The defect of most early and much present day criticism of the literature of Elizabethan times is its narrowness. Despite many *prima facie* inconsistencies, every ascribed author has been placed in his separate corner and edited; that is to say, he has been charged

with the authorship of the writings bearing his name and a presumptive portion of the anonymous publications of the period. Around this the editor has endeavoured to write some sort of biography. Miserable and inconsequential details of the "author's" life have been scratched from out the kitchen middens of the past and, adapting a remark of Emerson, whether or not the facts of the life could be married to the writings, the ceremony has been attempted. Happily, Mr. Bayley has introduced what may in this connection be called a new method of criticism. Following the advice of Francis Bacon, he has found it "better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light . . . than to go about with a small watch candle into every corner." With labour which must have been enormous and persistence most praiseworthy, he has read and methodically taken notes from a most extensive selection of the important works of the drama, of poetry, and of prose, printed from *circa*, 1579 to 1660.

Like Mr. H. T. Buckle he has also studied the condition of the people and the state of religion, learning, and morals at the period under review. His picture may perhaps be questioned as too sombre; nothing is ever quite so sad and dark as it may be portrayed. But in showing us the drunken plebians who, furnished with a mere smattering of letters, drifted from the universities to swell the unemployed of London; and exhibiting the debauched careers of many of those who are alleged to have become authors, he has raised the issue as to how such results could have been achieved.

Not only is the actor and deserving man Shakspeare found to be "warbling his native woodnotes wild," but a group of other doubtfuls are discovered doing exactly similar things. When, however, these warblings come to be compared, Mr. Bayley finds them a melodious and well-ordered chorus seeking to persuade from the

coarseness of the times, and teaching in wise and frequent sentences a better way.

The "Symphony" reveals the existence of an educational system of a novel kind, composed of homeopathic doses concealed in sweetmeats and continuously administered.

Having satisfied himself that there was ample evidence of design, Mr. Bayley's next search was for the master mind. Was there at this period a man of sufficient intellectual capacity to accomplish the great work? Mr. Bayley identifies Francis Bacon as the man, "he who hath (said Jonson) filled up all numbers . . . he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."

Bacon alone had the talent, training, means, and opportunity to conceive, co-ordinate, arrange, and the executive ability and industry to carry out this revived method of instruction, which in his own acknowledged writings he commends as having been effectively and extensively used by the ancients.

The silence and self-suppression so necessary for the success of the method was rigourously observed by Bacon and his assistants. Mr. Bayley gives many proofs of this.

Whether these assistants were at any time banded into a Rosicrucian or Masonic body, as some are inclined to suspect, Mr. Bayley offers no opinion, yet it is rather remarkable to notice that certain of the expressions quoted from Tudor dramatists at page 75 have an intimate connection with Freemasonry. Page 197 has a very interesting extract relative to the same subject.

In summing up his conclusions, Mr. Bayley writes:—"Not only does the Elizabethan drama show throughout that its writers were pervaded by a set of sentiments in common, but, as we have seen, the dramatic intellect seems to have been a giant twin to the philosophic mind of the illustrious Bacon. What relationship, if

any, existed between them? The answer returned by academic and popular opinion is "none whatever."

Mr. Bayley goes on to refute this opinion and to declare: "The actual truth is that in Shakespeare's plays, as Professor David Masson said upwards of fifty years ago, *before perception had unhappily been blinded by controversy* ['Aye, there's the rub,' Mr. Bayley], we have thought, history, exposition, philosophy — all within the round of the poet. It is as if, into a *mind poetical in form*, there had been poured all the matter that existed in the mind of his contemporary, Bacon."

This towering mind of Bacon has been the source of most of the misunderstanding. Critics have not been able to anticipate his extraordinary capacity or measure his phenomenal powers of execution. Students of the Elizabethan Renaissance must come to it reverentially and with open minds. They are not at liberty to start with the preconceptions that Bacon never prepared for revelations in cipher, nor could not have beaten Lope de Vega, and Dumas in literary productivity. Neither must they permit themselves to scout the suggestion of Bacon's association with Rosicrucian or Masonic schemes. The whole problem must be studied, as Mr. Bayley has done, broadly and thoroughly, laying great store on internal evidence as the safest guide. At page 348 Mr. Bayley quotes a most valuable remark by Mr. Spedding germane to this: "There is a character in language as in handwriting, which it is hardly possible to disguise. Little tricks of thought—like tricks of the hand—peculiarities of which the writer is unconscious are perceptible by the reader. Bacon could write in all kinds of styles. He has succeeded in deceiving the very elect, including Mr. Spedding himself; but we may safely guarantee that had Mr. Spedding any suspicion of Bacon's protean labours he would have been foremost in tracing his handiwork by aid of those very tricks of

thought which, as Mr. Bayley's volume indicates, Bacon could not avoid. The "Symphony" has many examples of this. Mercy, page 76, is generally referred to as an attribute; marriage, page 85, a sacrament; soul, page 86, is associated with essence; money with trash, page 92; death with thousand, page 94; spirit, page 152, with imprisonment in the flesh; life, page 235, with the burning of a taper.

In closing this notice of *The Shakespeare Symphony* one cannot avoid a query as to how it will be received by the pedants who so far have steadily refused to admit an extensive covert share by Bacon in the literature of his generation. "Le garde meurt et ne se rend pas." They may, as Mr. Bayley surmises, use his illustrations for their polemical worth, and seek to show that Shakspeare and the other edited and "deserving men" were actual writers who simply used expressions in ordinary currency. This can be only a passing phase. Truth is great and will prevail, though prejudice is obstinate and an unconscionable time a-dying. Library authorities may soon have perchance to cease from sniffing when books on Baconian subjects are offered. Editors will discover that to segregate the writers is the worst way of studying Tudor and Jacobean assumed literature.

Mr. Bayley's reward will not be now. His instructive book, with its full and well-prepared index, will be appreciated by the scholars of another day. In this year, 1906, he will have the satisfaction of feeling that upon a boycotted subject he has brought new light and that we are nearer than before to a truer comprehension of the Elizabethan revival of learning and to the justice due to the dead.

It is only mortal to desire fair recognition of good work done. Three hundred years ago the Unknown recorded:—"I, thinking expedient so to do, now obay



th' Scriptures and caste my very bread to the windes or sowe it on th' waters. How shall it be at the harvest? This wheat must fill up some goodlie garner. Will the golden store—not soon, since time doth slowlie moove, yet at God His right or proper daye of reward—bee mine?"

The Known wrote:—"It is enough for me that I have sowed unto posterity and the Immortal God."

P. W.

## The Shakespeare Symphony

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Mr. Harold Bayley's *Shakespeare Symphony* is so startling, contains so much that raises problems and suggests questions, that I think it is extremely important that we Baconians (or those of them who will permit me to be their spokesman) should define as clearly as possible what is, in our opinion, the point of view taken in Mr. Bayley's book. The *Times* reviewer, with a hardihood of assertion eminently characteristic of Shakespearean critics, assumes, as it appears to me, much more than the author claims. His preliminary notice of the book asserts—"Mr. Bayley, who has gifts of study and exposition worthy of a better cause, devotes his work to the bold task of proving that Bacon is responsible for the whole of what he broadly calls 'the Elizabethan drama,' or, to be more exact, that the works of the Elizabethan dramatists all issued from Bacon's *atelier*, though his disciples may have had a hand in some of them."

Now this is simply untrue. Mr. Bayley makes no such claim; not even by inference can it be derived from his book. The case is as follows:—We know that the theatres in Shakespeare's time were haunts of vice and ignorance, of folly and immorality. It seems almost impossible to conceive that the dramas which have come down to us could have been acceptable, or even intelligible, to the rude, uncultured, degraded audiences that gathered in these buildings. And, differing as they do in style, in poetic merit, in dramatic power and interest, these plays are all of them of a highly moral tone, and present rules and ideals of life practically identical. One of the questions to be solved is—What use was made of these dramas, and what is the explanation of their singularly identical sentiments and tendencies? Mr. Bayley's volume, I think, starts the question, but does not answer it. Bacon's influence seems to have presided to some extent over the production of these plays, but they are not his compositions

(speaking broadly and without reference to exceptions). Indeed, many of the plays which seem to bear traces of Bacon's hand did not appear till all those attributed to him had been published, or even after his death. The question is—What share in the way of suggestion, or "touching up" and revision, had Bacon in those passages in the plays which seem to bear his mark?

This is really not a new problem, but an old one. The very able and well-informed writer who signs himself "Vernon Lee," said, twenty years ago, that the audiences of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries went to the theatre "to hear Baconian thoughts in Baconian language" (*Contemporary Review*, August, 1886). And Gifford almost anticipates the "Symphony" programme of Mr. Bayley, and his language is more striking than that of "Vernon Lee," because it is more definite and critical, and has no Baconian background. Speaking of Masinger, he names his contemporaries—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ford, and more particularly Greene, Webster, Peele, Chapman, Middleton, Shirley, Decker, Marston, Daniel, Fulke Greville, and others of hardly inferior mark,—"all of whom spoke nearly the same language and had a set of moral feelings in common. . . . Never before or since has the earth witnessed such a simultaneous outburst of minds of kindred power." Gifford did not puzzle over this curious "outburst" of many minds cast in the same mould.

I cannot help myself thinking that when the Baconian parallels are numbered and weighed, with due regard to the date of their appearance, their significance as indications of authorship is greatly reduced. Thus, taking the Miscellaneous Similtudes collected in Chapter XII., the entire number is 166. Out of these 76 seem to me of no importance, because of their late appearance; and even of the remaining 90, many of them are too slight to be of any value; and many of them are found in Spenser, whose individuality is beyond question, and whose writings most likely impressed themselves strongly on all the poets and *literati* of his time, Bacon included.

Moreover, I do not find that the Elizabethan dramatists were, as a rule, men of a low and despicable character. Poor Greene is painted in sombre colours: but there is so much romance and fiction in all the records relating to him, that it is not easy to extract from them hard facts. Peele, Nash, Randolph and Day seem to have been somewhat disreputable; but their place in the Elizabethan orchestra is not important—none of them played first fiddle. And if they were of a Bohemian type—out-at-elbows, needy and sorry vagabonds—they were more adapted for use as masks for concealed authors who could pay them for the loan of their garments. On the whole, I am inclined to adopt the very pregnant utterance on this subject which Mr. Bayley himself made in a letter to me—"We Baconians have taken a plunge into a deep pool, and none of us have yet sounded its depths." This is a most apt and felicitous description of the case, and all who study *The Shakespeare Symphony* should recognize the

moderation of the writer.—He does not theorize; he formulates no conclusions; he presents facts, and leaves inferences to be drawn by scholars who are at once capable and unprejudiced. At present Bacon's name is a red rag which rouses the wrath of infuriated critics. But all these boycotting manœuvres are wearing themselves out, and the entire problem of the Renaissance drama must be impartially investigated without the disturbing influence of Baconophobia.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT M. THEOBALD.

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### WHO WAS THE "NOVERINT"?

GREENE, in his "Farewell to Folly," said: "Others, if they come to write or publish anything in print which, for their *calling and gravity*, are loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their hands, *get some other to set his name to their verses*. Thus is the ass made proud by *this under-hand brokery*. And he that cannot write true English without the aid of clerks of parish churches will need make himself the father of interludes." Then Nash, in *Menaphon*, speaks of those who "leave the trade of Noverint, whereto they were borne, and busy themselves with the endeavours of Art." By *noverint* is probably meant, not merely a scrivener, but one connected with the law.

Who were the imposters referred to by Greene and Nash? Can we not get at their names? Some say Nash refers to Thomas Kyd; but I have yet to learn that Kyd ever followed his father's profession as a scrivener. But we all know that Francis Bacon's father was a lawyer, studied law at Gray's Inn, and was an "ancient" of that honourable Society.

Why cannot some Shakespearian authority trot out, for Baconian edification, a feasible explanation of Greene and Nash's insinuations?

GEORGE STRONACH.

## "THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT: A STUDY IN ENIGMATICAL POESY"

**A**MID all the fires of perplexing theories which have been kindled about the Shakespeare writings, the "Lover's Complaint" seems thus far to have escaped the general conflagration. This is somewhat peculiar in view of the publication of the beautiful poem in connection with the original 1609 edition of the Sonnets, the two poems constituting the thin, unpagged Quarto of that year.

The Sonnets are almost too hot to handle, and the theory that they are allusive, enigmatical or parabolical in their nature, and contain hidden meanings seen in perspective, has gone too far to be quenched by the cold water of oracular literary criticism. But is it possible that the "Lover's Complaint" cannot be saved? Is this disquieting folly, so humiliating to our literary perspicacity and so agitating to our mental composure, to have no end? It would really seem so. And yet, is there anything to feel badly about? If in discovering that Shakespeare was an idealist a new intellectual world has been found for our mental exploitation, is there any valid reason why we should not feel grateful to the discoverers, and, preserving the equipoise of cold reason and common-sense, enjoy the exhilarating prospect?

One thing is approaching certainty, and that is that in any study of poetry of the Shakespeare or pre-Shakespearian periods the element of esoteric writing cannot safely be ignored. Men were still "going in the way of allegory and allusion." Bacon classified poetry into dramatical, narrative, historical, and what in different places is termed allegorical, allusive, parabolical or enigmatical, and Shakespeare seems to have

written according to the same classification. The plays, of course, constitute the class dramatical; in the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* we see the pure narrative form—clear, simple, and without a suggestion of hidden meanings. The Sonnets may fairly be classed as allusive, and where else might we likely find the class allegorical if not in the “Complaint,” following immediately, as it did, the Sonnets in its publication? But it is one thing to suggest allegory and quite another to produce the elusive creature where it can be clearly seen, especially where the poet does not, as Dante, Spenser and others did, advertise the allegorical character of their writings to the world. And it must be freely admitted that a first casual reading of the “Lover's Complaint” does not impress the mind with the idea of its hermetic quality, although the general structure of the poem is much out of the ordinary. Ostensibly, a young woman, whose beauty is somewhat faded, laments her seduction by a beautiful and eloquent youth, but in the end frankly confesses that she would probably fall again under the same arts, in the exclamation:—

“ Ah me, I fell, and yet do question make,  
What I should do again for such a sake.”

And she affirms that all those eloquent appeals

“ Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed  
And new pervert a reconciled Maide.”

This is surely an ignoble subject for a beautiful art work of forty-eight verses. But from the persistency with which the poet handles the subject of sex-love, it appears that he well knew the principles which governed his art as held by both Bacon and Montaigne, the latter affirming that “Divine poesy doth nowhere fadge so well as in a youthful, wanton and unbridled

subject"; that "licentious poetry embellished the Golden Age, and further adding:—

"I know not who could set Pallas and the Muses at odds with Venus, and make them slow and cold in affecting love; as for me, I see no Deities that better suit together, nor more indebted one to another. Whoever shall go about to remove amorous imaginations from the Muses, shall deprive them of the best entertainment they have, and of the noblest subject of their work: and who shall debar Cupid the service and conversation of Poesie, shall weaken him of his best weapons."

As a mere working theory for a closer examination of this poem, let us assume that the lamenting female depicted here in such detail is a personification of reason or philosophy, who has been seduced by dramatic poesy to herself become a poet. It will be seen with no great straining of the eyes that the setting and characters of the piece begin to take on a somewhat significant appearance. We find a hill, a shepherd, a shepherdess, a stream, a young man with curls who is all afire with eloquence and dramatic action, and who is a wonderful rider. If this is not the Mount of Helicon, the Hippocrene River, shepherd-poets, Apollo, and Pegasus, the horse of the Muses, then the coincidences are most striking. The crucial test is, whether the sentiment and structure of the poem will hold without flaw to these associations of poesy. And, first, is there any ground for conceiving the "lover" and woman to stand for a poet? If Sonnet 20 is given its allusive meaning, this question may fairly receive an affirmative answer, for there the poet states that his genius was first created for a poet ("woman"), and possessed a form ("Hew") which "steales men's (philosophers') eyes and women's (poets') souls amazeth." In sonnet 31 the poet states that the bosom of his friend (his genius) is the grave "hung with the trophies" of his "*lovers gone,*" and here again

evidently alluding to dead poets or authors. Observe, also, that it is somewhat unusual to apply the word "lover" to a woman, and yet it is a woman "lover" who here complains.

The references to the age of the "fickle maid" correspond with the references to the age of the poet as found in the Sonnets. She is the "carkass of a beauty spent and done," where "some beauty peeped through lattice of seered age," and the poet in the Sonnets has his "brow filled with lines and wrinkles," time is "stealing away the treasure of his Spring," and in him "glows the fire that on the ashes of his youth doth lie."

This shepherdess (clearly indicated by her rye-straw hat, or "hive of straw" as it is termed in the poem) is introduced weeping over some curious literary productions, which she sadly reads and then gives to the flood to be buried in "sepulchers of mud," just as Prospero proposed to "drown" his "book." The fourth verse almost proves her a poet beyond conjecture, taking Shakespeare's own description of a poet's actions:—

"Sometimes her leveled eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battry to the spheres intend;  
Sometimes diverted their poore balls are tide  
To th' orb'd earth; and sometime they do extend  
Their view right on, anon their gases lend,  
To every place at once and no where fixt,  
The mind and sight distractedly commixt."

What is this but Shakespeare's poet, who is as mad as the madman and the lover, and whose

". . . eye in a fine frenzy rolling  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

or the "poetical furies" of Montaigne "which ravish and transport their author beyond himself" and "ran-

sacketh and ravageth the judgment" and constitute "a fury or madness"?

If we are dealing with literary allusions in this poem we may be sure that sooner or later, after the fashion of the Sonnets, we will hear something about "blacke inck," and, of course, here it is, for this lamenting female, after weeping over and tearing up her literary productions, explodes in one line of a very flat, strained and far-fetched emotion, thus:—

"*Ink* would have seem'd more *blacke* and damned here!"

At this point there appears upon the classic scene an "aged blusterer" from the court and city, who has seemingly repented of his ways and gone to raising cattle in the country. He approaches the excited maiden and, seating himself at a modest distance, invites her to disclose the "*grounds and motives* of her woe," and promises "in the charitie of age" to "her suffering extasies asswage."

In the expression, "*grounds and motives*," will be seen—if we are not much mistaken—the sign manual of Francis Bacon. The expression is peculiar and wholly unusual, and it may be questioned if it can be reproduced, with one exception, in all literature. The terms are legal, but it is in the combination that the strangeness lies. It is found only once in all Shakespeare's writings. Peculiarly enough, Bacon is the one who used the same expression, in 1604, in the Preface prepared by him to the "Report of Commissioners for England and Scotland," in the following extract:—

"Secondly, as a matter of nature and unlike the former, we entered into consideration of such limitary constitutions as served but for to obtain a form of justice between the several monarchs, and did in the very *grounds and motives* of them presuppose incursions of hostility."



The melancholy maiden then assures her sympathetic friend that it is not years but sorrow which gives her the appearance of age, and then in fourteen verses describes the personal attractions of the young man who has done her so much harm. This is followed by the same number of verses containing the youth's *verbatim* oration, which she found so irresistible, and that is the last we hear of the fatherly listener and his promised sympathy.

The description of the youth is highly interesting, and but small study is needed to disclose the fact that the language and sentiment of the whole poem are but echoes of the Sonnets themselves—that the poem is woven by the same hand and from the same materials as entered into their construction.

Poetic creation is figured throughout the Sonnets by the word "love," and is personified by the elder Cupid, the Greek god of creation, or love itself, and the allusion to poesy continues in the "Complaint." The last three lines of verse 11 are highly allegorical of a person whose creative genius has been wasted or misapplied in poetic labours, which brought no fame to the author. She says:—

"I might as yet have bene a *spreading flower*  
Fresh to myselfe, if I had selfe applied  
Love to myselfe and to no Love beside."

She might possibly have exclaimed, in the language of Shakespeare himself, "I am shepherd to another man and do not shear the fleeces that I graze"; or she might have quoted Bacon very aptly as follows:—

"I have this opinion, that if I had sought my own commendation, it had been fitter course for me to have done as gardeners do, by taking their *seeds*, and rearing them first into *plants*, and so uttering them in pots, when they are in *flower*, and in their best state."

And we must not forget in this connection that the youth is described in verse 26 as one who

"Heard where his *plants* in *other's Orchards* grew,"

and that the afflicted maiden, in verse 22,

"Reserv'd the stalke and gave him al my *flower*."

But, in continuing her confession, she admitted having early listened to the suit of a youth whose natural attractions were such that "maidens' eyes stucke over all his face," and then follows the significant lines:—

"*Love* lackt a *dwelling* and made him her place.  
And when in his faire *parts* shée didde abide,  
She was *new lodg'd* and newly *Deified*."

This but repeats the Sonnet's description of "eternal Love in Love's *fresh case*" found in number 108, being the new deification of Cupid as representing classic creative poetic art founded upon an interpretation of nature, and has reference to the same "God in love" to whom the poet says he was "confined." Love was "newly *deified*," because love, or Cupid, was a god. Apollo-like, the hair of this young man "did hang in crooked curls," which played about his face, or, as Crashaw wrote:—

"Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs  
Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs,"

or, as Shakespeare himself says—

". . . Sweet and musicale  
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair."

The "qualities" of this youth were as "beautious as his form," and we will not forget that the "Master Mistres" of the Sonnets has the *complexion* of a woman and the *form* of a man. The youth had a maiden's voice, except when "men moved him," and then he

was like an April storm of sweet but unruly winds, and all this is very suggestive of Apollo's ability. But it was the equestrian skill of the young man which especially excited the admiration of the forlorn shepherdess and which raised a controversy among men that was determined in a most unexpected and perplexing manner. Some men claimed that the horse took his metal from the rider, and that—

“ Proud of subjection, noble by the swaie  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stops he  
makes !”

Others contended that to the animal belonged the credit for such horsemanship. The decision upon the controversy is the most remarkable thing in the whole poem, and, unless we are much mistaken, catches the poet napping in the concealment of his allegory. The decision is given in the 17th verse as follows :—

“ But quickly on this side the verdict went :  
His *reall habitude* gave life and grace  
To *appertainings* and to *ornament*,  
Accomplished in himself, not in his *case* :  
All ayds them-selves made fairer by their place,  
Came for addicions, yet their purposed trimme  
Pec'd not his grace but were all graced by him.

