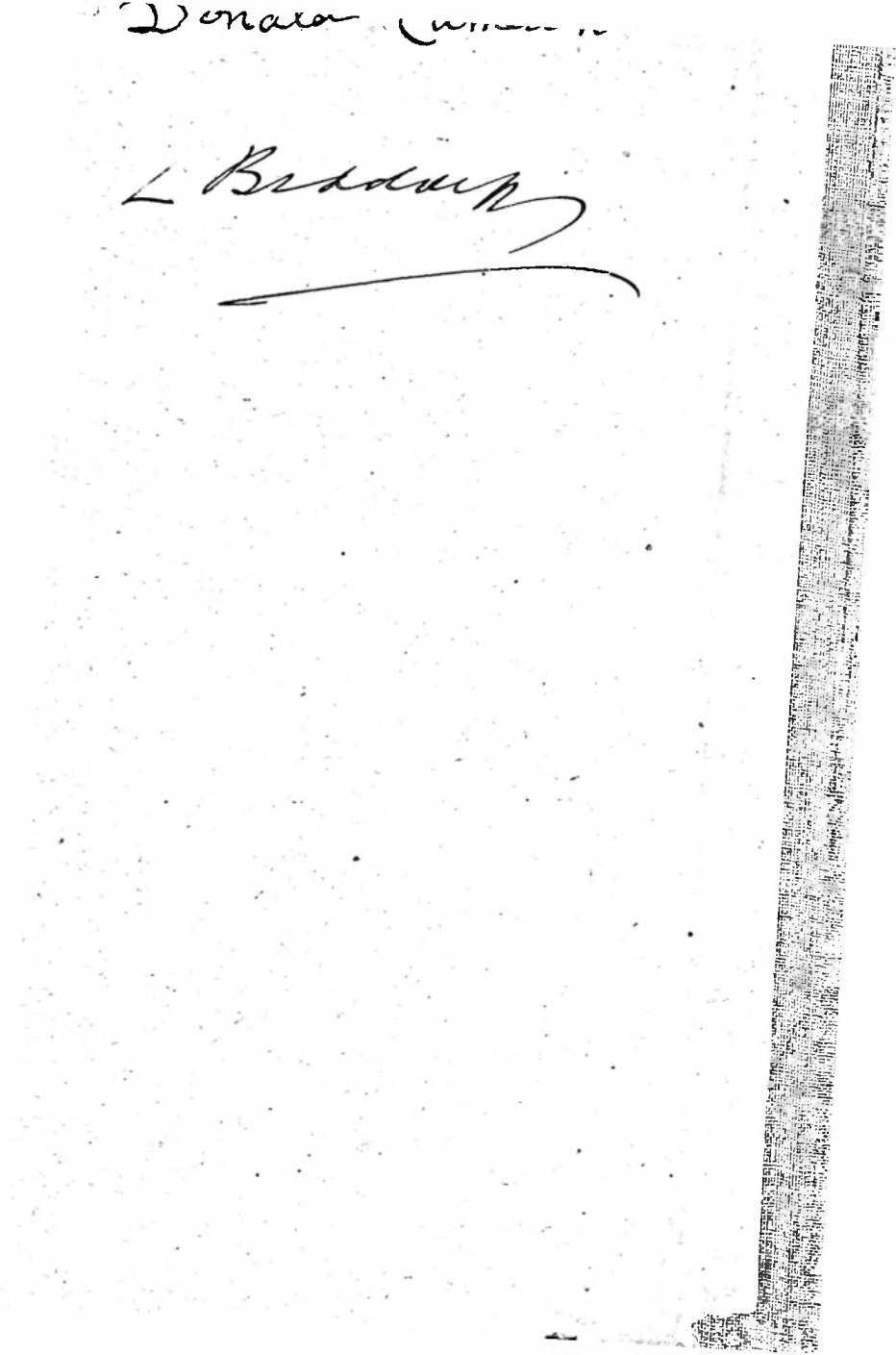
BACONIANA



"Therefore we shall make our judgment upon the things themselves as they give light one to another and, as we can, dig Truth out of the mine."

—FRANCIS BACON.

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BACONIANA.

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SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

"SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS never before Imprinted," have afforded commentators material for many volumes filled with theories which to the ordinary critical mind appear to have no foundation in fact. Chapters have been written to prove that Mr. W. H., the only begetter of the Sonnets, was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and chapters have been written to prove that he was no such person, but that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the man intended to be designated. Theories have been elaborated to identify the individuals represented by the Rival Poet and the dark Lady. Not one of these theories is supported by the vestige of a shred of testimony that would stand investigation. There has not come down any evidence that Shakspur, of Stratford, knew either the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke or Marie Fitton. Mr. W. H. was *Shakespeare*, who *was* the only begetter of the Sonnets and the proof of this statement will in due time be forthcoming. It may be well to try and read some of the Sonnets as they stand and endeavour to realize what is the obvious meaning of the printed words.

The key to the Sonnets will be found in No. 62. The

language in which it is written is explicit and capable of being understood by any ordinary intellect.

"Sinne of selfe-love possesseth al mine eie
And all my soule, and al my every part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gratious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worth's surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine own selfe love quite contrary I read
Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity.
Tis thee (my-selfe) that for myselfe I praise
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies."

The writer here states definitely that he is dominated by the sin of self-love; it possesseth his eye, his soul, and every part of him. There can be found no remedy for it; it is so grounded in his heart. No face is so gracious as is his, no shape so true, no truth of such account. He defines his worth as surmounting that of all others. This is the frank expression of a man who not only believed that he was, but knew that he was superior to all his contemporaries, not only in intellectual power, but in personal appearance. Then comes an arrest in the thought, and he realises that time has been at work. He has been picturing himself as he was when a young man. He turns to his glass and sees himself beated and chopt with tanned antiquity; forty summers have passed over his brow.*

He realises that he no longer answers Ophelia's description:—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's: eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state

*Sonnet No. 2.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers. . . .
That unmatch'd form and feature ot blown youth."

But he cannot forget what he has been, he cannot realise that he is no longer the brilliant youth whose miniature he has before him, with the words inscribed around, "Si tabula daretur digna animum mallem," which may freely be translated from the 1623 folio, "O could he but have drawn his wit," and then with a burst of poetic enthusiasm he exclaims:—

"'Tis thee (my-selfe) that for myselfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies."

This is the common experience of a man as he advances in life. So long as he does not see his reflection in a glass, if he tries to visualize himself, he sees the youth or young man. Only in his most pessimistic moments does he realise his age.

There is no longer any difficulty in understanding Shakespeare's Sonnets. They were addressed by Shakespeare, the poet, to the marvellous youth who was known under the name of Francis Bacon, and they were probably written, with Hilliard's portrait placed on his abtle before him.

In that age (please God it may be the present age), which is known only to God and to the fates when the finishing touch shall be given to Bacon's fame,* it will be found that the period of his life from twelve to thirty-five years of age surpassed all others, not only in brilliant intellectual achievements, but for the enduring wealth with which he endowed his countrymen. And yet it was part of his scheme of life that his connection with the great renaissance in English literature should ie hidden until posterity should recognise that work as

* See Rawley's Introduction to Manes Verulamiani.

the fruit of his brain. "Mente Videbor"—"by the mind I shall be seen."

How lacking all his modern biographers have been in perception! What said a contemporary of him? "He had a large mind from his father, and great abilities from his mother, his parts improved more than his years; his great, fixed, and methodical memory, his solid judgment, his great fancy, his ready expression gave high assurance of that profound and universal knowledge and comprehension of things which *then* rendered him the observation of great and wise men, and afterwards the wonder of all. . . . He never saw anything that was not noble and becoming. . . . At twelve his industry was above the capacity and his mind beyond the reach of his contemporaries. . . . His judgment was so eminent that he could satisfy the greatest; his condescension so humble that he instructed the meanest." "His extraordinary parts above the model of the age were feared in Queen Elizabeth's time, but employed in King James'; his Favour he had in her Reign, but Trust onely in his: Its dangerous in a factious age to have my Lord Bacon's part, or my Lord of Essex his favour. . . . One fault he had, that he was above the age he lived in."

Francis Bacon at forty years of age, or thereabouts, unmarried, childless, sits down to his table. Hilliard's portrait before him, with pen in hand, full of love for, full of admiration for, that beautiful youth on whose counterfeit presentment he was gazing. His intellectual triumphs pass in review before him, most of them secret to him and that youth—his companion through life. That was the Francis Bacon who controlled him in all his comings and goings—his ideal whom he worshipped. If he could have a son like that boy! His pen begins to move on the paper—

"From fairest creatures we desire increase

That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decrease
His tender heire might bear his memory."

The pen stops and the writer's eye wanders to the miniature :—

"But *thou*° contracted to thine own bright eyes

And so the Sonnets flow on, without effort, without the need of reference to authorities, for the great, fixed and methodical memory needs none.

How natural are the allusions—

"Thou art thy mother's glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the lovely Aprill of her prime."

"Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyselfe at least kind hearted prove,
Make thee another self, for love of me
That beauty may still live in thine or thee."

"Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish ;
Look, whom she best indow'd she gave the more ;
Which bountious gift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish ;
She carv'd thee for her seale, and ment thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that coppy die."

"O that you were yourselfe, but love you are
No longer yours, then you yourselfe here live,
Against this cunning end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give
. . . .
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay
. . . .
O none but unthrifts, deare my love you know
You had a Father, let your Son say so."

"But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre uppon this bloodie tirant Time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay

° *'Tis thee myselfe*, Sonnet 62.

With meanes more blessed, then my barren rime ?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would beare you living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :

. . . .

Who will beleeve my verses in time to come
If it were fild with your most high deserts ?
Though yet heaven knowes, it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this Poet lies,
Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termd a Poets rage
And stretched miter of an Antique song.
But were some childe of yours alive that time,
You should live twise, in it and in my rime."

" Yet doe thy worst, ould Time, dispight thy wrong
My love shall in my verse ever live young."

Every difficulty in those which are termed the procreation Sonnets disappears with the application of this key. Only by it can Sonnet 22 be made intelligible :—

" My glass shall not persuade me I am ould,
As long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrowes I behold,
Then look, I death my daies should expirate
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in my breast doth live, as thine in me.
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give backe againe."

But nearly every Sonnet might be quoted in support of this view. Especially is it of value in bringing an intelligent and allowable explanation to Sonnets 40, 41 and 42, which now no longer have an unsavoury flavour.

Sonnet No. 59 is most noteworthy, because it implies a belief in re-incarnation. Shakespeare expresses his longing to know what the ancients would have said of his marvellous intellect. If he could find his picture in some antique book over 500 years old, see an image of himself as he then was, and learn what men thought of him!

"If their bee nothing new, but that which is
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild;
Which laboring for invention, beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward lookc,
Even of five hundreth courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done,
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
Oh sure I am, the wits of former daies,
To subjects worse have given admiring praise."

There is the same idea in Sonnet 71, which suggests that in some future re-incarnation Bacon might read Shakespeare's praises of him.

Conjectures as to who was the rival poet may be dispensed with. The following rendering of Sonnet No. 80 makes this perfectly clear:—

"O how I (*the poet*) faint when I of you (*F.B.*) do write,
Knowing a better spirit (*that of the philosopher*) doth use your name
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make one tongue tied, speaking of your fame!
(*Shakespeare never refers to Bacon or vice-versa*)

But since your (*F.B.'s*) worth wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark (*that of the poet*) inferior far to his (*that of the philosopher*),
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me (*the poet*) up afloat
Whilst he (*the philosopher*) upon your soundless deep doth ride."

It is impossible to do justice to this subject in the space here available. By the aid of this key every line becomes intelligible; the charm and beauty of the Sonnets are increased tenfold. Every unpleasant association of them is removed. No longer need Browning say, "If so the less Shakespeare he."

These are not "Shakespeare's sug'rd Sonnets amongst his private friends" to which Meres makes reference. They are to be found elsewhere.

If there had been an intelligent study of Elizabethan literature from original sources the authorship of the Sonnets would have been revealed long ago. It was a habit of Bacon to speak of himself as some one apart from the Speaker. The opening sentence of *Filum Labyrinthi, Sivo Forma Inquisitiones* is an example. *Ad Filios*—"Francis Bacon thought in this manner." Prefixed to the preface to Gilbert Wats' interpretation of the *Advancement of Learning* is a chapter commencing, "Francis Lo Verulam consulted thus: and thus concluded with himselfe. The publication whereof he conceived did concern the present and future age."

Nothing that has been written is more perfectly Baconian in style and temperament than are the Sonnets. They breathe out his hopes, his aspirations, his ideals, his fears, in every line. He knew he was not for his time. He knew that Time could only render him the fame to which his incomparable powers entitled him. He knew how far he towered above his contem-

poraries, aye, and his predecessors in intellectual power. His hopes were fixed on that day in the distant future—to-day—when for the first time the meshes which he wove, behind which his life's work is obscured, are beginning to be unravelled.

The most sanguine Baconian in his most enthusiastic moments must fail adequately to appreciate the achievements of Francis Bacon and the obligations under whom he has placed posterity. But Bacon knew—and he alone knew—their full value. It was fitting that the greatest poet whom the world had produced should in matchless verse do honour to the world's greatest intellect. It was a pretty conceit; only a master mind would dare to make the attempt. The result has afforded another example of how his great wit, in being concealed, was revealed.

W. T. SMEDLEY.

SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS, 1609.

THIS book of Sonnets was entered S. R. by Thomas Thorpe, a book agent, on the 20th May, 1609.

Theories concerning their meaning have been numerous and varied.

A prominent investigator, Mr. Gerald Massey, gave valuable counsel which may conveniently be here noted:—

"It must be borne in mind that we are endeavouring to decipher a secret history of an unexampled kind. We can get little help except from the written words themselves. We must not be too confident of walking by our own light; we must rely more implicitly on that inner light of the Sonnets left like a lamp in a tomb of old which will lead us with the greater certainty to the

precise spot where we shall touch the secret spring and make clear the mystery."

Of other searchers, Mr. Bernstorff concluded the Sonnets to be an allegory in which the writer kept a diary of his inner self. Yet Mr. W. C. Hazlitt pronounced them casual, arbitrary and authoritative.

Mr. Sidney Lee charged them with want of continuity, but held forty of the first group to be meditative soliloquies.

Professor Masson thought they were a connected series of entries in the poet's diary.

Mr. Walter Begley believed some had been written for the use of other people.

The critic in the 1911 "Encyclopædia Britannica" declares them to be autobiographical, and that their order does not as a whole "jar against the sense of emotional continuity."

The assumption that the Sonnets were written by the Stratford player has, of course, tethered most of the critics. Many have conjectured certain of the verses as having been written to the Earl of Southampton, or the Earl of Essex, or William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and some to Mistress Fitton or Mistress Vernon.

I invite consideration of another and perhaps entirely new view. In order that it may be understood, the biliteral story as to Francis Bacon's extended authorship, his relation to Queen Elizabeth as her basely begotten son and his cipher inventions, must be assumed to be true, which I have not the smallest doubt they are.

A few years ago a writer styled "Oliver Lector" reprinted certain old emblem pictures in a book entitled "Letters from the Dead to the Dead" (London: B. Quaritch).

These emblem pictures show Francis Bacon connected with cipher mysteries and typify a shaken speare in a like association.

Mr. Lector, moreover, in explanatory letterpress, indicates a cipher connected with the Sonnets.

My view is that in 1609 Bacon being unready with his "biliteral" and "word" ciphers and their keys, adopted the expedient of making the Sonnets a vehicle for a highly complex and difficult cipher which he hoped and expected would be solved in a future age, and give proofs of his extensive authorship. Not only had he to construct and place his cipher, but he had also to compose the exterior writing which contained it, in sufficiently attractive, occult and enigmatic words as in a cleverer age to invite and eventually obtain solution.

That so many persons have essayed the problem, is proof that these essentials were observed.

While ensuring that as far as possible the Sonnets should not as a whole "jar against the sense of emotional continuity," Francis may very well have introduced here and there verses which had previously seen service for himself or his friends.

Within this limitation, Sonnets written for his private delectation or consolation, and others addressed to that wonderful person, himself, or to the personifications of ancient hermetic mystery, might conveniently find place. The greater the obscurity the wider and more subtle the enquiry.

On the title-page of the books is a short dedication, containing (probably) a punning reference to Thorpe's bookselling colleague, W. Hall, and possibly serving as a key. The Sonnets immediately follow.

My hypothesis is that the first twenty-five of them are addressed by Francis to himself.

Unmarried at the time of composition, why should he

not commune with himself and ask whether he ought not to marry and have children ?

When this preliminary had been grasped he had no compunction in indicating (to his expected decipherer) in the seventeenth Sonnet that his verse—

> "Is but a tomb
> Which hides his (Bacon's) life."

In the twentieth Sonnet he alluded to the mingled feminality and masculineness of his nature, a peculiarity which some remarks of his chaplain Rawley would seem to corroborate.

In the twenty-third Sonnet he intimates that the fear to trust (his secrets) prevented his marrying. He prefers to rely upon the eventual revelations from his books to gain for him the fame which had never been his portion.

The Sonnet closes with a significant hint :—

> "O *learn to read* what silent love hath writ."

In Sonnet twenty-five he alludes to his lack of public honour :—

> "Whilst I whom fortune of such triumphs bar."

Yet he finds his happiness in his verse :—

> "Where I may not remove nor be removed."

When the twenty-sixth Sonnet is reached Francis supplies an important omission. In almost every Elizabethan book there is prefaced an Epistle Dedicatorie. As Francis was evidently only concerned with the far-off decipherer who would one day interpret his message, it was conveniently deferred until the twenty-sixth Sonnet and begins :—

> "Lord of my love to whom in vassalage
> Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

To thee I send this written embassage
To witness duty not to shew my wit."

He proceeds to hope that some *good conceit* of the person addressed will "put *apparel* on his tattered loving," and concludes :—

"Till then, *not shew my head*, where thou mayst prove me."

The epistle to the decipherer continues through Sonnets 27—32. In the latter he requests him to compare his (the writer's) verse with the writings of the decipherer's later time, and should the later poets "better prove" trusts that his own verse may be cherished on grounds of affection.

The thirty-third, being Bacon's name Sonnet, is naturally very beautiful and reminiscent. It recounts how—

"My sun one early morn did shine.
. . . .
But out alack, he was but one hour mine."

Francis here contrasts his bright early prospects with his subsequent sad experience.

In the two next following Sonnets he discusses his unhappy lot. Thence continues his epistle to his unknown decipherer.

His sixtieth Sonnet is a soliloquy upon the changes and ruin of Time.

Then, continuing his epistle, he admits and bewails his sin of too much self-love, but in extenuation states that he was fortifying against the period of his death (62—5).

Again, soliloquising about himself and death he concludes that after all he were better forgotten (72).

From this point, ambling gently, the Sonnets are sometimes soliloquies, and sometimes pleas with the far-off decipherer.

Sonnet 82 confirms the view that Francis was addressing a dedicatory epistle to his decipherer :—

> "I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
> And therefore may'st without attaint o'er look
> The dedicated words which writers use
> Of their fair subject blessing every book."

In Sonnet 107 he assures his decipherer :—

> "And thou in this shalt find thy monument
> When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

Sonnets 110—112 are a most beautiful apologia by Francis for his course of life.

Much he had published he would gladly have blotted out and his dissembling practices were not truly justifiable. He could only urge in extenuation the peculiar circumstances of his individual case.

He writes :—

> "Alas tis true I have gone here and there
> And made myself a motley to the view
> Gored mine own thoughts sold cheap what is most dear
> Made old offences of affections new
> Most true it is I have looked on truth
> Askance and strangely."

He looked to his decipherer (Sonnet 112) to relieve him from the brand (the whisper that he was a bastard son of the Queen) which "vulgar scandal" had stamped upon his brow.

In Sonnet 124 Francis contrasts the fame his writings would win, with the comparative unimportance of his claim to the English crown.

> "If my dear love were but the child of state
> It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered."

From the 126th Sonnet there seems to be a break of continuity, not perhaps very marked, but rather

suggesting the introduction of old sonnets altered to meet the needs of the interior story.

I am aware of the tendency, of those who hold strongly a particular notion of the true meaning of obscured facts, to read that notion in the subject under examination.

I can, however, say it was not until I had formed this particular conception of the nature and object of the Shakespeare Sonnets that I was able to read them understandingly and with intense pleasure. I invite their reperusal in the light of this hypothesis.

PARKER WOODWARD.

THE SELFSAME FACE IN ALL.

IN his book, "An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title," Judge Stotsenburg seeks to slacken or loosen that subtle knot, as to authorship, involved in the literature now attributed to William Shakespeare.

Has he slackened or tightened the knot? With his views, will the head and limbs of Posthumus ever unite? Will the interest in the plays be intensified or squandered? In this book the author seeks to show:—

1st. That Shakespeare was not, and could not have been, the author of any portion of the work attributed to him.

2nd. That no one person was author of the plays, but that they were the work of several co-labourers or, as he puts it, collaborators, of whom Sir Francis Bacon was one.

3rd. That the poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" were produced by Bacon alone.

4th. And, lastly, that the Sonnets were produced

neither by Shakespeare nor Bacon, but were products of the pen of Sir Philip Sidney.

That portion of it embraced under point one, has been ably handled and needs no further comment.

As to point four, we conclude that but a small portion of the author's thought hovered here, else the wings of his intuition must be considered inadequate for the work. If he finds not the same evidence of authorship in the Sonnets as in the plays, he must indeed unyoke; and this even though he was unable to work the eighteen foot-prints of his method into them.

Bacon's authorship being admitted as to point three, there remains for examination only point two, which is, Are the plays the work of co-labourers or of a single hand? This book is constructed upon two thoughts which must be now fairly met.

The first is that no one person, however gifted, could, according to the estimate of the author, have possessed a vocabulary equal to that displayed in the plays and consisting of 21,000 words.

The second is based on a belief that the diary of Philip Henslowe discloses the names of persons who were writers of plays, to wit, those under review.

That portion of the Judge's book devoted to an examination of the plays may properly be left where he himself has left it, except as to his claim that they were the work of collaborators. To save others from falling into this same tangled skein is one of the objects of this paper. Had it not been for Henslowe's diary, and assumptions based upon it, Judge Stotsenburg's book would not have been written. Even with its aid the author was compelled, as he tells us, to abandon his method of proof. Not being able to work it in the Sonnets, he easily gives them to Sidney.

So far as the diary itself shows, did Philip Henslowe know that the persons who sold him manuscripts were

the authors of them? Were they more, or other, than gatherers, managers or retainers, or someone else—the "pieces but of you"—later to be considered?

In one of his apophthegms touching his retainers, Bacon says: "Sir, I am all of a piece; if the head be lifted up the inferior parts of the body must too."

If now, instead of following mere assumptions, based upon the mentioned diary, the Judge had followed, properly, a legitimate line of evidence, which he himself had introduced, he would have arrived at truth and at single authorship, and at "that talent, or half talent, or what it is that God hath given me," to use Francis Bacon's words touching his own mental gifts.

He might thus have arrived at the tables of the Great Instauration, applied by Bacon as well to the plays as to philosophy, and have thus been made to realise how he, Bacon, came possessed of that wonderful vocabulary of 21,000 words. These tables were the basis of his great philosophic scheme. It was these tables that were to eternize their author, and make him long outlive "that idle rank" that downed him. See Sonnet 122, 124, and 125.

It was from these tables that Bacon structured his subtle doctrine of forms, and thence his great "Alphabet of Nature." Upon this alphabet we would here accumulate emphasis for future use.

To show the value which he, Bacon, placed upon it we quote the closing words of so much of it as he has seen fit to give us, thus:—

"Such then is the rule and plan of the alphabet. May God the Maker, the Preserver, the Renewer of the universe, of His love and compassion to man protect and guide this work, both in its ascent to His glory, and in its descent to the good of man, through His only Son, God with us" (Bacon's "Phil. Works," Vol. V., p. 211).