Here the poet completely submerges himself and leaves not a ripple to mark the place where he went down. What, in the name of common-sense, is the verse all about? In what possible manner does such an obscure and irrelevant “verdict” settle the controversy over the man and his horse? What is meant by a “reall habitude”? What would an unreal habitude be in the management of a horse? But why, of all things, should a “reall habitude” give “life and grace” to “*appertainings* and to *ornament*”? What has become of the horse? Appertainings to what? Ornaments of what? And how can appertainings and

ornament possess *life* and *grace*? How could a rider be "accomplished" except in "himself"? And what "case" was this of the horseman in which he was *not* accomplished? Was it the law case in which this remarkable verdict was rendered, or was it the "fresh case" in which "eternal Love," according to the Sonnets, had been placed—the "dwelling" where love was "new lodg'd and newly Deified"? Here are problems enough to give a headache to any doubter of the enigmatical character of this poem. Let us attempt an allegorical interpretation which may seem to be in harmony with our theory and with the requirements of the test.

This poem has a purely classical setting, as have the Sonnets. The young man is Apollo Musagates, the god of poetry, music and eloquence, and the leader of the Muses. The horse is Pegasos, whose leaps, bounds and stops represent the mental labours of the poet. This is a poet of "Nature," and nature, or the natural grace of truth, is his "reall habitude," which gives this life and grace to the appertainings and ornaments of poesy, or to poetic form. It is the same nature-poesy so persistently extolled in the Sonnets. This poet is accomplished in his own truth of nature and not in the superficial "painted rhetoric" of poetical words and phrases—the form in which poesy was cast or the "case" in which it was placed. Yet these poetic forms, appertainings and ornaments were still aids to the poet's art, and were made fairer by the place in which they were used. They came for "addicions" only. They pieced or added not to the natural graces of the poet, but were graced by him. Says Bacon, "*Philosophy* is the second *grace* and *ornament* in life." It seems to be the same mysterious "addition" referred to in Sonnet 20, which, it is there disclosed, wrought the separation between the poet and his genius

"And for a *woman* (poet) wert thou first created,  
Till *nature* as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,  
And by *addition* me of thee defeated,  
By *adding* one thing to my *purpose* nothing."

This is that "truth in beauty dy'd" (reason or philosophy coloured in poetry)—the perfect marriage of philosophy with poesy which Plato undertook and Shakespeare alone consummated. This poet represented the art of Shakespeare's genius, and this is the "Great Horse" which Shakespeare rode :—

"As if an angel dropped down from the clouds  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasos,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

The allusion was common to the poets of the time. Fuller, speaking of Bishop Fletcher, the father of the dramatist, and of his eloquence, said: "He loved to ride the great horse and had much skill in the managing thereof." It is Shakespeare's horsemanship *par excellence*, as Taine has keenly observed. He says :—

"In Shakespeare there is no preparation, no adaptation, no development, no care to make himself understood. Like a too fiery and powerful horse, he bounds, but cannot run. He bridges in a couple of words an enormous interval: is at the two poles in an instant. The reader vainly looks for the intermediate track, confounded by these prodigious leaps."

And it was such art as Montaigne loved and applauded. He says :—

"And it is no easie matter, being in the midst of a *discourse*, to *stop cunningly*, to make a sudden period, and to cut it off. And there is nothing whereby the clear strength of a *horse* is more known, than to make a *ready and clear stop*."

"It is for Gods to mount *winged horses* and feed on ambrosia."

"I love a poetical kind of march, by *frisks, skips, and jumps*."

". . . Marke but the vagaries in his (Plutarch) Daemon of Socrates. Oh God! what *grace* hath the variation, and what beautie these *startings* and *nimble escapes*."

Then follows in this poem a masterly description of the poetic and dramatic art of Shakespeare, its powers of seduction over men's unruly wills and passions, and all in perfect harmony with the allusive sense of the Sonnets. Observe in the verse immediately following the "verdict" this palpable description of the eloquence and art of the dramatic poet :—

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kinds of arguments and question deepe,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,  
To make the *weeper laugh*, the *laugher weepe* :  
He had the *dialect and different skill*,  
Catching all *passions* in his craft of *will*."

And what is this, put into verse, but what Bacon has said in *The Advancement of Learning* ?

"The study and office of Rhetoric is to apply Reason to the Imagination for the better moving of the will.

"But in regard to the continual mutinies and seditions of the affections, Reason would become captive and servile if *Eloquence of Persuasion* did not *practice* and *win* the *Imagination* from the Affection's part and contract a confederacy between the Reason and Imagination against the Affections."

We are further told that this youth "didde in the general bosome raigne," just as in Sonnet 70 the poet states that if it were not for the "suspect of ill" which "maskt the show" of his friend, the latter "alone kingdomes of hearts should'st owe." We next learn (what we might have expected) that this was an art seduction, in the lines :—

"What with his *art* in youth and youth in *art*,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalke and gave him al my flower."

It must be admitted that this last line is quite suggestive of some philosopher who gave the flowers

of his mind to poesy and reserved for himself the stalk of philosophy—who did not seek his “own commendation” by taking the seeds of truth and rearing them first into poetic plants and placing them in his own pots when they were in flower. No; those plants “in other's Orchards grew.” And we are not fanciful in this identification of flowers with poetic productions. The Sonnets are full of it. Spenser says in his elegy of Sir Philip Sidney :—

“What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown  
Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flower?  
Break now your garlands, oh, ye shepherds' lasses,  
Since the fair flower which them adorned is gone.”

Are we not here “smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention”? But our shepherdess who was wooed so eloquently was not a very easy mark. She seems to have had enough knowledge of the wicked ways of the world to profit for a time by the experience of others; yet she still assures us that, when the rage of poesy is on, precedent and counsel are a poor protection. It is in the blood. She says :—

“Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon other's prooffe,”

and we are brought at once to Sonnet 121, where the poet, defending his art against criticism and affirming his own godhead, says :—

“For why should others false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?  
Noe, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their owne,  
I may be straight though they them-selves be bevel,  
By their rancke thoughts, my deeds must not be shown.”

Says Bacon: "For as all knowledge is the exercise and work of the mind, so *poesy* may be regarded as its *sport*. With these individuals and with this material (history, poesy, and philosophy) the human mind perpetually exercises itself and *sometimes sports*." And in this figurative description of poesy as a desire or passion the complaining female further says that this youth is "untrue" and "knew the patterns of his foul be-guiling." He heard where his (poetic) "plants in other's orchards grew," and knew that "deceits" (poetic feignings) were "guilded," or beautified, in his art—here called "smiling." And the next line makes the allusion nearly certain in the statement that all this exercise of "*Thoughts, Characters and words*" were "meerly but *art*." Neither are we dealing with arbitrary or factitious ideas. Sidney says that "It is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet; but it is that *feigning* notable images of virtue, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching which must be the right describing note to know a poet by." Bacon, writing of three kinds of speech which he calls "styles of *imposture*," in describing the second kind, repeats the identical idea of Sidney in these words: "The second kind is of those who through vanity of wit, as a kind of *holy poets*, *imagine* and *invent* all variety of *stories* and *examples* for the *training and moulding of men's minds*." And Montaigne, who for some strange reason affects to speak as one having authority in matters poetical, and which he says were his "only delight," writes of the "quaint inventions" of poesy to "*fain* a happy condition of man" and of "Giddie-headed poets that *fain* what they list." He speaks of "good and lofty" and "supreme and divine" poesy which is "beyond rules and above reason," and that its greatest educational force is found in the drama; that this power to move and draw others (this seduction of the imagination) "is



more apparently scene in the theaters; that the sacred inspiration of the Muses having first stirred up the poet with a kind of agitation unto choler, unto grief, unto hatred, yea and beyond himself, whither and howsoever they please, doth also by the poet strike into the actor, and consequently by the actor a whole auditory or multitude." And, of course, we all know Bacon's borrowing of the same ideas from Montaigne! But the point which I wish to press is the beautiful harmony between the appearance, character and eloquence of this seductive youth, and the above quotations read in the light of our allegorical theory of this poem. It is the eloquence and acting of this supposed Apollo which at last cause a surrender of the young woman, and to describe which requires, commencing with the 27th stanza, fifteen verses to reproduce the love oration alone. Nor should we forget that Apollo was the god of eloquence. Reproduced in allegorical prose, the oration proceeds as follows:—

## Verse 25.

"Gentle maid (reason or philosophy) pity my youth and be unafraid of the divine wooings of Poesy, for that which is now sworn to you was never before vowed in all my passions."

## Verse 26.

"My art which you see abroad is purely sensous and not married to truth and reason. Such poetry may exist where the poet nor his reader are seeking truth nor nature ('trew nor kind'). They sought their own shame in such seductions, and the more they reproach me the less my own shame."

## Verse 29.

"Not one of those victims has ever inspired true love in my own heart, for that can be only given to truth and nature."

## Verses 30, 31, and 32.

"Look here at the manifold exhibitions of poetic passions which have been laid upon my altar by poets of all time."

*(To be continued.)*

## "MRS. GALLUP'S BAD HISTORY"

UNDER the above title, Mr. R. S. Rait contributed to *The Fortnightly* of February, 1902, his reasons for suggesting the biliteral cipher story to be an American concoction. My growing irreverence for the orthodox literary and historical expert in matters Elizabethan, is the cause of the following enquiry into the reasonableness of Mr. Rait's conclusions.

Mr. Rait thinks the story of Bacon's birth not chronologically impossible, but denies this as to the birth of Robert, Earl of Essex.

His grounds are that a Spanish gentleman is stated to have had audience of the Queen five days before the *reputed* birthday, and in a letter recording the interview said nothing about her condition.

The cipher story gives no date of Robert's birth, and no record of his baptism can be found. It is curious that, whereas the undisputed children of Lord and Lady Hereford (afterwards Essex) were born at their only residence, Chartley, Robert is alleged to have been born at Netherwood. Mr. Rait would no doubt admit that for a privily born child of the Queen the newly-married daughter of the cousin and lady of bed-chamber to the Queen would be a likely person to be passed off as its mother. The subsequent crowding of presents and honours on Lord Hereford, his despatch to Ireland, his death there by poisoning at the hands, it is alleged, of an emissary of the Earl of Leicester, seem to me to be curious points of confirmation of the *prima facie* truth of the cipher story, and should have given Mr. Rait pause before accusing Mrs. Gallup of concocting the cypher story.

Mr. Rait rejects as impossible the cipher story as to the Queen's admission before certain of the Court

ladies of the fact of Francis being her son, and thinks the information must have leaked out. But the fact of such an admission was incapable of proof, and in those days folks who babbled lost their lives. That a sovereign should have a bastard was not uncommon; it gave rise to no dynastic problem and called for no serious remark. When a Norfolk gentleman ventured in 1570 to say in public, “My Lord of Leicester had two children by the Queen,” he was condemned to lose his ears.

*Trachimus.* “Why doe you thinke in Court any use to dissemble.”

*Pandion.* “Doe you know in Court any that meane to live.”

*Sapho and Phao,* 1584.

Mr. Rait thinks the Seymour story belied by the immaturity of the parties. A dietary of milk, meat and ale in those days may have matured children rapidly. Early marriages in Court circles were frequent. Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., married at fifteen. Catherine Parr first married at fourteen. Philip Sydney’s wife was sixteen when he married her. Their daughter married at fifteen. “A girl unmarried at twenty was called an old maid” (Besant’s “London in Tudor Times,” 312).

Elizabeth was not much over fourteen when Sir Thomas Seymour sought permission to marry her. Being refused by the government he married (by personal consent of King Edward VI., then aged ten) Queen Catherine Parr, with whom Elizabeth resided.

His grossly indelicate behaviour to the young Princess is recorded in public depositions. That he nevertheless obtained her affection is proved by the letter from her of 28th January, 1548—9.

She remained under the same roof with him until 5th September, 1548, when his wife died. He again applied to government for permission to marry her. Evidently

her consent had already been obtained. Shortly afterwards Elizabeth wrote to the Lord Protector complaining of rumours to the effect that she had given birth to a child by Seymour, and requesting a proclamation to stop the slanders. This was done.

Edward VI. was twelve at this date and died at sixteen. At eight he wrote in Latin. From the age of ten he kept a Journal. His biographer states that his intellectual precocity and religious ardour were unaccompanied by any show of natural affection, and that though young he showed traces of his father's harshness of disposition.

This part of the cipher story was of events as to which Francis Bacon could only speak at second hand, and yet how closely the historical documents corroborate the story.

Further on in his article Mr. Rait denounces the cipher story as a concoction because Francis claimed to be a "Tidder," instead of Dudley, the name of his alleged father.

This may be a sound technical objection, to be tested perhaps by the question whether our present King would be justified in calling himself a Guelph.

But it is certainly curious that the word should be written "Tidder," which I am told is the correct phonetic sound of the Welsh word "Tudor." Surely an American fictionist would have written "Tudor."

Mr. Rait contends that "no man who had been Lord Chancellor" would ever have said "our law giveth to the first borne of the royall house the title of Prince of Wales." He thinks this the very natural mistake of an American fictionist.

The recent "Encyclopædia of the Laws of England," Vol. 12, at page 511, states the law to be as follows:

"The title of Prince of Wales *has belonged* to the heir apparent of the Crown since the reign of Edward I."

The cipher phrase to satisfy Mr. Rait should thereupon have run:—

“Our law giveth to the firstborn of the royall house the right to be entitled Prince of Wales.”

Nor could Mr. Rait take exception to the following phrase from a decipher dated 1622: “My attempts in after years to obtain my true, just, and indisputable title of Prince of Wales.”

Bacon must have known the law. Previous to his time nine princes had borne the title and the eldest born of the Royal house had always received it first.

That there were certain formalities of investiture, proclamation, or letters patent must also have been known to him as he took part, in 1610, in preparing the patent entitling Henry, eldest son of James I., as Prince of Wales. He would also have known what seems to me the crux of the position, namely, that so long as the firstborn of the Royal house was alive the title could not have been legally conferred upon anyone else. But he was like other people, not always exact. I draw attention to a more modern lapse. In her Journal the late Queen Victoria records the parents’ delight at the birth of “a little Prince of Wales.”

Mr. Rait shares the general outcry at the error about Davison. The cipher story says, “led him to his death,” yet it is quite clear that Davison lived for many years after the period alluded to.

The words occur in a cipher stated to have been completed by Rawley in 1635. Bacon died in 1626. In this cipher Rawley expresses regret for a number of errors, and the question arises whether this was one of them. Davison died when Rawley was a youth, so the latter would know little or nothing about him.

Suppose Rawley made the easy slip of misreading “her” as “his” in the written manuscript from which

the enfolding manuscript would be marked for the printer, and instead of cipher writing, "led him to *her* death," wrote "led him to *his* death," the ground for the objection to the passage would be gone.

The passage which is at page 365 of the first edition of the "Bilateral Cipher" should be reconsidered. There are a few words further down which I think help to confirm my view. "To send th' unfortunate woman to *her death* before her time."

If the mistake is in the decipher the misinterpreting of three letters would account for the discrepancy. Thus :—

A a b a a b a a a a represents "er,"

A b a a a b a a a b ,, "is."

Mr. Rait is wrong in saying there was an Earl Strafford at the date of the cipher—Wentworth, the first Earl, was not created until 1640. There was, therefore, no special reason for accuracy in spelling the word "Stafford," which appears to have been either carelessly or accidentally written "Strafford." Confirming this view I find that in the original list of new year's gifts to Queen Elizabeth for 1575 Lady Stafforde is also referred to as Lady Strafforde. Proper names at that period were spelt in a variety of ways—Burleigh and Raleigh for instances.

For another instance Puckering, in the cipher story, should probably be Pickering, meaning the Queen's friend and admirer, Sir William Pickering. Bacon did not know that person, but he did know Lord Keeper Puckering. In the index to Montague's "Life of Bacon," "Puckering" becomes "Pickering," and at page 343 of Vol. II. of Nichol's "Progresses of Elizabeth," the Lord Keeper is also referred to as Sir John Pickering.

Mr. Rait is very severe with the cipher story state-

ment that Lord Montague, who was certainly present at the examination, was also present at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He, however, admits that according to some versions a certain Lord “Montacute” was present, but he says, “‘Montagu’ is a much more familiar name, especially in America, but Bacon must have known all about Montacute.”

I trust Mr. Rait will find time to read a short contemporary account (which appears in Nichol’s “Progresses of Elizabeth,” Vol. III.) of a visit by Queen Elizabeth to Cowdray in 1591. In this short account Lord Montague is also called Montecute, and Lady Montecute is also called Montague. In the list of Queen’s presents in the same volume the name is also spelt “Mountague.”

Mr. Rait suggests that the cipher story account of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, viz., that “Mary stoode up in a robe of bloud red,” is cribbed from Froude’s “History of England.”

He says Froude’s “History” does not agree with a contemporary portrait, which proves that at her execution Mary wore a black satin dress. At page 502 of Vol. II., Nichol’s “Progresses” (quoting from Gunter’s “History of Peterborough,” the town to which Fotheringay Castle is near) it is stated that Mary wore an uppermost gown of black satin with purple undersleeves and that her bodice was of crimson satin and her skirt of crimson velvet. The contemporary portrait doubtless depicts the black satin overgown *disrobed before Mary bared her neck for the block*. Thus the cipher story is entirely corroborated. Mary’s body appears to have been left for weeks before interment, so that the crimson bodice and skirt were not available to the portrait painter.

Mr. Rait waxed very scornful when he discussed the passage at page 312 of the cipher story, “Our colonies

in all the regions of the globe from remote East to a remoter West." "It is," said Mr. Rait, "as likely that Bacon wrote Pope's 'Homer' and Froude's 'History' as that he penned these words in the reign of King James I. For where were the colonies?"

By "colonies" at that day appear to have been meant the small bodies of Englishmen established abroad for trading purposes. Under the auspices of the Merchant Adventurers of the East Indies, chartered in 1600, "Colonies" appear to have been established in the "remote East" at the Canary Isles, at Surat in Hindustan, at Achern, and at Bantam.

As to the "remoter West" Mr. Rait will find in Howe's "Annales" (1615) references to colonies at Newfoundland (page 942), the patent being issued to Bacon and others, at Guiana in South America (page 943), and at Virginia (page 944).

That the above is the correct sense of the passage is shown by a sentence in Bacon's pamphlet, "Of a Holy War," in which he refers to the attitude "of colonies or transmigrants towards their mother country."

Mr. Rait says that the word "curriculæ" could only, in Bacon's time, have meant "race courses," and therefore that "students' curriculæ" is a modern expression adopted by the assumed American fictionist.

Yet if he turns to the "New English Dictionary" he will find the word "curriculum" quoted as in common use to express a student's course of instruction as early as 1633, even in Scotland.

Finally, with regard to the Essex ring story, which he adjudges to be a myth, he will find he is not in accord with Mr. H. L. Stephen, an Indian Judge, at Vol. III., page 81, of "State Trials," recently edited by Mr. Stephen. That gentleman believes in the story and gives grounds for his opinion.

Mr. Rait's objection to the history recorded in the



cypher story, and his accusations against the decipherer, do not appear to stand close examination. An apology to the lady would seem to be due from him, and doubtless will be honorably forthcoming.

PARKER WOODWARD.

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## FRANCIS BACON'S TIME OR CLOCK CYPHER

(Continued from page 128).

IT occurred to me that if the Time Cypher were genuine the word "Time" would probably be of frequent occurrence in the Plays. Reference to Bartlett's Concordance showed that "Time" occupies fourth place among the most frequently mentioned things in the Plays, which contain between 1,000 and 1,100 examples of the word, *i.e.*, about thirty references per Play, or more than one for each page of the First Folio.

In the Biliteral Cypher Story Bacon says that his Time Cypher is "more oft called Clocke," and in another place it is referred to as "the face of my clock." On considering these words I arrived at the conclusion that as the characters on a clock face are letters as well as figures it was extremely probable that letters and figures were media for the Time Cypher, and I was confirmed in this opinion by happening to notice on Comedies, page 136, the rigmarole connecting the "horn" letter "C" with letters and with figures.

An examination of the Alphabet of the Biliteral Cypher in the 1640 *Advancement* showed that in addition to the Biliteral Cypher the Time Cypher also originates in that Alphabet, notwithstanding that these two

Cyphers are entirely dissimilar in character. Bacon says in relation to this Alphabet that "the transposition of two letters by five placings will be sufficient for 32 Differences, much more for 24, which is the number of the Alphabet." The characters which Bacon used in the Biliteral Cypher Alphabet are the letters "a" and "b," and the following is a table of the 32 differences referred to. I have indicated against the 24 selected groups the letters of the Alphabet which they represent, and for a purpose which I will presently explain I have numbered the letters in their alphabetical sequence.

1	A	aaaaa		bbbbb	
2	B	aaaab		bbbba	
3	C	aaaba		bbbab	
4	D	aaabb		bbbaa	
5	E	aabaa		bbabb	
6	F	aabab		bbaba	
7	G	aabba		bbaab	
8	H	aabbb		bbaaa	
9	I	abaaa	24	Z	babbb
10	K	abaab	23	Y	babba
11	L	ababa	22	X	babab
12	M	ababb	21	W	babaa
13	N	abbaa	20	V	baabb
14	O	abbab	19	T	baaba
15	P	abbba	18	S	baaab
16	Q	abbbb	17	R	baaaa

It will be seen that none of the selected groups commence with two "b's," an arrangement which, to a considerable extent, operates as a safeguard against error on the part of a decipherer of the Biliteral Cypher, inasmuch as when he finds that he has a group that commences with two "b's" he knows that his transcription is incorrect. Bearing in mind the hint in *The Tempest* that "most poor matters point to rich ends" and the similar one in the 1640 *Advancement*, "it often

comes to passe that small and mean things conduce more to the discovery of great matters, than great things to the discovery of small matters," I suspected that this arrangement had a further purpose, as it results in eight pairs of numbers (on the last eight lines) falling together, the sum of each pair being 33. At the commencement of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* is a portrait of Bacon which contains a number of curious features, among them being four volumes on a shelf which, although of equal size and height,

have numbers upon them placed thus  $\overset{\text{III}}{\text{IV}} \gg \text{VI}$ , not by

an error of the printer, be it observed, for the numerals are *engraved* characters. In view of the hint in *The Tempest*, "We steale by lyne and levell," and the one in the 1640 *Advancement*, "To conquer mysteries we must march by line and levell," the placing of the numerals on Vol. III. on a higher level than those on the other volumes suggests (by reading this separated number III. in connection with each of the other numbers) the numbers 34, 35 and 36 (which are in sequence with 33), and as the two latter of these numbers are respectively the same as the "catalogued" and actual numbers of the Plays in the First Folio, it occurred to me that the number 33 might represent the name "Bacon," and applying their distinctive numbers to the letters of this name, I obtained B2 A1 C3 O14 N13, which numbers total 33, proving my surmise to be correct. These discoveries and the cryptic reference, on a significantly numbered page (136 = BACON SHAKESPEARE) of *Loves Labours Lost*, to the letter "C" as a *letter* and a *figure*, confirmed my impression that letters and figures are associated in the Time Cypher, an impression further strengthened by the occurrence of the words "This Figure" as the two first or "Alpha" "Beta" words in the First Folio and else-

where in that volume, of many queer references to letters and figures such as :—

“ . . . she woos you by a figure.

What figure ?

By a Letter I should say.”

“ A most fine Figure

To prove you a Cypher.”

“ The numbers true.”

and close at hand

“ Much in the letters.”

“ Mounsier, are you not lettred.”

and a few lines lower

“ What is the figure ? What is the figure ?”

“ The numbers altered.”

and

“ Alphabetical position.”

close together

“ He apprehends a World of Figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend.”

“ Heart of our numbers.”

“ Here are only numbers ratified.”

“ Be calme good wind, blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the Letter  
Except mine owne name.”

“ Every one of these Letters are in my name.”

“ There I shall see mine own figure  
Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.”

“ We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men.”

“ The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large.”

“ Now thou art an O without a figure.”

“ Now hath Time made me his numbring clocke.”

On further examination of the 32 groups I noticed that the group "baaaa" representing the letter "R" is in reverse order from "aaaab" representing the letter "B," and the similarity of these two groups and also of the letters that they represent seemed to suggest a general re-arrangement of groups, in which re-arrangement the "B" and "R" groups would come together, and it appeared probable that such re-arrangement would indicate the proper lines of further investigation. My belief that a relationship existed between the "B" and "R" groups received support from the fact that the word "Histories" in the "Catalogue" of the First Folio is printed HISTOBIES, *i.e.*, with "R" shown as a double letter containing "R" and "B," and also from the fact that in the words "Comedies, Histories, Tragedies," this double letter is letter 14=O=Cypher. These may seem slender grounds on which to base a conclusion, but Bacon says, "He that distinguisheth not in small matters makes errors in great."

I ultimately arrived at the following systematic disposition of the thirty-two groups. I have attached to each of the twenty-four selected groups the letter that Bacon intended it to represent. The groups not so distinguished are, of course, the unappropriated ones which I include to facilitate explanation.

A	aaaaa	.....	bbbbb	.....
B	aaaab	R baaaa	bbbba	Q abbbb
C	aaaba	I abaaa	bbbab	Z babbb
D	aaabb	bbaaa	bbbaa	H aabbb
E	aabaa	.....	bbabb	.....
F	aabab	W babaa	bbaba	M ababb
G	aabba	N abbaa	bbaab	V baabb
K	abaab	T baaba	Y babba	O abbab
L	ababa	.....	X babab	.....
P	abbba	.....	S baaab	.....

It will be noticed that the groups in the third column

give "b's" and "a's" where the groups on the corresponding lines in the first column have "a's" and "b's," and that the second and fourth columns respectively contain groups which are the reverse of those in the first and third columns. Four of the lines have two groups only, because the letters in these groups read either way alike and consequently have no reverse arrangement.

I will now restate the table, leaving out unappropriated groups and prefixing to the letters represented by the remaining groups figures indicating their position in the Alphabet and in the Table. As it will often be necessary to refer to these figures I will, for convenience sake, call them the "ordinary" and "secret" counts, and their sum the "full" count, and the table itself will be referred to as the Time Alphabet.

1	1	A	aaaaa								
2	2	B	aaaab	17	11	R	baaaa	16	19	Q	abbbb
3	3	C	aaaba	9	12	I	abaaa	24	20	Z	babbb
4	4	D	aaabb					8	21	H	aabbb
5	5	E	aabaa								
6	6	F	aabab	21	13	W	babaa	12	22	M	ababb
7	7	G	aabba	13	14	N	abbaa	20	23	V	baabb
10	8	K	abaab	19	15	T	baaba	23	16	Y	babba
11	9	L	ababa					14	24	O	abbab
								22	17	X	babab
15	10	P	abbba					18	18	S	baaab

The Time Alphabet commences with A (Alpha) and ends with O (Omega). All the letters necessary to the formation of the words "Alpha" "Omega" are to be found in the *first* and *last* columns of the table, and I was convinced of its genuineness by the numerous occurrences in Bacon's acknowledged works and in works now claimed for him of the words "first and last" or analogous expressions, or of arrangements suggestive of these words and by the fact that the full count of

1	11	15	8	1	14	12	5	7	1	= 75
ALPHA OMEGA										
1	9	10	21	1	24	23	5	7	1	= 101

} 176

is the ordinary count of

10	5	12	15	5	18	19	3	23	12	2	5	11	9	13	5	= 176
TEMPEST CYMBELINE																

the *first* and *last* Plays in the First Folio, and that the ordinary count of

8	9	17	18	19	1	13	4	11	1	18	19	= 136
FIRST AND LAST												

is the ordinary count of

2	1	3	14	13	18	8	1	10	5	18	15	5	1	17	5	= 136
BACON SHAKESPEARE																

The ordinary count of

1	11	15	8	1	= 36
ALPHA					

is 36, the number of the Plays in the First Folio and also the number that was anciently supposed to represent the "World" or "Globe."

The ordinary count of

14	12	5	7	1	= 39
OMEGA					

is the ordinary count of

7	11	14	2	5	= 39
GLOBE					

the name of the theatre where the plays were presented. In view of the ancient significance of the number 36, the reason for the selection of this name for Shakespeare's theatre is obvious.

The secret count of

ALPHA OMEGA										
1	9	10	21	1	24	23	5	7	1	= 101

is 101, and these figures are symbolised on the title-pages of a number of editions of Bacon's works by two columns

with a globe (or cypher) between them, and it is remarkable that the pages of the First Folio are divided into two columns and that a full column has 66 = C Y P H E R (or globe) lines.

$$3 \ 18 \ 10 \ 21 \ 5 \ 11 = 80$$

If we turn to the Biliteral Alphabet (in which the Time Alphabet originates) given in script characters in the 1640 "*Advancement*," we find below it a paragraph in roman and italic type in which the word "Alphabet," in italic characters, is the 101st word.

101 = ALPHA OMEGA.

The italic letters in the paragraph, to the end of the line in which the word "Alphabet" occurs number 40, the full count of

$$\left. \begin{array}{r} 1 \quad 14 \\ A - O \\ 1 \quad 24 \end{array} \right\} = 40$$

The capitals in the paragraph printed in italic type are:—

$$\left. \begin{array}{r} 3 \ 3 \ 1 \ 2 \ 1 \ 11 \\ C \ C \ A \ B \ A \ L \\ 3 \ 3 \ 1 \ 2 \ 1 \ 9 \end{array} \right\} 40 = A-O$$

The capitals in roman type are

$$\left. \begin{array}{r} 13 \ 6 \ 2 \ 19 \ 11 \ 19 \ 12 \ 2 \ 11 \ 18 = 118 \\ N \ F \ B \ T \ L \ T \ M \ B \ L \ S \\ 14 \ 6 \ 2 \ 15 \ 9 \ 15 \ 22 \ 2 \ 9 \ 18 = 112 \end{array} \right\} 225$$

the full count of which is 225, the full count of

$$\left. \begin{array}{r} 19 \ 9 \ 12 \ 5 \quad 1 \ 11 \ 15 \ 8 \quad 1 \ 2 \ 5 \ 10 = 107 \\ T \ I \ M \ E \quad A \ L \ P \ H \ A \ B \ E \ T \\ 15 \ 12 \ 22 \ 5 \quad 1 \ 9 \ 10 \ 21 \ 1 \ 2 \ 5 \ 15 = 118 \end{array} \right\} 225$$

These results and the fact that the italic capitals include the sequence C.A.B.A.L. favour the supposition that the TIME or CLOCKE cypher was suggested by the Hebrew CABALA ("secret knowledge"), which is based on letters and their numerical values.

In his work on "Numbers," Mr. W. Wynn Westcott says: "The Kabbalah became a means of handing down, from one generation to another, hidden truths, religious



notions, secrets of nature, ideas of Cosmogony, and facts of history, in a form which was unintelligible to the uninitiated; and the revealing of the secrets and the methods of interpretation was veiled in mystery, and only to be approached through religion. The more practical part of the system was involved in the three processes of Gematria, Notaricon and Temura. Gematria is a method depending on the fact that each Hebrew letter had a numerical value. When the sum of the numbers of the letters composing a word was the same as the sum of the letters of another word, however different, they perceived an analogy between them, and considered them to have a necessary connection. Thus certain numbers got to be well known as meaning certain things; and not words only, but sentences were treated in this manner."

"Alpha" and "Omega," the names of the first and last letters in the Time Alphabet, suggest REVELATION, and it is significant that at the close of the preface in the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* we find Bacon asking Divine aid "that we may write the APOCALYPS and true vision of the impressions and signets of the Creator upon the creature," a design exactly fulfilled by the Shakespeare Plays. The ordinary count of the misspelt word APOCALYPS is the same as the secret count of the words ALPHA OMEGA. It is also significant that on the title-page of the 1657 edition of *Resuscitatio*, Dr. Rawley is described as "his Lordship's First, and Last, Chapleine," which, in view of his intimate knowledge of Bacon's work, I take to be a secret reference to him as the man who assisted in the work of the A-O or "First and Last" Alphabet.

(To be continued.)

## ESSEX AND THE SONNETS

IN his interesting article on the Sonnets, "H. C. F." claims for them an esoteric significance, and ridicules the suggestion that some of them may have been addressed to the Earl of Essex and Ewe; and, in fact, utterly condemns all suggestions involving a personal element. But does one theory necessarily contradict the other? Is it "inconceivable" that some of the Sonnets were, as they purport to be, addressed to a young, unmarried man, occupying a position of extraordinary prominence and splendour, whose mother—beautiful in her youth—was still living; whose father was dead; the affections of the young man being at the time associated with a certain widow? Is it "inconceivable" that the poet should address this young man in terms of obvious affection, with occasional playful allusions to his name, as well as conveying, in less obvious manner, messages of deeper significance, meant perhaps for "future ages"?

In any case, it may be worth while to devote a little more attention to the claims of Essex before abandoning them entirely.

Let us begin by examining once more the much discussed line:—

"A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling."

To arrive at the true significance of this line "H. C. F." is of the opinion that it should be altered to

"A man in form all *Forms* in his controlling."

There is, however, a simpler explanation. The addition of an apostrophe makes the line read

"A man in hew all *Hew's* in his controlling."

There are no marks of the possessive case in the Original Quarto of 1609, and, if the sense require it, we

have a right to place one here, and the consequence is that a probable meaning at once becomes plain. Assuming that the "H" in "hew" and "*Hews*" is not aspirated, the line when repeated would convey the same meaning as if it were written:—

"A man in hew all *Ewe's* in his controlling";

that is to say (having regard to the context) a young person, who has arrived at Man's Estate, with all *Ewe's* possessions in his controlling; and the fact of such magnificent possessions being in the control of so young a man would be enough to "steale" or "draw" men's eyes, and amaze the souls of women.

But now let us turn to Bacon for information about Essex, and see if that information, with, or without straining, bears upon the sonnets. A short extract from the "Apology" will perhaps answer the purpose.

*cf.*—

"Lord of my love, to whom  
in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty  
strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written  
ambasage  
To witness duty, not to  
show my wit."  
26.

"Being your slave, what should  
I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times  
of your desire?  
I have no precious time at  
all to spend,  
Nor *services* to do, till you  
require."  
57.

"It is well-known, how I did many years since dedicate my travels and studies to the use, and as I may term it, *service* of my lord of Essex, which, I protest before God, I did not, making election of him as the likeliest mean of mine own advancement, but out of the humour of a man, that ever from the time I had any use of reason, whether it were reading upon good books, or upon the example of a good father, or by nature, I loved my country more than was answerable to my fortune; and I held at that time my lord to be the fittest instrument to do good to the State, and therefore I applied myself to him in a manner that I think happeneth rarely among men: for I did not only labour carefully and industriously in that he set me about, whether it were matter

of advice or otherwise, but, neglecting the Queen's *service*, mine own fortune, and in a sense my vocation, I did nothing but advise and ruminare with myself, to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of anything that might concern his lordship's honour, fortune, or *service*."

Would not the question of matrimony be one which would "concern his lordship's honour and fortune"? And taking the first seventeen sonnets literally, do not the objections raised to the widow in 9 tend to show that the poet not only desired the young man to marry but wished at the same time to advise him in his choice of a bride?

We know from Bacon himself that he had sufficient confidence in his ability as a sonneteer to address the Queen in that form, and we know that Essex had an admiration for sonnets and had them sung before the Queen. And as Essex was pleased to "evaporate his thoughts in sonnets," it is reasonable to suppose that he would appreciate the thoughts of others conveyed in the same way; and it is not improbable that such exercises were part of "that" Bacon was "set about" in which he did "labour carefully and industriously."

In sonnets addressed (or supposed to be addressed) to Essex, we are justified—considering the custom of the time—in searching for allusions to his name or title; and how peculiarly the latter part of his title—the Earl of Essex and Ewe—lends itself to this playful form of flattery! There are several words in the first nine sonnets that either contain the word, or sound of, Ewe. Adopting the spelling of the Quarto, there are in—

1. "Fewell."
2. "Use," "excuse."
3. "Vewest," renewest.

4. "Abuse," "userer," "use," "unus'd," "used."
6. "Use," "usery."
9. "Issulesse," "unusde," "user."

There seems to be a groping for some sort of play on Ewe, but when 13 is reached there is a change, as if suggested by a happy thought, and "you" is boldly adopted, apparently with so much satisfaction that it appears eight times in this sonnet alone. "You" appears again in 15, 16 and 17, and is then abruptly abandoned in this, the last sonnet, in which the young man is urged to marry; and although it is some time before it occurs again, we have only to go to 20 to meet "hew" and *Hew's*.

I now beg leave to call attention to 81:—

"Or I shall live your Epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
*Your name* from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
*When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.*  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
*And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,*  
*When all the breathers of this world are dead,*  
*You still shall live—such virtue hath my Pen*  
*Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths*  
*of men."*

If EWE were the name or one of the names of the person addressed, this sonnet would be literally true. It is impossible to read it without reading the name of Ewe; it is impossible to repeat it without breathing the name of Ewe.

That there was an understanding between Essex and Bacon concerning the latter's poetical works, seems to be verified by one of Bacon's published letters, part of which is quoted :—

“TO MY LORD OF ESSEX.

“My singular good Lord,—I may perceive by my lord keeper, that your lordship, as the time served, signified unto him an intention to confer with his lordship at better opportunity: which, in regard of your several and weighty occasions, I have thought good to put your lordship in remembrance of; that now, at his coming to the Court, it may be executed: desiring your good lordship, nevertheless, not to conceive out of this my diligence in soliciting this matter, that I am either much in appetite or much in hope. *For as for appetite, the waters of Parnassus are not like the waters of Spaw, that give a stomach, but rather they quench appetite and desires. . . .*”

Do not the “waters of Parnassus” refer to the Castalian spring—the source of poetic inspiration? And does not the passage in italics mean “I am so much wrapped up in and devoted to my poetical works that I do not desire any other employment”?

It is to be hoped that enough has been said to tempt Baconians to probe this matter further, for the establishment of Essex in the position that has been suggested would surely help put an end to Shaksperian claims.

R. J. D. S.

P.S.—Perhaps there is more of Essex in the “Ten Children” Sonnet (No. 6) than “H. C. F.” imagines: Esse=to be; X=10!—R. J. D. S.

## Mrs. Pott's Theory

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Repeated inquiries reach me as to the grounds upon which I maintain that Francis St. Alban (better known as *Bacon*) was the sole great author of an age, and that the mass of varied literature, the sudden out-pouring of books in the fifteenth century, were due primarily to him, though aided and supported by a powerful "Invisible Brotherhood."

Believing, as I do, that the present study of "Bacon" is far too circumscribed and circular in its tendency to advance our great subject, too low in its aim to hit the heart of the mystery, I suggest that such inquiries as the above should not be ignored, but encouraged. Some attempt should be made to satisfy them by means of methodical cross-examination; our search-lights should be focussed by turns on each point of difficulty until all have been closely inspected, and, if possible, explained.

Let any who are resolved to "find out Truth, though she be hid in the centre," send written questions to the hon. secretary of the "Bacon Society," or of "The Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban," and let these questions, with the answers furnished from the unpublished "Collections" of the Society, or from other sources, be printed and published in *BACONIANA*.

The present object being to obtain evidence of identity or of difference of authorship, let the *language* of given works be analysed or dissected; the thoughts, sentiments, opinions and speculations, the knowledge in matters scientific, literary, philosophic and theological, compared in books, say, from 1570 to 1670.

One caution I must add, with apologies to old Baconians. Students must remember that Francis "Bacon" repeatedly (and to the supposed end of his life—1626) declared the age in which he lived to be gross, dark, ignorant, our mother-tongue deficient even in words; in short, deficient in everything that helps to mould and adorn a beautiful model of language. No one ever contradicted him.

If, therefore, other writers, at the same period of darkness are found using the same *new and choice* vocabulary, the same turns of speech, peculiarities of grammar and diction, the same metaphors, similes and symbols, based upon the same knowledge and experimental philosophy—if throughout the greater is found to contain the less—he must surely be pig- (not Bacon) headed to the last degree who will not conclude in the great master's words, that "All dial lines lead to the centre."

Yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE  
 "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(Continued from page 116).

24.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI ET SPECTATISSIMI TUMA  
 LITERIS TUM A PRUDENTIA ET NATIVA NOBILITATE  
 VIRI, DOMINI FRANCISCI BACON, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI  
 ALBANI, ETC.

Non ego, non Naso (1) si viveret ipse litaret  
 Exequiis versu magne Bacone tuis.  
 Deducti veniunt versus a mente serena,  
 Nubila sunt fato pectora nostra tuo.  
 Replesti (2) mundum scriptis, et sæcula fama,  
 Ingredere in requiem, quando ita dulce, tuam.  
 Et tibi doctrinæ exaltatio scripta (Bacone)  
 Exaltat toto jam caput orbe tuum.  
 Curta cano, quin nulla magis; sin carmina vitæ  
 Te reparare tuæ, quanta (Bacone) darem?

C. D. REGAL.

25.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI DOMINI, DOMINI  
 FRANCISCI BARONIS DE VERULAMIO, VICECOMITIS S.  
 ALBANI.

Qui fuit legis moderator, illa  
 Lege solutus, reus ipse mortis  
 Sistitur, nostram politeia turbat  
 Sic Radamanthi (3)  
 Qui Novo summum sophiæ magistrum (4)  
 Organo tandem docuisset uti,  
 Mortis antiqua methodo coactus  
 Membra resolvit.



24.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, MOST DISTINGUISHED BOTH IN LETTERS AND WISDOM, AS ALSO FOR INNATE NOBILITY.

Nor I, nor Naso (1) himself, were he alive, could duly celebrate your obsequies with verse, great Bacon. Poetry comes as the product of a tranquil mind, our hearts are troubled by your death. You have filled the world with your writings, (2) and the ages with your fame. Enter into your rest, since to do so is so sweet. The *Advancement of Learning* written by you, O Bacon! exalts your head now throughout the entire globe. I utter verses incomplete, or rather none, but could verses restore you, O Bacon, to life, what verses would I then contribute!

C. D., KING'S COLLEGE.

25.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

He who was the arbiter of law, freed from that law, is himself arraigned before the tribunal of death; thus does the polity of Rhadamanthus (3) clash with ours. He who would at last have taught the greatest master (4) of wisdom to use a New Organ, himself compelled by death's ancient method makes useless his own members. In fact Destiny wished from premisses quite modern a conclusion to be arrived at as

Quippe præmissis valide novicis  
 Parca conclusum voluit supremum  
 Huic diem, sensus ratione fatis  
 Insit iniquis.

Multa qui haud uno revelanda sæclo  
 Κρυπτὰ naturæ patefecit, ipse  
 Justa naturæ facili novercæ  
 Debita solvit.

Artium tandem meliore vena  
 Occidit plenus, moriensque monstat  
 Quam siet longa ars, brevis atque vita  
 Fama perennis ;

Qui fuit nostro rutilans in orbe  
 Lucifer, magnos et honoris egit  
 Circulos, transit, proprioque fulget  
 Fixus in orbe.

## 26.

## CARMEN SEPULCHRALE.

Sub tumulo est corpus, (non debita præda sepulchri)  
 Virtutum exterius nomina marmor habet ;  
 Sic pia saxa loqui docuit vestigiâ figens  
 Marmore in hoc virtus, ipsa datura fugam :  
 Nostra dabunt tumulumque æternum corda, loquantur  
 Ut famam illius saxa hominesque simul.

HENR. FERNE, TRIN. COLL. SO.

## 27.

AD STATUAM LITERATISSIMI VEREQVE NOBILISSIMI  
 VIRI DOMINI FRANCISCI BACON.

Octoginta negat qui te numerasse Decembres,  
 Frontem, non libros inspicit ille tuos :  
 Nam virtus si cana senem, si sarta Minervæ,  
 Reddant ; vel natu Nestore major eras (5)

to this man's death, whether or not there were sense or reason in the unpropitious fates. He who disclosed secrets of nature, which in one age should not be revealed, nevertheless had to pay the debts due to nature, a compliant stepmother. Finally he dies full of an unusually rich vein of arts, and dying demonstrates how extensive is art, how contracted is life, how everlasting fame; he who was in our sphere the brilliant Light-bearer, and trod great paths of glory, passes and fixed in his own orb shines refulgent.

26.

A FUNERAL CHANT.

Beneath the tomb lies the body, (spoil not due to the grave) the outer marble recounts his virtues; thus virtue, about to flee away herself, imprinting these traces has taught the pious slab to speak: our hearts will furnish an everlasting tomb, so that stones and men together may speak of his fame.

HENRY FERNE, FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

27.

TO THE STATUE OF THE MOST LETTERED AND NOBLE  
LORD, LORD FRANCIS BACON.

He who says that you have not numbered eighty Decembers, examines your brow, not your books. For if venerable virtue, if Wisdom's wreaths make an ancient, you were older than Nestor (5). But if your

Quod si forma neget, veterum sapientia monstret ;  
 Longævæ ætatis tessera certa tuæ.  
 Vivere namque diu cornicum condere lustra  
 Non est, sed vitâ posse priore frui.

G. NASH, AUL. PEM.

28.

DE INUNDATIONE NUPERA AQUARUM.

Solverat (6) Eridanus tumidarum flumina aquarum :  
 Solverat ; et populis non levis horror erat :  
 Quippe gravis Pirrhæ (7) metuentes tempora cladis  
 Credebant simili crescere flumen aquâ.  
 Ille dolor fuerat sævus, lachrymæque futuri  
 Funeris, et justis (8) dona paranda novis.  
 Scilicet et fluvios tua (vir celeberrime) tangunt  
 Funera, nedum homines, mæstaque corda virum.

JAMES.