To make clear to the reader that he applied these

tables to the plays as well as to philosophy, we quote him thus:—"For we form a history and tables of inventions for anger, fear, shame, and the like, and also for examples in civil life and the mental operations of memory, composition, division, judgment, and the rest, as well as for heat and cold, light, vegetation, and the like" ("Phil. Works," by Spedding, Vol. IV., p. 112). As to memory, these tables and the children of the brain (see Sonnet 77) were his retainer's gatherers for these tables from which he drew the laws, the forms of "anger, fear, shame, and the like."

Turning now to the evidence of true authorship in the Judge's book, on page 110 we note the important letter of Samuel Daniel to Sir Thomas Egerton; on page 116, Robert Green's pamphlet, said to have been written a few days previous to his death, called "Green's Groats' Worth of Wit"; and on page 328 Michael Drayton's great poem, said to have been written the night before his death, and to be now for the first time published. When was it written?

Out of these three pieces the Judge will be allowed but little to bear his way which, npon these parts, goes but into the wilderness.

When true interpretation shall have performed its work, each of the mentioned compositions will be found to be a product of Bacon's own pen, and "pieces but of you." These epistles and brief poems between the parts were but a part of the great literary scheme.

The elegantly penned letter by Daniel to the Lord Keeper, Egerton, is surely an adroit piece of Baconian composition, and this, even though an "industrious Shakespearian scholar," may say that such a letter was never written to Egerton. It expresses thanks to Egerton for having secured for him, Daniel, the position of Master of the Queen's Revels. Egerton was made Lord Keeper in 1596.

Want, like an armed man, was, at about this time, crowding Bacon, and we judge that this appointment of one of his "parts or pieces" lent him aid. See Bacon's letter to Egerton (Spedding, Vol. II., page 61); and see pp. 30, 34, 36, 55, 67, and 107. Was there a public man in England that knew Egerton better than did Bacon, or one that knew the inwardness of Bacon's doings better than did Egerton?

We now pass to the true goal of this paper, the so-called poem of Michael Drayton, which is in these words:—

"So well I love thee that without thee I
Love nothing; if I might choose, I'd rather die
Than be one day debarr'd thy company.

Since beasts and plants do grow and live and move,
Beasts are those men that such a life approve;
He only lives that deadly is in love.

The corn that in the ground is sown, first dies,
And of one seed, do many ears arise;
Love, this world's corn, by dying multiplies.

The seeds of love first by thy eyes were thrown
Into a ground untilled, a heart unknown.
To bear such fruit, till by thy hands was sown.

Look, as your looking glass by chance may fall,
Divide and break in many pieces small,
And yet show forth the selfsame face in all.

Proportions, features, graces just the same
And in the smallest piece, as well the name
Of fairest one discerns, as in the richest frame.

So all my thoughts are pieces but of you
Which put together makes a glass so true,
As I therein no other face but yours can view."

This poem is an adroit piece of work, a Baconian knot, a disclosure in a nutshell. Here, indeed, is a light which, if truly followed, will lead us out of the literary

wilderness in which this age has thus far wandered, touching the question of authorship here under review. Did Bacon design that for a time we should so wander? However this may be, we here arrive at the true knot and its just image. While this light will lead us to a correct opening, it will not lead us out of all mystery. Why? He who seeks to fathom Francis Bacon may as well seek to fathom Providence. His subtlety and and scope were never equalled by man. Are there any who think his doctrine of forms and his "Alphabet of Nature" are at present comprehended?

What relation has his *Novum Organum* with this alphabet? Was not its design to find the laws or forms of the simple nature which went to constitute the alphabet? Was it "Time's best jewel" of Sonnet 65? See Sonnet 52 and 64. And where does it now lie hid? Bacon first outlined his philosophy in a work entitled "The Noblest Birth of Time," and referred to in his Hamlet as "that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of its swaddling clouts." Note this babe of Philosophy in Sonnet 59, and note the emphasis on time throughout the writings under review, and in Bacon's sense of use. See Sonnets, 1, 5, 12, 15, 16, 18, 13, 22, 30, 32, 52, 60, 63, 64, 65, 70, 100, 104, 106, 123, 124, 125, 126 and others.

But we return to the glass of the poem—our broken image of light—our "pieces but of you." Bacon says: "Light is God's first creature." Touching this glass, we could from Bacon's attributed works, as well as from the plays, quote until the reader was tired, did space permit.

To instance from the plays, "I will set you up a glass," "Shine out fair sun till I have bought a glass," "I your glass will modestly discover to yourself," etc. Let it be noted in Sonnets 3, 22, 62, 77 and 105 Bacon says; "For however men may amuse themselves and

almost adore the mind, it is certain that like an irregular glass, it alters the rays of things by its figure and different intersections." He says, "Observe the multiplication of light as by mirrors, perspective glasses and the like." He ever likened mind to crystal or a glass.

See later in connection with metaphysics.

In the glass of the poem we may note Bacon's light, or knowledge, broken into parts into pieces. It thus becomes a multiplying glass by means of which his great knowledge was expanded and spread. This glass represents—stands for—his image—his light, when broken, in other words, his colour. See hues or colours, in Sonnets 20, 53, and 101. Note "colour" and in Bacon's sense of use in both plays and Sonnets. See his "Colours of Good and Evil." Bacon says, "For all colour is the broken image of light." See "image" in Bacon's sense of use in Sonnets 3, 24, 31, 59 and 61, and throughout the plays, as "the image of scorn," "the image of merit," "the image of my cause," &c. Bacon says: "Knowledge is the image of existence," He says, "We make images extemporary as they are required." But language of feature must come later. We here give boundaries. He also says: "But there is a difference in glasses—the divine one, wherein we are to behold ourselves is the Word of God; but the political glass is no other than the state of things and and times wherein we live." Note this self-examining glass in Sonnet 62. See the last two lines of Sonnet 84. Does the man truly vile examine himself as in Sonnet 62? See Sonnet 121.

To appreciate the figure of the poem fully, let the reader now imagine to himself a looking-glass so broken. In each piece of it he may see his own face, and as many faces of him as there are pieces, and yet, when all of the pieces are put together there can be seen but the one image or face.

And so, when all of the "pieces" of the thoughts of the supposed author, Drayton, were put together, they made "you." And what was true of one of the Judge's collaborators was true of them all; they were but shadows of the one substance "you." They were but "poet-apes" alluded to in the Judge's book at page 118, 318 and 323. Bacon put into the mouths of these apes what he would. At times he made himself chief in one, at other times in another, and he made them do him praise or homage. He says: "Honor that is gained and broken upon another hath the quickest reflection like diamonds cut with facets." As the poets of the Augustan age praised Cæsar, so did Bacon make his parts praise him.

If the reader will turn to page 112 he may read Drayton thus:

> "No public glory vainly I pursue
> All I seek is to eternize you."

Will our critics point to whom "you" here refers? We have thus far indicated the praise of "you" in connection with "parts." We next indicate that praise when "you" is considered alone, and so invite critical attention to the Shakespeare Sonnets, so called. We judge that these Sonnets were written at, or near, the transit of events. They were not written consecutively. They were jumbled together so as to break relations. An antedate and an enigma T. T. were made to stand on their title-page; and certain cover words, now to be considered, were spread throughout them. When brought to their true relation they tell their story clearly to those familiar with Baconian literature. Sonnet 53 opens in these words:

> "What is your substance, whereof are you made,
> That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
> Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
> And you, but one, can every shadow lend."

Note here Bacon's colours, the word "you" is used eight times in this Sonnet. Let it, and those touched on this point, be read in full, as space will not permit full quotation, and we would that they have careful thought.

Sonnet 84 opens thus:

> "Who is it that says most? which can say more
> Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?"

Sonnet 86 begins thus:

> "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
> Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?"

See Sonnet 80, 83, 85, and 105.

Sonnet 75 opens in these words:

> "So you are to my thoughts as food to life,
> Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
> And for the peace of you I hold such strife
> As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found."

Read this in connection with the first half of the poem under review. There are those who will prefer to believe that, as in the case of Socrates, Bacon had a familiar double, or "good dæmon," to whom he occasionally applied "you," as in Sonnet 86, where we have "that affable, familiar ghost which nightly gulls him with intelligence." See "good dæmon," Addison article on Immortality in Fame (Bohn's edition, Vol. II., page 12).

Thus far we have been considering "you," which is but one of the blind or cover words employed in the Sonnets. Let it now be distinctly noted that by the use of the cover words "you," "thee," "thy," "thou," "he," "his," "him," the author of the Sonnets alludes to himself. Note him in Sonnets 19, 68 and 101.

Their right conception must ever be the first postulate in a correct interpretation of the Sonnets. They, the Sonnets, are each a T.T.—a tom tit, a scholar's egg, a compendium for the radiation of light concerning the author.

The use of cover words notably appears in the word "thee" in that self-condemnatory Sonnet 62, written by Bacon subsequent to his fall, when he first came to himself, which ends thus:

> "'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
> Pointing my age with beauty of thy days."

As this Sonnet is a kind of key to the point made, it should be noted and read with care, as should Sonnets 69, 70 and 105. It contains a touch of the glass of the poem under review. It was by the method indicated, as to these cover words, that the author of the Sonnets preserved his manners in not directly or openly praising himself, as will appear in Sonnet 39, which opens thus:

> "O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
> When thou art all the better part of me?
> What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
> And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?"

Bacon's "Essay on Praise" opens in these words: "Praise is the reflexion of virtue, but it is as the glass or body which giveth the reflexion." A little further on he says: "To praise a man's self cannot be decent, except it be in rare cases; but to praise a man's office or profession, he may do it with good grace, or a kind of magnanimity." And he ends the essay thus: "St. Paul, when he boasts of himself, he doth oft interlace,—I speak like a fool; but speaking of his calling he saith—I will magnify my mission." Bacon's great mission was the love-wooing, the swaddling of truth, and the laying of a new flooring for knowledge. Subsequent to his fall, he says: "If I be left to myself I will graze and bear

natural philosophy; but if the King will plough me up again and sow me with anything, I hope to give him some yield." But the King would not use the plough, and Bacon was left to his "second life on second head," as stated in Sonnet 68. In Sonnet 119, see what ruined love does "when it is built anew."

Let this paper be a companion piece to our article, "The Grave's Tiring-room," in the April issue of BACONIANA for 1908. Touching King James and Bacon's fall, there considered, we from the Judge's book, page 342, quote Drayton thus: All of Drayton's thoughts, let it be remembered, were "pieces but of you."—Bacon.

> "It was my hap before all other men
> To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen,
> When King James entered, at which joyful time
> I taught his title to this isle in rhyme
> And to my part did all the Muses win,
> With high-pitch pæans to applaud him in."

In Sonnet 152 Bacon says, to enlighten the King, he gave eyes to blindness. Note what he says to him in Sonnets 87, 113, 118, 120, 125, 139, 140, 147, 149 and 150. In Sonnet 58 he says that the offence that needs pardon is the King's own. How shall we interpret the "several plot" of Sonnet 137? It had three heads, which space will not permit us to consider here. Touching the ruin of his name, see "name" in Sonnets 71, 72, 111, 127.

We have said right conception of the mentioned pronouns, or cover words, for they are not always used as such. When referring in the Sonnets to king, queen, or others, they have their normal or ordinary use. To instance the word "thou" in Sonnets 1, 7, 22, 135 and 143 alludes to the Queen Elizabeth, while in Sonnets 88, 89 and 90 it alludes to King James I., under whom Bacon was impeached.

Again, "you" in Sonnets 13 and 106 has its ordinary use, and alludes to Elizabeth, whose father was Henry VIII. Note "father" and "house"—for Tudor line—in the first-mentioned Sonnet. Touching Elizabeth, in the play of *Henry VIII.*, Scene iv., Act V., note its words, "truth shall nurse her," and "in her days" "God shall be truly known," in connection with the last two lines of Sonnet 14, which prognosticate fear for truth or the Protestant cause, should Elizabeth, last of the Tudor line, die without an heir. As she had set her face against marriage, this "heir" is the burden of all the Sonnets from 1 to 19. Bacon says, "The Church is the eye of England." He ever sought to be its time-seller.

The context of a Sonnet must determine whether a pronoun is, or not, a cover word—for its author. It is only a blind or cover word when it alludes to himself.

Dante, in excusing himself for having made the same use of the mentioned cover words, says :—

"In Horace man is made to speak to his own intelligence as unto another person, and not only hath Horace done this, but herein he followeth the excellent Homer." When Grant White said, "The mystery of the Sonnets will never be unfolded," we judge he had considered neither the antedate of the Sonnets nor the points here made. As the word "thou" in Sonnets 20, 22 and 143 alludes to Elizabeth, they should have critical examination in the light of Mrs. Gallup's book. You may call Bacon's Letters, Vol. I., page 388, to your aid.

Sonnets 135, 136 and 143 concern Bacon's struggle with Elizabeth for the Attorney's place when beaten by Coke. Note the capitalisation in them of the "will." The struggle over, see Sonnet 145.

We say, then, that the names set out in Henslowe's Diary were but pen-names for Francis Bacon, and the work but parts or pieces of Baconian knowledge, and the world will in time so find it.

It will be found that the knowledge spread into these several parts has radiated from one centre—from "you" —and that "you"—Bacon. He doubtless strove to make the parts as distinct and several as possible, and Judge Stotsenburg finds nothing more, where he thinks he has discovered a difference in authorship.

To instance, at page 316 of his book, he presents what he considers distinctive words from Dekker's vocabulary, the first-mentioned being "retrograde." If he will turn to Vol. I., page 357, of "Bacon's Letters," by Spedding, he may read: "For I understood her Majesty not only to continue in her delay, but (as I was advertised chiefly by my Lord of Essex) to be retrograde —to use the word apted to the highest powers."

Not only the vocabulary of all the parts, but the knowledge as well, though chewed and re-chewed, spread and re-spread, is all Baconian paste. See Sonnet 76. It was for this reason that the Judge fell so readily from sixty-six to eighteen authors. Why did he not include Marlowe, Greene, Peele? Bacon speaks of "braying nature in a mortar, and making it into a new paste." Again, he had methods of handling his knowledge which are, as yet, unknown to us.

We will now touch the highest possible point of proof concerning the vocabulary of the plays and Sonnets, which, by critical examination, must bring us to single authorship. Throughout the plays and Sonnets, as well as Bacon's attributed writings, it will be found that there is but one class of words employed. In other words, there is no word applied to matter that is not equally applied to mind. This test could not possibly be held, were the plays the work of co-labourers.

We next bring forward the reason for this oneness of use which springs from out the depth of the Baconian philosophy, as to mind, or metaphysics. Bacon says, "Be not troubled about metaphysics. When true

physics have been discovered, there will be no metaphysics. Beyond the true physics is divinity only" ("Bacon's Letters," Vol. VII., p. 377).

It may thus be seen why Bacon chose all his words from physics, or the side showing material change. This use must ever be the highest and first postulate in determining the question of his authorship. He applied his "Tables" to mental as to physical operation.

Again, when he had once placed a word, that was ever his word for that place. He used not synonyms for it. So constant was he in this that he seems indeed almost a machine. This constancy and oneness of vocabulary was such as to "almost tell my name." See Sonnets 76 and 105. He ever speaks of the human soul as a substance. He speaks also of the substance of the divine. Note throughout the emphasis placed on substance and shadow. See Sonnets 37, 43, 44, 53 and 98. He also says, "It is the perfect law of the inquiry of truth that nothing be in the globe of matter which has not its parallel in the globe or crystal or the understanding."

He believed not in metaphysics as taught by Aristotle, which followed not the prints of nature, but spun theories out of human consciousness, or, as Bacon puts it, "they spin but as spiders out of their own bowels." He never theorized about what is in mind, but in the plays—his great volume on Metaphysics—he unfolds to the very eyes of men all of the heights and depths of human motives and their issues. He here manifests as subtle watchfulness for objective material change and appearances to learn the forms and shows of motives, as for material change in the realms of physics.

But again, reader, reflect for a moment upon the thought of several co-labourers seating themselves at a table to produce a work like *Hamlet, The Tempest, Cæsar,* or *Lear.* In what order shall they write? To

what end? Who holds, or where sits, the unity of design? This condition of things never did, neither will it, ever exist. In making this statement we are not unmindful of what has been said as to the Grub Street sages of the Defoe period. See Addison, Bohn edition, Vol. II., p. 172. Would this simplify the knot? Should these views come to be accepted, how long would our interest live in those great masterpieces—the plays—if they were thought to be thus structured?

To conclude, Francis Bacon intended to outdo all that had gone before him, even Homer himself.

As to poetry, he says: "All history, excellent king, treads the earth, performing the office of a guide rather than a light; and poetry is, as it were, the stream of knowledge."

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BACON IN ITALY.

(*Continued*).

IN the October number of Baconiana, 1911, we left young M. D'Estissac and his bear-leader, Michael Eyquiem, Sieur de Montaigne, *en route* for Venice, D'Estissac being, as I believe, Francis Bacon.

Quitting Padua, Saturday, November 4th, 1580, they supped at Venice the same night. On Sunday and Monday the French Ambassador, M. de Ferrier, entertained them at his hospitable board. Seeing that our travellers spent many pleasant hours with M. Ferrier, I will quote what Dr. Robertson says about him in his delightful "Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi," p. 22: "About this time (1578) Fra Paolo made the acquaintance of Arnauld Ferrier, Ambassador of King Henry III. of France. This acquaintance ripened into friendship

which influenced him in many important ways. It materially helped him in his studies bearing on the Council of Trent, for Ferrier had there represented his Sovereign, and, what is of more consequence, it confirmed and enlarged his already enlightened ideas as to the right of kings and governments as being outside those of Pope and Church; for Ferrier had boldly demanded at the Council that the charter of the liberties of the Gallican Church should not be touched. . . . Ferrier . . . further advocated at the Council of Trent the return of the Church to its ancient usages in the matter of giving the Scriptures to the laity, of permitting the faithful to communicate in both kinds, of revising the breviaries and missals, of having the service in all its parts read in the vernacular, and of permitting the clergy to marry. . . . He belonged to the great Liberal or old Catholic party in the Church. The seed sown in Fra Paola's mind by Ferrier bore fruit in after life."

Who shall say that Lra Paolo Sarpi was not included in that congenial party that met round Ferrier's dinner table? He was at this time the Provincial of his Order, and the City of Venice was under his jurisdiction. He had the privilege of residing in any monastery he chose, he was a devoted lover of Venice, and the great defender of its religious freedom. In after life Francis Bacon was in correspondence with "good Father Paul's" secretary, if not with himself. On the fact alone that Friar Sarpi taught the circulation of the blood before Shake-speare and Harvey, we may presume that young Francis and he were friends.

Bacon, in his political Tract,* "The States of Christendom," discusses poor France—its calamities, divisions, and miseries wrought by Spanish faction. Arnauld

* "Written about 1582."

Ferrier and the Protestant queen's young envoy would certainly have discussed this topic, as also that one so near our Francis's heart — the religious unity of Christendom.

M. Ferrier had brought the translation of the Vulgate before the Council of Trent (1545—63) and just two years after this meeting in Venice, the New Testament (already produced at Rheims) together with the Old Testament, were first printed at Douay, 1609. Sir Toby Mathew, Bacon's *alter ego*, joined the Roman Communion, 1606. It remains a secret where he studied theology abroad, but we know Douay had a theological Roman Catholic college at that time. Whether young Bacon and Sir Toby had one or both a considerable share in the Douay Bible, *chi lo sa ?*

During the week spent by our traveller in Venice, "Its police, situation, arsenal, Piazza of Saint Mark, and the crowds of foreign peoples" are the things that struck him most. The merchants which congregated on the Rialto market-place from almost every quarter of the globe was a distinctive feature of the Venice of that day, and our Shake-speare was not slow to observe and make use of it. A gondola was hired for night and day, seeing Venice was as gay by one as the other. The "*stali*" and "*premi*" of the gondoliers is alluded to by Montaigne in his essays: "The *ignobels* of India cry out in walking as the gondoliers do in Venice at the turn of the ways, so as to avoid collisions." Our author seems as familiar with India as he is with Venice! He does not seem altogether as pleased with Venice as he expected, but he explains that this short visit really counted for nothing, as he intended to return again later at his leisure. A sensitive nose (which we happen to know was Francis's by birthright) made him dislike the acrid smell of the Venice marshes as much as the mud of Paris, though both cities, he says, are beautiful. His "hunger"

to see Venice is the excuse given for this hurried visit which took them out of their way.

During Sir Henry Wotton's embassage (1604—15) Francis Bacon found leisure and opportunity, no doubt, to know and love Venice better.

A little incident took place at the French Embassy during Monday's dinner—a copy of Letters, just published, containing two sonnets dedicated to Henry III. were received by our author. The writer was the accomplished and beautiful Signora Veronica Franca, a once notorious in the city, but since 1574 devoted to religion, good works, poetry and music. Her grace and wit procured her the admiration of her contemporaries, who said: "She resembled a character of antiquity." Like Portia, she was "nothing under-valued to Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia." We have grown to look on the plays as a mirror of life. Was this Venetian lady Portia's great original? No, a thousand times no! Bacon tells us that, "When two lights do meet the greater doth darken and dim the less." Portia herself says: "So doth the greater glory dim the less." Shake-Speare gives us many tributes to the stainless virtue of Portia:—

"She is fair, and fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues."

Where was this ideal woman to be found—in Italy? Who was she? I am prepared to answer these questions fully further on. In the meantime we will follow our traveller back to Padua by the River Brenta, Saturday, November 12th.

Padua was left next day for Praglia—that wealthy and fine monastery, that courteously and hospitably received strangers, and, possibly, angels unawares.

The Roman baths of Abano were visited, and on the way others which reminded our author of those celebrated on the property of the King of Navarre. Their

road led them past the villa where the pleasure-loving old Cardinal Luigi D'Este, brother of Alfonso II., was nursing his gout.

Rovigo came next, still the property of the Seignory. Our traveller mentions it as the birthplace of "the good Celio" (Rodigino, the author of many notes and observations on various subjects and of many doctrines on the writers of antiquity, published posthumely 1550). Just such a man as we should expect our author to be interested in. A foot-way then reminded him of Blois.

Bataille and more baths came next, the waters of which were applied to the limbs and foreheads of sufferers —by douche, or by dry heat as in Turkish baths.

Knowing what a sufferer from agonising headache Francis was, one wonders if the complicated heating apparatus in his little Verulam House at Gorhambury provided him with a curative Turkish bath, *à la* Bataille? His house was built near the water, we know, because he could not take the stream up to the big house.

The ruined Castle of Montselise on the hill is next mentioned, once the home of the Lords of the town. A footnote tells that the famous treacle of Venice was compounded from the many vipers that infested this spot. Pretty Roverigo, watered by the Adige, was reached through fertile plains of grain fringed with vine-hung trees. They arrived at Ferrara on Tuesday, 15th November. Our author describes it as "large as Tours." It is curious that Blois and Tours seem quite uppermost in his mind, to say nothing of Paris!*

Boulton, in his "Tasso and his Times" (Methuen), has pictured the Ferrara of that day excellently well. On the high road to Rome its brilliant frivolity attracted thousands of foreigners, who flocked to this birthplace of Musical Comedy, Pastoral Plays, and Epic Romance.

* See former article.

On the next morning D'Estissac and De Montaigne (the former youth always mentioned first) "kissed the hands" of Alfonso D'Este the reigning Duke, who kept up the tradition of his father, Ercole, that ideal patron of learning and art, dramatic author, and actor. Arrived at the Castello, they were ushered by a noble of the Court into the Duke's private chamber. Groups of gay courtiers and valorous knights stood about in the suite of rooms they passed through, among whom we know from history was one of the scholarly Bentivoili mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Act. I.). The Duke, standing upright against a table, not only touched his cap at their entrance but remained uncovered while Montaigne spoke with him, "which was long." Alfonso II., grandson of Catherine de Medicis, gave a gracious reception, naturally, to the youth who not only, as I believe, was the young envoy of the English Queen, but who under the name of D'Estissac brought personal introductions from Catherine and Henry III. Finding on enquiry that his language was familiar to his guests, the Duke in eloquent Italian welcomed the gentlemen of their nation, being, as he said, "himself the Servitor of the very Christian King, and his most obliged." Bacon, in his Political Tract, is careful to tell us that Alfonso of Ferrara "of all the princes of Italy alone inclineth to the French." After some further conversation, the Lord Duke remaining uncovered, our travellers retired.