29.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI BACON,  
 VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS DE VERU-  
 LAM, ETC.

Ergo te quoque flemus? et æternare Camenas  
 Qui poteras, poteras ipse (Bacone) mori?  
 Ergo nec ætherea fruerere diutius aurâ?  
 (Indigni scriptis ventus et aura tuis ;)  
 Scilicet indomiti tandem vesania fati  
 Placari voluit nobiliore rogo :  
 Sævaque vulgares jam dedignata triumphos  
 Ostendit nimio plus licuisse sibi :  
 Unaque lux tanti nunc luctus conscia, peste (9)  
 Insolita quanti nec prior annus erat.

R. L.

appearance denies, your “Wisdom of the Ancients” proves it: the certain token of your advanced age. For to live is not to outlast the lustrums of crows, but to be able to enjoy past life.

G. NASH, PEMBROKE HALL.

28.

OF THE LATE FLOODS.

Eridanus (6) had let loose the floods of his swollen waters: he had loosed them; and great fear fell on men: since fearing the times of the great cataclysm of Pyrrha (7) they believed that the flood would increase with like inundation. That (event) had been wild grief and tears for the coming death, and offerings fit to be furnished for the recent obsequies (8). It is clear that your death, most illustrious man, affects even rivers, much more human beings and the sad hearts of men.

JAMES.

29.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS  
BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON VERU-  
LAM, ETC.

Do we then bewail you too? And you, who were able to immortalize the Muses, could you die yourself, O Bacon? Will you then no longer enjoy the upper air? (The wind and the air deserve not that you should write their history.) It is evident the frenzy of uncontrollable fate longed to be appeased with an uncommon funeral pile: and now fiercely scorning vulgar triumphs she ostentatiously shows that much too much has been put into her power: and one day is now conscious of grief as great as not all the previous year was, notwithstanding an unusually severe visitation of the plague (9).

## NOTES.

1. Naso. Ovid was a great favourite with Bacon.

2. *Replesti mundum scriptis*, you have filled the world with your writings. Cf. supra Elegy 22. Here we have emphatic corroboration of Bacon's widespread relations both as author and otherwise with Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. People laugh at some Baconians for claiming vastly more for Bacon than the "immortal plays," but this contemporary evidence "should give us pause" before drawing the line at the Shakespeare works. Moreover, it is to be noted that it is chiefly as a poet, the votary, nay the leader, of Apollo and the Muses, that Bacon is held up to admiration by these Latin versifiers.

3. Rhadamanthus, son of Zeus and Europa, for his justice made one of the judges in the next life.

4. *Summum sophiæ magistrum*, Aristotle, called by Dante "master of them that know." He called his logic the "*Organon*," the instrument (of reason), which suggested to Bacon the title of his work.

Contrasted ideas run through the stanzas of this poem, which makes clearer what the writer meant. In the second stanza Bacon's new method, as opposed to Aristotle's, is alluded to, and besides, organs and members provide a punning antithesis. In the third stanza "modern premisses" must mean facts or examples, and this with the indirect question (*sensus ratione*) shows how *conclusum* is to be interpreted.

5. Cf., *Cani autem sunt sensus hominis, et ætas senectulis vita immaculata*, but the understanding of a man is gray hairs, and a spotless life is old age. (Wisdom iv. 8.)

6. Eridanus, a river god, the Po, subject to devastating floods. One of these must have happened shortly before Bacon's death.

7. Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha were the only mortals saved on account of their piety, when Zeus destroyed by a great flood the degenerate race of men.

8. *Fusta*—funeral rites.

9. The plague raged in London the year before Bacon's death.

## NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

### Modern Anonymity

DURING the past few months the expedience and prevalence of anonymity even in these prosaic and unhazardous days of the XXth. Century have been brought rather prominently before the public.

With the death of the lamented Dr. Garnett has come the disclosure that under the pseudonym of "A. G. Trent" (an anagram of "Garnett") he was a contributor to the literature of Astrology and was a student, if not a believer, in the science.

In the March (1906) No. of the *Fortnightly Review* there is an article by Mrs. Katherine Tynan dealing with the mysterious relationship between the late William Sharp and his literary mask, "Fiona Macleod." This case is one of exceptional interest to Baconians. It now transpires that in order to preserve his anonymity, Sharp passed off a lady confederate as the distinguished but elusive authoress. On one occasion this lady was introduced as Miss Fiona Macleod, on another she wrote to the Press protesting at the unmannerly inquisitiveness which intruded so persistently on her privacy. "Fiona," says Mrs. Tynan, "was an indefatigable letter-writer, and kept herself in sisterly touch with all that was congenial to her in the literature of the day." "Who it was," she continues, "that wrote Fiona Macleod's letters is yet a mystery. That the dual personality did not write in different hands seems proved by the fact that when Mr. Sharp was abroad Miss Macleod's letter came from Edinbro' as steadily as ever. The same lady perhaps impersonated Fiona Macleod when Mr. Sharp took her to see the greatest of our novelists, a thing which would be altogether reprehensible if there were not some such explanation as my correspondent suggests."

The explanation suggested is that the soul of Mr. Sharp was obsessed at times by a different personality and that "Fiona Macleod" was a mental entity as real as he. The idea is certainly suggestive, and in all probability it will prove to be the solution of many other somewhat similar problems.

At the moment it is sufficient to comment upon the ease with which even nowadays, with the light of publicity beating upon an author, he can if he will throw dust in the eyes of public opinion and maintain his privacy. To Bacon, with certainly his prospects and in all probability his life at stake, the problem must have been of far more easy solution. With the instance of William Sharp before their eyes we imagine our Shakespearean critics will be a little more careful in their outcries at "impossibility."

## James Martineau

[We have been favoured by Dr. Theobald with the following letter from Dr. Martineau, written in 1895.]

The Polchar, Rothiemurchus, Avicmore, N.B.,  
July 12th, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must rely on your forbearance to pardon my delay in answering your kind letter of the 20th ult. Necessary preoccupations detained me till to-day from the interesting pamphlet, without a knowledge of which I could not be sure of rightly replying to your main question. The assumption of Plato that *Wonder* is the primitive intellectual impulse whence all philosophy springs has, perhaps, its most emphatic expression in his *Theatetus* 155 D, where he says: "Wonder is the special affection of a philosopher; for philosophy has no other starting point than this, and it is a happy genealogy which makes *Iris* the daughter of *Thaumes*; i.e., which treats the messenger of the gods, the winged thought that passes to and fro between heaven and earth and brings them into communion as the child of Wonder. Aristotle, in his more prosaic way, makes the same assumption in his *Metaphysics* i. 2. To prevent misrepresentation of the principle, I have commented upon it in "Types of Ethical Theory," Vol. II., page 141. My knowledge of the literature of the Renaissance is so slight that I have no right to any confident opinion respecting the origin and order of its characteristic phenomena. But I am inclined to think that, on the removal of the barriers which had so long kept back the Greek literature from contact with the European mind, its influence burst in a flood upon the thirsting genius of Italy and the Western nations; and that Platonic ideas in particular, as most relieving to the dry scholasticism worked up out of Aristotle, were diffused and absorbed in eager drafts till they became an element in the common literary thought, first of Italy and thence of the wider republic of letters, far beyond the limits of Greek reading in the originals. The dialect and general conceptions of philosophy and even of the sciences became changed and brought into nearer conformity with a pantheistic representation of the world.

I should not be surprised if some of the coincidences between Bacon and Shakespeare, which appear to be *identical characteristics*, proved explicable as *current commonplaces* of contemporary literary coteries. I admit, however, the striking character of several of your instances. But I cannot recognise in Bacon's writings, notwithstanding his command of figurative expression and illustration, anything like the creative imagination and various insight into human character and life, which are so commanding in Shakespeare. Your essay curiously recalls to me the first opening to me of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory some 40 to 45 years ago by an American, *Miss Bacon* (its originator, as far



as I know), who was introduced to me by Emerson on her pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and visited me in Liverpool, and with whom I had long discussions, interesting but unconvincing to me. She was a very attractive and ingenious person, overwrought at last, I have been told, by her own enthusiasm.

It is very pleasant to hear that my old miscellaneous Essays retain some little interest for a reader who comes to them under the stronger light of the present day. I have allowed them to reappear, not because they satisfy me, but rather because they show the process which has led me to find satisfaction beyond them. It is astonishing to me that any honest-thinking person can pretend to live by the standards of any fixed Church and Creed in an age which has given us the insight we now possess into the early history of Christianity and the growth of doctrine through the first three centuries. The divinest spiritual revelation is disguised and deformed by the barbarous formulas of a semi-pagan theology.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

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### “Letters from the Dead”

FOR persons not especially learned to inquire into this controversy by reading a dozen or two of the books on both sides is a puzzling and interesting diversion, but any such who attempt to reach a positive conclusion in the matter will be helplessly entangled in a maddening chaos of conflicting testimonies. The present writer remained in this predicament for years, quite unable to choose between the Shakspeare and Bacon hypotheses, but of late is rather inclined to side with the advocates of the latter.

One of the latest to engage in this exasperating and paradoxical strife among the learned of various grades, that has raged so for forty years, is the earnestly fantastic and enigmatical work, with an uncanny title, by “Oliver Lector”—he affecting to be only its editor. He is plainly an eminent pundit of so wide range and high ability that for me venturing to discuss his book it were best to do so timidly, accepting without question the ghostly interlocutors and what they say—but not always the editor’s part. Mr. Lector is imperious and peremptory, slighting all Baconians not on the same track as himself. Ignoring the efforts of others, he assumes to be the first to connect the Shakespeare Plays with the *Novum Organum*, although four several authors have done the same before him. He out-ranks them, however, in being withal an expert mathematician, whereby he seems to contribute an entirely new element to the discussion, and a vital one. Bacon hitherto was supposed to have been wanting in mathematics, the sharpest and surest tool of use in Science and essential in all sciences, because hardly

more than a general notion of it appears in his works, until Oliver Lector uncovers this facet of the many-sided genius by reading a silly little cryptogram he finds in first line of Sonnet 122, edition of 1609. It seems that Bacon the wise was so absurd as to sink this secret three centuries deep in time on the small chance that someone would fish it up. Lector is the lucky one, and his fetching pull proves equal to the task. The secret thus brought to light is that Bacon was deeply mathematical, knew the radical principles of all logarithmic tables when 33 years old, and had found the "true specific difference" between the base, 10, of the Briggs logarithms and the fraction

$$\frac{1}{27182818}$$

which is the base of Napier's system. Our author says that this difference is "the five numbers 96321," a loose way of expressing it, for it is in fact one number of five figures. Computing it myself, the number, more precisely, will be 96321205. Also, Lector is the first to show that what the text-books call Napierian logarithms are certainly not Napier's, but are calculated to a different base.

His elaborate analysis of the situation reveals that Bacon was early aware that his philosophy must have a mathematical foundation, and he obtained it in the specific difference of those bases; that he denominates "his form" and makes it the key to his greatest work. Herein is the ground and warrant of Lector's disdain for those Baconians unable to use that key. See his entire exposition, concluded on pages 58 and 59, of his superior standing upon the logs and cryptograms. He declares that there is extant a copy of each of those two books of logarithms containing notes and calculations in Bacon's hand, which he will in due time produce as full and formal proof that logarithms play a leading part in the Baconian Induction, and are the sole scientific clue to its oneness with the Shakspearian works; while any amount of parallelism in thought and language is but probability, not certainty.

Though my slight account can merely suggest the peculiar force and value of this work, it can point out the errors of inattention too often committed. Of the curious Glossary appended nearly one-third consists of cheap scraps of easy Latin familiar even to me. One of these is *mendacia visa*, and is well illustrated on page 54, where four falses occur in three lines of Prospero's speech and the name Montagu is mis-spelt. On page 47 a textual obscurity from *Hamlet* is wrongly located in Scene II. of Act i., and the fitness of the reference to St. John's Gospel is too dubious indeed; and there are further errors in quotation. Oliver asking for more attention to the eel and snail and logs, etc., in those queer emblems by De Bruck is of a pedantic gravity, lacking the saving sense of humour, whereas Bacon himself hints that there is some jocosity there (page 11). Though no great shakes (pear) of a poet he is quite a dabster at it, as a lot of nice specimens of no mean strain duly attest. Upon the whole a great work, perhaps a trifle lunny. J. G. DALTON.

## Mr. Edwin Reed's New Book

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD send us a copy of "Coincidences," Mr. Edwin Reed's latest work. It is written in the clear-cut and scholarly style to which Mr. Reed has accustomed us, and, although for the most part a reprint of facts which have previously appeared in print, contains many new points which Baconians cannot afford to miss.

## Francis Bacon—A Coincidence

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I have elsewhere asserted that the name Bacon is frequently to be found inscribed upon the walls of that literary Temple—The Elizabethan Drama. As a rule this is done in a striking and unnatural manner. What for instance could be more forced than the following passage interpolated into Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*?

Why might not a man love a calf as well  
Or might impassion o'er a frisking kid  
As for a son? Methinks a young bacon  
Or a fine little smooth horsecolt  
Should move a man as much as doth a son.—III. xi.

The nonsense here is as remarkable as the close juxtaposition of the names "kid" and "bacon." It is no exaggeration to say, that the name "Bacon" occurs once in every six plays of the period, if not oftener. There is a suspicious introduction and association of the name in Marlowe's *Faustus*.

My grandfather was a gammon of bacon, . . .  
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus works.

Commentators are puzzled to explain who "Albanus" was; some assume the name to be an error and print "Albertus" instead. Assuming official opinion to be correct, the Baconian theory a fantastic crudity, and Bacon to have had in reality no relations whatever with the drama, it is a most astonishing coincidence and one against which the chances must be almost millions to one, to find the uncommon name "Francis Bacon" as it were *shouted* from the pages of the Drama as in the scenes following.

In the Elizabethan period the Beacon was pronounced Bacon. This is shown in an anagram addressed to the Lord Chancellor by Sir John Davies—

"To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Bacon Knight  
Lord High Chancellor of England  
Anagram (Beacone  
(Beacon

Thy virtuous office joyne with Fate  
To make thee the bright Beacon of the State."

To the present day the natives of Somerset speak of Dunkerry Beacon as "the Bacon."

HAROLD BAYLEY.

From *Henry IV.*, Part I., Act II., Sc. 4. (1598—1623.)

*Prince.*—Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and **FRANCIS** (the proverbial "*Harry*" has to make way for "*Francis*"). . . . But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come I prythee do thou stand in some by-room whilst I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave calling "**FRANCIS**," that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS!**

*Pr.*—Thou art perfect.

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS.**

*Enter Drawer.*

*Fr.*—Anon, anon, Sir, Look down into the pomgarnet, Ralph.

*Pr.*—Come hither, **FRANCIS.**

*Fr.*—My Lord.

*Pr.*—How long hast thou to serve **FRANCIS?**

*Fra.*—Forsooth five years and as much as to—

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS.**

*Fr.*—Anon, anon, Sir.

*Pr.*—Five years! Byrlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, **FRANCIS**, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fr.*—O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart.

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS.**

*Fr.*—Anon, anon, Sir.

*Pr.*—How old art thou, **FRANCIS?**

*Fr.*—Let me see, about Michaelmas I shall be—

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS.**

*Fr.*—Anon, Sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Pr.*—Nay, but hark you, **FRANCIS**, for the sugar thou gavest me 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fr.*—O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

*Pr.*—I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS.**

*Fr.*—Anon, anon.

*Pr.*—Anon, **FRANCIS?** No, **FRANCIS**, but to-morrow, **FRANCIS**, or, **FRANCIS**, on Thursday, or indeed, **FRANCIS**, when thou wilt. But, **FRANCIS**—

*Fr.*—My Lord.

*Pr.*— . . . Look you, **FRANCIS**, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fr.*—What, Sir?

*Poins.*—**FRANCIS.**

*Pr.*—Away you rogue, dost thou hear them call? . . . What's o'clock **FRANCIS?**

From *The True Chronicle History of King Leir*.  
(1593—1605).

*Enter a Captain of the Watch and 2 Watchmen.*

- Captain.*—My honest friends, it is your turn to-night  
To watch this place near about the BEACON  
And vigilantly have regard  
If any fleet of ships pass hitherward  
Which if you do, your office is to fire  
The BEACON presently and raise the town. (*Exit.*)
- 1 Watch.*—Aye, aye, aye, fear nothing; we know our charge I  
warrant; I have been a watchman about this BEACON  
this thirty year; and yet I ne'er see it stir but stood as  
quietly as might be.
- 2 Watch.*—Faith, neighbour, and you'll follow my advice; instead  
of watching the BEACON we'll go to Goodman Gennings  
and watch a pot of ale and a rasher of BACON and if  
we do not drink ourselves drunk then so I warrant, the  
BEACON will see us when we come out again.
- 1 Watch.*—Aye, but how if somebody excuse us to the captain.
- 2 Watch.*—"Tis no matter; I'll prove by good reason that we  
watch the BEACON, as for example.
- 1 Watch.*—I hope you do not call us by craft neighbour.
- 2 Watch.*—No, no, but for example; say here stands the pot of  
ale, that's the BEACON.
- 1 Watch.*—Aye, aye, 'tis a very good BEACON.
- 2 Watch.*—Well, say here stands your nose, that's the fire.
- 1 Watch.*—Indeed, I must confess 'tis somewhat red.
- 2 Watch.*—I see, come marching in a dish, half a score pieces of  
salt BACON.
- 1 Watch.*—I understand your meaning, that's as much to say half  
a score ships.
- 2 Watch.*—True, you conster right, presently like a faithful watch-  
man, I fire the BEACON and call up the town.
- 1 Watch.*—Aye, that's as much to say, you set your nose to the  
pot and drink up the drink.
- 2 Watch.*—You are in the right; let's go fire the BEACON.  
(*Exeunt.*)
- Alarum, with men and women half naked: enter two Captains  
without doublets, with swords.*
- 1 Captain.*—Where are these villains that were set to watch  
And fire the BEACON if occasion served?
- 2 Captain.*—This 'tis, to have the BEACON so near the Alehouse.  
*Enter the Watchmen drunk, each with a pot.*
- 1 Captain.*—Out on ye villains, whither run ye now?
- 1 Watch.*—To fire the town and call up the BEACON.
- 2 Watch.*—No, no, Sir; to fire the BEACON. (*He drinks.*)
- 2 Captain.*—What, with a pot of ale you drunken rogue?
- 1 Captain.*—You'll fire the BEACON when the town is lost.  
I'll teach you how to tend your office better. (*Draws  
to stab them.*)

### Mr. Sydney Grundy on Bacon

IN the issues of May 5th and 12th of *The Free Lance* Mr. Sydney Grundy criticises Oliver Lector's "Letters from the Dead." "Bacon," says Mr. Grundy, "was like Nature steeped in mysticism. One of his myriad minds seems to have been dedicated to the invention and solution of riddles.

"The ingenuity in the interpretation of myths displayed in Chapter XIII. before mentioned, and in that strange book of his, 'The Wisdom of the Ancients,' was only equalled by his ingenuity in devising them. The riddles of the universe were too transparent to his astounding brain. He must unfold them in other riddles, just as he unfolded his ciphers. Moreover, well he understood the hypnotism which mystery practises upon men, the longevity which it confers upon literature.

"The vitality of 'Shakespeare' is partly due to the large vagueness in which his work is enshrouded. Every commentator upon him is an advertiser; every guess made at the rebus helps to keep it alive. To the mystery of the work he would add the mystery of the man. The Shakespeare-Bacon tournament he himself arranged."

It is agreeable to find so distinguished an advocate on our side. If we do not quote more of Mr. Grundy's views it is in order that the reader may refer to the articles themselves.

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### "Elia" and "Shakespeare"

A BACONIAN PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

WHEN Charles Lamb's well-known "Essays of Elia" first appeared in the pages of the *London Magazine* the author was a clerk in the India House, and Mr. Elia, whose name he assumed, was at one time also a clerk in that establishment. Elia died, however, before the Essays were made public, and never knew of Lamb's intention to honour his name. This, it will be observed, is a parallel case to the issue of certain of the Marlowe and Shakespeare plays by Bacon several years after the respective deaths of their ostensible authors.

E. BASIL LUPTON.

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### "New Shakespeareana"

THE arrangement by which Members of the Bacon Society were supplied with gratis copies of our esteemed contemporary, *New Shakespeareana*, has, we regret, fallen through.

A limited number of subscriptions to *New Shakespeareana* will be received by the Bacon Society at the special terms of five shillings per annum.

OCTOBER, 1906

# BACONIANA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet ; also his character, genius, and life ; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

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# BACONIANA.

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## WHO WAS YORICK ?

[The following interesting Article is reprinted from *New Shakspeariana.*]

IF anything in this paper should seem to favor the Baconian Theory of the Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays, I am not responsible, I am only responsible for chronicling the facts as they come out, and for suggesting what seem to me their bearing. Everybody, even the groundling, knows that Hamlet's "Alas poor Yorick" was a fellow of infinite jest and of most excellent fancy. But is this the limit of our knowledge of him? The First Grave-digger was better informed; for he gives us two important pieces of information. First, he tells us of the title by which Yorick was known; and second, he states, definitely, the number of years that had elapsed since his death. Now, since knowing the date of composition of the Second Quarto of *Hamlet*, we can ascertain the date of the death of Yorick, let us assume as a working hypothesis that the First Grave-digger was speaking in the years 1601-1602. Now the Grave-digger does not speak of "Yorick," simply as "Yorick." On the contrary, he states: "This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester; and the last two words, in the

Quarto of 1604, begin with capital letters: "the King's Jester." Who, then, was the King's Jester?

I have before me Dr. Doran's "History of Court Fools." London, 1858. On p. 132 I find: "John Heywood, himself a "King's Jester" and a poet, has made" etc., etc. On p. 142 he states: "This play upon the word *leman*, (or "mistress") was subsequently employed by Heywood, the "King's Jester," to point a jest made in the hearing of Queen Mary." On p. 152: "We now come to a personage of some celebrity, who seems to have been a court jester, without being exactly a court fool. I allude to John Heywood, of North Mimms, in Hertfordshire, whom Sir Thomas More introduced to the King as Sir William Neville did Scogan, and whose introduction was followed by similar circumstances,—his appointment as "jester" to the sovereign. Of the latter, (Heywood) Wharton says that "he was beloved and rewarded by Henry VIII for his buffooneries," and, indeed, that monarch was so satisfied with the quips of his daughter's favourite, that, as previously stated, he named John Heywood, "King's Jester." On page 155, Dr. Doran states: "With the reputation of having been "King's Jester," Heywood is also known to us as a poet, a dramatist, and a writer of epigrams." On page 158: "It would be hard to say whether Queen Mary laughed or not, when "John, the King's Jester" either read to her," etc. And finally, on page 162, we find:—"As there is no doubt of Heywood having been named by Mary's father "King's Jester," we may fairly conclude, etc." There can be no doubt, therefore, that John Heywood bore the title of the "King's Jester;" that he was well known under that appellation: and that the title clung to him, not only through the reign of Henry VIII, but also through the reigns of Edward VI and of Mary. But was the appellation exclusively

his? Was there any other person known as such? In so far as the reign of Henry VIII is concerned, the question can be answered in the negative. It is entirely unlikely that such a distinctive title would have been given to two court jesters during the same reign. The next sovereign was Edward VI, who died when he was sixteen years of age. No record exists of there having been any jester under his short reign who bore that title other than John Heywood himself. Edward VI died in 1553. From that date until 1603, when James I ascended the throne, England was ruled by women: Mary, and Elizabeth. Naturally, therefore, no person, appointed by either of them, could have been known as the King's Jester. By this process of exclusion, accordingly, it appears to be certain that the person referred to as Yorick, was John Heywood. Dr. Doran's work, already referred to, and the Dictionary of National Biography, are the sources of information for the following sketch of his life. He was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century; in all probability in 1497. His name is included in a return of Catholic fugitives, dated 29 January, 1577, about which time he was found by the royal commissioners to be nominal tenant of lands in Kent and elsewhere. In 1587, Thomas Newton, in his "Epilogue or Conclusion to Heywood's Works" speaks of him as "dead and gone." His death occurred, therefore, sometime between 1577 and 1587. The Dictionary of National Biography gives the dates of his birth and death as probably 1497, 1580. And the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* states that Yorick's skull "has lain in the earth three and twenty years." Taking the date of composition of the Second Quarto, as 1601-2, and subtracting 23 years, we have 1578-9 as the date of Yorick's death, which agrees with the dates given above, within which Heywood is known to have died. Another point to be derived from the

## Who was Yorick ?

Grave-digger's remarks, is, that his references to Yorick are undoubtedly biographical in character. Such a very definite number as twenty-three would not have been selected unless the writer of the scene had in mind some actual person who had died at the time stated. Had he said "twenty years" it would have been different ; for the word "twenty" is used throughout the plays as a comprehensive term of quantity, similar to the phrase "a thousand times" that Hamlet uses in describing his childish frolics with Yorick. But the Second Quarto (1604) gives the number in figures (thus: "23.") So, likewise, do the Third and Fourth Quartos. The Fifth Quarto and the Folio, give it in words, ("twenty-three" and "three and twenty," respectively.) There can thus be no likelihood of a misprint or typographical error having occurred. A direct biographical reference, therefore, must be accepted as having been made in the Second Quarto, (written in 1601-2,) this Quarto being the first impression of the play, as we now have it. And the same is true of the remarks of Hamlet regarding Yorick, as will be shown presently. All accounts of Heywood represent him as having been a man overflowing with wit, and humor. "Heywood's spirit of fun, his humor, and his readiness at repartee" says Dr. Doran, "made him a favorite with More, who was fond of spending leisure hours with him—Previous to his introduction to the King, More presented him to the lady (afterwards Queen) Mary, who found his merriment so irresistible, that it moved even her rigid muscles; and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes, his jests." ("A fellow of infinite jest.") He seems to have been a special favorite of Queen Mary. In her former days he wrote ballads for her, sometimes making herself the subject of them. And it is stated (Dict. Nat. Biog.) "that his

pleasantries were often acceptable in her privy chamber." ("Now get you to my lady's chamber—Make her laugh at that.") He was, moreover, a good vocalist, and no mean instrumental player; his songs being frequently referred to. He seems to have been a favorite also in the mansions and at the tables of the nobility; and a specimen of his wit is offered us by Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie" who relates an anecdote, which I need not quote, "on a time, at the Duke of Northumberland's board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the board's end." ("Where be your gibes now?" asks Hamlet. "Your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?") There can be no doubt as to the biographical character of these references, in the drama. Puttenham refers to him again as having come into reputation for the mirth and quickness of his conceits "in King Edward the Sixth's time." In fact, Mary was thirty-seven years of age when Edward VI died; and, as she herself, lived only five years longer, many of the stories regarding Heywood's amusing her, refer to the times of Edward VI.

Now, it should be noted that Francis Bacon's grandfather, Sir Anthony Cooke, was tutor to Edward VI. Moreover, Anthony Cooke's daughter, Ann, (afterwards Bacon's mother) is stated to have occupied the position of governess to the young King, in her younger days. Thus, two of Bacon's forbears must have been brought into immediate contact with Heywood, since they both occupied positions in the interior, domestic life of the court. Heywood as court jester, of course, was there also. And can there be any doubt that they both knew him well, and even appreciated him? For Heywood's talents were not only those of a wit and humorist. He was a poet, an epigrammatist, a dramatist. His dramas, to-day, occupy an important position in English litera-

ture, coming, as they do, between the old Morality plays and the great outburst of dramatic composition of the Elizabethan era. Francis Bacon's mother, Lady Ann, was a most highly cultivated woman. This man, of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, might naturally therefore, have been held in high esteem by both her and her father. And when the third generation, in the persons of young Anthony and Francis, appeared upon the scene, what more natural than that these little tots of five or six years of age, or thereabouts, should have been amused and entertained by this old family familiar? Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, were in their graves; and Heywood's day as court jester, had passed. His social status had been, of course, inferior to that of the Bacons. But it might be to just such a person, partly friend, partly retainer, that a mother would willingly have entrusted her little children; and it is just such a person also, who would make much of the young scions of the house. For human nature was the same then as it is to-day; and we all know of similar instances in our own lives. It is impossible to conceive of any one more attractive to a child than Heywood. His training as a jester, his jokes, his songs, his gambols, would have made him the beau ideal of all that is amusing and entertaining. And when Hamlet tells us of Yorick: "He hath borne me on his back a thousand times," is it impossible to believe that Francis Bacon placed, in his great drama, an auto-biographical reference, and embodied in the entire passage, in which the line occurs, a memorial to the old playfellow of his early childhood? Upon no basis other than that of the Baconian authorship can this passage well be considered. Even if, for the sake of argument, we allow the Second Quarto to have been written in 1604, and not in 1601-2, the date of Heywood's death, calculated twenty-three year's back,

would be 1581. And in 1581 William Shakspeare was seventeen years of age; he had not yet left Stratford; he had not yet married Anne Hathaway. On the other hand, if I am right in placing the death of Heywood at 1578-1579, that date would have been firmly implanted in Bacon's mind. For it was in 1579 that his father, Nicholas Bacon, had died; and it was in that year that he, himself, had returned home from his three years' visit to the continent. Of Heywood's life, after the death of Mary, we know very little. For the first dozen years of the reign of Elizabeth, the record is an entire blank. At some time during this interval, he went to Malines to live. The suggestion has been made that he went there to avoid persecution by Elizabeth, as he was a Catholic. But this is only a surmise, and an unlikely one. Much is tolerated in a Jester, as Olivia tells us, in "Twelfth Night." Besides, Elizabeth seems to have been kindly disposed towards him—at any rate while she was Princess. For there is a record of a gratuity paid to him by her, at that time. Moreover, Heywood's younger son, Jasper, when a boy, was one of the pages of honor to the princess Elizabeth. The personal element enters into the question. It would be a matter of surprise if the Queen had allowed any such severe action to be taken towards her father's old jester. Heywood's eldest son, Ellis, entered the Society of Jesus in 1566, "and afterwards became spiritual father and preacher in the professed house of the society at Antwerp" (Dict. Nat. Biog.). Antwerp and Malines are not far apart, and Heywood may have gone to live there at that time. More positive knowledge as to this fact, and also as to the date of his death, would obviously be valuable.

HENRY PEMBERTON, JR.

## EARLY CONTEMPORARY EVIDENCE RELATING TO THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

BY REV. WALTER BEGLEY.

The following paper is the first of a series which I hope may appear in *BACONIANA*. Mr. Begley left a great many MSS. relating to the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, and collateral topics arising out of it. When these are published Baconians will have much additional proof of the thoroughness and originality of Mr. Begley's contributions to our controversy. It is, indeed, most desirable that this proof should be presented, for at present the memory of Mr. Begley is, to some extent, under a cloud, owing to his discussion of what is known as the "Scandal" about Bacon. For my own part I do not think this error in judgment (for it is nothing more) should be allowed to darken his memory and prevent due recognition of his merits. He was not only a learned, but a most genial and amiable man, beloved and admired by all who knew him. Of all the defenders of Bacon's claims to the crown of Shakespeare he was, I believe, the most accomplished in Elizabethan scholarship—the most capable of meeting the most formidable Shakespearean champions on their own ground, equipped as fully as any of them with Elizabethan lore. He has been sufficiently censured—now let him be fairly judged.—*Extinctus amabitur idem.*

R. M. THEOBALD.

ONE of the most important contributions we have had for some time to the critical history of the Elizabethan Drama has been the two new volumes by Mr. Courthope on the History of English Poetry. As he once held the important post of Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and as he had the honour, as long ago as in 1864, while yet an undergraduate of New College, of reciting his Prize Poem on the Three Hundredth Anniversary of Shakspeare's Birth in the theatre at Oxford, whatever Mr.



Courthope says about Shakespere must need be of great present interest. His most original contribution to the ever-increasing Shakespeare literature is his masterly discussion (in a long Appendix) of the real authorship of the early doubtful Shakespearean plays.

He comes to the conclusion that the *Henry VI.* trilogy, the *Contention*, the *True Tragedy*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the *Troublesome Reign of King John*, were all written by the same author who wrote *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, and the other great plays of the First Folio. This is a novelty in Shakespeare criticism, and is contrary to the opinion of most of the authorities. The professor is strongly anti-Baconian, but I gladly welcome his powerful arguments as corroborative of my own; for I have contended that there is only one author for all these five plays. To assume a wonderful unknown pre-Shakespearean author for certain of these works is, as I have said, to multiply miracles, or to put more men in one boat than it can possibly hold.

Mr. Courthope's convincing Shakespearean arguments strengthen the Baconian theory considerably. For if they be accepted we have the result that the actor from Stratford was putting forth very able plays as early as the date of the Armada, or even a year or two before that. But no theory of the "receptivity of genius," nor indeed any other theory, could possibly make it credible that Shakspere, from what we know of his early life, was equal to performing such wonders without being noticed by anyone, and while probably connected with stable-boys and ostlers as his most intellectual companions.

Now William Shakespere is supposed generally to have come to London about 1586-7, and since his name did not appear as the author of any play until 1598, and since all the orthodox admit that he wrote some

plays before 1598—and Mr. Courthope admits that he wrote many—we have a space of more than ten years (1586—1598) to enquire into for evidence of the Stratford man's work and authorship. It is to this important point that I shall devote the present chapter, and especially to the contemporary early Shakespeare allusions of the Elizabethan critics, with which we have been so terribly dosed, and, what is more, out of the wrong bottle.

The number of Elizabethan critical essays, written while Shakespeare was at work producing the immortal plays, is by no means small, and to these must be added the various satires and epigrams that came from the press during the same period. It would, indeed, be a strange thing if from the thousands of pages we have extant, dealing with the poetry, the rhetoric and the dramatic art of the period (1580—1600), we should neither be able to say confidently who was the author of the mellifluous poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, so famous in their day, nor yet to point out the real man who wrote the Shakespeare Sonnets, nor yet to name indubitably the immortal author of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, all undoubtedly written in the period mentioned, when these Elizabethan critics and satirists poured forth their thousand pages and more of allusions and illustrations. It would, indeed, be strange if the true author could keep concealed when exposed to the fierce light that beats on contemporaneous fame. Yet the Baconians say, and I with them, that in spite of all this critical literature by various authors—in spite of the fact that the name of Shakespeare was constantly on their lips and pens since the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* in 1593—still the wrong man has been in possession of the "immortal fame" for all these generations. But if the vast body of existing

evidence has been misconstrued and misunderstood from the very beginning, its value and amount and validity are rendered almost without avail. To argue against a long-accepted tradition is always a thankless office. My only plea for a considerate hearing is that I have advanced no new interpretation without a careful consideration of what can be said against its validity.

The first great orthodox argument which I claim with confidence to have completely overthrown is this:—"All contemporary writers accepted William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, as the immortal genius who wrote the works attributed to him, and that of itself settles the authorship." This argument, supposed to be irresistible, rests on the failure to perceive the true drift of much evidence that was purposely cryptogrammatic or delusive. It will be a surprise and a pain to many to discover that the most famous "Shakespeare allusions," as they are called, are really and more properly "Shakespeare delusions."

Starting from about the year 1589, the first literary notice we have is either just before or just after the year of the Armada (1588)—most probably the year after—and between this year and 1592 we get the genuine and important statements of Nash and Greene, in *Menaphon* and in the *Groatsworth of Wit*. They have a great deal to say about the state of the drama and the status of the playwrights, and in 1592—a year before the public had heard anything about *Venus and Adonis*, and the William Shakespeare who dedicated it in 1593 as the first heir of his invention—we have the important fact that Robert Greene, the playwright, refers to an "upstart crow," who thought himself "the only Shake-scene in a country." This is the favourite preliminary dose that the orthodox have dispensed to their public for so many years. I hope to be able to give some evidence that they mistook the label on the

bottle, and hence the public has been dosed for many years with the wrong medicine. Critics have started on the assumption that it was the Warwickshire man that was being attacked by Nash and Greene when, as we now know, he was at that early period a mere nobody, quite beneath such a sustained attack.

To make this plain it should be remembered that in 1589, or a little earlier, which is the date of *Menaphon*, some new plays and playwrights were rising into fame and eclipsing the lustre of Greene, Peele, Nash, Marlowe, and Lodge, who were the chief writers for the stage, and considered themselves, as University men, vastly superior to their competitors. It seems, too, that either now, or very shortly afterwards, these new men began pilfering from Greene and Peele, and anyone else they thought good enough. This naturally enraged the University writers, of whom Nash was the youngest, having only lately joined them. He was known to have a biting and sarcastic wit, and when his more experienced friend, Greene, published a kind of arcadian romance, *Menaphon*, in 1589, Nash wrote a pretty long address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," as a kind of preface both to the book and to the grievances of its author. Nash attacks certain "vainglorious tragedians!" and also their "idiot art-masters that intrude themselves as the alcumists of eloquence." It is the proper identification of these "vainglorious tragedians"—that is to say, "players"—and at the same time the discovery of the "idiot art-masters" who supplied the tragedians or actors with their "drumming decasyllables," and wrote plays for them, which must first be satisfactorily settled before we can draw any useful inferences from either Nash or Greene.

Let us first take the expression "idiot art-masters." Its misinterpretation has caused much confused argu-

ment. Some critics have taken Art Masters to mean M.A.'s of a University, and that Marlowe, who was M.A. of Cambridge, having recently got his degree, was one especially referred to. But this is a very misleading explanation; the whole tenor of the context shows that "art-masters" means men professing to excel and become masters and critics in the arts of English poetry, drama, and declamation. The word "idiot," too, had not its present signification: it meant a private or non-professional person, a non-qualified man; and so when used by Nash as a prefix to "art-masters" it would point to non-graduate critics of poetry and rhetoric (Bacon was non-graduate then) and to other non-academical men outside the professional clique of University playwrights—outsiders, in fact, such as Kyd and Munday, who were non-graduates of any University.\*

Nash further complains of ignorant men, and men who had spent their time in a serving-man's idleness, and translators, who borrowed invention of the Italians: all "this kind of men" Nash satirizes both with regard to their attainment and their dramatic work.

The curious point is that the plays which Nash and Greene seem to jeer at, and otherwise depreciate, are plays which are now famous—plays which worked a revolution in dramatic art. For *Tamburlaine* was (as I shall show) one of the plays aimed at by Nash and Greene, although others, such as the early *Taming of a Shrew*, were included in their indictment. But strange to say they did not seem to know who was the author of these plays, for they refer to them in a scoffing way as the work of some "alchemist of eloquence," who "thinks to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." Thus they apparently exclude Marlowe from *Tamburlaine*—that

\* *Idiolicus* = *ἰδιωτικός*; uneducated, ignorant, unskilful.

wonderful play which really revolutionized dramatic versification.

This apparent ignorance of Nash and Greene concerning *Tamburlaine* and its real author has hardly ever been referred to, and is so unlikely in itself that I fully expect it will be disputed, perhaps refuted, by abler judges than I am. But it is only an unimportant detail after all, and what I chiefly wish to obtain from the early evidence of Nash and Greene before 1592 is whether there are any hidden signs or allusions which may lead us to suppose that Bacon was thus early "working underground"—whether there are any remarks that may lead us to detect Bacon's mysterious presence years before he had promised to show his head, as he did in *Lucrece*. I say there are.

First, then, let me quote a passage from the beginning of Nash's prefatory address in *Menaphon* (1587-9):—

"Everie mechanicall mate abhorres the English he was borne to, and plucks with a solemne periphraſis his *ut vales* from the ink-horne: which I impute not so much to the perfection of artes as to the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians who contend not so seriously to excel in action, as to embowell the clouds in a speach of comparison; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortalitie if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the heavenly hill by the dew-lap."

Here it is clearly seen that Nash is inveighing against "mechanical mates" and "vainglorious tragedians," and from what we shall gather further on as to the meaning of "embowell the clouds," and "get Boreas by the beard," we shall conclude that the tragedians meant especially those who took principal parts in these plays.

Nash then proceeds partly to excuse them, and the

rest of the "mechanical mates," by throwing the blame on those writers who put such big words into their mouths. The next paragraph is this:—

"But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to follie, as their idiot art-masters that intrude themselves to our ears as the Alcumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse."

Here, as I take it, Nash is alluding to some new and nameless dramatist, who, to the vexation of the University pens, and especially of Greene, was supplying most successful plays to the great tragedians, and quite cutting out poor Greene and other playwrights who got their bread from their plays. I need hardly say that I do *not* think the Stratford man is meant here, for this was much too early for him to be reckoned of such importance, either as playwright, "alcumist," or rival by any possibility to the scholarly productions of Greene and his compeers.

Nash next proceeds to deal with another personage among the playwrights, who seems to have been "nourished in a serving-man's idleness," and whose description tallies well with Kyd, and, perhaps, Munday too.

"Mongst this kind of men that repose eternitie in the mouth of a player, I can but ingrosse some deep read grammarians, who having no more learning in their scull than will serve to take up a commodity; nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all.

"To leave these to the mercie of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the

translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian *Menaphon*."

Several phrases point to Kyd in the above. The word "ingrosse" makes one think of a scrivener, and the trade of *noverint*; and the grammarian might easily be intended as a slur upon Kyd, who never got beyond the Merchant Taylors' School; while the fact that Kyd was in the service of a certain lord came out while the authorities were in search of proofs of Marlowe's atheism; and, last of all, Kyd was a frequent translator of small pamphlets from the Italian. So that, if my interpretation be correct, the principal persons alluded to by Nash are Kyd, and some new alchemist of eloquence among the art-wrights, and certain noted tragedians among the players, while Marlowe certainly seems excluded from the allusions.

Next we will try to discover, from the curious phrases used by Nash, who this great unknown dramatist, whose name is so carefully kept out of print, really was.

Now, who was it who went so far as to "embowell the clouds in a speach of comparison"? This is a sufficiently remarkable expression, and I am surprised that no critic, so far as I have noticed, has attempted to explain it. However, I can, I believe, explain it satisfactorily. The man referred to was the anonymous author of *Tamburlaine*, who, in a "speach of comparison," properly so-called, produces this odd simile:—

"As when a fiery exhalation,  
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,  
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,  
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth."\*

1 *Tamburlaine*, IV. ii.

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° This may be compared with Hotspur's speech:—

"Diseased nature often times breaks forth  
In strange eruptions. Oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd



The allusion is so plain and evident that I do not suppose it will be contested, and so I make no further remarks on it here.

Next, who was it that got "Boreas by the beard"? Well, there is not much doubt about the source of this—Mr. Richard Simpson and others found it out years ago. What Nash was referring to was the two following lines from the early *Taming of a Shrew*, first printed in 1594, but evidently written much earlier. The lines are:—

"Whiter than are the snowy Apenines,  
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin."

And besides this reference in Nash we find that Robert Greene, in *Menaphon* itself, refers clearly to the same play and the same tragedian. For we have "Roscius" brought before us by Greene as playing the wag under the name of the Shepherd Doron, and saying, "We had an ewe among our rams, whose fleec was *white as the hairs that grow on Father Boreas' chin.*"

Now whatever could induce these two fellow-writers, Greene and North, to give to Boreas, the North Wind, a chin, and white icy hairs? These University men could not possibly borrow these things from the classics; for though Boreas is often described there as nubifugus, gelidus, and even asper, still the classics never give him a chin or a beard. Neither did Greene or Nash invent the beard and chin out of their own head, for in that case it would not have been used by both of them. No; they clearly quoted the words as a parody on some preceding author and play, and as we find the

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By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving  
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers."

1 *Hcn. IV. III. i. 27.*

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very expressions in the *Taming of a Shrew*, and nowhere else, we are justified in concluding that to be the play and author thus jeered at. But still the question stares us in the face—"What could induce any author to give the North Wind a beard and a chin?" I believe I can give the correct answer, one, too, that will help us considerably in discovering the true author of that doubtful Shakespearean play, *The Taming of a Shrew*.

Boreas, with his icy beard and chin, came from the cosmographers, and from them alone. Beginning with the recently-discovered Waldsee Müller World-map of 1507, and right down to the maps of the Armada period, we have frequently at the top of the map Boreas represented like unto a cherub on a tombstone, with puffy cheeks and head only, the northern blasts proceeding from his mouth; and, unlike a cherub in this, he has a scant beard of loose, straggling hairs spread over a very good-sized double chin. Moreover, in some instances the hairs are so thick that they look something like icicles. Here, then, is the source from which, as I suggest, the author of the *Taming of a Shrew* took his singular simile, first printed in 1594 (unless an earlier edition be lost), but really written shortly after the Armada at the latest—rather too early for the Stratford genius, who would not find much then about cosmography, nor expensive charts, either in Burbage's stables or in his own lodgings.