The Diary is curiously silent about a visit paid that day to Torquato Tasso in the Hospital of St. Anna. It is from Montaigne's Essays we learn of it, and how he saw the poor mad genius in his "piteous estate." Tasso, though under restraint, was at this time writing quite coherent and sensible appeals and petitions to the great and learned.

Montaigne specially mentions Tasso's self-centred-

ness, which suggests that the poet spoke much of himself and his interests. Boulton dwells on the learned ladies who honoured Tasso with their love and attentions. Torquina Molza, both handsome and witty, Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses, were all more than devoted but none seem to have had the power to make him forget his happy boyhood passed in the ancestral palace of his beautiful mother, Portia, whose fragrant personality remained ever fresh in his memory long years after her death.

He writes: "When I was but a child, a cruel fate tore me from my mother's bosom. Ah, I remember her kisses wet with her sad tears, her sobs, and fervent prayers—only uttered to be borne away by the evasive air, how I could not press my cheek too close while she strained me to her heart as if she could not let me go" (Boulting, p. 28). It is thus Portia Tasso was immortalised by Torquato, and it is in the *Merchant of Venice* she was immortalised, as I think, by Francis Bacon, who became enamoured of her beauty, virtue and charm through the devoted and garrulous descriptions of her most loving son. Portia died in her prime, before her beauty faded, or age robbed her of the grace he remembered so well. It is said that nothing could exceed the filial love of Tasso. As we read of the lovers Portia and Bernardo we seem transported into the world of romance. Bernardo Tasso, the friend and confidant of Princes, was a handsome, chivalrous gentleman of feeling, a scholar, and courtier, who, living in gay and brilliant Venice, famed for its feasts, and midnight masques, and torch-light processions was always unlucky with his money affairs, and died in 1569 in debt. The exact prototype of Bassanio, surely!

Of his beloved poet-father, Torquato writes: "Father, good father! who watches me from the sky, well you know how my tears bathe your tomb and your bed!"

Portia de' Rossi was an heiress, as I gather, of the Gambicorti, and, added to her intelligence, virtue, and beauty, she had withal the same sweet submissiveness of her who said to Bassanio the "Scholar":—

"Happy in this she is not so old but she may learn, . . . her gentle spirit commits itself to yours to be directed, as from her Lord, her governor, her King."

Portia Tasso wrote to her Bernardo:—

"I would be with you even were it in hell!"

While her sweet namesake says to her Bassanio in Belmont:—

"Though yours, not yours . . . let Fortune go to hell for it, not I!"

Both these beautiful, romantic, virtuous Italian Portias alluding to their beloved's absence, connect themselves with a visit to hell! A curious coincidence if nothing more. Any unbiassed critic must allow the portraits of Tasso's mother and father could not be better drawn than they are in the *Merchant of Venice.*

Before leaving the subject of Bassanio I should like to point out that his speech—

"Those crispéd snaky locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulture"—

connected hitherto with Queen Elizabeth and her wigs, may rather be traced to swarthy, black Margaret of Valois the alluring friend of our Francis in Paris, who, painted and perfumed as a lily, wore a "fair *friséd* wig," and carried it about with her in her travels to Spa and elsewhere in her golden litter.

The *Merchant of Venice* was alluded to by Meres in

1598. When it was written, who can say? But that it was inspired by an early visit to Italy and to Tuscany there can be no doubt.

One line in Nerissa's remarks about "one Bassanio" (Act I., Scene ii.) is worth noticing: "That came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat."

How well posted up our author was with the noblemen of Italy! As well as Francis Bacon was, who tells us in his "Works Political" that Montferrat appertaineth to William, third Duke of Mantua, whose son Vicenzio married the Prince of Parma's daughter." Let it be enquired if he was known as the *Marquis of Montferrat?* His sister, Anne Gonsago, married the Duke of Ferrara, Alfonso, Bacon tells us. Montaigne calls her Margherita.

With regard to the incident of the three caskets in the comedy, it is worth knowing that the curious old folio, "New and Old," brought out by one John Spencer, 1628, has the following paragraph, with the name attached: "It is storied of a young virgin that she had . . . the choice of three vessels. One was gold . . . the second was of silver, the third of lead . . . and on the gold one was written, 'Who chooseth me shall have what many men desireth.' The very words as we remember on Portia's silver casket; one on her gold were, 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserveth.'" In Spencer it was the silver vessel that bore that motto. His apothegm adds, "It offered what she deserved; she knew that was just nothing, and therefore refused it." The Prince of Arragon found in the "silver treasure-house" a fool's head. In Spencer's story the gold vessel contained a fool's bauble! "to set them down for very *idiots*, which cleave to the present world, and have all their hopes rewarded with folly." Shakespeare's Arragon says, "What's here! The portrait of a blinking *idiot*," and

"With one folly's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two."

As to the contents of the silver casket, Shakespeare puts a skull into it. And Spencer puts dead men's bones as well as the bauble into the gold one. Shakespeare into the leaden one places Portia's portrait, while Spencer's version makes it: "full of gold and precious stones," representing the blessing of God and the graces of God's Spirit," a pretty compliment, as I take it, to Portia. The apothegm ends with this: "No matter though it seem lead without, and glisters not with outward vanities, it is rich within; the wealth thereof cannot be valued, though all the arithmetical accomptants should make it their design to cast it up." A lead for Bassanio had he read this! The plot of the *Merchant of Venice* is said to be taken from the "*Pecorone*," and Mr. Sidney Lee tells us, "The story followed by Shakespeare was not accessible in his day in any language but the original Italian," which is delightful, and makes for the Bacon authorship.

Green, in his "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers," points out that Torquato Tasso was a symbolic artist, giving the date of 1594 for the publication of his Emblem work, adding: "Any correspondence . . . in thoughts and expression between him and Shakespeare must have been accidental. Certainly not! Francis Bacon, the prince of emblemists, and Torquato Tasso had sympathy and plenty of interests in common.

The great theatre of Ariosto was a principal feature in Ferrara. The Estensi themselves acted there, and so did the Strolling Players when they came. An effigy of Ariosto is mentioned by the travellers in the church in which the poet was modestly interred. It seems strange that one day only was devoted to Ferrara, that vortex of gaiety and pleasure, that centre of dramatic art.

Beautiful churches, gardens and private houses, and "all that was in any way remarkable," were visited. It must truly have been a hard day of sight-seeing! One wonders whether the lovely gardens of the *Belriguardo*, d'Este's island villa, were among the gardens they saw? And whether it suggested Belmont to our author's mind? There Tasso wrote his Musical Pastoral, and rehearsed it with the aid of the Players. Amongst other sights, they saw a rose-tree at the Jesuates a foot high, that bore flowers all months of the year. The duke's Bucintore interested our author, built by Alfonso for his new wife to float upon the river Po in. She was beautiful, he says, and "too young for Alfonso." Francis Bacon, in his Tract, supplements this fact by adding that "Alfonso at this time was forty years old." His wife, we know, was sixteen.

The duke's arsenal they saw, and probably the duke himself was instrumental in showing them the best of Ferrara, including his wife.

Ferrara was left on Thursday, 17th, and Bologna reached that evening. A Saturday matinée of Comedians gave great pleasure, but also brought on a severe headache, such as had not been endured for many years. A footnote says the company was probably that of the "*Confidenti*" Comedians, who frequented Bologna at this time, introduced to Cardinal Cesi by the Duke of Mantua.

On Sunday our party intended making for Ancona and Loretto, *en route* for Rome, but, warned by "a German" that banditti were infesting the territory of Spoleto, they went straight to Florence instead.

On Wednesday, 22nd of November, Florence was reached by way of Pratellino, a Palace built by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francesco de' Medicis, of whom Francis Bacon speaks so at large in the Tract already alluded to. Pratellino surpassed anything they

had seen elsewhere. Not the least "miraculous thing was a grotto, adorned with sponges brought from the mountains, wherein music issued from an organ played by water-power, and statues moved, and animals plunged in to drink, and such like."

The grotto was full of water, and "water played upon you from the seats, and when flying from this you mounted the stairs of the castle, a thousand jets of water bathed you till you reached the top of the house." Wide alleys in the garden below, and marble fountains are accurately described, all giving immense pleasure during the two or three hours spent there.

These magic water-works, and mysterious melodies and harmonies, bring to one's mind the grotto and wonders of mechanical contrivance belonging to Sir Thomas Bushel, Francis Bacon's seal-bearer and devoted ally, at Easton in Oxfordshire—water-works which so delighted King Charles I. that he brought Queen Henrietta Maria to dine there and see it all; on which occasion an old hermit rose from the bowels of the earth and recited poetry for the entertainment of the royal pair. It has been said that the contrivances at Easton were taught Bushel by his friend and master, Francis Bacon. Was the grotto at Pratellino his inspiration? The pleasant home later of Gallileo guest —prisoner of the Grand Duke. I must postpone details of our travellers' visit to Florence, Siena and Rome to another occasion, only adding that every step of this journey confirms me in my opinion that this diary is a collection of brief notes made by young Francis Bacon during his first visit to Italy.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

[Ariosto Ludovico (1474—1533) published "Orlando Furioso." R. Warwick Bond, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, Introduction, p. xvi. "i *suppositi*, a Comedy

written by *Ariosto*, Englished by George Gascoigne, of Gray's Inn, Esq., and there presented—1555—and called *Supposes*. First written in prose and acted at Ferrara, afterwards versified by its author. . . . Gascoigne who follows it quite closely in language and conduct made use of both versions. . . . From the "Supposes" rather than from "A Shrew," the features of our underplot are borrowed. . . . "Though," says Bond in a note: "A Shrew" had already borrowed largely from "Supposes." He adds: "Here we have the original of the suit of Grumio and the pretended suit of Tranio, etc., etc."—A. A. L.]

HAMLET AND THE PIRATE.

IT is certain that no just estimate of the character of Hamlet can be formed until the idea is eradicated from the minds of critics and general readers that he was a weak, halting, vacillating person; infirm of purpose, and unfitted for the task assigned him; and that the final catastrophe, involving the punishment of the king, was brought about by "providence" or blind chance, and almost without his agency. Whereas he was active, alert, always ready to move promptly upon the occasion, and such delay as occurred in the execution of his task was due to no fault of his, but was caused by the pressure of external circumstances. Professor Karl Werder has made this clear in his admirable essay, "The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery."

What I believe to be the almost universally misconception of Hamlet's character takes its rise and maintains its power from the tremendous influence of Goethe and his famous simile of the "Oak tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers."

It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of this matter in its broader aspects, but only to call attention to one feature of the case which appears to me to have been almost universally misunderstood. Even Coleridge —wise critic as he was—referring to Hamlet's capture by the "Pirate," said :—"This is almost the only play of Shakespeare in which mere accidents, independent of all will, form an essential part of the plot ; but here how judiciously in keeping with the character of the over-meditative Hamlet, ever at last determined by accident or a fit of passion !"

Even Professor Werder seems to have missed the point in Hamlet's sea-adventure, in which is involved the question of his alertness and energy, and upon which depends all the subsequent progress of events.

In all that has been written on the subject, I do not remember that it has ever been suggested (except in the cases mentioned below) that the so-called pirates, who "captured" Hamlet while on the voyage to England, where he was to be put to death by command of King Claudius, were not really pirates at all, but Norse sea-rovers, or perhaps a detachment of the squadron of Fortinbras, working Hamlet's interest and in furtherance of an agreement with him.

It was not until this paper was entirely written that my attention was called to the excellent essay of Mr. Miles, "A Review of Hamlet," in the *Southern Review*, April and July, 1870, in which he reaches conclusions similar to mine, but as it does not seem to be very widely known, or to have produced the impression that it deserves to produce, I think there can be no harm done by adding my word to his, and I am glad to have the opportunity to acknowledge his priority. Still later there came under my observation the admirable work, "Hamlet Unveiled," by Rentala Vincata Subbarau, Madras, 1906, in which a similar view of the case is

maintained. In fact, this author goes farther than I have gone, as he claims that the arrangements for the rescue were made by Hamlet long in advance. This I think very likely, but I do not see that it can be demonstrated from the text.

A comparison of four passages of the play should make this perfectly clear. They are :—

First.—Act III. iv. 11, 199—210.
Second.—Act IV. iv. 11, 43—47.
Third.—Act IV. vi. 11, 12—30.
Fourth.—Act V. ii. 11, 18—25
The first is in the Closet Scene :—

Hamlet: I must to England, you know that?
Queen: Alacke I had forgot: Tis so concluded on.
Hamlet: There's letters seald, and my two Schoole-fellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar, an't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete.

Mr. Miles, in the essay referred to, suggests that if the word "*craft*" had its present maritime significance in Shakespeare's time, the pun alone is conclusive evidence of a pre-arranged capture." It was so used as early as 1683, in "Dampier's Voyages," published in that year. The passage is this: "Right against the bay, where the Dutch fort stands, there is a navigable river for small craft." The New English Dictionary cites Sir E. Littleton, Hatton Corr:—"Only ketches or such small craft to attend the fleet and fire-ships"; and it adds, "Craft is any kind of nets or lines to catch fish with." Craft in the sense of ships or boats with fishing requisites. The uses were probably colloquial with

water-men some time before they appeared in print, so that the history is not evidenced, but the expression is probably elliptical."

In *King Lear* II. ii. 108 is a passage suggestive of a quibble on the word in its maritime sense, due to the association of "harbour" and "craft."

> These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainnesse
> Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
> Then twenty silly-ducking observants,
> That stretch their duties nicely.

There can be little doubt of the pun in these passages.

In the conference with his mother we find Hamlet distinctly declaring to her that he understands that his two school-fellows are his suborned murderers, whom he would trust no more than he would fanged adders, and furthermore he intimates very clearly that he is devising a counterplot; that they will sweep the way and marshall him to knavery. That I take to mean that they will force him to an act that, if done otherwise than under compulsion, would be knavery. That he intends to have the engineer hoist with his own petard, which, as the sequal shows, is exactly what he does. It is difficult to see how a plan for a counterplot could be more definitely expressed. It is true that this passage is omitted in the Folio, and from this Mr. George Macdonald, in his study of Hamlet, argues that Shakespeare, upon more mature consideration, decided to make Hamlet's rescue more "providential." This seems to me far from convincing, as the evidence of the counterplot does not depend upon these lines alone or even mainly. Mr. Macdonald suggests another reason for the omission, namely, that Shakespeare saw that Hamlet was not sufficiently sure of his mother's position in the matter to warrant him in taking her so far into

his confidence. This seems more probable; but a sufficient explanation of the omission of this and many other passages from the Folio is that the play was too long and it was necessary to shorten it for stage presentation.

Our second reference is this, IV. iv. 12—30, where Hamlet meets Fortinbras on a "plain in Denmark."

> I doe not know
> Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe
> Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
> To doo't ;

How could he have felt that he had "meanes to doo't" unless he anticipated his escape from banishment, and how could he anticipate that unless he had planned for it? Moreover, Fortinbras is a prince of the Norsemen—the Vikings. This meeting would have given Hamlet the opportunity to secure the services of the rescuing ship, which might very well be one of the squadron that brought Fortinbras to Denmark, even if the plot had not been arranged before.

It is true that this is also omitted from the Folio, and Mr. Macdonald's suggestions regarding the former passage apply equally to this, so also the reply to them. These omitted passages are such as do not advance the action—retard it, rather—and it was necessary that they should be omitted for purposes of stage presentation.

It is generally believed that an English play on the subject of Hamlet existed earlier than the version which appeared in quarto in 1603. Whether such play was the work of "Shakespeare" does not concern us in the present inquiry. In either case it may have contained matter which made this subject clear, and which has dropped out in the revision.

We now turn to Hamlet's own account of his adventure in his letter to Horatio :—

"*Horatio:* When thou shalt have overlooked this, give these Fellows some meanes to the King: They have Letters for him. Ere we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very Warlicke appointment gave us Chase. Finding our selves too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grappel, I boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe good turne for them," etc., etc.

This has not been omitted from the Folio, but it stands there as it does in the quarto of 1604, and it seems to me that the whole purpose of the "Pyrate of very warlike appointment" was Hamlet's rescue.

What better evidence could there be of an understanding—"they knew what they did"—"I am to doe a good turne for them." That certainly is the account of a bargain with consideration mutually given and received.

"In the grapple," Hamlet boarded them—"they got cleare of our shippe." Got clear of the ship they had captured! Curious "Pyrates" those! Why did Hamlet board the "Pyrate," and alone? Was he seeking death? Why did not the "Pyrate" carry out her apparent purpose and plunder the King's ship? Why should she chase the other ship, grapple her, and, the moment Hamlet was rescued, cut loose and sail away? A remarkable pirate surely! The usual interpretation of the incident is the height of absurdity. The King's ship had put on "compelled valour"—showing that she was the weaker—or at least that she so considered herself and was so considered by Hamlet. She was practically vanquished, yet as soon as Hamlet was secured the pirate got clear and ran away from her. Let Appella the Jew or the Marines believe that! There is only one explanation of the performance: the "Pyrate" had accomplished her purpose.

They dealt with Hamlet like "theeves of Mercy: but they knew what they did," and Hamlet was "to doe a good turne for them." Of course, he was to pay them for their services. Could "daylight and champagne discover more?"

One more citation and I am done :—V. ii. 17.

> (My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
> Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
> Oh royall knavery: An exact command,
> Larded with many severall sorts of reason;
> Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
> . . . . . .
> My head should be struck off.

All that is to be deduced from this is that by comparison with Hamlet's speech to his mother at III. iv. 199, it is manifest that he has put into execution the counterplot of which he then announced his intention.

Since writing this I have looked over the notes to the Misses Porter and Clar Clarke's First Folio Edition of Hamlet so far as they apply to the subject here discussed, and I find what I had forgotten, that they do credit Hamlet with the "embryo" of a plot. It does not seem to be embryonic in the least, but a plot carefully thought out, courageously executed, and thoroughly successful. It has been so much the fashion for commentators to charge Hamlet with weakness, vacillation, and infirmity of purpose because he did not get up early in the morning and kill the King before breakfast or stab him in the back while he was saying his prayers, that they pay not the slightest attention to his carefully designed and successfully executed plans.

It is a familiar fact that "Shakespeare" seldom originated the plots of his dramas. He adopted both plots and episodes from history, "novels," poems and

plays. If, therefore, it can be shown that an incident similar to Hamlet's adventure with the pirate had been reported either as fact or fable, it would go far in support of the theory that this incident was suggested by it and that the similarity was intentional. Now, strangely enough, in authentic English history a similar occurrence is recorded where an attacking ship assumed the appearance of a pirate with designs very much like those existing in the case of Hamlet's adventure.

During the Jesuit plot of 1585, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was suspected of complicity in it and, although he had not been arrested or placed in confinement, he was kept under surveillance. Philip was aware of it, and fearing that there was sufficient evidence to convict him if he should be brought to trial, he decided upon a plan to escape to the Continent. He caused to be engaged for him at Dover a vessel to take him to Calais, and he succeeded, apparently, in eluding observation and getting aboard in safety. However, the authorities had not lost track of him. In relating what followed I will quote from "Her Majesty's Tower," by Hepworth Dixon, Vol. I, p. 205 :—

When he got a fair wind, and put out to sea at dusk, the skipper who had bargained to take him over for so many pistoles, hung out a light, on which they were suddenly assailed with a shot by a ship of war, commanded by Captain Keloway, whom Philip supposed to be a pirate. Keloway, acting the part of pirate, boarded the boat, saw the Earl, and asked him whither he was going ? Philip, who never suspected that his captor was acting under orders from Walsingham, replied that he was bound for Calais. Keloway, playing the part of pirate, told him he should go free for one hundred pounds, for which sum he must give his note of hand to some confidential friend on shore. Philip sat down and wrote a letter to his sister, Lady Margaret

Sackville, begging her to ask Father Grately to pay the bearer of his note one hundred pounds by this token that was betwixt them—*that black is white.* The pretended pirate took the letter, read it closely, and put it in his pocket; and then, turning sharply on the writer, told him that he was no pirate, but a public officer, who had been appointed to lie in wait for him at sea, to take him in the act of breaking the law, and to bring him back by force to land.

Of course the purpose of the stratagem in the two cases differs; one is to capture a prisoner, the other to rescue one, but the stratagem itself is identical. The coincidence seems too close to be accidental. It is scarcely possible that the Arundel incident should not have been in the mind of the Poet when he wrote *Hamlet.* It would also naturally be in the minds of the audience and of readers of the play, thus rendering a detailed explanation of the ruse unnecessary.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

WHO WAS THE WRITER?

IN 1617 was published at Middelburg "Silenus Alcibiadis Sive Proteus, Vitæ Humanæ Ideam, Emblemate Trifariam Variato, Oculis Subjiciens." The letterpress under each design is in Latin, and there are accompanying verses to each emblem in Dutch, Latin, and French. The Voor-reden is in Dutch, and is signed by J. Cats. There was a diplomatic representative of Holland accredited to England during the reign of James, bearing this name, who is supposed to be the writer of the Voor-reden. The head-pieces and tail-pieces are designs which were used by English printers. Prefixed to the book is a preface in Latin, headed "Ad Lectorem, De Sine Hius Opulsculi, Præfatio." Over it is the design with Archers, rabbits and dogs, which is

found in the Shakespeare Folio, 1623, the folio 1611 of the Authorised Version of the Bible, Bacon's "Novum Organum," and in other books. This preface is signed "Majores de Baptis," and is so remarkable in suggestion that a translation of it has been made and is now presented in English for the first time.

TO THE READER.

Concerning the Object of this little Work.

PREFACE.

Although in a boyish game not wholly ludicrous, which here I exhibit, you may expect some childish things, nevertheless that within you may find what you seek (since hardly anyone seeketh the same thing), my opinion, gentle reader, is, that you should pause a while in the entrance court before you go further to hear what I have to say concerning the title, plan and scope of this little book.

Whosoever shall aspire to be the interpreter of what it says or depicts must judge "æquim qui quim." The Greeks first, and afterwards the Romans, imitators of the Greeks, invented this class of writing and named it Emblemata. The origin of the word, and the explanation thereof, I leave to others. Subtle disquisitions I pass by, and proceed to the description of the thing itself. I define Emblemata, shrewdly designed as dumb images which, nevertheless, talk light things which possess weight, jocose things which are not stupid, to be read in a twofold sense as written, and to be considered oftener than read. Some one may perhaps wonder why, except as ornaments, we of this age tolerate such illusive trifles, I know not what else to call them—seeing that they appear to be opposed to the sobriety of models, as well as repugnant to holy meditations, things so diverse that at first blush they seem to be like a small bundle of ill-matched fagots bound together.

To the end that I may meet this objection, worthy reader, if you must differ with me, I prithee hear my explanation concerning the true history of this work.

The first part of these my emblems (I do ingenuously confess it) had their origin in the period of my lawless and disordered youth.

That part makes libation to the poetic syrens and their wiles, possessing as it does the characteristics of youth. A few therein are amatory emblems, inept and juvenile, embellished with verses of like character, which, when graver occupations demanded at my hands so much time, I laid aside.

When recently it fell to me to unroll certain other earlier poems in the same handwriting as this first part (although, thanks to the singular mercies of the Almighty, I no longer breathed the miasma of my former days), I seem, I say, to see myself drawn to the life therein—a boy tossed up and down upon the waves of youthful passions. I felt, I know not how, the sparks of those loving studies rekindle in me, and, as the poet says :—"Agnovi veteris vestigia flaimme" (*I recognized the burning of the ancient flame*).

Seeing, then, that I could be a little carried away by the soft seductions of those old allurements, I began to turn this over in my mind for the sake of amendment and instruction.

It was then that I resolved that I would vary those youthful and amatory emblems conceived in poetic spirit, changing them into meditations for middle age more virile, and, for old age maxims moral and sacred.

It seemed to me that in this sportive mood I could present no vain image of human life of others and my own. I could lay bare before the eye, in a threefold book, a threefold curriculum natural, civil, Christian. To this work, therefore, I addressed myself. In the first book the natural and genuine effigy of youth is painted, pursuing his own aims and propensities, concerning which, as a tribute to nature, no man should be ignorant. Why should I deny that I paint my own portrait? He alone fears to confess his own vices who never turned away from them. He spake excellently and to the point who said, "To recount a dream is to be awake."

Man, the citizen, in social consort with living men, is the subject of my second book. Man, the Christian, animated by true faith of which some faint lines alone are given, occupies the third book. The reader will not fail to observe that the like engravings are retained in every book, "cum ob alia tam ob hoc." Man retains the

external form of his body throughout life, but I persuade myself, and I hope others, that the faculties of his mind change from time to time.

Thus, teaching you to pass from wild and variable youth through the virile strength of man's estate to old age, with its laudable volubility, and so to better and deeper things, then shall genuine and solid gravity take the place of juvenile vanity and inane levity. A comparison instituted between the periods of life, and at last reason, no longer clouded by human passions, shall be anticipated by the power of the Divine will.

Now, because the youthful part is no small section of the whole, it may be that someone more fastidious than others, reading the title, may cast the work aside, thereby deterred from reading the latter parts to his prejudice (for some tender ears are not attuned to the voluptuous softness of lascivious poets). I have made different titles and *extempore* appearances, and in the latter parts I have taken care to remove the poetic effigy of Cupid and other amatory ineptitudes, lest someone lighting thereupon may suppose that there lies concealed therein the dalliances of *Venus and Adonis*.

A man may invite his grandson to the reading of the latter part of this book. My reader, I commit a fraud, but as I hope a harmless one, as nurses with their charges oft disguise the bitter medicine administered for the infant's good with sugary coating, or as the verse goes—

> "Prius oraspocula circum
> Contingunt dulci mellis flavoque liquore."

Or as the surgeon who pretends to touch with his sponge the breast of the maiden while with his knife he lances the ulcer. Fortunate is one sometimes to be deceived. What kind of fraud shall not be permitted and friendliness remain shall not be here avowed.

Again, while on this subject, give me leave to say that I am wholly devoted to young men. I would allure them by a friendly—that is, a loving—smile by a title pleasing to their boyish eyes. In this work I have no use for old and supercilious men. I would prevent, in limine, the spectacle of their futile ridicule of this work.

Thus, while I show one contrary, I impinge upon another, namely, to provide a remedy for him secretly,

who knows this is a work of price, and yet not explain to all alike. This book, because it is obscure, not everywhere obvious, I entitle "Silenus Alcibiadis."

I have indicated sufficiently, but not too crudely, why this work should be called thus by the apposition of the title *Of Emblems 2.* What is the work required to explain? I wish this book may live to condemn and punish puerile jests against itself, although it may in appearance (as they say) be ridiculous.

It is true that a former little book which my youth poured freely out treats amorous things foolishly, almost salaciously; here on the contrary, as the judicious reader will notice I sprinkle almost everywhere the salt of moral doctrine, especially so in those flowers of learning which are quoted for the sake of ornament and explication.

You will find jokes everywhere, I confess it, but, just as it is impossible to paint without pigments, so it is impossible to describe youthful manners, or the nature of mankind without these; nor, otherwise, to do it than as I have done it. These emblems awake torpid minds from their apathy; they point the way to better things; they lead the youthful mind upward, when otherwise it would fear to ascend.

The matter speaks as much to men as when subjects are treated seriously, gravely, soberly. Things ludicrous, nay, even silly toys, sometimes arouse the mind, banish torpor, as it would put ears in the intellect. He saw this who saw much—the only begotten Son of God, our Saviour. He did not take refuge with the learned only. Speaking daily to the people and preaching constantly to auditors whom He wished to arouse or instruct and concealing art by art, He drew His parables from light and common things.

He did not in jest use the grain of mustard seed and like similes, but sanely, soberly, in order to give point to the perorations of His divine epilogues, as often in evangelical history we may discover. And who does not remember that Paul and other holy men did the like thing —witness the quotation of a line of heathen poetry, in aid of the interpretation of a divine mystery.

Among the learned the neat example of Demosthenes may be mentioned. When he was at Athens pleading in a capital cause, and some of his auditors were noisy

and a little inattentive to him, he said, "You will soon lend me ears, because I am about to bring forth some things new and interesting." At which words, when profound silence and deep attention reigned among his auditors, he continued as follows:—"There was once upon a time a boy who was leading an ass along the high-way leading from Athens to Megara. On the journey the heat of the sun was intense, and there was no means of shade anywhere. At last the driver, opposing his beast to the rays of the sun, sat down under the belly of the ass in order to find shelter. Then ensued a controversy, the driver to retain his position, the beast to remove him, the ass wittingly remarking that he had been hired to do the journey not as a sunshade, and the lackey replying that he had hired the ass to use him according to his own sweet pleasure. Why say more? From words they came to blows, and the affair ended in a law-suit." After proceeding thus far with his story, and having engaged their earnest attention, awaiting as they did some strange denoûement, he paused as if what he had told them was only a digression. The Athenians, on the contrary, resisted and importuned him to supply the moral of his fable. He replied, "Look you: does it not occur to your minds that the tale of a jackass shadow is the price I pay to gain your attention?" Here I myself leave off, before I whisper the like fable in the ear of those who are about to unravel with their keen eyes and wrinkled brows the first part of this my work. As for the last part, the bees' sting being lost, they may resume their slumbers.

Thou, oh reader, if thou canst hear me and love thyself, this secret law bestow with care in thy mind:—The tail cannot be separated from the head. C. MAIORES DE BAPTIS, *Farewell.*

NOTES.

IN the *Cornhill Magazine* for September Mr. Andrew Lang criticises Mr. G. G. Greenwood's destructive criticism of the alleged Shakespere authorship of the plays. Mr. Greenwood's attitude as a critic of the Shakespere myth, at the same time disavowing belief in the Baconian theory, displeases Mr. Lang, who

remarks: "But I must first say that Mr. Greenwood is no more a Baconian than Crummles was a Prussian. He is untainted by belief in ciphers and cryptograms. His author has left no claim to authorship. Mr. Greenwood merely cannot believe that a rustic from a dirty town, an actor, a bootless man, wrote the plays and poems attributed by his contemporaries to Shakespeare. Mr. Greenwood attributes them to a busy philanthropist, a transcendent poet, a polished courtier, a master of the law, a nameless being whom I shall style X for short."

Mr. Lang utterly fails to make any headway against Mr. Greenwood's position. Nothing can be more feeble than his attack. The following admission is noteworthy. Speaking of the long and learned "Lives of Shakespeare" by Halliwell-Phillips, Sir Sidney Lee, and many others, Mr. Lang says:—

> The "Lives" are "such stuff as dreams are made off," though invaluable studies of Elizabethan society and literature. As to facts, we have, says Mr. Saintsbury, "a skeleton which is itself far from complete, and which, in most points, can only be clothed with the flesh of human and literary interest by the most perilous process of conjecture." We are not absolutely sure of the identity of Shakespeare's father, nor of his wife's; his name is not (nor is any other boy's) in a list of pupils at Stratford School. We seldom know when any of his plays was first produced, or first composed, and in his will he says no more about his books than did the learned and judicious Hooker. "Almost all the commonly received stuff of his life-work is shreds and patches of tradition, if not positive dream-work." Some of these legends were inserted by Rowe in the first biography of the poet nearly a century and a-half after his birth.

No statement of the case can be fairer than this, and so far the disputants are in complete accord. But when reference is made to the allusions in the literature of the time to Shakespeare the poet, a divergence takes place. Mr. Lang objects to the contention of the sceptics that these allusions do not explicitly refer to Shakspere the actor, and he remarks that Mr. Greenwood even insists that "William Shakespeare" was an excellent *nom de guerre* for a concealed author to assume at a moment when a William that spelled his name "Shakspere" was notoriously an actor, and was the only William Shakspere before the public in London. Mr. Lang contends that:—

When contemporaries of Shakespeare wrote about Shakespeare's plays and poems, they had no reason to add "We mean the plays and poems of Mr. William Shakspere, of My Lord of Leicester's servants or of the King's servants." There was no other William Shakespeare in the public eye; everyone concerned with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak—any spelling you please—was. . . . If to-day we wrote of our dramatic poets, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw, we would not waste time in saying what Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy we meant.

More of "such stuff as dreams are made of," but this time from Mr. Andrew Lang! There is not a shred of evidence to prove that William Shakspere was in the public eye either in 1593, when the name William Shake-speare was first used on *Venus and Adonis*, or at any other time—no evidence that "everyone connected with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak—any spelling you please—was." But there is a very strong presumption to the contrary on account of any lack of confirmatory evidence. Moreover, the name was not before the public as a play-writer, for *King John* ("Troublesomme Raigne"), 1591; *Taming of a Shrew*, 1594; *Henry VI.*, Parts II. and III., 1594; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597; *Richard II.*, 1597; *Richard III.*, 1597; *Henry IV.*, Part I., 1598; *Henry V.*, 1598 all appeared anonymously; and when Francis Meres, in 1598, gave the titles of six comedies of Shakespeare's—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Errors*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Love's Labour Won*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice*—there is no evidence that the public knew of them. Meres, who was a relative of John Florio, was a very likely man to be able to give advance information.

Mr. Lang's argument fails to convince because he assumes a condition of circumstances which do not apply to the case. Hundreds of criticisms appeared on the works of George Eliot as they appeared. The public became so familiar with the name that to this day the real name of the author is seldom used in relation to her works; and yet a man bearing the name of George Eliot actually came forward and laid claim to the authorship of Mrs. Marion Evans' novels. How many critics wrote about Fiona Macleod as a poet,

never thinking they were criticising the poems of a personal friend, William Sharp? Mr. Lang presupposes a position which did not exist, and his argument therefore rests on a false basis.

The truth is that Bacon selected as a pseudonym the name "William Shakespeare" without any reference to, probably without any knowledge of the existence of, the Stratford man. The extraordinary combination of letters in the name is so remarkable as to almost savour of magic. That is capable of absolute proof as certain as any mathematical problem. As certain is it that it means "F. Bacon," and "1623" the date of the publication of the folio edition. As certain is it that the printing of that work has been "faked" from the first page to the last, and it is probably the most perfect example of accurate printing that has ever been issued from the press. If Mr. Lang will provide an adequate tribunal to try the truth of these statements they shall be substantiated as clearly as any problem of Euclid, and the Stratford myth shall be dissolved once and for ever. This is no idle boast, but a deliberate challenge. Will Mr. Lang assist in bringing the truth to light?

Having regard to the state of knowledge as it exists to-day with reference to the name William Shakespeare, it would not be surprising if it were eventually proved that no son of John Shakspurs was born in 1564, or died in 1616. The Carews were very powerful at Stratford-on-Avon in those days. Thomas Stanton, said to be the sculptor of the original Shakspere bust in Trinity Church, is also responsible for the monument which is there to the Earl of Totness, better known as Sir George Carew. It has been pointed out that the Shakspere bust probably preserves a resemblance to the poet, as the monumental likeness of Lord Totness strongly resembles the capital painting of him to be found at Gorhambury. Bacon and George Carew were very closely associated together, especially in the Union of England and Scotland. When the true facts as to the erection of the original Shakespeare monument in Stratford Church come to be known there will be some surprises for the men of letters and scholars. They

will be interested to learn at whose cost it was erected, and they will be instructed in a study of the uses to which emblems were put in those days. "But yet I run before my horse to market."

Mr. Lang is very severe on Mr. Greenwood for having condoned "many justifiable falsehoods" on the part of Ben Jonson. He goes so far as to affirm that if the keeper of the Trophfonian Denne was not speaking the truth in his statements appearing in the Folio Edition, and in his Discourses about the author, "he was acting as even an incredibly false and unfeeling knave might well scruple to act." What an amusing assumption of virtue! Writing in the *Free Lance* of May 5th, 1906, Mr. Sydney Grundy makes the following very pertinent remarks:—

> Bacon was, like Nature, steeped in mysticism. One of his myriad minds seems to have been dedicated to the invention and solution of riddles. . . . The riddles of the Universe were too transparent to his astounding brain. He must infold them in other riddles, just as he infolded his ciphers. Moreover, well he understood the hypnotism which mystery practises upon men, the longevity which it confers upon literature. . . . The Shakespeare-Bacon tournament he himself arranged.

The connection of the names William Shakespeare and F. Bacon with the Folio Edition of 1623 is Bacon's *chef d'œuvre* in riddles.

TWO BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

JUDGE WILLIS,

Lawyer, Scholar, Politician, Anti-Baconian.

BY the death of His Honour Justice Willis, K.C., on the 22nd August, the world loses a sound lawyer, a just judge, a learned scholar,—especially in old Puritan literature,—a vehement Liberal politician, an eloquent speaker, an author of literary appreciations in various forms of the poet Thomson, Oliver Cromwell, Burke, Cowper, and especially Milton. He also lectured on Robert Hall, on the duties of those employed, and on Mr. Spurgeon, a brother Baptist. His memory, which was copious and retentive, contained large stores of Miltonic poetry, which he was never weary of reciting. Baconians are especially indebted,—I say *indebted* advisedly, for his Baconian polemics are far more injurious to the side he

defended than to the side he attacked,—especially indebted to Justice Willis for two books,—"The Shakespeare Bacon Controversy," and "The Baconian Mint, Its Claims Examined." The former work, which consists chiefly of an imaginary trial, in which the respective claims of Francis Bacon and William Shakspere are brought into Court, was sufficiently noticed in BACONIANA, 1903, p. 81, by Mr. Parker Woodward, who "ventures to affirm that Mr. Willis has entirely failed to prove his 'case,'" and no one can hesitate to accept this if he reads this very preposterous little comedetta. The book on the Baconian Mint is an attack on the chapter in my "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" on the classic diction of Shakespeare. This is dealt with in the preface to a new issue of the "Studies"; and a more extraordinary marc's nest I never read. In only one case does Judge Willis convict me of a mistake—one in which the Oxford Dictionary is equally at fault—and when I acknowledged this, the judge, with admirable courtesy, said that my confession was made to cover the ignominy of my exposure! There is no need to recapitulate the leading events of his life, which have been pretty fully detailed in various newspapers, especially the *Kentish Mercury* and the *Eastern Evening News*. He died at his residence in Lee consequent on abscess in the ear, which seems to have penetrated the skull aud brought on fatal cerebral inflammation. This, with bronchitis, brought him to the grave. He was in many ways an interesting man. He was the most copious speaker I ever knew. Mr. Montague Williams testifies to this in his "Leaves of my Life," p. 150, and to many other of his personal traits. Even in his own parlour, addressing an audience of one person, he would speak with an energy of voice and gesticulation as if he was addressing a large audience. On one of these occasions, when I was the solitary auditor, his sweet wife was sitting on the opposite side of the room engaged in needlework, and was evidently very much troubled by her husband's vehement harangue, and occasionally exclaimed in a suppressed voice, "William! William!" but the orator would not cease.

His vehemence was strikingly shown at the bar and, indeed, this characteristic was one reason for his being "promoted" to a County Court Judgeship; one might say he was "kicked upstairs." His advocacy and cross examinations were often most violent and offensive, sparing neither witnesses, fellow Counsel, nor even Judges in his bitter invective. The same vehemence was displayed in his parliamentary orations and in the energy of his rhetorical action; his hand on one occasion came down with crashing and crushing violence on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's hat. But with all his vehemence and violence, he was a thoroughly kind man, on friendly terms with those whom he had attacked. He was always on the best of terms with me.

The Judge was a Baptist, a most determined Radical and Dissenter, even a "Passive Resister," and when in Parliament introduced a Bill to remove Bishops from the House of Lords. His Bill obtained a second reading, but never got any further.

The Judge was especially interested in old Puritanical literature, in which his knowledge was probably greater than that of any living man. And his various studies and lectures on Milton, Burke, Cowper and others were full of ripe knowledge and fairly sound criticism. But his criticisms and knowledge were chiefly confined to personal facts and published writings.

Superficially violent, he was in a genuine sense kind and amiable. He would often, in the County Court cases which came before him, help a debtor out of his own pocket, and if his judgment was necessarily adverse to one of the parties, he would show deserved sympathy to either. As a Judge he had no use for invective or violence, and this, I believe, gave an additional sweetness to his manner and character in his later years. He had an enormous library, the bookshelves covering all four sides of a very large room, and he was constantly adding to it.

Peace be to his memory! And may his anti-Baconian books be long read—as object lessons in the way in which controversy should *not* be conducted.

FREDERICK JAMES FURNIVALL.

OUR favourite foe, Mr. Furnivall, died last year, July 2nd. He was born at Egham, February 4th, 1825. As a very eminent Shakespearean critic and a most bitter enemy of the Baconian hypothesis and its advocates, he may be appropriately commemorated in these pages. A volume of personal reminiscences has just been published, containing a Biography by Mr. John Munro, pp. 83; and a collection of memories by about fifty personal or literary admirers, pp. 209; and these various "appreciations" enable us, with the details contained in the Biography, to obtain a pretty clear idea of the personality of this very remarkable man.

To us Furnivall seems a sort of double personality—a kind of Jekyl and Hyde specimen—alternately beaming over with geniality and kindness, and boiling over with intemperate wrath. As to his kindness all the witnesses agree, and doubtless they are right. He was never weary of taking pains and spending time and money in promoting the happiness of children, shop-girls, personal friends, or any strangers who asked literary help from him. But even his best friends admit that his wrath was, perhaps without serious venom, yet violent and extravagant—even in the most trivial matters, such as boat sculling. His friends speak of his "harsh judgments," his "pertness, which passed all reasonable bounds," his "unbridled violence of expression." "No thousand red-rags ever I should think had so terrible an effect" as controversial opposition. Even Mr. Sidney Lee, unrepentant of his own "monomania," says that in controversy he was "outspoken and defiant, more than conventionality would approve." His biographer tell us that "unsparing personalities were finally showered him, being in terms probably unparalleled in utter

lack of restraint in modern English literature." And that "Furnivall's method towards his opponents was a method of pure provocation," consisting of "voluble abuse and ridicule, constituting the most unhappy incidents in Furnivall's career," which we would wish had never existed.

He writes to Elze on a post card in reply to some critical conjectures on Elizabethan dramatists, "that if he, Elze, were an Englishman and would dare to perpetrate such nonsense he would hang him on the next lamp post." Considering all these choice testimonies to his literary urbanity, we Baconians need not be much disturbed by the recollection that he wrote to the venerable Dr. Thomson, of Melbourne, a letter advising him as a sufferer from mental derangement, to put himself under care till he had recovered his sanity, *i.e.*, abandoned his Baconian belief. And he gave precisely the same advice to me. It is vain for his biographer to palliate these outrages on good taste and courtesy by calling them the "natural and uncalculated outpouring of his own warm heart."

A wasp may sting or a wolf devour without moral offence, but if a responsible human being behaves like a wasp or a wolf he cannot share their immunity from blame. And a highly educated man, accustomed to associate with those who have learnt to keep their angry passions in restraint, is guilty of something approaching to crime when he indulges in intemperate vituperation. "He was never rancorous," says his biographer, and one would like to know how rancour could be more unequivocally shown than by such controversial action as Furnivall perpetually perpetrated.

I knew him well more than fifty years ago, when we were both members of Professor Maurice's Bible Class and working class debates. Ludlow, Vanstart Neale, Thomas Hughes, Westlate, and others were our associates; and I always regarded Furnivall as handsome in personal appearance, but quite on a lower intellectual level with his fellows. In this I was perhaps wrong. His true eminence did not show itself till he became a Shakespearean critic; and in this he was unquestionably very learned and accomplished. But his power was shown in his mastery of facts, not very much in his philosophic discernment of their import. His biographer admits this. "He had no great creative power in literature; his faculty was highly critical and comparative, but he did not possess fine vizualization and (Baconians observe) in none of his work is this so clearly evinced as in his Shakespearean"; and then the biographer quotes a passage descriptive of Shakspere as a boy, and his comment on it is, "The learned critic may be aghast at this positiveness." Nearly all his facts we have are assumptions which we would think a lawyer would see require some stronger support than simple assertion. His introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare is perhaps the best accumulation of traditions and speculations about Shakspere ever made, but here and there Furnivall's fantastic notions about evidence peep out, as when he advises students of

Shakespeare to go to Stratford-on-Avon and watch the cows "whisking their tails" in those consecrated pastures!

Furnivall was extraordinarily active in organising clubs and societies for the study of literature in many branches. He founded a Chaucer Society, a Shelley Society, a Browning Society, a Ballad Society, a Shakspere Society, a Wycliff Society, an Early English Text Society, a Sunday Shakspere Society, and in all the gatherings of these Societies he read papers, contributed documents and books, and contributed by his speeches and personal influence to verify their action and publish its results. He was a democrat, a strong advocate of female suffrage; he would have liked to abolish the House of Lords. His favourite amusement was sculling on the Thames, and gathering crowds of children and shop-girls to share his amusement, and ministering to their enjoyment by biscuits, cakes, coffee and sweetmeats. Here all the best department of his nature had free play, and in the geniality and generosity of his river exploits one could admire his sculling and forget his vituperation.

Considering his intolerance of opposition one may be permitted to wonder how it was that he did not seem to realise how very vulnerable some of his own beliefs were. The influence o Maurice did not last long; he abandoned all logical and Christian belief, became an agnostic, showing that he had sufficient philosophy for doubt and scepticism, but not enough for faith and the apprehension of solemn and eternal realities. His faith in immortality expired, and death was for him and for his dog was the same event. R. M. T.

REVIEW.

Light on the Early Hamlet: Historical Associations and Prototypes. By Mrs. Hinton Stewart. Published by the Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban, 3, Alexandra Road, London, N.W. Fifty-one pages 8vo. Paper covers. Sixpence.

WHATEVER Mrs. Hinton Stewart writes is well worth reading. She always imparts information, and offers original points of view on the subject under consideration. This is certainly the case in this pamphlet. The first part is devoted to the history of the play and the references to it by contemporary writers. Then follows an account of the source of the play, together with an attempt to identify the originals from which the characters are drawn. Authorship is also discussed.

It is truly stated, by way of introduction, that "the numerous interpretations of the hero's character alone are as varied as the dispositions of those who criticise it; but apart from the internal problem, the history or bibliography of the play itself is still an unsolved riddle." It is to this latter subject that the author devotes her investigations. The first printed octavo edition of

1603 is accepted as representing the actual play of *Hamlet* that was written and performed before 1589. In speaking of the stage as it was in the Elizabethan period, the remarks are quoted of Dr. Stopford Brooke and of J. R. Greene in his "Short History," as to the constitution of the audiences. There is, however, an edition which throws some light on the representation of *Hamlet* which was given in the public theatre. The volume, which is dated 1685, is probably a reprint of an earlier edition of which no copy is known to exist. Prefixed to it is the statement that the portions placed in inverted commas are not spoken when the play is produced on the stage. Nearly every speech which bears evidence of the scholar's mind and pen is enclosed in this manner, and the result is that the acting edition becomes a bald, meritless play, which might be attributed to any of the numerous playwriters of the Elizabethan period. It is so improbable as to be unthinkable that the play of *Hamlet*, as it was printed in 1603, 1604 or 1625, could have been produced in a public theatre. The language would be unintelligible to all but a small portion of the audience. At the Universities, at the Court, and at the Inns of Court it might be acceptable, but no audience at a public theatre would have tolerated its performance. On this subject Mrs. Hinton Stewart is not safe in following Greene.