Who, indeed, among all the needy dramatists and vagrant tragedians of that period cared about cosmography? Who among them could afford the luxury of charts and large atlases from abroad? I am afraid I could not name one, for Marlowe, as we know, is excluded; but there is one great genius whom I can name with some confidence. The interest taken by Francis Bacon in the science of cosmography is admitted by all parties. Hence, when we read in

*Twelfth Night* III. ii., that Maria says of Malvolio, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the New Map, with the augmentation of the Indies," we are more inclined to attribute such a reference to maps to Bacon than to Shakspeare; and we hold our opinion with all the greater confidence when we find that Mr. Coote, of the Map Department of the British Museum, has traced the very map referred to as a "New Map on a New Projection," recording the latest geographical discovery of Barentz (a Dutchman) in 1596. He thinks it also "probable in the extreme, if not absolutely certain," that Shakespeare was glancing at the upper portion of this map when he wrote: "You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard" (*Twelfth Night* III. ii. 23).\*

I accept what Mr. Coote and the Shakespeareans say, but not the man they refer to as the author of these subtleties. My contention is that when we find references to maps and charts, and new discoveries in the Indies, or the New World, and an unusual interest in cosmography, we must turn our thoughts to Bacon rather than Shakspeare, or even Marlowe; and that the great Johannes Factotum and universal genius, Francis Bacon, is a much more likely author both of the *Taming of a Shrew* and of the printed *Tamburlaine* of 1590 than anyone else that has been suggested.

Let us next glance at one more allusion in *Menaphon*. Nash speaks of some of these "idiote art masters" as not having learned "the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter"; by which he evidently means that they do not know the proper scansion of horizon in a hexameter. Now, did any dramatic writer make such a mistake? Yes, and more than once. We have:—

\* New Shaksp. Transac., 1877-9, pp. 88—100.

"Lift up his beams above the Horizon."

*Rich., Duke of York* IV. vi.

"Above the border of the Horizon."

*3 Hen. VI.* IV. vii.

"Within the compass of this Horizon."

*Edw. III.* V. i.

Now, all these are early plays which have been always considered doubtfully Shakespearean. But now, if we follow Mr. Courthope and give them to the author of *Lear* and *Macbeth*, we shall find that Nash is still consistently attacking the new writer—this alchemist of eloquence—who had then (1589) written certain plays, one of which (*3 Henry VI.*), or a revision of it, was taken into the Folio of 1623, and the other two have always been doubtfully connected with Shakspeare. We shall find, however, that it was the Shakespeare of Gray's Inn who was the man that Greene and Nash were really attacking, although that did not come out till Greene dubbed him Shake-scene in 1592.

But if Nash did catch the Shakespeare of Gray's Inn tripping over horizon in one or two early plays, the error was never repeated; for in all the Shakespeare plays the word never occurs again. Kyd does not use the word at all; so Nash was not aiming at him here, though we know that he clearly alludes to Kyd in other passages.\*

So either Bacon made a slip over horizon or else carelessly let it pass into his play from some passage of another writer.

But horizon was not so dreadful after all. The great dictionary says that horizon only came into general use about Cowley's time; but I have noticed it in 1602, in the rare *Metamorphosis of Tobacco*, attributed to Sir John Beaumont, and also in Hudson's

\* Mr. Boas tries to connect Kyd with horizon, but in vain.

Judith in 1584, and in Sylvester's *Du Bartas* once, at least. Among modern poets, the only one I have noticed using horizon is Thomas Lake Harris :—

“ The dance-girls from their passion sea  
Rise nymph-like, floating far and free,  
Borne swift to meet the laughing glee.  
  
Rise from the dreams' pavilions,  
Far from the southland horizons,  
Glide twain and twain as flying swans.”

After all, the slip was a mere nothing. Bacon made several worse ones in Italian accentuation, though his local colouring was so good. For instance, we have *Rómeo*, *Desdemóna*, and *Stepháno*—all wrong; they should be *Roméo*, *Desdémona*, and *Stéphano*. But to say *Stephāno*, or *Stéphānas*, is not a hanging matter; if it had been so, I am sure many clergymen would have qualified themselves for the gallows. It happens to them, now and then, unfortunately to read from the lectern what St. Paul says to the Corinthians: “Ye know the house of *Stephānas*” (1 Cor. xvi. 15). The *locus classicus*—*alias* “chest-nut”—is the case of a nervous curate who fell into the trap and said *Stephānas*. The next morning he found on his breakfast table the following note from two of his congregation :—

“ Last night you said, ‘Ye know *Stephānas*,’  
This misconception, sir, does pain us ;  
*Stēphānas* is the man we know,  
And we would have you call him so.”

In Elizabethan days one was not damned socially for a false quantity, and both Shakespeare-Bacon and Marlowe, and others as well, spoke and wrote of the river *Euphrātes*; and I do not suppose that, if Bacon had spoken of *vectīgal* in Parliament, anyone would

have burked or boycotted him. Bacon was notoriously inaccurate and careless in small matters, as King James apparently knew, and quizzed him with the saying—*De minimis non curat lex*.

We may now consider other allusions by Nash which seem to refer to Bacon, and which, strange to say, have (so far as I know) been unnoticed.

Nash having had his gird at Kyd and others, whom he supposed to be ousting the University men, has a half-concealed reference to certain "sweet gentlemen," whom he leads us to infer that he could name if he would. They were clearly higher in the social scale than the "grammarians" of his former criticism, and so he speaks of them very civilly. Doubtless they were Mæcenases either in *esse* or *posse*, and this may account for "biting" Nash not even showing his teeth, although both he and Greene would naturally owe these gentlemen a grudge for what they had been doing lately. Nash thus describes their doings:—

"Sundrie other sweet gentlemen . . . have vaunted their pens in private devices, and trickt up a company of taffeta fooles with their feathers, whose beauty, if our poets had not peecte<sup>o</sup> with the supply of their periwigs, they might have antickt it until this time up and down the countrie with the King of Fairies, and dinde [dined] every day at the pease porridge with Delphigus."

I think the interpretation is fairly obvious; for if ever there was a sweet gentleman who was good at supplying literary matter and dumb shows for his aristocratic friends, or his own "Inne of Court," assuredly Francis

<sup>o</sup> *Peecte*. Nearly all commentators read this to mean pecked. Mr. R. Simpson says, "Apparently it should be *decked*." But why not *pièced*, *i.e.*, patched up. Cf. "A Lover's Complaint," l. 119.

Bacon was the man. The date 1589 is early for him, but by no means too early. He was nearly 30, and had been ten years in town, with an immense amount of time—for he never wasted any—for these and other literary toys. Who the other sweet gentlemen were I should not venture to say. Essex was proud of having the reputation for such things, whether he produced them or not; so he might be one. Young Southampton was perhaps another; or Antony Munday, the best plotter and a friend of Bacon, and afterwards associated with him in literary work. He was experienced enough; the only thing rather against him is the term "sweet gentlemen." He was her Majesty's messenger for Court purposes, an office which might qualify him for this appellation; otherwise he was of a rather lower social grade. But positive identifications cannot be expected from the slight allusions we have. These seem to point to a travelling company of rather inferior actors ("taffeta fooles"), who had been supplied with some plays rather better than usual by some "sweet gentlemen" about town; which plays had been further beautified by pieces or passages of poetry—"feathers"—taken from the good old stock of the University poets without asking their leave. This was the grievance which Nash and Greene had. Here was a tramping company of actors, "bearing their fardels on their backs," accustomed to travel "after a blind jade and a hamper,"\* brought up to London to compete with the regular companies—not on their own merits either, but simply because they had been tricked up with what did not belong to them.

If it be asked what company it was that contained these "taffeta fooles," I can only answer that the history and chronology of the various companies in the later years of Queen Elizabeth cannot be satis-

\* See B. Jonson's *Poetaster* III. i.

factorily treated. Forgeries, mis-statements, lost and falsified account books, render complete accuracy almost impossible. Mr. F. G. Fleay knew more about these things than anyone else ; but he was not thereby saved from egregious mistakes, and whoever tries to follow in his steps will very likely share the same fate. I certainly shall not do so. This tramping company might very well be Pembroke's, which came to town for a time just about this period. I cannot tell, nor does it matter much—though it is said the early doubtful Shakespearean plays came originally chiefly from this company, which would be a good argument if the fact could be proved that Bacon as early as 1589, or even before that, had been putting together "toys," or "works of his recreation," for a company of actors whose plays eventually came under Shakspeare's manipulation and revision. Anyhow, if we may take the result of Mr. Fleay's laborious researches into the chronology of the companies of players, and of Mr. Hopkinson's equally exhaustive study of the doubtful plays, we arrive at their joint agreement that Burbage and Shakspeare had broken away from the Queen's men (for whom Greene was the principal play-writer) before the year 1589 and had joined Pembroke's company, which was shortly after merged into Lord Strange's company, which enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Court performances. Between 1587 and 1591 the Queen's and the Admiral's companies performed at Court. But at Christmas (1591-2), and afterwards, Lord Strange's company almost enjoyed a monopoly of appearing before the Queen. After this advancement in Court favour, the Rose Theatre was opened in February, 1591-2, and the dates quite agree with Southampton's interest in theatres and patronage of the players.

The fact is that Greene and Nash knew the true state



of affairs, and were greatly annoyed that a “rabble of counterfeits” and a “company of taffeta fooles” should be tricked out by “sundrie sweet gentlemen,” to the neglect of the old University pens and their pecuniary loss, especially when this counterfeit company was bolstered up by some “upstart reformers of arts,” who pretended to be what they were not, and were ashamed of being what they were. If this is not a good thrust for Shake-scene Bacon and other upstart courtiers, who might act with him as patrons and “grand possessors,” I know not to what else it can refer. Nash and Greene despised the whole company except one—a “Roscius” of “deserved reputation.” I believe that they knew well enough who the sweet gentlemen were, but spoke mystically for reasons of personal safety, but not too mystically for us to read between the lines now the secret has been partially revealed from other sources.

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“CRYPTIC RHYMES”\*

ALL sober-minded Baconians will regret the publication of Mr. Edwin Bormann’s latest book, which will give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. *The fons et origo mali* is a passage in Bacon’s will :—

“Legacies to my friends: I give unto the right honourable my worthy friend the marquis Fiatt, late lord ambassador of France, my books of orisons or psalms curiously rhymed.”

“The meaning of these words,” says Mr. Bormann, “is evident; Bacon acknowledges with ‘One foot in

\* “Francis Bacon’s Cryptic Rhymes and the Truth they Reveal.” By Edwin Bormann. Siegle, Hill and Co.

heaven,' by his own signature and by the written testimony of six witnesses to the Last Will, to have *written whole books of rhymed, curiously rhymed, verses.*" Now it is obvious that there is nothing in Bacon's words to shew that the books alluded to were written and curiously rhymed by himself. They merely show that the books were in his possession.

Starting from this quite unjustifiable assumption, Mr. Bormann sets out to find curiously rhymed verses in the writings of Bacon and "Shakespeare," and succeeds in his quest to his own satisfaction, but, I fear, to no one else's.

One or two examples will serve to shew the nature of the verses he claims to have discovered. I select the first two given by himself as samples. No. 1 is from the posthumous prayer or psalm published by Rawley.

"O Lord, And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee."

"Written in verse form," says Mr. Bormann, "the sentence would assume this appearance—

"O Lord,  
And *der* as my worldly blessings *were* exalted,  
so secret darts from *thee* have pierced *me* ;  
and *when* I have ascended before *men*,  
I have descen-  
ded in humiliation before thee."

From "And ever" to "exalted," Mr. Bormann says, must be treated as an iambic line of six or five feet; and to make "ever" rhyme with "were" he writes it "e'er"—which Bacon does not—apparently unconscious that he destroys the iambic metre in the process. Try and read the line as an iambic verse—

ān̄d e'ēr ās m̄y wōrldly blēssings wēre ēxāltēd!

And because a few syllables irregularly disposed have the same sound, Mr. Bormann calls this rhymed verse. Surely this is out-Wordsworthing Wordsworth when he shows “that prose is verse and verse is merely prose.”

Mr. Bormann’s next example is from that exquisite passage from *Measure for Measure* where Claudio expresses his horror of death. It appears thus dislocated:—

“I  
 but to *die*  
 and *go*  
 we *know*  
 not where ; to *lie*  
 in cold obstruction and to rot.”

It would be just as reasonable to accuse the author of a book of travels which happens to be lying open beside me on the table, of concealing cryptic rhymes because I see a sentence which runs:—

“It was not owing to want of *will*,  
 but of *skill*,  
 that he did not *kill*  
 him.”

But this is not nearly the worst. Mr. Bormann has discovered a large number of “vexing” rhymes. I have not seen the original German and so cannot tell what the word translated “vexing” is. It appears to mean that the word “vexes” the reader—or can it be a mistranslation of *wechseln* (change)? What our author means by it is a word which does not rhyme, but which he says Bacon meant to be replaced by one that does; and accordingly he substitutes a rhyming word whose meaning will assist his argument. For a warrant for this totally unwarrantable proceeding he goes to Hamlet:—

*Ham.*—For thou dost know, O Damon *dear*,  
 This realm dismantled *was*

By Jove himself ; and now reigns *here*

A very, very—pajock.

*Hor.*—You might have rhymed.

That the humour lies in the substitution where a rhyme is expected of a word which does not rhyme is patent. But it is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Gilbert's clever "nonsense rhyme" naturally occurs to one's mind. (I quote from memory.)

"There was an old Man of St. Bees  
Who said 'I've been stung by a wasp.'  
When they asked 'Does it hurt?'  
He replied, 'Not a bit :  
But I thought all the time 'twas a hornet.' "

To take Hamlet's verse and Horatio's comment as authority to alter words in Bacon's and "Shakespeare's" prose in support of a preconceived theory—well, it baffles description.

Here is a fine sample of the "vexing" rhyme and the use that may be made of it. In the Essay "Of Adversitie" Bacon quotes from Seneca, *verè magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei* (Truly it is grand to have the frailty of a man, and the surety of a god). It is characteristic of Bacon's attention to the point he wishes to make and consequent inattention to details that he has misquoted the passage, which in the original was *Ecce res magna, habere imbecillitatem hominis, securitatem dei* (Behold it is a glorious thing to have the weakness of a man and the surety of a god). Bacon follows the quotation with the remark, "This would have done better in poetry, where such transcendencies are allowed," the meaning of which is as "plain as way to parish church." But Mr. Bormann, on the principle of "Hang all the law and the prophets," takes the first clause alone and considers it a challenge by Bacon to make the passage rhyme. He accordingly writes it thus :—

*Vere,  
Magnum habere,  
Fragilitatem,  
Hominis,  
Securitatem,  
Nominis,*

substituting *nominis* for *dei* to rhyme with *Hominis* (a very poor rhyme, by-the-bye, as the “o” of *Hominis* is short, while that of *Nominis* is long). “Truly it is grand to have the frailty of a man and the security of a name” —an utter *non sequitur*. That *nominis* is the right word is proved thus:—*Deus*, the original word, is equivalent in some of its uses to *numen*, and *numen* sounds like *nomen*. Further, *numen* is equivalent to the English “will” (it is not: it means “a manifestation of the divinity”), and “Will,” of course, means Will-Shakespeare Q.E.D. This reminds one of another proposition equally conclusively proved, to wit, “That there is no such thing as a lie.” Thus: a lie is a story; a story is a tale; a tail, a brush; a brush, a broom; a brougham, a carriage; a carriage, a trap; a trap, a gin; gin, a spirit; a spirit, a ghost; and there is no such thing as a ghost.

To show that it is to verse that we have to go to find this revelation, Mr. Bormann refers us to the Essay “Of Adversitie.” The first word of the essay itself is IT; and if we take this also into our loving embrace, we get—*Ad vers I tie it* (To verse I tie it); *i.e.*, my revelation. Daylight and champion discovers not more!

The greater part of the book is devoted to expounding similar verses (!) (in English, Latin, and French) from Bacon and Shakespeare, and bad rhymes are made into good ones by insisting that they are good.

Whenever Bacon mentions a missile weapon of any sort he always means a spear, and is hinting that he is Shake-speare.

When Ben Jonson addresses the “Happy genius of

this ancient *pile*"—a word which Mr. Bormann says is antiquated and far-fetched as applied to a building—he is also pointing to the fact that Bacon is Shakespeare; for the word means a "hurling-spear," a fact of which "Muret's" (any connection with Murray?) new dictionary will convince the most sceptical. What in the name of goodness is a *hurling-spear*? Perhaps this is a "vexing" rhyme, and we are to read "queer spear." Even poor Pontius Pilate (Latin: *pilatus*=armed with a spear) is added to the pile of spears.

Another piece of evidence depends upon the fact (!) that "shy" and "precise" mean the same, and that therefore, when Bacon's usurers "look precisely for the forfeiture," it points to Shy-lock (Shylock), who looks shyly at his bond and shyly locks his door!

It is thousand pities that an author who has done so much careful study and research, and written somewhat of real interest on the Baconian controversy, should have allowed this will-o'-the-wisp to lure him into so terrible a quagmire.

The desire to find cryptic meanings in Bacon's works seems to act on some people like morphia. It becomes a craving which requires ever-increasing doses until cryptomania supervenes. Oh that all Baconians would learn from Bacon, and not invent theories and then hunt for facts to bolster them up!

I have said nothing of the incidental remarks in the book on Bacon's life and writings, some of which are sufficiently interesting, though they contain no new information, because the *raison d'être* of the work is the "cryptic rhymes," and any discussion of Bacon is directed to proving this theory.

That the theory is utterly untenable is, I think, clear from the examples above quoted; and yet

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out."

It seems to me that Mr. Bormann has incidentally shown that Bacon and "Shakespeare" have a special fondness—probably unconscious—for the repetition of syllables with the same sound; just as we well know that they have for alliteration. Before pronouncing positively on this point, it would be necessary to examine other authors of the period to see whether the occurrence of homophonous syllables close together in their works was appreciably rarer than in Bacon and Shakespeare.

If Mr. Bormann would drop the "cryptic rhyme" idea and do this, and if the result proved that it was so, he would have produced one more useful piece of evidence as to the identity of the two (?) authors' styles, and his labour would not have been wholly in vain.

FLEMING FULCHER.

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## WORD-COINAGE IN SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS

**M**R. HAROLD BAYLEY'S *Shakespeare Symphony* is in most respects such a reasonable and instructive book that no one who is interested in the enquiries to which it is devoted will suffer the value and force of the whole to be weakened by anything that is doubtful or erroneous in separate parts. I could myself wish that the tenth chapter—on Word Makers—were entirely expunged, for I am persuaded it is full of inaccuracies, and is likely to supply much material for injurious comment, reflecting on the rest of the book, by the hostile and captious critics who are so plentiful in all debate relating directly or indirectly to the Baconian controversy. May I be permitted to offer some few criticisms on this chapter?

By a method of calculation which is admitted to be only approximate, and to which I will not at present offer any objection, though I do not regard it as fully trustworthy, Mr. Harold Bayley arrives at the conclusion that Shakespeare "has enriched the English tongue with the astonishing total of 9,450 newly-coined or newly-used [this distinction is important] words." The other performers in the *Shakespeare Symphony* (with the addition of Sir Thomas Browne) have still further enlarged our vocabulary. The result may be thus tabulated:—

Bacon, Browne and the Symphonists,	15,850	words.
Shakespeare ... ..	9,450	„
Anonymous Dramatists ... ..	250	„
	<hr/>	
Total ... ..	25,550	„

Now it has been calculated by Max Müller and others that the vocabularies of different classes and writers may be thus estimated:—An agricultural labourer has 300 words, an ordinary citizen 3,000 or 4,000, Milton 8,000, Thackeray 5,000, Shakespeare 15,000; or Shakespeare including participles and inflections, 21,000. The last item is not of much importance, for participles and inflections obviously are not additional words. It seems, then, that the Symphonists contributed to the English language nearly twice as many words as are included in the entire vocabularies of Milton, plus Thackeray. This seems to me in the highest degree improbable; and if we examine the samples which Mr. Harold Bayley gives of the method of his calculation, the improbability is still more accentuated. The words are taken from the great Oxford Dictionary. A sequence of 143 pages was selected from two different parts—first the words beginning with *ex*, next those beginning with *ge*. I will not



quote either of the lists *in extenso*; I will content myself with giving forty words from each group in the Shakespeare set. It seems, then, that we are indebted to Shakespeare for the following words (I give the words, with their doubles, as I find them in Mr. Harold Bayley's book):—Everyway, evidence, evils, evilly, exact, exacting, exalted, excellencies, excellent, excellent, except, except, exception, exceptlesse, excesse, exchange, exchange, exchange, exchange, excitements, exclaymed, exclaims, excrement, excuse, excuse, execution, executioner, exercise, exercise, exercise, exercise, exhalest, exhale, exhales, exhibitors, exion, exist, exit, exorcist; these are from the E list. The G list gives: St. George, German, germen, gest, get, get, get, get, get, get, get aboard, get aback, get in, get off, get on, get over, ghastly, ghost, ghost, gibber, gibber, gibbet, giddy, gild, gild, gild, gild, gild, gilded, gilt, gimmer, gipsy, gipsy, gird, girk, girdle, give, give, give, give, and the word give has seven more repetitions with its compounds; *go* also is entered twenty-two times.

I do not know how this will strike other readers; to me it seems in the highest degree absurd and irrational. I cannot understand it. On those lists I submit the following considerations:—

1. The first user of a word is not necessarily the inventor of that word. If this were the case, the earliest book or document in the English language would contain nothing else but newly-coined words. If Mr. Harold Bayley, on the authority of the New English Dictionary, informs us that the words exact, exaltation, excepting, exercise, &c., were first used by Bacon, and also that exercise was first used by Ford and also first used by Marlowe, and used four first times by Shakespeare—even if the meaning of this extraordinary piece of information is that some particular mode of employing these words is to be found first in these writers—I

cannot see what bearing this fact has upon the question of the derivation or coinage either of the words or the expressions. Such words are current coin before any writer uses them; the first user in writing is not likely to be the first user in speech.

2. Mere variations in spelling are not significant as indications of original use. Excesse is the same as excess, pioner the same as pioneer, expresse the same as express, and so on.

3. Different inflections of the same word or root are not additions to the vocabulary. Expresse, expresst, expressive, expressly, expressure, are not five new words, but simply five variations of the same root.

4. There are a great many words which are used only once by some writer—especially Sir Thomas Browne—and which in no proper sense enrich the current vocabulary. Sir Thomas Browne's writings contain a great number of such words; they are, many of them, simply pedantical affectations, or Latin words dressed up in an English form, but never properly incorporated into the English language; Latin they were, and are, and will always be, and their single appearance in English masquerade is of no consequence. Mr. Harold Bayley sets down several such words in the Browne list, such as—exantlation, exenteration, extirpicious. Sir Thomas Browne says that Eve was "*edified* out of the rib of Adam"; that the management of our affections is the highest *circenses*. He speaks of *retinary* and *laqueary* combatants; of *tetrick* philosophers; that delay may be wise *cunctation*; that positions may be "quodlibetically constituted, and cut on both sides like a Delphian blade." If a writer plays such tricks as these with language, he is rather like a juggler tossing up three or four balls at a time; he adds nothing to the language; he simply amuses us by his dexterity. So also a writer of macaronic verse is not a coiner of new

words, but a quick-dress actor on the literary stage, who is perpetually changing his clothes. Mr. Leland must have made large contributions to the English language in such verses as these, if his Ballads are taken as English :—

“ Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—  
 De shtar of the shpirit's light ?  
 All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—  
 Afay in de ewigkeit.