The identification of the individuals whom the characters are intended to represent is worked out with much ingenuity. Hamlet represents the ill-fated Earl of Essex; Claudius, the Earl of Leicester, who is supposed to have brought about the death of Walter, the first Earl of Essex, who is the original of the Ghost. It was known that there was a compromising intimacy between Leicester and the Countess of Warwick, *née* Lettice Knollys, before the death of her first husband. Shortly after this, Leicester married her. Polonius, Laertes and Ophelia represent Lord Burghley, Robert Cecil and Elizabeth Cecil; Osric is the young Earl of Oxford; Fortinbras of Norway is James VI. of Scotland; Voltimand and Cornelius are Walsingham and Wootton; Yorrick is John Heywood; and Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, is Francis Bacon, the friend of Essex.

The reader is referred to the work itself as to how laboriously the author has searched out similitudes upon which she founds her theory. In many respects they appear to lend strong confirmation to it.

As to the authorship of *Hamlet*, Mrs. Hinton Stewart says: "The general impression left upon the mind is that, in Elizabeth's reign, the name on the title-page of a book, or at the foot of a poem, gives little or no clue to the real authorship, and should therefore be no bar to enquiry, or to conclusions which may seem inconsistent with the appearance of such names; and it would thus appear that a large field of research is still open, the careful study of which may throw much light on this period." This view will receive strong support from all who have made a study of the literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

Whilst affirming that the exact relation of William Shakspere to

the great dramas is too large a subject to be entered into in her pamphlet, the author says, "It is enough for our purpose to suggest his possible connection with the early *Hamlet* and to accentuate the fact that for the author of the play it is necessary to look elsewhere." Contemporary references to the play are said to give only one hint as to authorship, and that is in the preface written by Nash to Greene's "Menaphon." The phrase, "leaving the trade of noverint whereto they were born," is peculiarly applicable to Bacon, according to the author's view; and after drawing attention to many circumstances connected with her theory of identification of the originals of the characters, she says :—

"Looked at from these points of view, the answer almost invariably suggests itself that the prototypye of Horatio, Francis Bacon, might naturally fill also the *role* of author. Nothing could better explain in Horatio the peculiar reticence on the surface, combined with the suggestion of powerful qualities under the surface, than the supposition that, in this character, the author places himself upon the stage ; and no one could be more completely in the position to dramatise the persons and events we have been discussing than Francis Bacon, the nephew of Burghley, the friend of Essex, the courtier, the philosopher and the statesman, for, even at the age of twenty-four, all these epithets were already applicable to him."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Ashdown, in his article on "Holo-fernes ; Holocomes," expresses the opinion that Hylocomius came to St. Alban's Grammar School many years before 1588, which, according to the board in the school containing a so-called list of Post-Reformation masters, is the year in which he entered into his mastership. In confirmation of thisI may point out that there is a letter belonging to the Corporation of St. Albans mentioned in the Historical Manuscripts Commission's 5th Report. The letter is dated 21st November, 1583, and is from John Thomas Hylocomius, native of Bois le Duc, Holland, master of the Grammar School at St. Albans. His pupils are described on his monument as of generous birth (generosa cohors). It is possible that he was appointed by Sir Nicholas Bacon to be the first master of the Grammar School, and, as Mr. Ashdown suggests, that he was an early instructor of Francis Bacon. HAROLD HARDY.

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BURGHLEY AND BACON.

THERE was published in 1732 "The Life of the Great Statesman William Cecil, Lord Burghley." The preface signed by Arthur Collins states:—

The work I have for several years engaged in, of treating of those families that have been Barons of this Kingdom, necessarily induced me to apply to our Nobility for such helps, as might illustrate the memory of their ancestors. And several Noblemen having favour'd me with the perusal of their family evidences, and being recommended to the Right Honourable the present Earl of Exeter, his Lordship out of just regard to the memory of his great Ancestor, was pleased to order the manuscript Life of the Lord Burghley to be communicated to me.

Which being very old and decayed and only legible to such who are versed in ancient writings it was with great satisfaction that I copied it literatim. And that it may not be lost to the world, I now offer it to the view of the publick. It fully appears to be wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth soon after his Lordship's death, by one who was intimate with him, and an eye witness of his actions for the last twenty-five years. It needs no comment to set it off; that truth and sincerety which shines through the whole, will, I don't doubt have the same weight with the Readers as it had with me and that they will be of opinion it's too valuable to be buried in oblivion.

This "Life of Lord Burghley" is referred to by Nares and other of his biographers as having been written by

"a domestic." It contains about 16,000 words and is the most authentic account extant of the great statesman's life. The narrative is full, but the observations on the character and habits of Burghley are by far the most important feature. The method of treatment of the subject is after Bacon's style; the Life abounds with phrases and with tricks of diction, which enable it to be identified as his. The concluding sentences could only have been writen with Bacon's pen :—

> And so leaving his soule with God, his fame to the world, and the truth to all charitable mynds, I leave the sensure to all judicious Christians, who truly practising what they professe, will better approve, and more indifferentlie interpret it, than envie or mallice can disprove it. The best sort will ever doe right, the worst can but imagine mischeif and doe wrong; yet this is a comfort, the more his virtues are troden downe, the more will theire brightnes appeare. Virtus vulnerata virescit.

In 1592 the "Responsio ad edictum Reginæ Angliæ" of the Jesuit Parsons had appeared, attacking the Queen and her advisers (especially Burghley), to whom were attributed all the evils of England and the disturbances of Christendom. The reply to this was entrusted to Francis Bacon, who responded with a pamphlet entitled "Certain observations upon a libel published this present year, 1592." It was first printed by Dr. Rawley in the "Resuscitatio" in 1657. At the time it was written it was circulated largely in manuscript, for at least eight copies, somewhat varying from each other, have been preserved.* It is quite possible that it was printed at the time, but that no copy has survived. Throughout the whole work there are continual references to Burghley. Chapter VI. is entirely devoted to his defence and is headed "Certain true general notes

* Harl. MSS., 537, pp. 26 and 71; additional MSS., 4,263, p. 144; Harl. MSS., 6,401; Harl. MSS., 6,854, p. 203; Cambridge Univ. Lib., Mm. V 5; Cotton MSS., Tit., Chap. VII., p. 50 b; Harl. MSS., 859, p. 40; Cotton MSS., Jul., F. VI., p. 158.

upon the actions of the Lord Burghley." Either "The Life" and the "Observations on a Libel" are by the same writer or the author of the former used the latter very freely.

It is to be regretted that the original manuscript of the "Life" cannot now be found. In 1732 it was at Burghley House. Application has been made to the present Marquis of Exeter for permission to inspect it, but his Lordship's librarian has no knowledge of its existence. If it could be examined it is probable that if the text was not in Bacon's handwriting some notes or alterations might be recognised as his. The writer says he was an eye witness of Burghley's life and actions twenty-five years together—that would be from 1573 to to 1598, which would well accord with the present contention. If Bacon was the author it throws considerable light on his relations with Burghley and establishes the fact that they were of the most cordial and affectionate character. It is reported that Bacon said that in the time of the Burghleys, father and son, clever or able men were repressed, and mainly upon this has been based the impression that Burghley opposed Francis Bacon's progress.

Burghley's biographer refers to this report. He writes: "He was careful and desirous to furder and advaunce men of quality and desart to be Councellors and officers to her Majesty wherein he placed manie and laboured to bring in more . . . yet would envy with her slaunders report he hindered men from rising; but howe true it is wise men maie judge, for it was the Queene to take whom she pleased and not in a subject to preferree whom he listed."

It will eventually be proved that such a report conveys an incorrect view. In the letter of 1591,* addressed to Burghley, Bacon says:—"Besides I do not find in myself

* See BACONIANA, Vol. IX., p. 19.

so much self-love, but that the greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well (if I were able) of my friends and namely of your Lordship; who being the Atlas of this Commonwealth, the honour of my house, and the second founder of my poor estate, I am tied by all duties, both of a good patriot, and of an unworthy kinsman, and of an obliged servant, to employ whatsoever I am to do you service," and later in the letter he employs the phrase, "And if your Lordship will not carry me on," and then threatens to sell the inheritance that he has, purchase some quick revenue that may be executed by another, and become some sorry bookmaker or a pioneer in that mine of truth which Anaxagoras said lay so deep.

Again, in a letter to Burghley, dated 31st March, 1594, he says:—"Lastly, that howsoever this matter may go, yet I may enjoy your lordship's good favour and help as I have done in regard to my private estate, which as I have not altogether neglected so I have but negligently attended and which hath been bettered only by yourself (the Queen except) and not by any other in matter of importance." Further on he says: "Thus again desiring the continuance of your Lordship's goodness as I have hitherto found it on my part sought also to deserve, I commend," etc.

It is very easy, with little information as to Bacon's actions and little knowledge of the period, to form a definite opinion as to the relations of Bacon and Burghley. The more information as to the one and knowledge of the other one gets, the more difficult does it become to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Here was the son of Elizabeth's great Lord Keeper, the nephew of her trusted minister, himself from his boyhood a *persona grata* with the Queen, of brilliant parts and great wisdom—if he had been a mere place-hunter his desires could have been satisfied over and over

again. There was some condition of circumstance, of which nothing has hitherto been known, which prevented him from obtaining the object of his desires. That he had a definite object, and had mapped out a course by which he hoped to achieve it, is evident from his letters * already quoted. It is equally clear that the course he sought to pursue entailed his abandoning the law as a profession. Either he would only have such place as he desired, and on his own terms, or he was known to be following some course which, although not distasteful to his close friends, caused him to be held in suspicion, if not distrust, by the courtiers with whom Elizabeth was surrounded. In 1594, when Essex was urging Bacon's appointment as Attorney-General, Burghley told Bacon that amongst the Privy Counsellors only he and Essex were in his favour, as it was considered he was too much given to speculation. Lloyd, in his Biography of Bacon, said: "Its dangerous in a factious age to have my Lord Bacon's parts." Every additional fact that comes to light seems to point to the truth being that through his life Burghley was Francis Bacon's staunch friend and supporter. Upon Sir Nicholas Bacon's death Burghley appears with Bodley to have been maintaining Bacon in his travels abroad. Upon his return to England Burghley gave him financial support in his great project. In 1591 there was a crisis—someone had been spending money for the past twelve years freely in making English literature. That cannot be gainsaid. Burghley appears to have pulled up and remonstrated; hence Bacon's letter containing the threat before referred to. It is significant that it was immediately after this letter was written that Bacon's association with Essex commenced. Bacon would take him and Southampton into his confidence and seek their help. Essex was just the

* See BACONIANA, Vol. IX., pp. 14—20.

man to respond with enthusiasm. Francis introduced Anthony to him. The services of the brothers were placed at his disposal, and he undertook to manage the Queen. The office of Attorney-General for Francis would meet the case. "It was dangerous in a factious age to have my Lord Essex his favour," says the biographer before quoted. *

Only Burghley was found to support Essex's advocacy, and on the whole this was not to be wondered at. Such an appointment, to say the least, would have been an experiment. Possibly Essex was the stumbling-block, but it may be that the real objection on the part of the Queen and her advisers was that Bacon was known to be so amorous of certain learned arts, so much given over to invention, that the consensus of opinion was that he was thereby unfitted to hold an important office of the State.

It has been suggested that in 1591 there was a crisis in Bacon's life. That is evident from the letter to Burghley. In that year John Harrington's translation of "Orlando Furioso" was published. The manuscript, which is in a perfect condition, is in the British Museum, and has been marked in Bacon's handwriting throughout. The pagination and the printer's signature are placed at the commencement of the stanzas to be printed on each page, and there are instructions to the printer at the end which are not in his hand.

There are good grounds for attributing the notes at the end of each chapter to Bacon.

It is very improbable that Sir John Harrington had the classical knowledge which the writer of these notes must have possessed. There is a letter written by him to Sir Amias Pawlett, dated January, 1606-7. He is relating an interview with King James, and says: "Then he (the king) enquyrede muche of lernynge and

* See note as to Bodley, BACONIANA, No. VII., page 117.

showede me his owne in such sorte as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge aforetyme. He soughte muche to knowe my advances in philosophie and utterede profounde sentences of Aristotle and such lyke wryters, whiche I had never reade and which some are bolde enoughe to saye others do not understand." It would be difficult to mention any classical author with whose works the writer of these notes was not familiar, or to believe that "Epigrams both Pleasant and Serious" (1615) came from the pen of that writer.

At the end of the thirty-seventh chapter the following note occurs: "It was because she (Porcia) wrote some verses in manner of an Epitaph upon her husband after his decease: In which kind, that honourable Ladie (widow of the late Lord John Russell) deserveth no lesse commendation, having done as much for two husbands. And whereas my author maketh so great bost only of one learned woman in Italie, I may compare (besides one above all comparison that I have noted in the twentith booke) three or foure in England out of one family, and namely the sisters of that learned Ladie, as witness that verse written by the meanest of the foure to the Ladie Burlie which I doubt if Cambridge or Oxford can mend."

The four daughters of Sir Anthonie Cooke—	Si mihi quem cupio cures Mildreda remitti	She wrote to Lady Burlie to send a kinsman of hers into Cornwall, where she dwelt, and to stop his going beyond sea.
Ladie Burlie,	Tu bona, tu melior, tu mihi sola soror;	
Ladie Russell,	Sin mali cessando retines, & trans mare mittis,	
Ladie Bacon,	Tu mala, tu perior, tu mihi nulla soror.	
Mistress Killygrew.	Is si Cornubrain, tibi pax sit & omnia læta,	
	Sin mare Ceciliæ nuncio bella. Vale.°	

° If you, O Mildred, will take care to send back to me him whom I desire,

The writer of the Latin verse was *not* Ladie Russell, and it was written *to* Ladie Burlie, so she must either be Ladie Bacon or Mistress Killigrew. It is not an improbable theory that Ladie Bacon was writing to her sister Mildred, who had, through her husband, power either to send Francis to Cornwall or permit him to be sent away over the seas.

There is a copy of Machiavelli's "History of Florence," 1595, with Bacon's notes in the margins.

At the end is a memoranda giving the dates when the book was read "in Cornwall at," and then follow two words, the second of which is "Lake," but the first is undecipherable.

One note on this book contains an interesting historical fact hitherto unknown. On page 279 the text states: "Among the Conspirators was Nicholo Fedini whom they employed as Chauncellor, he persuaded with a hope more certaine, revealed to Piero, all the practice argreed by his enemies, and delivered him a note of all their names." Bacon has made the following note in the margin: "Ex did the like in Englound which he burnt at Shirfr Smiths house in fenchurch Street."

Is it possible that Lady Anne Bacon had a house in Cornwall which Francis Bacon, inheriting after her death, was in the habit of visiting for retirement? But this is conjecture, not, however, without some basis of foundation.

The following point is of interest. In the "Life of Burghley" (1598) it is said that: "Bookes weare so

You will be my good, my more than good, my only sister;
But if, unfortunately, by doing nothing you keep him back and send him across the sea,
You will be bad, more than bad, nay no sister at all of mine.
If he comes to Cornwall, peace and all joys be with you,
But if he goes by sea to Sicily I declare war. Farewell.

pleasing to him, as when he gott libertie to goe unto his house to take ayre, if he found a book worth the openinge, he wold rather loose his ridinge than his readinge; and yet ryding in his garden walks upon his litle moile was his greatest Disport: But so soone as he came in he fell to his readinge againe or els to dispatchinge busines."

Rawley, in his "Life of Bacon" (1657), attributes an exactly similar habit to the philosopher, and almost in identical phrase: "For he would ever interlace a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies as walking, or taking the air abroad in his coach or some other befitting recreation; and yet he would lose no time, inasmuch as upon his first and immediate return he would fall to reading again, and so suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present improvement."

It is difficult to approach any phase of the life of Bacon without being confronted with what appears to be evidence of careful preparation to obscure the facts. This observation does not result from imagination or prejudice; Bacon's movements are always enshrouded in mystery. Investigation and research will, however, eventually establish as a fact that there was a closer connection between Burghley and Bacon than historians have recognised, and that they had a strong mutual attachment for each other.

W. T. SMEDLEY.

THE SONNETS OF "SHAKESPEARE."

(A New View).

MUCH has been written both about the authorship and interpretation of these famous compositions—so much, indeed, that it may be deemed presumptuous and futile, especially for one outside the select circle of "eminent Shakespearean critics," to say anything more about them. But as, in spite of all that has been written or said on the subject by this distinguished body, they still remain confessedly as mysterious as they are remarkable, perhaps, as an outsider who has at least endeavoured to arrive at an impartial opinion about them, I may be allowed to state what that opinion is.

And first, as to the authorship. Most people, I am quite aware, will say that on that point there can be no doubt at all. Their title declares it. They are the Sonnets of "Shakespeare." Well, on that I agree, and I am quite content to leave the matter there without, in this place, stopping to inquire who that "Shakespeare" was—whether, that is, he was (as is still the popular opinion) the Actor of Stratford, commonly, though incorrectly, known under that name, or (as I believe) the Philosopher of St. Albans, writing under that name as a pseudonym.

Leaving, as I say, that point for the present undiscussed, the matter to which I desire to address myself is entirely the question of the meaning and interpretation of the famous writings, and this resolves itself, as I think, into two questions, which are these:—

1. To whom were these wonderful poems—usually called Sonnets, though not strictly such—addressed? and

2. For what purpose?

On the first of these points the opinions up to now have been numerous—not to say innumerable—but the

general conclusion may be, I think, summed up in the words of a well-known writer on the subject, that "the Sonnets are addressed to a high-born and beautiful young man, apparently a mere lad when some of them were written," but there seem to have been almost as many doubts as to who this favoured youth was as there have been writers on the question—the favourites for the position, however, being three: the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Essex, in the order named.

As the supporters, however, of these and other claimants for the honour of place as the subject of the immortal Sonnets one and all most satisfactorily refute each other, I do not propose to enter into the respective merits or demerits of their several candidates, and that for the simple reason that, after as careful a reading and study of the poems as, I venture to say, the most famous of their critics has been able to give, I have come to the conclusion, not, indeed, of the late famous critic Mr. John Abraham Heraut, that "there is not a single Sonnet which is addressed to any individual at all," for the constant use of the pronouns "thou" or "you" and "thee" plainly shows that they must have been addressed to *some* individual or individuality, but I would adopt this dictum with the qualification that *they are not addressed to any individual or individuality apart or distinct* (as Southampton or Pembroke or any *other person* would be) *from the writer*, but to an imaginary, though still real, individuality in the person or personality of the writer himself. In other and simpler words, the writer (whoever he may be, calling himself "Shakespeare") is simply

"SHAKESPEARE" TALKING TO HIMSELF,

and, for that purpose, treating himself objectively, as it were, as a distinct personality. Thus the pronouns "I" and "me," "thou" and "thee" or (occasionally) "you," though of different "persons" grammatically,

all through the Sonnets, I maintain, represent one and the same personality.

This, in short, as well as I can explain it, is my "theory"—a theory for which, however strange, however bizarre, however impossible it may appear at first sight, I confidently claim the unique merit of rendering the reading of them what they have confessedly never been as yet—*intelligible* to the ordinary, or, indeed, any candid reader. For every Shakesperian critic, I believe, has admitted the fact of their present unintelligibility—one of the most distinguished of them (Mr. Grant White) going so far as to say not only that the Shakespeare Sonnets remain, but *ever will* remain, a mystery.

But, before proceeding to show—as I propose to do—that my theory negatives this and does what no other theory has (admittedly) done, I would claim for it that, though "new," as I have described it, it is not "strange"! For what is there strange or odd or bizarre in the idea that a man should regard himself, for the purpose of self-communing, as a separate individuality? Is it not commonly done by every man in a small and, so to speak, commonplace way? Is it not, indeed, a device to which other poets beside the "Prince" of them have resorted? To take but one instance, does not the Psalmist (whoever he was) do so—dividing himself from his Soul, his other self—and addressing it, as it were, objectively? And what was the Dæmon of Socrates, with whom that philosopher conversed, but a part of himself—his "conscience" or inner mind, so to speak?

But, granting that no poet ever carried this self-separation to the extent which, in my view, our "Shakespeare" did, let my readers, before they condemn my theory of such a separation in his case, turn to the Sonnets themselves and see how that theory works out in rendering the now admittedly unintel-

ligibleness of them intelligible. And, before they do so *seriatim*, beginning with No. 1, I would invite them to look out and read carefully the Sonnet No. 39,* for there they will, if I mistake not, as clearly as words can reveal anything, discover an answer to the question (No. 2) which I have proposed to discuss, namely, "the purpose for which the Sonnets were intended," and the reason why the poet adopted the device, so to speak, of a dual personality. It was, as he there tells us, because the subject of his discourse being himself and himself alone, the treatment of that subject involved a self-glorification, an estimate of his own genius and greatness, and claims for immortality, which, however true (as they were), would have appeared insufferable if attributed to himself by himself in the first person—a self-praise, indeed, which (if he were Francis Bacon, as of course *I* believe he was) he had emphatically condemned as unbecoming in his Essay on "Friendship,"† and elsewhere, but which, if addressed apparently to *another*, who was really himself, or (as he expresses it) "the better part of him," would seem free from the appearance of immodesty.

But let the Sonnet speak for itself:—

> "O how thy words with manners may I sing,
> When *thou art all the better part of me?*
> What can mine own praise to my own self bring?
> And what is't but *mine own* when I *praise thee?*
> *Even for this let us divided live,*
> And our dear love lose name of single one,
> That by *this separation* I may give
> That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
> O absence what a torment would'st thou prove,
> Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
> To entertain the time with thoughts of love

* Treated as if addressed to Southampton by a scholar so respected as the Rev. Walter Begley.

†"A man can scarce alledge his own merits with modesty, much less extol them."

(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth else remain."

Now I would seriously ask any impartial Baconian (and I cannot imagine any true Baconian to be otherwise than impartial and open-minded), reading these lines in the light which I have endeavoured to throw upon them, and applying my theory of the identity of the pronominal interchange to be found in them, to say whether the passage, thus read, without quoting others, does not of itself bear out the interpretation I have suggested and make the meaning of it, otherwise unintelligible, quite clear. Does it not, thus read, show that the writer thus speaking is addressing no other individuality than himself—"*thou*" being but the "better part of *me*," &c.? And, in particular, I would call attention to the fifth line—

"Even *for this* let us *divided* be."

"Even for this." For what? For what but that the writer might praise himself while seeming to praise another and so avoid the reproach or suspicion of "self-praise"? And why "let us divided be" if they were before divided, as they necessarily would be, if the writer were addressing any other personality apart from himself, as Southampton or Pembroke, etc., etc.?

Then again, in the seventh line, what does "this separation" mean but the imaginary division of the writer himself into two supposed individualities, which, however, are ever one and the same? In fact, it would hardly be too much to say that this single Sonnet makes good my contention, though confirmation of it, in my opinion, exists in them all.

What clearer announcement of the fact, indeed, could there be for instance than that contained in the last two lines of Sonnet 62, where the poet appears to state it in so many words?

"'Tis to *thee* (*myself*) that for myself I praise
Painting myself with beauty of thy days."

And now, after this brief exposition of my meaning, I would invite the reader—any impartial and open-minded reader—to turn to the opening stanzas of these otherwise mysterious monologues or self-communings, and read them consecutively in the light which I have endeavoured to throw upon them. They begin, of course, with the ever-memorable line, which contains, as it were, the text of the larger number of them,

"*From fairest creatures we desire increase,*"

which, with those that immediately follow, have usually been interpreted (as before intimated) as conveying to "a beautiful youth of high birth" an exhortation to marry and beget children, that his youth and beauty and other resplendent qualities may be perpetuated in his offspring, which idea, strange to say, appears to have captured the imagination of generations of readers as a glorious one. To my mind, however, I must say it is anything but that. On the contrary, I venture to think it is a most ignoble one and quite unworthy of our recognised "Prince of Poets." To me the idea savours more of the eugenics of the horse or cattle or sheep breeder than the spiritual imagination of a poet, and if the "Shakespeare" who made the suggestion were, as we Baconians believe him to be, the great philosopher of St. Albans, it would display a grossness of which it is difficult to believe him capable, while, in the mouth, or from the pen, of the mean actor of Stratford, considering the man to whom it is supposed to be addressed, be he Southampton, or Pembroke, or Essex, it would be not only that, but an insufferable impertinence.

For this reason, therefore, I, for one, cannot believe this opening stanza—the keynote to all the rest—to bear that (commonly called) "procreative" interpretation. But how different, how much more noble, is the mean-

ing attached to the famous opening lines if the theory of the interpretation which I have ventured to suggest is applied to them! Thus read, "the fairest creatures" for which "we desire increase" would not be the offspring of the body, but of the mind, and the "exhortation" would not be one addressed to any "outside individual," if I may use such a phrase to express one separate and distinct from the writer himself, but to himself, or the "better part" of him—otherwise to his genius, or that faculty within himself which he terms his "Invention"—inciting it, as part of himself, whilst in the prime of his youth, to exercise or put in operation his generative powers *in a purely literary sense*, to produce, in the form of poesy, the "fairest creatures"—creations of his brain, specimens of which he had already shown to the world in his *Venus and Adonis*—"the first heir of his invention"—and in his *Lucrece*.

This at least is the way in which I venture to interpret this magnificent opening, which I take to be what musicians would call the *motif* suggesting and underlying the whole of the wondrous series, and especially that portion of them commonly called the "Procreation Sonnets." And how much more noble and spiritual a conception of their true meaning this is than the gross and material one (I do not think these adjectives too strong) which has generally been accepted as attaching to them, I confidently leave to the judgment of my readers.

And here I would add, though it is but a fancy, that I cannot help thinking that the idea of the Sonnets and the form they took was suggested to Francis Bacon (if he were the author) by the portrait of himself produced by Hilliard—the "fairest" presentment of intellectual youth and vigour, perhaps, ever exhibited of any individual, though even that did not, in the opinion of the artist, do justice to the mind of the represented. With that in

his hand, or before him,* I can imagine the "beautiful youth" "with hues of genius on his cheek," conscious of the powers within him, and full of yearning to use them at once for the good of humanity and for his own ultimate fame and glory, sitting down and inditing this first line of the most marvellous compositions of the kind which the world has ever seen, but which, I venture to say, the world has never yet understood—"sitting down," I say, with this image of himself before him—the material presentment of the "*thou*" to whom and whom alone he speaks, and, as the poet Wordsworth aptly expresses it, "unlocks his heart."

This, at least, is my firm belief, based upon a careful and absolutely detached reading of the Sonnets as literary compositions. In this great "thou," synonymous with the "I" of the speaker, everywhere and through the whole length of the series, may, I confidently affirm, be found the key of the lock referred to by the poet.

And, in further proof of this, I would ask the reader to proceed to the next stanza, and test it and see how it there fits. For what does the poet do here but anticipate, with a kind of horror, the feelings with which,

> "When forty winters shall besiege thy (*his*) brow,
> And dig deep trenches on thy (*his*) beauty's field," &c.,

he would look back upon a wasted youth—wasted because unfruitful in the production of "fairest creatures" (creations of the brain) and the joy, on the other hand, which the contemplation of such "fair children" about him would bring, causing him to renew his youth in them—

> "These were to be new made when thou art (*himself is*) old,
> And see thy (*his*) blood warm when thou felt'st (*he felt*) it cold."

* In his Essay on Friendship Bacon says, "A man were better *relate himself* to a statua or *picture* than let his thoughts pass in smoother (smother)." Is he not doing that here?

Then, to go on to Sonnet, or stanza 3, perhaps the most suggestive of all the "Procreation" series,

"Look in thy glass," &c.

Have we not here the poet, the writer, whoever he was, viewing his own intellectual beauty—that *mind* which the artist so earnestly longed to put into his picture when he wrote round it, with a sort of despair,

"Si tabula daretur digna *Animam mallem*,"

and exclaiming to himself, "Now is the time that intellect should produce something—some fair creation —worthy of itself! It were a shame ('thou dost beguile the world') to leave it unfruitful." Then, seeing in "the glass," or (if Bacon) perhaps in that picture I have suggested he might be holding in his hand, that touch of femininity in the boyish countenance which there appears, the writer addresses himself alternately as a boy and a girl:—

"For where is she so fair whose uneared womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love to stop posterity?"

As if to say, "What subject upon earth is too fair—what theme too great for thee to undertake, and which could not be advantaged by thy treatment of it," anticipating Milton's thought when he felt himself equal to undertake "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." And "who as he so fond," that is, where is the man so wrapt up in himself, so insensible to the beauty of intellectual things, who, contemplating thee (in thy works), would not be stimulated to follow thy example? What other meaning can these lines have but this?

Then the following lines, "Thou art thy mother's glass," &c., speak for themselves, especially if Bacon's; for was not he intellectually, if not physically, form and feature, the "son of his mother," one of the most gifted

women of her time? But the last couplet, I think, clinches my argument:—

> "But, if thou live, remembered not to be,
> Die single, and thine image dies with thee";

that is, "if you exert not now those pre-eminent gifts with which heaven has endowed thee, if thou art not married (as it were) to any of the Muses, what chance hast thou of being remembered—what hope of immortality? Thou wilt have left no *intellectual offspring behind thee.*"

Space will not permit me now to pursue this paraphrase in this manner through the length of the Sonnets or any considerable part of them. But, if the reader will persevere in applying the simple key I claim to have found, I think he will discover that it unlocks the literal meaning of all of them. I can only refer to a few more illustrations of this. Take, for example, the famous Sonnet (55) in which the poet is admitted by all, I believe, as claiming for *himself* future fame, and immortality for his verses, with even more than Horatian daring. But how does he do it? Not, like the Roman poet, by speaking in the first person—"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" &c.—but by addressing his eulogium as to *another*, only using this time "you" instead of "thou" for the second person:—

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
> But *you* shall shine more bright in these contents
> Than unswep stone," &c.

Surely "you" here stands for "I" (the poet himself), and not for Southampton or any other separate personality.*

* And in connection with this and other Sonnets where the poet is commonly supposed to be promising immortality to another, I should like to ask how that immortality could accrue to one *unnamed?*

But in claiming thus to have disposed of the main difficulty which has hitherto attended the interpretation of the Sonnets, I am far from saying that there are no other difficulties attaching to them. On the contrary, there are many, though they are of a very different kind. For, in these melodious murmurings or mutterings, not only was "Shakespeare" "talking to himself," but to himself *about himself and things known only to himself*, or, it may be, a few others, of his "private friends," for whose eyes alone these "sugared" productions were probably intended. No wonder, then, that they are obscure to actual unintelligibility here and there, and especially towards the end, where the mysterious personage, as she is generally esteemed, commonly alluded to as the "Dark Lady," comes upon the scene, about whose individuality there have been almost as many speculations—all of them contradictory—as about the persons to whom the earlier ones were "addressed," Mary Fitton and Queen Elizabeth being, I believe, the two favourites for the position.

But, even here the method of interpretation I am suggesting does not, I submit, fail me, for, as I believe, with Mr. Heraud, that "no single Sonnet is addressed to any individual at all," *except* (as I go further and say) *the writer — the poet himself —* or *some "part of him" personified*, so do I believe that that mysterious entity, the "Dark Lady," is, in Mr. Heraud's words, "no individual"—no actual personality, no creature of flesh and blood, like Mary Fitton or the Queen, but purely and simply a creation of the poet's brain, as much as "Lady Macbeth" or "Desdemona," or any other of the "characters" in the plays—as "real," indeed, as all the creations of the great dramatist are, as living beings, but still creatures of the imagination, as much as they. The only difference in this case is (if, indeed, there be a difference, and if many other of the characters,

as Hamlet, are not so created) that the poet makes this "creation" *out of himself—she* (the Dark Lady) being the "worser" part of him, as his former love was the "better," and, therefore, she also is addressed by the pronoun "thou." The poet now (towards the end of the Sonnets, and, therefore, in his maturer years) has *two loves*—still the "beautiful youth" (the original, as I believe, of the charming Hilliard miniature, but now grown a man—a "man right fair")—and another "a woman coloured ill." He distinctly tells us so—saying (Sonnet 144):—

> "*Two loves* have I of counsel and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest one still,
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser sprite a woman coloured ill."

What, I ask, can be plainer? And these "two loves" are "*both from me*" (see line 11); that is, both parts of himself personified and, therefore, both (according to my theory) addressed as "thou"—the first representing all that was good in the nature of the poet, the second all that was evil, and especially, it may be, some frailty, some "other law in his members" (to quote the words of another masterful dual personality, Paul, the "Shakespeare" of Christian philosophy) "warring against the law of his mind"—some "thorn in the flesh," some overpowering temptation, urging him with meretricious allurements to forsake his first love, his early ambition to fill the world with "fair creations," and to abandon his vast designs for "the glory of God and the good of all men"—to lead him to relinquish these and devote his pre-eminent, his god-like endowments and energies, to self-gratification, self-aggrandisement, and other ignoble, degrading and unworthy objects. Hence his personification of this temptress—this "worser part" of his nature—as a "woman coloured ill"—a *meretrix*, employing every art of allurement to draw him from his other and nobler

love. This is how I read it, and my reading, I think, is confirmed, and more than confirmed, by the rest of the Sonnet. For, how does it go on?—

> "To win me soon to hell, my female evil
> Tempteth my better angel from my side,
> And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
> Wooing his purity with her foul pride."

Then he has doubts whether, after all, this "angel" and this "devil" may not be one and the same—the second only the first corrupted. He "cannot directly tell,"

> "But being *both from me* (*him*), both to each friend,
> I guess one angel in another's hell.
> Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
> Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

This, I say, is how I read the mystery (so-called) of the Dark Lady. She is merely one of the marvellous personifications of vices and virtues which appear throughout the "Shakespeare" plays and poems, the dramatic representative of meretricious temptation, all the arts and allurements of which are delineated in her in minute detail—sometimes with a minuteness bordering on impure suggestiveness, if not obscenity—through the remainder of the Sonnets.

But I must not pursue the subject, for fear of the editorial closure, or I could, I think, go on to the "Q. E. D." of the problem, *modo Euclidis*. As it is, I must leave my readers, having, as I believe, supplied them with the key, to work it out for themselves.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

[There is reference to this article in "Notes."—ED.]

THE FOLIO AND ITS VOUCHEES.

IN the year or under the date of 1623 two important books were published. They were printed in folio shape, on foolscap paper of similar quality, measuring 8¼ inches by 13 in similar type and substantially bound.

One was entitled "De Augmentis Scientiarum," by Francis Bacon. The other was called "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies." Preliminary to the latter, Blount and Jaggard, in August, 1623, entered for their copies at the Stationers' Company sixteen Shakespeare plays thitherto unprinted.

For *King John*, *Taming of the Shrew*, and *Henry VI.*, parts I. and II., materially augmented and re-written, no license was obtained. They had been printed anonymously, *King John* in 1591, and the others in 1594.

Of the plays printed in quarto before 1623, with the name of Shakespeare on title-page, two, viz., *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry V.*, were improved in the Folio, while three, namely, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Richard II.*, were better plays in Quarto than in the Folio. Other plays then already published in quarto were the subject of much enlargement and emendation in the Folio, "the alterations," said Mr. Swinburne, "being for the benefit of readers only." The Science Folio was a reproduction of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," with considerable revisions and additions. In that respect it resembled the Play Folio. Ben Jonson was writing in Latin for Bacon at that date, as we learn from Archbishop Tenison. He was the best Latin scholar of his day (so he had affirmed to Drummond), and may have written part of the Latin in which the Science Folio was rendered.

"The History of Life and Death," printed in January, 1622-3, must have been written by Bacon in the previous year, and as the "De Augmentis" was the only work ascribed to Bacon in 1623, it is certain that if Bacon wrote the plays selected for publication in folio form in 1623, he had in his retirement from public work ample time to prepare them for the press.

For noblemen to whom to dedicate the Play Folio he could not have had more faithful friends than the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. They were the sons of his old friend (and cousin, according to the cipher story) the Countess Mary of Pembroke, and both were men of great independence. The old actors Heminge and Condell may have been readily induced to lend their names for a first appearance in print in a matter of this kind. They could not have been familiar with the dedicating words derived from Pliny's Latin epistle to Vespasian, used in the preface to which their names were appended. That Bacon, on the other hand, was quite familiar with this epistle can be deducted from his letters to King James (1603), to Villiers (1616), and to the House of Lords (1620). The legal terms which succeed one another in Heminge and Condell's dedication —arraign, tryalls, appeals, quitted by a decree of Court, purchased—were manifestly not within their ken, but Bacon could write them with practised ease. Shaksperians have, however, almost tumbled over one another to discount the Heminge and Condell statements in the prefaces as untrustworthy and misleading. Exeunt, therefore, two of the only three contemporary vouchees for the Play Folio.

While we are not concerned in finding out the particular reason why Bacon as a prolific writer in the weed of poetry, dramatic and otherwise, so much despised by Bodley and other learned men of his day, did not publish it under his own name, we may fairly

enquire whether he had some educational object to serve in preparing a Folio selection of his plays for the reading public of future ages. I use Mr. Wigston's definition of the word "weed," which seems to be the correct one.

We are all agreed that the plays, with their learning, their study of the passions, their beautiful and impressive language, their philosophical utterances, have been of great educational value to readers. I think Bacon had an important object in this.

In the seventh book of "De Augmentis" he observes: "Writings should be such as should make men in love with the lesson and not with its teachers." And a few lines further on:

"Both in this present work and in those I intend to publish hereafter I often advisedly and deliberately throw aside the dignity of my name and wit (if such they be) in my endeavour to advance human interests." (This is the Ellis translation; the Watts translation is more emphatic and less ambiguous.)

Yet if he sacrificed his own name as teacher, he strove to be sufficiently ambiguous as to leave clear-headed men in enough uncertainty to prevent them falling in love with the abstraction he put in his place in the Play Folio.

The incongruities and absurdities of the Droeshout portrait should have been enough to give pause. The reader was urged on the very first page to regard the book and not the figure. Even the ambiguous commendatory verses were equally devised to cause hesitation and doubt.

> "Thou art a monument without a tomb,
> And art alive still."
>
> "Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
> To see thee in *our* waters yet appear,"
>
> And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames.

"And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still."

But it was all to little purpose; men fell in love with the writings, then with the poetical name, and finally with the nominal teacher. Although these men abandoned Heminge and Condell, they buoyed up their love for their nominal teacher with the belief that in doing so they still had one substantial vouchee left in the contemporary poet Ben Jonson.

Jonson, born in 1574, was forty-nine when the Folio was in preparation, and sixty-three when he died (1637).

In 1641 some dissertations from his pen, entitled "Timber" or "Discoveries," were printed. According to a learned writer on Elizabethan literature, Mr. Crawford, these dissertations were largely derived from Bacon. Material therefore to the question of the value of Jonson's testimony in the Folio (ambiguous as much of it is) are four passages in his "Discoveries" written after Bacon's death (1626). Under the heading "Dominus Verulamius" Jonson discusses and highly appraises Bacon as an orator. Under "Scriptorum Catalogus" he values his worth as a poet and places the deceased Lord Chancellor at the top of the literary men of all ages, yet in doing so incidentally stultifies his own previous utterances in the verses prefixed to the Play Folio, unless in the latter he was ambiguously referring to Bacon. Under the heading of "De Augmentis, Lord St. Alban," he discusses Bacon as an educationalist. The words used in all three passages are those of intense personal affection and veneration. Elsewhere in the "De Augmentis" passage, however, there is considerable ambiguity of expression. The remark about Julius Cæsar is unintelligible. Bacon gives no such reason for naming one of his books "Novum Organum." But if Jonson wanted to allude to Bacon's new method of teaching, described in his tract "Filum Labyrinthi," in

which Bacon projected a departure from pedagogic practice in favour of a system which should not reveal himself as the teacher, we can better understand Jonson when he proceeds to add in the "De Augmentis" passage: "Which though by the most superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of Nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever."

Under nominal titles you can reach your readers better. They are best instructed when they are unaware of the process being of set purpose in operation.

Jonson not only discussed Bacon as orator under his title of Lord Verulam, as poet under the reference to him as Lord Chancellor, and as educationalist under the title of Lord St. Alban, but in another passage of his "Discoveries" he criticised someone under another title: "De Shakespeare Nostrat Augustus in Hat." Interspaced between this criticism and those on Bacon as orator, as poet, and as educationalist, are certain other dissertations, numbered from 1 to 10. It is certainly curious to find this special numbering (numbers are only used in one other place), because in the "Manes Verulamiana" Bacon is called the *tenth* muse. As Mr. Wigston has noted (BACONIANA, 1909), the Decad or Denarius was a term employed summarily for the whole science of numbers, and ten is the first nominal of the second series which may convey the hint of re-birth. But why "Our Shakespeare," unless Jonson was differentiating between the user of a pseudonym and the man-player whose name had been improved upon to form it?

Manifestly it would have been imprudent to have put the "De Shakespeare nostrat" passage in juxtaposition with the other headed passages above mentioned, or even the most of superficial men might be getting

beyond the title of nominals! The numbers one to ten accordingly bridge the interspace. Then he gives us another clue, "Augustus in Hat." Augustus was a Cæsar to whom this name was given by the senate and people as a mark of great veneration and respect. That Jonson greatly venerated Francis Bacon is shown in the other passages.

"In Hat." Who was the contemporary of Jonson who was held in such great veneration, and whose hat was such a well-known feature?

In his old age, if we may judge by his portraits, Bacon even indoors was rarely without his hat. Apart from the biliteral cipher revelations, the man who wore a mantle of kingly purple at his wedding may have had some habit of asserting the kingly privilege of remaining covered in the society of his literary assistants and private friends. To such a habit Jonson could safely refer.

If Jonson wished to leave on record his opinion of his friend Bacon as poet, orator and educationalist, still more might we expect him to place on record his view of him as a fellow-dramatist.

From 1598 onwards he had been always critical of the author of the Shakespeare plays, as many allusions in his own plays bear witness. Moreover he held the opinion (expressed to Drummond) that the author Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense. Had he not blundered in placing (in one of his plays) Bohemia on the sea coast? As a criticism of a fellow-dramatist this was quite fair and sound.

"Would he had blotted a thousand" was another observation which Jonson could fairly make. The stupid phrase in *Julius Cæsar* as first played had also stuck in old Jonson's memory. He had pilloried it in *Staple of News*, acted 1625. "Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause."

Nor could he as one of Bacon's assistants, writing at the old man's dictation, have failed to wonder when the eloquent flow of words would end, or how, like Augustus Cæsar's verbose senator, he could be stopped. Apart from these very justifiable comments, Jonson loved the man and honoured his memory on this side of idolatry as much as any. Jonson was evidently at pains to put a separate heading to each of the three passages in which he discussed the attainments of Francis Bacon as an orator, a poet and an educationalist. It is reasonable to expect that if he wished to refer to Bacon as a dramatist he would, while respecting his friend's wish for concealment, yet find means to make his meaning clear to those who had been taught or were self-taught how to understand acroamatic methods of delivery.

"De Shakespeare nostrat Augustus in Hat."

"Our Shakespeare," the much venerated old man who so continuously remained covered in more senses than one.

The numbers one to ten appearing only in this interspace may indicate Bacon as tenth muse, the appellation given him by his literary intimates, or they may not, but the circumstance should not be entirely passed by.

The seeming device of discussing Bacon's merits under four separate headings is also worth attention. Finally Jonson shows that he not only held "Our Shakespeare" but Francis Bacon also in most affectionate regard.

It may have been possible for this old man of sixty to idolize the memory of two separate individuals, one not long deceased, the other dead more than ten years earlier, but having regard to the wealth of circumstantial evidence, a fair inference is that Jonson's love was *for one man alone, however styled.* "Our Shakespeare rise" was Jonson's somewhat ambiguous expression in the Play Folio.

In the "De Augmentis" is a passage with which, whether as translator or reader, Jonson would be familiar. It refers to a scheme of communicating which Bacon had devised :—

"By obscurity of delivery to exclude the vulgar (the profane vulgar) from the secrets of knowledge, and to admit those persons only who have received the interpretation of the enigmas through the hands of teachers or have wits of such sharpness and discernment that they can of themselves pierce the veil."

Herein is largely the explanation why Bacon's secrets were so well kept. Those who during many years after his death acquired them, became of a class above the profane vulgar, and kept the secrets thus attained to with all the pride of initiates into Freemasonry.

Those who have in modern times pierced the veil, such as the Rev. Wm. A. Sutton, S.I. (see his book the "Shakespeare Enigma"), will by-and-bye come to appreciate the fact that Bacon's "Novum Organum" was not a new method, and was so named to divert attention from his real new and secret method :—

"Of publishing in a manner whereby it shall not be to the capacity nor taste of all, but shall as it were, single out and adopt his reader" ("Valerius Terminus").

"A new method must be adopted by which we may be able to insinuate ourselves into minds the most darkened." That the method should be innocuous, that is, that it should afford no handle or occasion to any error whatever, that it should have a certain innate and inherent strength for attracting to itself confidence and repelling the injuries of time, so that doctrine thus handed on, should select and as it were adopt a fit and rightful reader for itself." "*And to future ages I appeal whether or not I have effected this.*"

It has been this very success with one application of

Bacon's secret method, namely to the Play Folio, which has drifted so many readers of Shakespeare into permanent attachment to the idol under whose name Bacon published this branch of his teachings.

Perhaps it had to be so. The title of Nominals has captured more "superficial men" than Bacon designed, despite many patent and latent ambiguities prepared in the Folio.

To this result Jonson contributed. To the open-minded he makes in his "Discoveries" the fact that he was criticising and praising his dead friend Bacon as dramatist under the heading "De Shakespeare nostrat" as plain as anyone alive to Bacon's avowed private or reserved method of delivery could wish to have it.

Directly one appreciates that Jonson was making use of this method of delivery in his "Timber" the latter ceases to give shelter to devout Stratfordians. Of the three contemporary vouchees employed in dressing up the actor-author "Figure" they have very properly discarded the evidential values of two. The third vouchee predicted their difficulties as "the most of superficial men unable to get beyond the title of nominals."

"He is gone indeed";
"The wonder is he hath endured so long."—*King Lear.*

PARKER WOODWARD.

BACON IN ITALY.

(*Continued.*)

FLORENCE was reached by young D'Estissac and Michel D'Eyquiem, Sieur de Montaigne, on Monday, 21st November, 1580. But first let me add two facts about Pratellino. An aviary was praised for being "very beautiful and large. It contains little birds like goldfinches with two long tail feathers, like big capons."

The word *queue* (tail) is printed *cuë*. Now old French for tail is *coue** or *coe*. Did our author coin the word *cue?* It appears eleven times in the Shakespeare plays in its present dramatic sense, and Francis Bacon uses it in the "Advancement of Learning," printed Q.† "Q of learned men beyond the seas to be made" (Spedding, p. 568).

The Grand Duke's large aviary would specially commend itself to Francis, who writes in his Essay Of Gardens: "For aviaries I like them not except they be of that largeness they may be turfed," etc.

We all recall his own aviary in the grounds of York House, and his losing a bird that flew into the Thames, and his paying a woman for catching it. Francis was certainly a lover of birds, and through insignificant "pinholes we may read great matters"; the great matter in this instance being Francis himself, who, as I have already stated in my former articles, I think was the writer of "Montaigne's Diary."

Florence is described as "less than Ferrara, situated in a plain surrounded with a thousand cultivated hills. The river Arno runs through it crossed by all by bridges." The absence of moats round the walls is mentioned. The same day our author visited the very large Medician stables, not conspicuous for any valuable horses.

In the Serraglio or Den of Lions, what we should call the *Zoo*, he saw a sheep of peculiar shape, and an "animal like a large cat striped black and white, which they called a tiger." In the Church of San Lorenzo our author notes several pictures, and "very fine and excellent statues by Michael Angelo"—no doubt those of the Medici brothers, considered still the noblest

* Webster.