It is with language as with money. A French franc, or a German mark, or an American dollar, may find its way into English tills and counters, but these remain foreign coins, and will in due time disappear.

5. Technical or scientific terms may be multiplied to any extent, but the general language is not enriched, only the small section of it allotted to the technicalities of a particular science. We are told by chemists that Dibenzylidenacetone is a “hydrolytic product of Cassanava glucose.” Of course it is ! but the man in the street has no use for this fact—any more than he has for dimethylortho-amin-obenzoic acid, or any such centipedalian compounds.

6. Mere novelties in expression cannot be taken as enlargements of a vocabulary. Mr. Bayley has thirty-two cases in which *go* is newly invented or newly used. Be it so ; and what then ? Every author whose book is worth the paper on which it is printed has his own individualities of style and expression ; he enlarges our ideas, but not our vocabulary. And to speak of the word *go* as invented, in any sense, over thirty times, seems to me inconceivable nonsense.

7. Compound words, where the constituent words belong to current phraseology, are not new coinages. Sir Thomas Browne uses the word *extradictionary* ; Shakespeare has *good-morrow*, and a complete set of

these good-words; also eye-shot, brain-sick, blood-stained, bull-calf, stony-hearted, heir-apparent, sword-and-buckler, and many others.

7. Slang words, or nursery words, are not as a rule to be accepted as newly-coined speech—gibble-gabble, skimble-skamble, bo-peep, bye-bye, peep-bo, &c. It seems to me that it is not at all an easy matter to construct the statistics of a vocabulary; there are so many modifying and restricting considerations, and the same modifications may not be observed by two different calculators. We may be sure, as a generalized fact, that Shakespeare's vocabulary is larger than that of other writers, and that, if Bacon is to be identified with Shakespeare, his vocabulary is more than twice as extensive as that of anyone else. But it is almost impossible to pick out the words that he newly coined, and anyone who makes the attempt is likely to be caught tripping.

So far as I am myself concerned, I may say that both Judge Willis and Mr. Churton Collins have imputed to me the absurdity of selecting over 200 words coined by Bacon. Such a blunder I never made, and never could make. I have always been wide awake against this pitfall, and the mistake attributed to me by these heedless—and I may, at the least, say blundering—critics is absolutely impossible. Let Baconians beware; our enemies are eager to catch us in these snares, and I am particularly sorry that the *Shakespeare Symphony* should give them an opportunity.

R. M. THEOBALD.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Dr. Theobald is right in his contention that the first user of a word is not necessarily the inventor of that word, but first use is presumptive evidence. When, as in the case of Bacon, contemporaries comment upon the *unusual* words with which he "spangled his speech," and in addition we have his

MS. note of new words and phrases, inference becomes very strong.

Whether new meanings infused into old words should be placed to the credit of the writer who thus expands our language, is a matter of opinion. I decided to be guided by Dr. Murray, whose Dictionary is nowadays, rightly or wrongly, acclaimed to be "the ultimate court of appeal when any points of English philology are in question." If Dr. Theobald will refer to N. E. D., he will find, for instance, the word *exercise* paragraphed off into the five or six meanings which it bears, each variation assigned with name and date to first user. I may, therefore, justifiably, I think, divert Dr. Theobald's strictures on to the shoulders of Dr. Murray.

The initiation of the New English Dictionary was largely due to Archbishop Trench. "I am persuaded," said Archbishop Trench, in *The Study of Words*, "that a volume might be written which would have few to rival it in interest, that should do no more than indicate or, where advisable, quote the first writer or the first document wherein new words, or old words employed in a new sense . . . have appeared." Regarding the verbal lists given in *The Shakespeare Symphony*, what I said was: "Of these the majority are either newly constructed, or imported from foreign languages; the remainder are old terms infused with fresh meaning, hence *new* and so considered by Dr. Murray," and—I might reasonably have added—"by other authorities."

The question as to the exact number of new coinages assignable to the Shakesperean period is not for the moment of vital importance, and may well be left undeterminate. Whether it be 5,000 or 25,000 is immaterial in comparison with the fact to which I wished to awake my readers—that there was an English Cicero scientifically and deliberately at work during that period. "Sometimes," says Trench, "such a skilful mint master of words, such a subtle watcher and weigher of their forces as was Cicero, will note, even without this comparison with other languages, an omission in his own, which therefore he will endeavour to supply."

I must disagree with Dr. Theobald's suggestion that pedantic affectations remain such and rarely incorporate into our speech. One can never tell what is going to survive. Who, for instance, could have foreseen that the academic phrase *mobile vulgus* would be clipped into a contraction, and become our homely word "mob," that *Duns Scotus* would develop into "dunce," or that the cumbrous Latinism *omnibus* would have had the virility to survive its birth and be colloquialised into "bus." As a matter of fact, the pedantries of to-day are the vulgarisms of to-morrow.

I think, too, that Dr. Theobald is wrong in his assertion that foreign coins remain foreign, "and will in due time disappear." On the contrary, they rapidly lose their identity, and become part of our English medley. Examples such as "cab" = *cabriolet*,

"kickshaws"=*quelquechose*, "alligator"=*el legarto* (the lizard. Sp.) are conspicuous on every hand.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

HAROLD BAYLEY.

P.S.—Dr. Theobald's fears that this chapter on The Word-makers would irritate the critics, have not, I am glad to say, so far been justified. *The Outlook* singles it out as "a delightful chapter," *The Yorkshire Post* as "better and more valuable" than the rest of the book.—H. B.

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## AUTHOR AND ACTOR MANAGER

READERS of this Magazine are mostly now concerned with the identity of Francis Bacon—his schemes for the advancement of learning and the eventual revelation of the secrets of his life and work.

We agree that Shakespeare was an actor, not a dramatist. Anyone troubled with lurking doubts would be well advised to read carefully in Halliwell's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" (p. 277), the petition presented by the Burbages, his fellow actors, who knew both what he was and how his name was pronounced. They had raised at heavy interest money to build the Globe Theatre, "and to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men Shakspeare, Hemings, Condell, Phillips, and other partners in the profittes."

It was the Burbages, too, who bought from Evans the Blackfriar's Theatre for the remainder of its lease, and instead of having boys as actors "placed men players which were Hemings, Condell, Shakspeare," &c.

These Burbages, like the deserving man himself, wrote the name Shakspeare as it was pronounced:—"Shak" not "Shake." So did the Stratford scribes. I make this point clear in view of a somewhat significant entry in Bacon's handwriting, to which I invite attention.

Probably because it contained notes for a philosophical investigation, one small diary kept by Bacon has escaped destruction. It relates to a few days in July and August, 1608. In it persons are mostly indicated by a first letter or syllable. Tip indicates Typper, Chal=Challoner, Sco=Scotland, Cro=Crofts.

If Shakspeare was a sort of actor manager mask and intermediary for Bacon, in the production of the latter's plays, it is reasonable to suppose that the busy Solicitor-General would at times want to know how things were going on.

Therefore, I do not find it difficult to interpret as referring to Shakspeare the following entry made by Bacon under date, August 6th, 1608 :—

“To have a note from Mr. Cha<sup>r</sup> of ye new Inventions.” This entry was quoted several years ago as bearing the same significance by a writer of quick perception, who also reminded us that at Stratford “Shaksp<sup>r</sup>” was sometimes written “Chaksp<sup>r</sup>.”

A private diary may yet be accidentally left about, so that if Bacon wanted a sufficient yet safely obscure reminder, “Mr. Cha<sup>r</sup>” would do well.

A next enquiry is as to what Bacon meant by the word “Inventions.” Clearly it had not then acquired the narrow meaning of to-day.

The writer of *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, alludes to it as “the first heir of my invention.” The Colin Clout poem, 1595, has—

“Whose muse full of high thoughts invention,  
Doth like himself heroically sound.”

Bacon, writing to King James, says, “Nor was this any invention or project of my own.” To Tobie Mathew he excuses himself, “and my head being then wholly employed about inventions.” In his *Advance-*

*ment of Learning*, he says, "Invention is of two kinds much differing, the one of arts and sciences the other of speech and arguments." What is a Shakespearian play but speech and arguments?

The probable explanation of the entry is that Bacon wanted to remind himself to obtain a report from his actor intermediary as to the preparation or representation of certain new plays. Can we identify the plays? If I have gone too far already a further speculation matters little. In August, 1608, the Solicitor-General was a very busy man. His age was nearly fifty, and "Shakespeare" plays were evidently not being produced at that period at the rate of more than about one or two per annum.

The guess seems to lie between *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, and *Pericles*. *Cymbeline* is evidently an early play used at the end of the 1623 Folio to bring in the occult prophecy of Leonatus Posthumus—as to a tree being brought to life again. *Pericles* for sufficient reasons may also be rejected. The other two plays both deal with Roman History and are founded on North's Plutarch. They are mature and dignified studies of the lives of great politicians and leaders of men, such as a busy lawyer and politician might write by way of variation and recreation from his other work. There were no newspapers to beguile time in those days. Moreover, the Bacon-Mathew letters give hints that Bacon was at this later period of his life leisurely writing his more serious plays.

In 1605 Bacon sent Mathew "some copies of my Book of 'the Advancement' . . . and a little work of my recreation." About 1606, again writing to Mathew, he says, "Methought you were as willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* as Queen Elizabeth commended."

At another time Mathew writes to Bacon in a jocular vein as to returning *Measure for Measure*.



The note or report that "Mr. Cha'" was to be asked to furnish in August, 1608, was therefore very likely as to the rehearsal or as to the success of the representation during the summer of two or more of Bacon's new inventions or plays, and having regard to his age, position, and important legal office, and the natural bent of his recreative studies, one can almost safely guess that the plays in question were those founded on Roman History which I have mentioned, viz., *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, both studies from North's Plutarch, and one of which (*Antony*) was in that year entered for copyright on the Stationer's Register.

The actor "strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage" for four or five years longer. After April, 1616, he was "heard no more."

The author wrote a few more plays and evidently selected, altered and added to some of his earlier plays. In 1623 came the resulting final collection now known as the First Folio Shakespeare.

Its masked portrait, its evasive prefaces, both verse and prose, snares merely set for the groundlings of that generation, have obtained a success which even Bacon could hardly have foreseen—the delusion of the experts of three centuries.

PARKER WOODWARD.

“THE LOVER’S COMPLAINT: A STUDY  
IN ENIGMATICAL POESY.”

(Concluded from page 171.)

THE next stanza is of more than passing interest, and for proper consideration must be reproduced in full:—

“Lo all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,  
*Nature* hath charg’d me that I hoord them not,  
But yield them up where I my selfe must render :  
That is to you my origin and ender.  
For these of force must your oblation be,  
Since I their Aulter you en patrone me.”

Translated into the supposed allegory, this verse evidently appears to say:—

“Lo, to Nature, or natural philosophy (to you), whence poesy had beginning and where it must end, must poetic art be yielded up. These must of necessity be your oblations upon Apollo’s altar—the altar of poesy—since you, Nature or Philosophy, become my patron.”

We are reminded at once how closely upon the lines of the Sonnets this poem is constructed. This peculiarly appears by a comparison with Sonnet 126, which closes the first of the two great series into which the Sonnets are divided and in which it becomes evident, even to the dull eyes of Sidney Lee, that the poet is addressing the character of Cupid. The number is as follows:—

“O thou my lovely Boy who in thy power,  
Dost hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower :  
Who hast by waning growne, and therein shou’st  
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow’st,  
If Nature (soveraine mistress over wrack)  
As thou goest onward still will plucke thee backe,  
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.

Yet fear her O thou minnion of her pleasure,  
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure.  
 Her *Audite* (tho delayd) answered must be,  
 And her *Quietus* is to render thee."

Here the poet, addressing his art genius under the figure of the elder Cupid, the Greek god of creation, shows how that genius has grown by giving itself away, as was promised in the early numbers 4 and 11, while the art of other poets was withering; how nature still plucked that genius back for the purpose of eventually conferring upon it an immortality of fame. Yet nature can only detain such a treasure. She must finally render an accounting, or audit, of that genius which she has used, to the poet, and the final quietus, or satisfaction, of which is to render, or return back, that genius where it belonged. So in verse 33, under discussion, nature has charged poesy, represented by Apollo, that poetic art must be yielded up to philosophy where that art had its origin in the early Greek classics, and to which end that same art should return. This, of necessity, became the oblation of philosophy upon the altar of poesy. And that the poet looked upon his art as a revival of the nature poetry of the ancients is clearly apparent, both from the plain statements of the Sonnets and from the growing clearer conception of that art which we called Shakespeare's. Sonnet 20 states that his "Master Mistres" has the face of a woman and the form ("Hew") of a man; in 53, that this is the form of *Adonis* and the face of *Helen*, and that his genius is "*painted new*" in "*Grecian tires*"; in 67, that his art lived with the "infection" of his times because "*nature bankrout is,*" and had no genius but his own to live upon, and that she was storing that genius—

". . . to show what welth she had  
 In daies *long since*, before these last so bad";

and in 63, to "show *faulſe Art* what beauty (poesy) was *of yore*." If this interpretation of verse 33 is not the true one, we are met by the very puzzling questions as to what this seductive youth had to do with "Nature"; in what possible sense the maiden was his "origin" and "ender," and why the "trophies of hot affections" of other love-sick maids must "of force" be her oblation upon the altar of the curly-headed youth to whom she was playing the very inexplicable part of a "patron." But to continue the allegorical rendering of this remarkable speech, which at last brought the recalcitrant maiden to terms:—

## Verse 34.

"Advance, then, thy pure white hand which has no need of poets' praise and receive all these poetic passions for your own ministrations; for you will I now obey, work under you and dedicate to your service these parcels from distracted poets."

## Verse 35.

"Lo, this poem was sent me by one who left the Court and a glittering following to enter a cloister."

## Verse 37.

"But an accident introduced her to Poesy, and she also fell by my arts. Now she would leave a religious life to be a poet, and where once she immured herself to escape temptations, now she would have her liberty to become in turn a poetic temptress."

A very interesting question here arises as to the identity of the poet referred to, and it is difficult to determine whether this fleeing to a cloister is also figurative or an allusion to a fact in the history of some contemporary. If the former, then the hidden meaning of the poet escapes us.

## Verse 38.

"How mighty, then, art thou, Philosophy! Poets have given to me their art which I must in turn give to you together with my own efforts, to inflame your cold breast."

## Verse 41.

"Now, all these poets join with me in inducing you to aid the sweet design of wedding Poesy to Philosophy."

This closes the remarkable love oration of the young man, and which is charged with about as much seductive passion as an iceberg. And it was not until this eloquence and superb horsemanship were supplemented by the work of the actor when the youth wept such a flood of tears, which was only "an art of craft," that the cold maid surrendered. Then follows in four very hard verses a further description of the seductive powers of the youth, and in which his ability seems to be extended beyond the requirements of the case.

Verse 45 is as follows :—

"In him a plentitude of *subtil matter*,  
Applied to Cautills, all strange formes receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or sounding paleness : and he takes and leaves,  
In eithers aptness as it best deceives :  
To blush at speeches ranck, to weep at woes  
Or to turn white and swound at *tragick showes*."

We are here given the secret of this seductive art, but the explanation is couched in a most obscure and profound generality. It is a "plentitude of *subtil matter*" in some manner "applied to Cautills" which enables him to receive "all strange formes." These forms are of three classes—blushes, tears and paleness—caused respectively by "speeches ranck," "woes," and "tragick showes." This is certainly highly suggestive of the arts of dramatic poetry, and we seem to be again dealing with the attributes of the "Master Mistres" of Sonnet 20—"A man in Hew (form) all Hews (forms) in his controlling," and which seem to be further developed in Sonnet 113 in the lines :—

"For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flowrs, or shape which it doth lack,

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch :  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet-favour or deformedst creature,  
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night :  
 The Croe or Dove, it shapes them to your feature."

And what is this "plentitude of subtil matter" but the spirit or soul of the poet? Says the writer, addressing his genius in the Sonnets, "My spirit is thine, the better part of me," and this was the "summer's hunny breath" of Sonnet 65. But this "subtil matter" must be applied to "Cautills" to make these forms appear. And what is a Cautel? It is defined as a "craftiness," a "cunningness," a "deceit," or "fraud." Are we so far out of the way, then, in suggesting that these cautels are again the deceits and feignings of the poet—the same "deceits" of verse 26 that were "guilded in his smiling"? Montaigne seems to understand it all. Continuing the quotation concerning the power of dramatic poetry to draw men through the arts of the actor, he says:—

"It is the ligament of our senses, depending one of another. Even from my infancy Poesie hath had the vertue to transpierce and transport me. But that lively and feeling-moving that is naturally in me have diversely *been handled* by the *diversity of formes*, not so much higher or lower (for they were ever the highest in every kind) as different in *colour*."

Is this "difference in colour" of Montaigne's signified by the red blushes and sounding paleness of this verse? Are these "woes," "speeches ranck," and "tragick shoves" anything but Montaigne's "fabulous shadows of poesie"—the "feignings" and "impostures" of poets also described by Bacon? And in that last quotation is Montaigne trying to say something under cover? He says his own poetic feelings have "been handled" in a diversity of *forms*. But who handled

them—himself or such poets as seemed to express his own poetic emotions? One thing is certain—Montaigne's text will bear watching, as anyone may discover who attempts to follow his thought, and as we shall discover later.

The next verse is equally hard :—

“That not a heart which in his *levell* came,  
 Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,  
 Showing faire *Nature* is both *kind* and *tame* :  
 And vailed in them did winne whom he would maime,  
 Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim,  
 When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,  
 He preacht pure maid, and praisd cold chastitic.”

We are at once reminded that Apollo was generally represented as carrying a bow and arrows, as was Cupid also. Still addressing Cupid in the Sonnets, the poet says :—

“Bring me within the *level* of your frowne,  
 But *shoot* not at me in your wakened hate,”

and there is at first a very strong temptation to identify this youth with the elder Cupid of the Sonnets, but the curls and horsemanship preclude such an interpretation. Yet they are still identified as being both personifications of poetic art. For some unexplained reason “*Nature*” is again dragged in by the heels in this verse in the most puzzling statement that the seductive powers of the youth showed (in what manner it would be hard to conjecture) that “*faire Nature* is both *kind* and *tame*.” A flock of interrogations fly out of this verse. What has nature to do with it? In what possible way could a matter of fact seducer of female virtue illustrate the *kindness* and *tameness* of nature? He would more accurately show the malignancy and wildness of nature. Who or what is meant by the word “*them*” in the fourth line? Seemingly, it can only refer to these qualities of nature—kindness and tameness.

What is this but the nature poesy of antiquity which was revived by Shakespeare's art—philosophy conjoined with poesy? This was Shakespeare's genius, of which he says:—

“*Fair, kinde and true*, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kinde and true, varying to other words,  
 And in this change is my *invention* spent,  
 Three theams in one which wondrous scope affords.  
 Fair, kind and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three till now, never kept seate in one.”

This, in turn, is nothing but the beauty, goodness, and truth so much celebrated in the Sonnets—the trinity of elementary principles of the Shakespeare art. And how easy it must have been for Montaigne to read the enigmatical poesy of Shakespeare will be seen by the following extracts from his Essays, which should be here inserted for the light they may throw around our dark pathway:—

“I am so conversant with Poesie that I may judge that this invention (a country song) hath no *barbarisme* at all in it, but is altogether *Anacreontike*.”

“Popular and merely *natural Poesie* hath certaine *graces* and ill-bred livliness whereby it concurreth and compareth itself unto the principal beauty of a perfect and artificial Poesie.”

“I have ever deemed that in Poesie, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace, doe doubtless by far hold the first ranke; and especially Virgil in the *Georgiks*, which I esteem the most accomplished piece of work of Poesie.”

“I perceive that good and *Ancient Poets* have shunned the affectation and enquest, not only of fantastically, new-fangled, Spagnoilized, and Petrarchistical elevations, but also of more sweet and sparing inventions, which are the *ornament* of all the Poetical workes of succeeding ages.”

“And truly *Philosophy* is nothing else but a *sophisticated Poesie*; whence have ancient authors all their authorities but from poets? And the *first* were *poets themselves*, and in their *art treated* the same.”

“These verses were preached in the old schoole, a schoole in



which *I hold more then of the modern* : her vertues seem greater unto me, her vices less."

"Horace is not pleased with a slight or superficial expression, it would betray him; he seeth more cleere and further into matters: his *spirit* picks and ransacketh the whole store-house of words and *figures* to show and present himself."

And in this last extract we hear the echo from Shakespeare's own comparison of his genius with the poesy of antiquity in Sonnet 108, as follows:—

"What's in the braine that Inck may character,  
Which hath not *figured* to thee my true *spirit*,  
What's new to speake, what new to register,  
That may express my love, or thy deare merit;  
Nothing *sweet boy*, but yet like prayers divine,  
I must each day say ore the very same,  
Counting no old things old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallowed thy faire name,  
So that *eternal love* in loves *fresh case*,  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes *antiquitie* for aye his *page*.  
Finding the *first conceit* of love there bred,  
Where time and outward forme would show it dead."

But let Montaigne continue to throw his calcium light upon this cloudy scene:—

"A thousand poets labor and languish after the prose manner, but the best antient prose, which I indifferently scatter here and there for verse, shineth everywhere, with a poetical vigour and boldness, and representeth some aire or touch of its fury. . . . A poet (saith Plato) seated on the Muses' footstool doth in a furie powre out whatsoever cometh in his mouth, as the pipe or cocke of a fountaine, without considering or ruminating the same."

"Antient divinity is altogether poesie (say the learned) and the *first philosophy*. It is the original language of the gods."

"And there be humours to whom understanding causeth disdain, who because they *shall not know what I mean*, will esteeme me the better, and will conclude the mystery and depth of my sense by the obscuritie, which, to speake in good earnest,

I hate as death, and would shunne it *if I could avoid myself*.  
 . . . Sithence peradventure I am particularly *tide* and precisely  
*vowed to speak by halves*, to speake *confusedly*, to speak  
*discrepantly*."

"*Nature*, to show that *nothing is savage in whatsoever she produceth*, causeth oftentimes, even in rudest and most *unarted* nations, *productions of spirits* to arise, that confront and wrestle with the most *artist productions*."

"There is nothing in Nature unservicable, no not inutility itselfe."

"I would *naturalize arte* as much as they would *artize nature*."

"Nature is a gentle guide, yet not more gentle than prudent and just. . . . Behold here the good precepts of our universal mother Nature . . . there is no reason *art* should gaine the point of honour of our great and puissant mother Nature.