† Q or *cue*, the last words or tail end of preceding speaker. Oddly enough, it was in this sense sometimes denoted by Q, owing to similarity of the sound (Skeat).

sepulchral monuments of modern times, and that of the Madonna and Child, one of the most beautiful of all the master's works.

The Cathedral, "a very large church, and its tower clothed in white and black marble," he describes as "one of the beautiful things of the world and the most sumptuous," but he has "not yet seen the nation that possesses as few beautiful women as Italy." In the Essays he dubs the type "*grosse et grasse.*" "The food and lodging of Germany and France he prefers to those of Italy, and the windows are large and open, and great wooden shutters shut daylight out if you wish to exclude sun and wind." The "wines, generally speaking, are worse than all else," and to those who hate "a mawkish sweetness, they are insupportable." Here peeps out Bacon again: "In France the grapes that make the wine, grow upon low vines bound to small stakes . . . . in Italy they raise them upon elms and trees, but I conceive that if the French manner of planting low were brought in use there their wines would be stronger and sweeter" (F. Bacon's "Natural History").

He visited the same day the Casino Palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francesco I. de' Medici, where the diary says: "The Duke liked to busy himself in manufacturing imitation oriental gems, and in cutting crystals." "He is a Prince who pays some attention to Alchemy and to mechanical arts, and is above everything a grand Architect." Our Francis found something of a kindred spirit here. "We have precious stones of all kinds, many of them of great beauty and to you unknown, and crystals likewise, . . . and rare stones both natural and artificial" ("New Atlantis").

The Casino Palace di San Marco was built 1575 by Buontalenti on the site of the Medici Gardens, once full of Lorenzo de Medici's antique statues and curios. It

was truly a Soloman's House, with a Rosicrucian Duke and his brothers for its sons of science—just the kind of "learned men" our Francis required for his Q.

A modern footnote allows that Duke Francesco, the pupil of Buontalenti, studied the fine arts generally, but doubts his being a great architect, and says it is his brother Don Giovani who designed the Medici Chapel in S. Lorenzo. The diary does not enumerate all the alchemistic arts of Duke Francesco, who manufactured porcelain, and distilled perfumes, and composed poisons and antidotes in great repute at that time—arts approved by Francis Bacon, who in his "New Atlantis" says: "We have dispensatories or shops of medicines. . . And for their preparation we have . . . all manner of exquisite distillations and separations. . . . . We have also perfume houses wherewith we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange, we imitate smells, etc."

History tells us that in this Casino laboratory in 1582 was formulated the Uffizi Gallery, "which together with its continuation in the Pitti Palace is undoubtedly the finest collection of pictures in the world" ("Mediæval Towns, Florence" [Dent], p. 161).

One instinctively asks, Had Francis Bacon a share in the formation of that gallery? He seems by his Tract to have been singularly well acquainted with Florence and its Grand Duke. Among other things he tells us that Francesco I.'s "common exercise is in distillations, and in trying of conclusions, the which he doth exercise in a house called Cassino in Florence, where he spendeth the most part of the day, giving ear in the mean season to matters of affairs, and conferring with his chief officers" (William Ball's Edition of Bacon's Works, Vol. II., "Political Tract," p. 365). Certainly the MS. Diary of Michel D'Eyquiem, of Montaigne, hid in a chest in France till 1774, ran curiously parallel to Bacon's

Tract! One writer supplements the other, the experience of the one being in most cases the experience of the other. Bacon in his Tract by no means gives us the impression of repeating gossip at hap-hazard, or at second hand, but of relating certain facts collected from personal observation.

Next morning the small golden ball on the top of the Cathedral was clambered up to. Our author states it held forty persons, but the footnote says it holds eight at most. The Strozzi and Gondi Palaces were visited, where members of both families were still living, and also the Duke's palace, where his father Cosimo had ordered war frescoes to be painted by Gorgio Vasari. A loss to the French at Siena is specially mentioned as the subject of one of these; nothing else was noted in this most interesting Palazzo Vecchio except the following: "In several quartars of the city, and notably in this palace of Ancient Walls, the fleur-de-lis has the place of honour." On the floor above the Sala de' Cinquecento and the Vasari pomposities is the Sala de' Gigli or Lilies. A modern footnote says: "The lily or iris arms painted under the balcony of the Palazzo della Signoria (Palazzo Vecchio) belong to Carlo D'Angio, King of Naples, and records the power of the Guelph in Florence (who offered Carlo the dominion of the city) and also the many events that link Florence and the Medici to France." That same day M. D'Estissac and M. De Montaigne were guests of the Grand Duke at dinner, presumably at the Pitti Palace, then the seat of Government, left to him by his mother, Eleonora of Toledo). "The Duchess sat in the place of honour, the Duke below her." The diary does not tell us who she was, but Bacon does. "Two years sithence he married la Signora Bianca, a Venetian of Casa Capelli, whereby he entered straiter amity with the Venetians."

In William Ball's edition of Bacon's Works the date

of this Tract is "about 1580" (erroneously printed in last BACONIANA as 1582). The Diary says, "This duchess is according to Italian taste beautiful, with a full bust well displayed, in countenance agreeable and imperious, and giving the impression of having angled for the duke and of keeping him still at her feet." (To Bianca, Tasso wrote madrigals and sonnets). The duke is described as a healthy-looking man of forty; stout, large-limbed, dark complexioned, courteous in face and bearing, and "always passing among his crowd of followers uncovered, which is fine." Francis Bacon adds the information in his Tract that, "He has no princely port or behaviour, more than a great justicer" (repeating twice "He is a great justicer"). "Of the age of forty, of disposition severe and sad, rather than manly and grave." Sad may mean in this case heavy, weighty, ponderous (so used at that time)—it clearly does not mean grave. Shake-speare describes him to the life.

> "The justice in fair round belly, with good capon lined.
> With eyes severe and beard of formal cut."

This pair both died in 1587 of fever contracted in the Tuscan Maremma marshes. Poison was suspected, but not proved.

On the other side of the Grand Duke's table sat "his two brothers, the Cardinal, and another youth of eighteen."

The first was Ferdinand de' Medici, born 1549, made cardinal at fourteen—he was much the best of all the Medici. Of great authority with Pio V. and Gregory III., then Pope, not only as a Medici, but because of his own personal worth. On the death of his brother Francesco (1588) he gave up his cardinal's hat, and becoming Grand Duke, married Christina of Lorraine. History says, "He was an enlightened patron of the fine arts, and secretly associated with England and Holland in commercial

enterprises in Spanish-America." He seems to have had brilliant qualities, "High souled, an exquisite conserver of his dignity, he lived with reputation and splendour." Unlike his brother, his complexion was sanguine, vivacious and prompt in thought and action, he loved the chase, spent his money freely, was affable in conversation, and seemed to have been of a sweet and pleasant disposition. (From Tommaso Contarini, Venetian Ambassador [Relaz., Ven. XV. 276]). Our special interest in this prince lies in the fact that Bacon dedicated the Italian edition of his "Saggi Morali" [1618] to his son, Cosimo II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1609. The letter Dedicatory written by Tobie Matthew to the duke says that Francis Bacon "honours the memory of his father Ferdinand de' Medici with affection and particular admiration." Though Tobie includes the memory of the duke's grandfather, Cosimo [died 1574], in this tribute, I still think that it points to Ferdinand being Francis' personal and honoured friend. Seated at the dinner-table was "another youth of eighteen." This wording makes one wonder whether there were two youths of eighteen at table? And whether the writer of the Diary was one? "A base brother, Don Joanni, sixteen years of age, of great expectation"—as Bacon in his Tract describes him—is the youth indicated. The cardinal's whole brother, Don Pietro, who had married a Spanish woman, was then in Spain in the service of Philip II.

Comments are made in the Diary and Essays on the moderate use of wine in Italy in comparison with the drinking in Germany. "The vice of the Germans in using glasses of immoderate size is quite reversed in Italy, where they are extraordinarily small."

Our author questions the special right of Florence to be surnamed "the beautiful." "She is beautiful, but does not in any way exceed Bologna, is little superior to

Ferrara, and cannot compare with Venice." The multitude of houses abutting on each other both in Florence proper and on the hills round about, and the irregular paving-stones are commented on. A footnote explains this last remark was made in praise of Florence, better off in this respect than other Italian cities, whose streets at that time were badly paved with bricks or pebbles, and were mostly little better than ditches. After dinner four of the gentlemen with a guide posted to the duke's Castello, "with gardens on the hill-side full of oderiferous cedars, cypresses, orange, lemon and olive-trees, whose interlaced branches form shelter from a too hot sun." "The stems of these cypresses and other trees are planted in such a close and regular order that three or four persons only can walk abreast." Fountains emerge from colossal bronze statues, even from the centre of a marble table in a little bosquet within an evergreen oak. "Music made by water power might have been heard, had not the lateness of the hour obliged a return to the city." Was a musical comedy awaiting them there at six o'clock? More than likely!

The Medici arms formed by the branches of living trees, and a fine grotto of animals spouting water from beak, wings, claws, ears and nostrils in the Castello gardens are mentioned, the latter recalling to the writer: "The bronze Chimera standing on a pillar in the Ducal Palace, which was found in a mountain cave and brought to Florence a few years before." A footnote says it was found in a cave at Arezzo, and I can testify to the emblematic monster being to-day one of the chief treasures of Florence's fine Etruscan Museum. Its cryptic shape and traditions would, of course, make it an object of particular interest to Francis Bacon; the Diary describes it in detail.

Arms, horsemanship and literature in Florence were weighed in the balance and found wanting. A truly

Baconian touch, for the Florence Academy was worse than futile—no better than a literary club. One wonders what influence our Beacon-light, our meteor with the fiery *tail*, had on this city during his very brief stay? And if he, Cardinal Ferdinand, and Don Giovanni laid plans for furthering the art, literature and science of Tuscany?

The Riccardi Palace was visited as being the birthplace of the queen-mother of France, known in that day as the great palace of the elder Medici, notably of Lorenzo, Catharine's father.

Very late on Thursday, November 24th, our party reached Siena, travelling thirty-two miles by four sets of post horses. "Siena cannot take the foremost rank amongst Italy's beautiful cities." "Irregularly built on the spine of a hill, it bears the traces of great antiquity." Its excellent water supply attracts our author's notice—a modern footnote tells us that dates from Roman times. "Its cathedral—in no way inferior to that of Florence—is of brick encased with squares of marble." "The finest bit of the town is the beautiful circular piazza, sloping down to the palace, and facing at its highest part a very fine fountain, whose many channels fill a large basin, from which everyone draws excellent water."

"A number of the many streets are *very* ancient; the chief one is that of the Piccolomini, and next that of the Tolomei, Colombini, and also that of the Cerretani." A footnote says families are meant, streets never having borne those names. The Piccolomini palaces are still the admiration of all, and are some of the finest buildings in Siena. The first, built between 1461 and 1500, is said to be truly magnificent. "Signs of antiquity three or four centuries old" are noted, and "the arms of the town, visible on several pillars, the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus." The Duke of Florence, we are told, treats with courtesy those nobles

who favour the French, and "attached to his person is Silvio Piccolomini, the most self-sufficient gentleman of the day with respect to the whole science of arms." From a footnote we learn that from boyhood Silvio followed the profession of arms, while from his valorous father he inherited the title "of Arragon," together with the Marema lands, 1,000 miles square, on the sea. That Osric in *Hamlet* was sketched from the youthful S—o Pic. (Silvio Piccolomini) is more than likely—the gnat that stings and annoys men (*Picco l'homini*), or the "Water-fly," as Hamlet calls him. Osric we know had "much land, and fertile," was "spacious in the possession of dirt." Besides rare military virtues, Silvio Piccolomini is also specially credited in history with "the most perfect qualities of the *gentiluomo*." Whether or no "the bragart gentleman" of the earlier * *Hamlet*, 1603, "spiced," who smells like a fool, as well as the conceited little "chough," the chatterer, the magpie Osric, were pictured from Silvio, may be an open question; but that he figures as Prince of Arragon (*Merchant of Venice* I. ix.) I feel certain. Anagrams of his names may be found (by those who favour such toys) in his interview with Portia. He makes his entrance as a suitor and gets a fool's bauble for his pains. *Stung* and *nettled* he retires, expressing in that fact his right to the name of Picco. Siena's dandy Paladin was not only a young favourite of Francesco I., but became a greater with Ferdinand I., whose son, Cosimo II., was his pupil, and accounted him his favourite minister. Shake-speare and Montaigne's Diary are both at one with regard to his self-conceit, anyway.

To return to the Diary, Duke Francesco "is careful to man his citadels at great cost"; he "regards visitors to them with suspicion, and issues permits to

* Dyce's editon of Green's Works has 1587 as date of first *printed Hamlet.*

few." Bacon in his Tract adds the information that "these citadels were garrisoned by Spaniards." Montaigne gives the *raison d'être* of this by remarking with regard to these well-armed forts: "The Duke's chief source of danger was his own people." The Crown Inn sheltered our author. In those old days this was the best inn of Siena, one where ambassadors and other great people lodged; a footnote tells us that standing in what is now Via Cavour, No. 32, it was restored in 1850.

Siena was left on Saturday, the 26th. Bacon's advice to the traveller—"Let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long —seems thoroughly to jump with our author's idea. Sleeping one night at Buoncouvent, twelve miles off (in whose Castello died [1313] Arrigo Duco di Luxemburgo), and the next at La Paille, where Pope Gregory III.'s great bridge ended the Duke of Florence's property, our party entered the Papal States. Passing through Aquapendente, S. Laurenzo (a citadel), Bolseno (the ancient Volsinium), and Montefiascon, of much antiquarian interest, they reached Viterbo, noted as "a beautiful town with fine houses, plenty of artisans, fine and pleasant streets, and in three different quarters three fine fountains." A footnote explains it is an ancient Etruscan city rebuilt by the Longobardi. It certainly attracted our author greatly, and, had his mule not already gone on ahead, he would have remained there longer.

Rossiglione, nineteen miles off, was "a little town with a castle belonging to the Duke of Parma. Many houses and lands belong to the Farnese along this route where lodgings are of the best, as it is the great posting road." Here our party stayed the night. Somewhere on this journey—perhaps here—they were entertained by Comedians. Our author says when "that hap-

pened, the actors commenced playing at 6 o'clock by torchlight, and continued acting for two or three hours, after which supper was served." The hours for dinner and supper are commended as favouring the acting and are called "late." "Dinner in good houses is not served till two hours after mid-day, supper not till nine o'clock." Our author perhaps discovers his own habits when he adds, "This is a country for idle people; one rises very late." However, he actually started off again next day "three hours before dawn, so anxious was he to see the walls of Rome." The Prince of Parma, the great statesman and general Alessandro Farnese, is supposed in Siena to have been at one time a suitor of Queen Elizabeth, and to have received from her a portrait of herself by Zuccaro, which interesting portrait hangs in the Siena Belle Arte Gallery; a picture which one wishes were English property. In a letter I had from Mr. Lionel Cust on the subject he says: "It is one of the best and most attractive portaits of the Queen which I know, and may well have been painted by Federigo Zuccaro during his short stay in England about 1574—78."

I interviewed an official in charge of the archives of Siena, and he told me this picture came from the Pallazzo Reale, in Siena, the residence of the younger of the Grand Duke's family. Its furniture and pictures were sent from the Medici Palace, Florence, among which, he thought, might have come this picture. Hearing the official in charge of the inventory of the Medicean Palace in Florence would know most about it, I reached him through an Italian friend, and this reply came :—

"The portrait of Queen Elizabeth of England, painted by Federigo Zuccaro (1542—1600), taken from the Palazzo Reale, was carried there by the Granducal family, Medici-Lorense," etc., etc.

If that be the case the picture belonged to Duke Ferdinand, the Cardinal of the dinner party, who married Christina of Lorraine. How did he come by it? It certainly bears the Medicean arms. The hair is bright and pretty; the face, still young, inscrutable; the lace, a carnation design, carefully painted. A large globe has ships sailing round it. Behind are four courtiers in elegant attitudes. One with a pointed beard, brandishing a long stick, might be Sir Christopher Hatton. There is a row of pillars to one side of them. In the queen's left hand is a *sieve*, of all queer things!

I am confirmed in my opinion that what she holds is a sieve by the letter of the Italian official referred to, who gave me the text of three legends in the picture difficult to read:—

"Wearied reposed, and reposed troubled" ("On the Pillar").

"This view is great" ("On the Globe").

"*Terra firma* is best, bad to remain in the saddle" ("Within the Sieve").

All cryptic sayings, apparently, and hard to be understood.

Another noticeable thing in the picture is three medallions hanging in a line from a pillar draped in black, on it gold geometrical eight-pointed stars. A man burning in flames is on one; a woman bending from a throne towards someone below her on a step is on the second; the third is a temple, with birds in flight. If anyone can throw light on this curious picture I shall be glad. My only illumination has been two frescoes in the Palazzo Communale in Siena by the master emblematist, Lorenzetti. The subjects, "Good and Bad Government," represent five female figures. The first, *Magnanimity*, is said to have on her knees "a basin filled with money." This description of the picture given to the world is absurd

as it is untrue. Magnanimity has a *sieve* on her knees as surely as Queen Elizabeth holds one in her picture, and she holds open, attached by a riband, a feather fan, or a fan of sorts. The picture is dark in more senses than one.

F. Zuccaro, of course, knew Lorenzetti's fresco. Did he wish to represent Elizabeth as fanning or winnowing the wheat from the chaff, and as representing *magnanimity* and good government?

Vasari (p. 530, "Ant. Lorenzetti") says, "These frescoes were painted to show appropriate symbols of moral and civil Sapience, and to induce saintly love of Justice and Country." Giotto, he says, was allegorical, and had poetical invention; so had Gaddi and many others, but the most excellent of all is Antonio Lorenzetti, who left a picture the most splendid, the best ordered, and the most copious monument to Moral, Civil, and political Sapience possible."

In the Frescoe of Bad Government cruelty to children and tyranny of all kinds are represented. Did this have its prototype in the man in flames in Elizabeth's portrait? Lorenzetti's pictures have inscriptions, too, "To fly is quite proper in this earth," "Justice is the slave of tyranny," etc., etc.

A miniature of Arabella Stuart was painted by Hilliard and sent to the Duke of Parma, Ranuzio, b. 1569, one of her suitors, son of Alessandro. Perhaps this fact may account for the idea that Queen Elizabeth's picture was sent to her suitor the Duke of Parma? There was a party that wished to put Arabella and Ranuzio on the throne, he being a direct descendant of Edward III. F. Zuccaro painted Arabella at 13½, which looks as though he were also in England at that date. I could find no mention of his being in England in his "Life" in the Siena Library.

I have far exceeded the space allotted to me, and

must close my paper, leaving our author's experiences in the Eternal City for another number.

ALICIA A. LEITH.

[In Miss Leith's article, "Bacon in Italy," appearing in the January number, there were four uncorrected printers' errors which she had noted in the proof. On page 38 a note "written about 1582" should have been "about 1580." On page 38 "Lra Paolo Sarpi" should have been "Fra Paolo Sarpi." On page 39 "ignobels" should have been "ignobles"; and on page 42 the name "Bentivoili" should have been "Bentivolii."]

THE JANSSEN PORTRAIT OF BACON FOUND.

SPEDDING in the "History and Plan of this Edition" prefixed to Volume I. of his 1879 edition of Bacon's philosophical works devotes some space to an account of the various portraits of Francis Bacon which have come down to us. Referring to the engraving prefixed to that volume, he writes:—"I selected this likeness by preference, partly because original impressions are scarce and none of the others which I have seen give a tolerable idea of it, whereas the rival portrait by Van Somer is fairly represented by the engraving in Lodge's collection; but chiefly because I have some reason to suspect that it was made from a painting by Cornelius Janssen, and some hope that the original is still in existence, and that this notice may lead to the discovery of it. Janssen is said to have come over to England in 1618, the year in which, as I have said, the engraving must have been published. Bacon did sit for his portrait to somebody (but it may no doubt have been to Van Somer) about this time; at least, £33 was 'paid to the picture drawer for his ld's picture' on the 12th September, 1618. Now

I have in my possession an engraving in mezzotinto, purporting to be a portrait of Bacon, representing him in the same position and attitude and the same dress (only that the figure on the vest is different), and having a similar oval frame with the same kind of border. In the left hand corner, where the painter's name is usually given, are the words *Cornelius John Son pinxit.* The engraver's name is not stated, but there is evidence on the face of the work that he was a poor performer."

After describing the difference between this engraving and that of Simon Pass, Spedding continues:—"But however that may be, this mezzotinto appears at least to prove that when it was made there was in existence a portrait which somebody believed to be a portrait of Bacon by Cornelius Johnson — that is, no doubt, Cornelius Janssen."

Recently bearing the name of Bacon there died in Norfolk a descendant of Bacon's half-brother, Nicholas, and his effects came to be sold by auction. These included the privy purse of the great Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and a number of family portraits. Among the latter was the missing portrait by Cornelius Janssen. It is painted on canvas, and on the back is written, "Sir Francis Bacon, by Cornelius Janssen." It is certainly *not* the original of either of the engravings to which Spedding refers. Its size is 30 in. × 20 in. The head is covered with the well-known black hat, the crown of which appears to be rather higher than it is found to be in the engravings. If this could be removed, there would be the typical Shakespeare head. The hair is dark brown, with an auburn tint. The beard and moustache are of a light flaxen brown, almost yellow. The picture was secured at the sale by an ardent Baconian, and it is intended that some day it shall form part of a national memorial to the great poet, philosopher and statesman.

NOTES.

A DEPUTATION recently waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury to express dissatisfaction with the "revised" version of the Bible. A weekly journal, after expressing the opinion that a further revised version is as little likely to give popular satisfaction, says: "All the learning of all the professors and scholars will never supplant the old "authorised" version of the Bible by any other modern "revised" version which boasts of greater accuracy and exactitude in translating from the Hebrew original. Better stick to that which has woven itself into the mental and moral life of the British people, and assign to revised versions the place of useful auxiliaries.

There are many signs that the controversy as to the authorship of the Shakespeare plays is entering on a new stage. One of these is to be found in the volume in Everyman's Library on "The Life and Works of Shakspeare," by Oliphant Smeaton. On page 7 the writer says:—

In a word so "full orbed" a man, intellectually speaking, was Shakespeare, his capacity or power of assimilating information and his faculty of reproducing it being alike so marvellous that some writers have based on this an argument against the Shakespearean authorship of the plays. To argue thus is folly. Shakespeare's mind was a unique mind that cannot be measured by ordinary standards of acquisition, etc.

Appendix II. at the end of the volume contains a list of "books useful to the student of Shakespeare." They are classified under various heads. On page 546 is a paragraph headed, "The Bacon Shakespeare Theory," in which the following sentence occurs:—

Although one may personally disagree with the above theory, it has now passed the tentative stage and has been accepted by so many men of undoubted ability and scholarship that it is every student's duty carefully to investigate it."

Surely Mr. Smeaton would not say it was every student's duty carefully to investigate a theory which it was folly to argue!

THERE is no doubt but that Sir Edwin is compelling attention to this controversy. His activity knows no limits. "Bacon Is Shakespeare" has had a very large circulation (many times that of any previous work upon the subject) and has entailed a large corrrespondence. But Sir Edwin, not satisfied with this, is conducting controversies in at least half a dozen newspapers in different parts of the country. Never has there been a time when there have been so many journalists who have acknowledged the possession of "an open mind" on the subject. Discussions in the public press are not satisfactory. The arguments for the Bacon case are so various and cover so much ground that they cannot be put forward in a satisfactory manner in letters to newspapers. If the issue could be raised in a legal action, and the question could be fought out before a judge, either with or without a special jury, the Shakespeare myth would be settled for all time.

One of the most significant references to the controversy on the authorship of the plays is to be found in the *Referee* of the 24th March. In the columns contributed by G. R. Sims the following appears:—

The telephone bell rang. I took the receiver off the hook and waited patiently—patience is part of the telephone system. "Hello!" said an invisible voice. "The same to you," I replied graciously. Then the invisible voice queried,

"ARE YOU SHAKESPEARE?"