"Nature is nothing but an *enigmaticall poesie*, an overshadowed and dark picture, enter-shining with an infinite variety of *false lights* to exercise our conjectures."

What does all this admixture of philosophy, nature and poesy mean? Have we, in our interpretation of this poem, come into touch with the allegorical and allusive vocabulary of the writers of "enigmatical poesy" who were contemporary with Shakespeare, or have we struck the spring head of an original and invented esotery of that character? But to return from our wanderings. This god of poesy, then, practised his seductive arts by vailing himself in the beauty, kindness, and tameness of nature. What was it he sought? Was it not the unruly wills and desires of men which he yet preached against? Verse 20 says he :

"Askt their own wils and made their wils obey."

What is this but the great purpose of Shakespeare's dramatic art—the seduction of evil to good by the power of example, music, eloquence, and entertainment? Thus, when this personification of "naturalized art" most flamed with poetic passion or inspiration ("most burnt in heart-wished luxury") he was still the moral

preacher—still pictured the beauty of virtue and constancy and the foulness of unbridled will—he  
 “preacht pure maide, and praised cold chastity.”

Verse 47.

“Thus meereley with the garment of a *grace*  
 The *naked* and concealed feind he covered,  
 That th' unexperient gave the tempter place  
 Which like a *Cherubin* above them hovered.  
 Who young and simple would not be so loved?  
 Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,  
 What I should do againe for such a sake?”

But surely, the sceptic will say, the allegory must here break: Shakespere would never refer to such a beneficent tempter as a “fiend.” And yet with that deadly irony of fate which never ceases to pursue the interpretation of the Shakespeare writings, Bacon produces the exact idea wanted. He says in *The Advancement of Learning* :—

“Did not one of the fathers in great indignation call *Poesy vinum daemonum* because it increaseth *temptations*, perturbations and vain opinions?”

But whether one of the fathers said it or Bacon imagined it for him, here is the exact concatenation of ideas found in the above verse—a *poetic demon*, or fiend, pursuing the arts of a tempter! Thus this naked god (“Cherubin”) concealed himself in the garment of poetic grace, truth and beauty, and, unsuspected, wrought to his purpose the wills of his victims. We are again reminded that “only gods can ride the winged horse,” and we might have expected that the cherubic character of this youth would surely appear, just as it does in the Sonnets where the friend is described as—

“Such Cherubines as your sweet selfe resembles,”

and as a “God in love to whom I am confined.” And

why will Montaigne keep pushing in like a hungry spirit waiting an opportunity to pour out his woes through some medium? He says in his "Address to the Reader":—

"For if my fortune had been to have lived among those nations which are said to live under the sweet liberty of Nature's first and uncorrupted laws, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed myselfe fully and *naked*."

And Shakespeare echoes this in Sonnet 26, in writing to the "Lord of his Love," where he hopes:—

". . . some good concept of thine  
In thy soule's thought (all naked) will bestow it."

Neither should we forget that Apollo was usually represented, as an authority says, "in the full majesty of youthful manhood, in most of his attributes *unclothed* or but lightly draped." He is represented in the poem with "small shew of man upon his chinne," and it is Montaigne who, quoting Homer, extends perfect beauty "until such time as the chinne begins to bud."

The last verse, to make the poetic allusions sure, reiterates the arts of the poet and actor in a way that cannot be misunderstood. It was all art, it was all false, it was "borrowed motion," "seeming owed," yet it was enough to seduce a reconciled philosopher, just as the poet had affirmed in the Sonnets over his attempt to bathe in the "could vailie fountaine" in which Diana had quenched Cupid's torch:—

"The boy for triall needs would touch my breast,  
I sick withall the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied a sad distempered guest.  
But found no cure, the bath for my help lies  
Where *Cupid* got *new fire*, my mistress eyes.

This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,  
Which from loves fire tooke heate perpetuall,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy

For men diseased, but I my Mistress thrall,  
 Came there for cure and this by that I prove,  
 Loves fire heats water, water coules not love."

And here comes Montaigne again applying the simile "spongy" to poetic effusions. Writing of Horace, he says: "Here likewise the sense enlighteneth and produceth the words: no longer *windy* or *spongy*, but of flesh and bone."

It was Bacon who wrote part of his works in such enigmatic language as to "select his auditors" from such "sharp wits as could pierce the veil," and which he called the "Enigmatical Method"; who found "hidden meanings" in the fables of the ancients which were "disguised and veiled"; of whom Lady Anne, his mother, wrote to his brother Anthony: "I send herein your brother's (Francis') letter. Construe the meaning. I do not understand his *enigmatical* and *folded writing*." It was Montaigne again who, writing of the art of divination and the superstitious fancies of some writers of his time, says:—

"In my time they are so successful, as they have persuaded me, that it is an amusing of *sharpe and idle wits*; that such as are inured to this *suttlelie*, by *folding* and *unfolding* them, may in all other writings be capable to find out what they seek after."

And also:—

"I shall perhaps have cast foorth some *suttlelie in writing*, haply dull and harsh for another, but *smothe and curious* for myself."

And, writing of the "stories" which he has "glanced at" in his Essays, he adds with what seems to be the most profound significance:—

"They often (beyond my purpose) produce the *seed of a richer subject and bolder matter*, and often, *collaterally*, a more *harmonious tune*, both for me, that will express no more in this place, and for them that shall *hit upon my tune*."

Shades of Shakespeare! At what is the man driving? Was he also a "concealed poet"? Did he also fail to rear these "seeds" in plants and utter them in his own pots? It is no marvel to hear Shakespeare assert that "A sentence is a cheveril glove to a good wit." And we may well exclaim with him in the *Comedy of Errors* :—

"Lay open to my earthy, gross conceit,  
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The *folded meanings* of your *word's deceit*."

It is Shakespeare also who tells us that "Time shall *unfold* what *platted cunning hides*"; who complains because a poet's good wit is not "seconded by the forward child understanding"; who sighs for "a crown's worth of good interpretation," and who talks of "a speaking such as sense cannot untie."

But is all this too fine for such a sober philosopher as Bacon? Then let Bacon answer: "Pragmatical men may not imagine that learning is like a lark which can mount and sing and please itself and nothing else." In the exquisite "Farewell" of the poet to his genius, found in Sonnet 87, he closes with these lines :—

"Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,  
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter."

And was Bacon indulging in dreams of this character? Listen to his significant answer in the *De Augmentis* :—

"Poesy is a *dream of learning*; a thing sweet and varied and that would be thought to have in it something *divine*—a character which dreams likewise affect. But it is time for *me* to *awake* and rising above the earth to wing my way through the clear air of Philosophy and the sciences."

Another god on a winged horse! Oh, Mr. Bacon! you affect learning, do you? And learning can dream poetry, can it? And you have been dreaming, have you? And you think pragmatical men are fooled when

they imagine that learning cannot mount and sing like a lark? And you "stay too long in the theatre," do you? And you "filled up all numbers" and wrote of yourself as a "concealed poet"? Well, what is it you are trying to tell us? Did you say—

"O let my books be then the eloquence,  
And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,  
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.  
O learn to read what *silent love* hath writ,  
*To hear with eyes belongs to loves fine wit.*"

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## ON THE MOTION OF WINDS A DUOLOGUE.

*Characters: Lord Verulam. An Enquirer.*

*Q.*—SHAKE-SPEARE, in *Winter's Tale* (IV. iii.), says of Perdita: "When you do dance, I wish you a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that; move still, still so, and own no other function." Have you anything to say about waves and their dancing?

*Lord Ver.*—We call undulation that motion by which the wind rises and abates, as the waves of the water.

*Q.*—But you are speaking now of wind not waves?

*Lord Ver.*—Neither rivers . . . nor currents in the sea, do rise in waves, unless the blowing of wind be joined thereunto. The undulation of the winds is done in a few moments. So that a wind will rise and fall, by turns, at the least a hundred times an hour.

*Q.*—Do you ever speak of *dancing* instead of undulation, as Shake-speare does?

*Lord Ver.*—When they (the winds) lead their rings, it were pretty to know the order of their dancing.

*Q.*—So the winds make the waves rise and fall?

*Lord Ver.*—In waters, after the waves are risen on high, they of themselves and of their own accord do again fall to the place of them.

*Q.*—Shake-speare, in *King Henry VI.*, Part III. (V. iii.), says :

*King E.*—“In the midst of this bright-shining day, I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud. Powers have arrived . . . and march on to fight with us.” Explain.

*Lord Ver.*—Some petty cloud shewing itself suddenly, having not been seen before, and all the sky clear about it . . . about noon, shews a storm a'coming.

*Q.*—Clarence: “A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, and blow it to the source from whence it came.” Is that in accordance with the laws of Nature?

*Lord Ver.*—There are infinite sort of winds that blow in fair and clear days. Clouds many times are carried far away from the nurseries of vapours, by winds blowing. Here below the air hath been very still, when above the clouds have been carried with a fresh and merry gale.

*Q.*—Clarence calls the cloud “vapours,” as you do. But what does he mean by the wind blowing the cloud “to the source from whence it came”?

*Lord Ver.*—Whosoever shall know how easily a vapour is dissolved . . . will questionless affirm, that of necessity winds must be everywhere ingendered, from the earth, even to the highest parts of the air.

*Q.*—King Edward calls himself a “glorious sun,” and Clarence says, “Thy very beams shall dry those vapours up.” Please explain the analogy.

*Lord Ver.*—The sun draws out the vapours. The wind both draws them out and carries them away. The sun is like to princes. Winds have their power and origin from the sun; do govern the temperatures



of the countries and the air, as much or more than the sun. The sun is the chief begetter of the winds.

Q.—Then the winds, by order of the sun, controls and dissipates the clouds?

*Lord Ver.*—Winds are merchants of vapours which, being gathered into clouds, they carry out, and bring in again.

Q.—Clarence says, “Every cloud engenders not a storm.”

But the King thought differently, and he was right. He feared a storm, which *did* break.

*Lord Ver.*—Neither let any Prince or State be secure concerning discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril ensued; for as it is true that every vapour, or fume, doth not turn into a storm; so it is nevertheless true, that storms, though they blow over divers times, yet may fall at last.

Q.—The storm which came was the meeting of Queen Margaret’s army and King Edward’s on the field of Tewksbury. Would it be a good analogy to write of a storm as a battle, and a battle as a storm?

*Lord Ver.*—Now we must enquire of the motion, or conflict, or striving (or skirmish). Nor are Virgil’s testimonies altogether to be rejected, he being not unskilful in Natural Philosophy:—

“Together rush the East and South-East wind,  
Nor doth the wave calling South-East stay behind.”  
“I all the winds have seen their battles join.”

Q.—King Edward calls Queen Margaret’s soldiers, just before the battle, “a thorny wood.” Which, he says, “By Heaven’s assistance . . . must by the roots be hewn up.” Were King Edward’s winds to do that?

*Lord Ver.*—It is no wonder the force and power of

winds be so great as it is found to be. They can throw down trees, with their tops like unto spread sails.

*Q.*—How does the analogy of Edward as a sun affect these winds?

*Lord Ver.*—The heat of the sun ought to be so proportioned in the generation of winds that it may raise them.

*Q.*—Queen Margaret calls Edward “a ruthless sea,” blowing her top-mast Montagu overboard, and breaking the cable of her anchor Warwick. He was a sun who engendered the stormy winds! The analogy is perfect!

*Q.*—Why does Edward say: “Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more”?

*Lord Ver.*—Winds almost continually follow the eclipses of the moon. The moon so constant in inconstancy.

#### REFERENCES.

Where sense permitted, unnecessary words have been omitted. Natural History of Winds [Folio, 1671], p. 4 (23). p. 29 (17). p. 4 (18). p. 30 (18). p. 40 (53). p. 20 (28). p. 28 (7). p. 30 (25). p. 20 (Indirect Ex.). p. 15 (38). p. 16 (41). p. 22 (2). p. 17 (2nd line). Essay of Sedition. Natural History of Winds, p. 30 (18) (26). p. 16 (42). p. 45 (13). p. 39 (30). Translation of Psalm 104.

A. A. LEITH.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE  
 "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(Continued from page 200).

30.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI BACONIS,  
 OLIM MAGNI SIGILLI ANGLIÆ CUSTODIS.

Quid ? an apud Deos coorta lis fuit ?  
 An æmulum senex Saturnus filium  
 Jovem vocavit in jus, rursus expetens  
 Regnum ? sed illic advocatum non habens  
 Relinquit astra, pergens in terras iter,  
 Ubi cito invenit parem sibi virum,  
 Baconem scilicet, quem falce demetens  
 Jus exequi coegit inter angelos,  
 Et ipsum se Jovemque filium suum.  
 Quid ? an prudentiâ Baconus indigent  
 Dei ? vel liquerit Deos Astræa ?  
 Ita est : abivit : ipsaque astra deserens,  
 Ministrabatur huic Baconi sedule.  
 Saturnus ipse non fælicioribus  
 Degebat ævum sæculis, quibus nomen  
 Vel aureum fuit, (sunt hæc poetica)  
 Quam judicante nos Bacone degimus :  
 Beatis ergo nobis numina invidentia,  
 Volebant gaudium hoc commune demere :  
 Abiit, abiit : sat hoc doloribus meis  
 Est protulisse : non dixi est mortuus :  
 Quid est opus jam vestimentis atris ? en en  
 Arundo nostra tinctura fluit nigrâ ;  
 Camænarumque fons siccum se fecerit,  
 In lachrymas minutas se dispertiens :  
 Frequentibusque nimbis Aprilis madet  
 Dolores innuens : quippe insolentius  
 Furit fraterna ventorem discordia :

Uterque scilicet gemens non desinit  
 Ab intus altius suspirium trahens.  
 O omnibus Bone, ut videntur omnia  
 Amâsse te vivum, et dolere mortuum !

HENR. OCKLEY, C. TR.

## 30.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS BACON,  
 SOMETIME KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF  
 ENGLAND.

What? Has then litigation sprung up among the gods? Has aged Saturn, again aiming at supremacy, summoned into court his rival and son Jove? But having no pleader there he leaves the stars, directing his course to earth, where soon he finds one suitable for his purpose, namely Bacon, whom, mowing down with his scythe, he compels to administer justice among the angels and between himself and his son Jove. What? Do then the gods need the wisdom of Bacon? Or has Astræa left the gods? It is so: she has gone: and even she, abandoning the stars, sedulously ministered to our Bacon. Saturn himself spent not his time in happier ages, to which the name even of gold is given, (these are poets' fancies) than we experienced when Bacon judged us. Therefore the gods, envying our happy state, willed to remove this universal joy. He is gone, he is gone: it suffices for my woe to have uttered this: I have not said he is dead: What need is there now of black raiment? See, see, our pen flows with black pigment; and the fountain of the Muses shall have become dry, resolving itself into tiny tears: April, implying sorrows, drips: surely the fraternal discord of the winds rages more than usual: that is to say, each moaning ceases not to draw deep sighs from the heart. O benefactor of all, how all things

seem to have loved you living and to mourn you  
dead! HENRY OCKLEY, TRINITY COLLEGE.

31.

IN LANGUOREM DIUTURNUM, SED MORTEM INOPINATAM,  
NOBILISSIMI DOMINI SUI, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI  
ALBANI.

Mors prius aggressa est, fuit inde repulsa : putabam  
Incepti et sceleris pænituisset sui.

Callidus obsessas ut miles deserit urbes

Incautis posito quo ferat arma metu ;

Mors pariter multum hunc vulnus defendere doctum,  
Averso a musis lumine sæva ferit.

Quam cupiam lacrymis oculos absumere totos ;

Nostra sed heu libris lumina servo suis.

Sic maculis chartam lugentem emittere cordi est ;

Nil salis hic nisi quod lacryma salsa dedit.

GUIL. ATKINS,

Dominationis suæ Servus Domesticus.

31.

ON THE LANGUISHING ILLNESS, BUT UNEXPECTED  
DEATH OF HIS MOST NOBLE LORD, VISCOUNT  
ST. ALBANS.

Death first attacked, then was repulsed : I thought  
he had repented of his design and crime. As a skilful  
general marches off from besieged cities, in order to  
attack the garrison when off their guard and freed from  
fear, just so Death relentless on a day hostile to the  
Muses smites this man much skilled in warding off a  
blow. How I would long to consume utterly my eyes  
with weeping ! But, ah, I preserve my eyes for their  
own books. Thus I am glad to produce a poem stained  
with tears ; in it there is no salt, save what the salt tear  
has given.

WILLIAM ATKINS,

His Lordship's Domestic Attendant.

## NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

### The "Noverint"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

I do not think Mr. Stronach is on safe ground in attributing the "Noverint" reference to be a hit at Bacon. The same sort of complaint also appears in "Histrio-Mastix," a masque not printed until 1610—and then fathered by Marston—but which will doubtless turn out to have been written by Bacon.

"O. age when every Scriveners boy shall dippe  
Profaning quills into Thessaliaes spring."

I wish Mr. Stronach and other Baconians would unbend occasionally to accept as a working hypothesis Mrs. Pott's theory as to the enormous share that Francis Bacon had in the literature of his period. "Histrio-Mastix" was possibly written about 1588-90, when fear of the Spaniard was in people's minds.

"O sweet heart the Spaniards are come."

At that date Marston would have been not above 14 years of age. The masque was to illustrate the aphorism taken from a French author and used by Bacon in "The Arte of English Poesie," written about this time.

"Peace brings plenty, plenty makes pride,"

and ending :—

"So peace brings war and war brings peace."

When Baconians are able to grasp the fact that amongst the other names set to Bacon's work may be included "Spenser," "Marlowe," "Nashe," "Greene," and "Peele," the first step towards their relief from mystification will be accomplished. All this "vowed and long experimented secrecie" could not stop at the mere selection of names. Proteus had to make his puppets appear to quarrel with one another.

Yet with all this bluffing some of the Court party could not have been entirely ignorant of the facts. How otherwise could we find that what "Spenser" accidentally omitted to do in 1590, namely, include a sonnet to Earl Derby in the sonnets to the Court notables appended to the *Fairie Queene*, "Nashe" makes good in his "Piers Penneleux" the following year. I ask our friends to try the working hypothesis I have mentioned. They might then, in the light of the hypothesis, read Mr. H. C. Hart's recent articles on Robert Greene in "Notes and Queries," and Mr. Simpson's references to Greene in the "School of Shakespeare," Vol. II. Profitably might be added that very excellent work by Mr. W. L. Rushton, published 1867, on Shakespeare, illustrated by old authors. Bacon does not appear to have cared to own

that he was "Nashe," in which name his style became most extravagant, and the movement to crush the dissenters of the period seems to have failed.

By the way, no authority is given by Mr. Simpson in proof of Nashe's alleged travels in Ireland and Italy, and his employment with Lily and Greene by Bancroft to lampoon the Martinists.

PARKER WOODWARD.

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### A Voice from New York

ON the day that Abraham Lincoln declared the slaves free, *The Liberator* (the newspaper that had laboured for freedom to the slave for a generation) discontinued itself in a pæan. Now BACONIANA cannot discontinue itself, since there is no potentate or power to proclaim that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—and so an end. But I may announce to you that, so far as my familiarity of thirty-seven years with the controversy goes, there is really not to-day even an occasional doubt expressed in private conversation anywhere as to the disappearance of what our Dr. Appleton Morgan called (twenty-seven years ago) "The Shakespearean Myth," and very slight doubts, if any, that Bacon had a very large share in—if not the entire composition of—the Plays so left in the Valley of Decision. Mind you, I say "in private conversation"; for it is an unwritten law of British book reviewers that every book asserting the Bacon theory shall be pronounced "absurd," "crass," "producing not an atom of evidence" (what evidence is wanting?), etc. And our American book reviewers are yet exceedingly timid and don't want to get far out of concord with the older nation. These professional book reviewers themselves, however, while pronouncing Baconians "half-informed" (to what books on Elizabethan matters or to what facts about those times have the book reviewers access to which Baconians are denied access?) in private conversation are ready enough to admit that the Shakespeare claim has been pretty thoroughly exploded by this time. I myself know of several in London, as well as in New York, who say they don't want to believe in Bacon, and so prefer not to read the Bacon evidence; but I have yet to learn of one, professional or unprofessional, who, having read one or more Baconian books, is still—in camera—an unhesitating Shakespearean.

C. HAROLD MCCHESENEY.

10, Convent Avenue, New York City.

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### Stratford-on-Avon

AT the Annual Meeting of the Trustees of Shaksper's Birth-place and Anne Hathaway's Cottage it was announced that the number of paying visitors to the Birth-place totalled thirty-four thousand for the year, a number largely exceeding the total of any preceding year. About ten thousand of the pilgrims were from the United States; in the aggregate no fewer than seventy nationalities were represented.

## Polonius and Lord Burleigh

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

HAVING come across the following I send it for insertion in BACONIANA.

*Maxims of Lord Burleigh to a favourite son.*

"Let thy hospitality be moderate . . . rather plentiful than sparing, for I never knew any man grow poorer by keeping an orderly table. Beware thou spendest not more than three of four parts of thy revenue. And not above a third part of that in thy house.

"Beware of being surety for thy best friends; he that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. Be sure and keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; Compliment him often with many yet small gifts.

"Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous, with thine equals familiar, yet respectful; towards thine inferiours show much humanity, and some familiarity, as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and uncover the head.

"Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend."

—Life of the Great Lord Burleigh, by *Martin Hume*, p. 26.

Polonius, as he was represented in a late production of *Hamlet*, was very like Lord Burleigh; the same peaked white beard and handsome features; while the traditional "fur-trimmed gown" and "staid raiment" is also quite in keeping with William Cecil's usual dress. That statesman was, as we all know, brother-in-law to Sir Nicholas Bacon. Lady Hatton, the handsome young widow whom Francis wooed but did not win, was a kinswoman of the Cecils and Bacons, and must have been a companion and playfellow of both families in her early youth. Did Cecil do his best to nip a romance in the bud? More than likely, seeing he was in Elizabeth's confidence, and was fully aware of Francis' true birth.

It is more than probable that our poet painted a character from more than one original. Polonius, like other personages in the plays, was a composite. Henry, Earl of Arundel, had his share in him. He was "Lord Steward" in Elizabeth's time, and is handed down to us as a self-sufficient, pompous, foppish and mature widower; foolish too—with a silver wand a yard long. Possibly he had his share in Malvolio, too, in the Queen's reign, for his vain hope of marriage with the Queen would have made him a butt for her amusement. The only way that Francis could have concealed his satires would have been by combining the characteristics of more persons than one in a single character.

—A. A. L.

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NOTE.—The continuation of Mr. Williams' article on "Bacon's Time Cipher" is held over owing to pressure on space.