I was flattered, and smiled. "No," I replied; "I'm Bacon." "What are you talking about? Are you Shakespeare?" "Well, I've written plays; but what's the joke? I'm busy." "Are you Shakespeare?" "No." "Aren't you 447——?" No; I'm not." "Then ring off!" And I thought when the voice said, "Are you Shakespeare?" that it was a theatrical manager prefacing a commission with a little playful flattery.

* * * *

But, putting the receiver on the hook, let me be serious. A week ago, had anyone told me Shakespeare was

A Gammon of Bacon,

and said, "Are you convinced that Bacon did not write Shakespeare?" I should have replied wilfully, "I ham." But now I am inclined to think that nothing would be rasher. I have been reading a remarkable book, "Bacon Is Shakespeare," by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, and the arguments in that book give one furiously to think. At any rate, in the matter of Bacon, I am no longer pig-headed.

* * * *

Admitting that whoever wrote Shakespeare's plays must have possessed expert knowledge of the law and of the etiquette of Courts and had a highly-cultured mind, it is difficult to reconcile these facts with our knowledge of Shakespeare's birth, condition, education, conduct of life, and general environment. He must have been a great reader to crowd his works with proof of such vast knowledge. Yet he died without a book in his possession. At the same time, there is a knowledge of the stage and stage effect in Shakespeare's plays that it is difficult to credit to Bacon. Is not the solution of the mystery the collaboration of the philosopher, the lawyer, the traveller, the courtier, and the man of parts, with the actor? Perhaps Bacon went to Shakespeare—how shall I say it?— . . .

It is a distinct score for Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence that a perusal of his book should have made Mr. G. R. Sims "furiously to think" upon the subject, and as a result of his thought, be no longer pig-headed.

Another "straw" will be found in *The Field* of 30th March, 1912, where reference is made to Mr. Crouch-Batchelor's "Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespeare." Nearly two columns are devoted to the subject. Speaking of this book the article says:—

"For the first time in our experience we have come across a book which expresses in less than 150 pages the case against William Shakespeare with a fairness which deserves consideration. We do not for a moment say that Mr. Batchelor proves the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays, but, whatever the difficulty of such a proof may be, he convinces us that they are very slight in comparison with those of attributing the plays

to 'the actor from Stratford.' As a matter of fact, this attribution has never been a matter of proof ; it never can be. We all accept it very much as we accept the authorship of various divisions of the Bible, and it is not likely that history, or logic, or argument, will ever have any effect upon that conviction. Still, there are certain points, never sufficiently recognised by the literary protagonists of William Shakespeare, which cause an undoubted difficulty in accepting him as the author, and suggest an undoubted possibility in considering that Bacon might have written the plays."

Then follow a number of arguments taken from "Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespeare," and the article thus concludes :—

"We think most of the arguments, including those which we have selected, deserve a more direct answer than they have yet had. Mr. Batchelor has not convinced us, but he has interested us very much, and, if we merely consider the matter to be a literary riddle, we see no less reason for receiving the reply, which will be awaited with great interest, and it will have to be a reply in detail. We have heard quite enough about the inexplicable powers of genius ; but the greatest genius cannot fire an empty gun."

It is certainly a new experience to have the Baconian case referred to in the Press in such fair and reasonable terms.

Mr. William Archer has been endeavouring to enlighten the readers of the *Morning Leader* upon the assertion which has been made that our contemporary dramatist "cannot be matched by any similar group since the days of the unparalleled outburst of drama in the time of Shakespeare." Mr. Archer thinks that if the proposition were thus stated, "Shakespeare apart, the drama of the present day does not yield even to that of Elizabeth and James," it might be defensible. There never was a time, he says, when the drama was not going to the dogs, not only in the estimation of a considerable number of critics, but of a large number of the

public. After stating that this opinion has been almost if not quite as prevalent during the richest as during the poorest periods, he continues: "If anyone had told Francis Bacon that he would one day be accused of writing the plays of Shakespeare (and most other plays of the period) do you suppose he would have felt flattered? In all probability he would have said, 'If you want to insult me, pray think of something more plausible.'" This clever observation or *jeu d'esprit* reveals two interesting facts. The first is that Mr. Archer has not even a passing acquaintance with Bacon or his works, and the second is that he hopelessly fails to understand the Shakespeare plays, their value, or the objects with which they were written.

In the *Spectator* of the 25th of February appeared an anthology of Shakespeare's modernisms. Commenting thereon, Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache expresses the opinion that Shakespeare's two most modern characters are Philip Faulconbridge and Jacques. There is a tinge of dawning modernity in the passages in which Faulconbridge analyses and, so to say, moralizes his cynicism; for example, in his plea for "commodity," ending with the line in which, after the fashion of introspective thinkers, he made himself out worse than he was:

"Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee."

Mr. Tollemache comments thus:—"But the cynicism of this passage would find parallels in the writings of Bacon, whose self-revelations had the advantage of being unhampered by the trammels of verse. Perhaps, therefore, a more characteristic outburst of the royal bastard is that which hints at wonder whether he has done wisely in bartering his estate against a knighthood:—

> "A foot of honour better than I was,
> But many a many foot of land the worse.
> Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
> *Good den, Sir Richard, God-a-mercy, fellow:*—
> And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
> For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
> 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
> For your conversion."

It is interesting to contrast the line of conduct sketched in this passage with the advice given by the more prudent Chesterfield to his son, who was, by the way, like Faulconbridge, illegitimate. The son is directed to be always careful to call his acquaintances by their right names, just as he is told to let his guests see that he has taken note of any likes or dislikes that they may have formerly shown in their choice of food and wine. But, if thus far the princely scion has fallen short of the ideal of wordly prudence, even Bacon could not have bettered him in the "Wisdom for a Man's Self," with which he further on sought, as it were, to efface the bar sinister from his social escutcheon (*Majores pennas nide extendisse loqueris*); for he set himself

> "To deliver
> Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
> Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
> Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
> For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising."

Thus, in making for "self-help," he became an adept in what is now sometimes called "pragmatism," but what Mark Pattison more appropriately described as "economy of truth." As Bacon would have said, he had "dissimulation in seasonable use."

Mr. Tollemache thus concludes a most illuminating contribution to the subject:—"Let me conclude by saying that the note of modernity is the more conspicuous in Shakespeare through its coming only by

fits and starts. It is immeasurably commoner in Bacon"

Apparently Mr. Tollemache would not be likely to share Mr. Archer's views, but then Mr. Tollemache's letter makes it clear that he is acquainted with the writings both of Shakespeare and Bacon.

Some reference is necessary as to the article which appears in the present number of BACONIANA from the pen of Mr. John Hutchinson, entitled "The Sonnets of Shakespeare, a New View." The manuscript was received before the issue of the January number. Mr. Hutchinson had arrived at conclusions almost identical to those which were set out in the article by Mr. W. T. Smedley which appeared in that number. Both of these writers have held the views enunciated for many years, and by a singular coincidence both committed their theory to ink and paper about the same time. Mr. Hutchinson requests it may be stated that the coincidence would be still more singular and apparent if he had extended his Article so as to include his explanation of the "rival poet," which would have been found almost identical, both in sense and manner of treatment, with that of Mr. Smedley.

REVIEWS.

Francis Bacon's Works (acknowledged, vizarded, or suspected). Catalogued in order of printed date, with notes, by Parker Woodward. Published by Sweeting and Co., London, 1912. 8vo, cloth.

The first paragraph of the preface reads thus: "This attempt at a catalogue is printed for the use of that small and much anathematised group of men and women who adhere to the belief that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays and much of the literature of the Elizabethan Renaissance." The book contains on the one page notes of the events of a year, commencing with 1578, and so one from year to year; and on the

opposite page a list of the works published during the same year, of which the compiler believes, or suspects, Bacon was the author. There is space left on each page for additions to be made by the reader. The introduction contains a general statement of Mr. Parker Woodward's view of Elizabethan literature. It need not be mentioned that the Leicester-Elizabeth parentage of Bacon is insisted on. Commencing literary work in 1578 under the pen-names of Immerito Euphues, Lyly and Watson, it is contended that Bacon "moved on to the arranged use of the names of men-players (some of them having been 'children of the Royal Chappell' in boyhood) such as Gosson, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Shakspere; or of clerks, parsons, assistants and tutors, such as Spenser (who went to live in Ireland), Kyd, Bright, Burton, Webbe, Dorrell, Nashe, Whitney, Wilmot, Heywood and Peacham, Occasionally he reverted to pen-names such as in the Marprelate pamphlets, where he appears as Pasquil and Marphoreus."

The little work is a most useful book of reference, and no Baconian's library table should be without it.

Francis Bacon's Own Story. By J. E. Roe, South Lima, N.Y Fifty cents.

In two small little quarto volumes, with paper covers, containing together about 112 pages, will be found some excellent reading. In the first volume Mr. Roe gives a most ingenious explanation of the meaning of the Shakespeare Sonnets. These are classified under seven heads, concerning (1) their author's own impeachment and fall; (2) his tabular system of philosophy; (3) a new life, in which the days of Queen Elizabeth are contrasted with the "bastard signs of fair" of those of James I.; (4) their author's struggle with the royal "will"—the will of Queen Elizabeth; (5) succession to the throne on death of Elizabeth; (6) their author's "weed" nom-de-plume or hyphened name—Shake-speare; (7) praise of their author's own mental gifts and of his greatly-felt mission.

The arguments on behalf of the author's contentions are admirably set forth, and their perusal must give pleasure to any student, whether the theory is accepted or not. In the second volume Bacon's "tabular system of philosophy" is discussed. It was based, says Mr. Roe, on distinctive "Tables of Discovery." They are important in that all else in the system is based on them. All other systems of philosophy are logical systems, and based on arguments.

Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespeare. The arguments *pro* and *con*, frankly dealt with by H. Crouch Batchelor, 8vo. demy, 143 pp. cloth. Robert Banks and Son, London. 2s. net.

Under this title Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor extends in book form arguments adduced in his pamphlet of 1910. If the use of vigorous polemics is the best way of capturing acceptance of one's

views, Mr. Batchelor proves a doubly champion of the Baconian case. The orthodox critics have certainly invited reprisals, and may well deserve the epithets "silliest," "fatuous," "rabid," "Stratfordian fanaticism" "gross literary dishonesty," with which the writer bespangles his arguments. Yet so devoted an admirer of Francis Bacon as Mr. Batchelor shows himself to be might have been expected to have followed Bacon's favourite method of peaceful persuasion for gaining the assent of his readers. To convince people prepossessed of the orthodox view is difficult at all times, but hopeless if we make them angry. We would have been glad, too, if this writer had treated the Stratford player a little more kindly.

The known facts of his life are only valuable as showing their inconsistency with great literary attainments. But why call him "a snob"? He was probably no worse and no better than the average successful peasant of his period. That he permitted the use of his name by another, perhaps for reward, does not make him partizan to a discussion arisen after his demise.

Baconians who enter the lists outside the covers of this magazine should aim at moderation. We think still more that they should be as accurate in statement as they possibly can. Mr. Batchelor is not fair to Burleigh's memory in saying that he was preventing Francis from obtaining a Government appointment, and showing increasing hostility. The letters and documents show that Burleigh was kind to Francis and sought to help and advance him. Nor is it fair to say that Robert Cecil was unfit for office. Jealous and opposed to Francis, he was a man of ability, and an efficient Secretary of State. It is not accurate to state that Francis travelled with the French Court (p. 63). All we know is that he went to France in 1576, and returned thence in 1579. It is not *known* that he visited Italy. "L'Histoire Naturelle" states that he did so, but that is hardly final on the question. The correct year of Bodley's letter to Francis at Orleans is probably 1582, and certainly not 1577, unless Bodley is to be disbelieved. It is not the fact that no provision was made for Francis by Sir Nicholas Bacon because of the non-signature of a will. A full and elaborate will, mentioning Francis, but leaving him no maintenance was published by Sir Nicholas two months before his death. Francis was not always poor, nor did he fall into debt in 1584, nor become Secretary to Essex. He may have been short of money in 1593, but surely not desperately hard up. He was not arrested for debt until 1598, and Anthony did not pay it nor mortgage his property for the purpose. Francis wrote to the Queen's Prime Minister, and seems to have been out again very promptly.

It cannot be said that Ben Jonson "admittedly wrote" the Heminge and Condell preface to the 1623 folio. The internal evidence, namely, the use of Pliny's Latin letter to Vespasian points to Bacon (who also used it in his letters) as the writer of it.

But while we find in this book inaccuracies, to be regretted,

we are glad to welcome several new and useful arguments. That dealing with the compression in the Essay on Love and the consequent misunderstanding is very good. Mr. Batchelor searches with his eyes shut where ciphers are concerned, and in his appendix of works consulted, confines himself strictly to Vol. I. of Donelly's book. His argument as to Bacon's Essay on Love obtains no reinforcement from the Gallup decipher that Francis was in youth crossed in love by Marguerite of Valois. We like the point he makes at page 90, where he reminds us of Francis spangling his first speech in the Law Courts in 1594 with unusual words, thus indicating a likely author of the novel words in the Shakespeare plays. The note, too, as to Harvey's views as to the circulation of blood (as to which he lectured from 1616 onwards) being repeated in Coriolanus is a cogent indication of late alteration of that play. Bacon was one of Harvey's patients. It is not correct to suggest that Bacon was in his early manhood dependent upon the law for his maintenance. The Queen and Burleigh saw to this, as Bacon's own letters show. Indeed, it is an argument for his authorship of the plays that he did not practise the law in the Queen's lifetime except in 1594, and then only by her permission. We thank Mr. Batchelor for recalling several beautiful sentences of Bacon's writing. Space permits of our quoting two only :—

"The duties of life are more than life."

—Letter to Villiers, 17 May, 1617.

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

Passages from the Autobiography of a Shakespeare Student. By R. M. Theobald, M.A., 8vo. demy, 88 pp. Robert Banks and Son, London. 3s. 9d. net., cloth.

DR. THEOBALD has worked in the past for the Baconian cause as no other man and only one woman has. His reminiscences, now published, cover a period of 66 years, commencing with a visit to Birmingham in 1846. The book contains 81 short chapters, and is written in a gossiping style, full of interest. Dr. Theobald appears to have met or been in communication with most of the distinguished Shakespearean scholars who have lived during his period, and what he has to say about them is well worth reading.

BACONIANA.

VOL. X. *Third Series.* JULY, 1912. No. 39.

BACON'S MASKS.

BACON published in 1623 the "De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum," generally known simply as his "De Augmentis." This work is described as the "Tomus Primus," the first part of "The Great Instauration," the second part of which was his "Novum Organum," published three years earlier, viz., in 1620.

The "De Augmentis" of 1623 was placed in various public libraries, magnificently bound in velvet and silver. Whether it was ever sold I am uncertain; my own copy is marked "Ex done Authoris." An edition of this work was brought out in English in 1640 under the title of the "Advancement of Learning." In the "De Augmentis," 1623, Book VII., page 2, we read (I quote from pp. 2 and 3 of King Charles I. copy of the English edition of 1640 in my library):

"For writings should be such, as should make men in love with the Lessons (italics) and not with the Teachers (italics) . . . As for myselfe (Excellent King) to speak the truth of myselfe, I have often wittingly and willingly neglected the glory of mine own Name, and Learning (if any such thing be) both in the works I now publish, and in those I contrive for hereafter; whilst I study to

advance the good and profit of mankind. And I, that have deserv'd perchance, to be an Architect in Philosophy and Sciences, am made a Workman and a Labourer, and at length anything else whatsoever; seeing I sustaine and work out myselfe, many things that must needs be done; and others out of a naturall disdaine shift off and refuse to do."

Page 3, on which the above concludes, is falsely headed Book VI. instead of VII. to call attention to the passage, while in my own special copy of the 1645 "De Augmentis," Lib. VII. is Rosicrucianly marked, perhaps 200 years ago, in the same manner as certain books that ought to be included in my unique library are still marked in catalogues sent to me from abroad. Bacon himself thus tells us in the clearest way that he often writes under pseudonyms, and is going to continue to do so. This was in 1623, and almost immediately thereafter appeared the 1623 folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's" plays, the title page of which is adorned with what every tailor now tells us is a dummy clothed in a trick coat composed of the back and front of the left arm. The dummy is surmounted by a mask to teach those capable of understanding that the figure is a left hand, a mask, a pseudonym under which the great author wrote secure.

On pp. 132 and 133 is shown a full size photo facsimile of the portion of pages 2 and 3 of Book VII. of the 1640 "Advancement of Learning" which contain the important words which I have quoted. Anyone with ordinary eyesight and a good glass cannot fail to perceive that the whole is in very mixed type, and indeed it is perfectly certain that they involve a biliteral cypher. They, therefore, are printed here in order that those acquainted with the method of decyphering such writings may possibly enlighten us as to the statement hidden beneath the obvious meaning, which is, however,

by itself a revelation quite clear and distinct that Bacon has of set purpose put aside his name in works that he has already published, and in those he is contriving for the future. As I have said, the 1623 folio of the plays came out almost at the same time as the "De Augmentis," and there appeared also in 1623 an edition of Sidney's "Arcadia," the title page of which is headed by a hog with a slip knot round its neck to show us that it is a hanged-hog, a Bacon. The hanged-hog is covered with a porcupine's skin (Sidney's crest was a porcupine) and it also has porcupine's feet to teach us that Bacon wrote under the porcupine's skin and, as it were, with the porcupine's hand, the works known under the name of Sir Philip Sidney.

In "Du Bartas," translated 1605 by Joshua Sylvester, at B2, we find a wonderful Beacon (Bacon) emblem, which tells us quite clearly, if we have sense enough to understand it, that Sidney is really nothing, and that "Our Apollo," "world's wonder," the "rare more-than-man" is in fact Bacon.

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

imbred Pride and vaine-glory, men have made choice of ſuch ſubjects of Diſcourſe, and of ſuch a manner & method of handling, as may commend rather their own wit, than conſult the Readers profit. *Seneca* ſaith excellently, *Nocet illis eloquentia, quibus non rerum facit cupiditatem, ſed ſui,* For writings ſhould be ſuch, as ſhould make men in love with the *Leſſons*, and not with the *Teachers*. Therefore they take a right courſe, which can openly avouch the ſame of their Counſils, which *Demoſthenes* once did, and can conclude with this clauſe, *which if you put in execution, you ſhall not only commend the Orator for the inſtant, but your ſelves likewiſe, not long after, in a more proſperous ſtate of your affaires.* As for my ſelfe (Excellent KING) *to ſpeak the truth of my ſelfe, I have often wittingly and willingly neglected the glory of mine own Name, and Learning, (if any ſuch thing be) both in the works I now publiſh, and in thoſe*

I contrive for hereafter; whileſt I ſtudy to advance the good and profit of mankind. And I, that have deſerv'd perchance to be an Architect in Philoſophy and Sciences, am made a Work-man and a Labourer, and at length anything elſe whatſoever, ſeeing I ſuſtaine and work out my ſelfe, many things that muſt needs be done, and others out of a naturall diſdaine ſhift off and refuſe to doe. But, (to returne to the matter) which we were about to ſay, *Philoſophers in Morall Science, have choſen to themſelves a reſplendent and luſtrous maſſe of matter, wherein they may moſt glorify themſelves, for ſharpneſſe of wit, or ſtrength of Eloquence: but ſuch precepts as ſpecially conduce to practice, becauſe they cannot be ſo ſet out, and inveſted with the ornaments of ſpeech, they have in a manner paſs'd over in ſilence.* Neither needed men of ſo excellent parts, to have deſpaired of a fortune like that, which the Poet *Virgil*, had the confidence to promiſe

BACON'S WARWICKSHIRE RELATIONS.

IN "Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries" Mrs. Stopes has collected very useful and interesting information about the county families in Warwickshire in Shakespeare's time. The original idea of the author, as she tells us in the preface, was to select certain families on account of some relation, real or imaginary, which she believed they might have had with William Shakespeare. She thought it might be of interest to students of Shakespeare to know something of his Warwickshire contemporaries.

To a student of Bacon the book is interesting, because of the actual and personal relations which existed between Francis Bacon and the Lucys of Charlecote, the Comptons of Compton Wyngates, the Cookes of Hartishill and Highnam, the Gooderes of Polesworth, and other county families in Warwickshire with whom Bacon was intimately acquainted. But it must be small comfort to those Shakespeareans who are ever seeking to give distinction to obscurity, when they find throughout the book the most convincing proof that, in spite of tremendous industry and research, the only sort of association which is traceable between these families and William Shakespeare is simply geographical. William Shakespeare lived at Stratford in Warwickshire, and these families owned and occupied considerable estates in the same county. That is absolutely the only connection between them. There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever crossed their thresholds or even spoke to any member of these Warwickshire families. There is not a fact which suggests that, if the Stratford player at any time visited Charlecote, he did not enter the mansion house of the Lucys by the back-door.

The wills of the Cooke family at Somerset House and other documents at the Record Office contain information about Bacon's Warwickshire relations which may be of interest to Baconians.

Bacon's grandfather, Sir Anthony Cooke, was a wealthy landowner holding large estates in the counties of Essex and Warwickshire. He died in 1576, his wife, the daughter of Alderman Fitzwilliam, having predeceased him, and by his will he divided his property among his two sons, Richard and William. The manors of Mawdlyn, Lavor, Markalesbury, Haughams, and Withers in the county of Essex, he devised to his second son, William (afterwards Sir William Cooke), in accordance with his covenant with Lady Gray contained in his son's marriage settlement. To his eldest son, Richard, he devised the residue of his real estate, which included Giddy Hall and lands in Essex, as well as the manor of Hartishill and other lands in Warwickshire, which he had purchased from Sir Thomas Culpepper in the reign of Henry VIII. His magnificent library he bequeathed to Richard and to Richard's son, Anthony, who subsequently became a patron of literature; two Latin volumes and one Greek volume were given to his daughters, Burleigh, Bacon, Russell, and Killigrew, according to their own selection. The lease of his farm in the Isle of Thanet, with the stock and cattle upon it, he left to Richard and William jointly. Among the legacies, £500 to William, £50 to Lady Oxford, £20 to Anthony and Francis Bacon and Robert and Elizabeth Cecil; to the lord of Leicester the choice of two stone horses in Havering Park; and £200 a-piece to Lord Burleigh and Sir Nicholas Bacon as executors of his will.

The residue of his personal estate he left to his son Richard, who only survived his father three years. Under Richard's will his widow, Anne Cooke, became

entitled for life to Giddy Hall and estates in Essex, as well as lands at Thetford, in Lincolnshire. To his son Anthony (afterwards Sir Anthony Cooke) he left all his armour and weapons and library of books at Giddy Hall, a farm in Devonshire, and lands in Warwickshire. To his daughter Philippa, who married Hercules Meautys, he bequeathed £100, and legacies of £20 apiece to his niece Elizabeth Cecil and his nephews Robert Cecil, Anthony and Francis Bacon, Edward and Thomas Posthumous Hoby.

When Francis Bacon returned to England, in 1579, his cousin Anthony Cooke was a landowner in Warwickshire. He had inherited the fine library of his grandfather at Giddy Hall, and as a patron of literature he befriended Michael Drayton, the poet, who began life as a page in the household of Sir Henry Goodere, the owner of estates at Polesworth and a neighbour of the Cookes at Hartishill. In Drayton's "Amours," published in 1594, there is a sonnet dedicated to Anthony Cooke, whom the poet describes as "my kind Mæcenas." A letter from Anthony Cooke, dated the 19th July, 1592, to Anthony Bacon, whom he repeatedly addresses as "sweet cousin," shows the friendly relations that existed between them, and that Bacon had rendered some kindness to his cousin, for which the latter had "a thankful heart and ready hand" to serve him.

Sir William Cooke, the second son of Sir Anthony Cooke (Bacon's grandfather), died in 1589. In the previous year he had bought from Sir Henry Goodere, of Polesworth, and his daughter Frances Goodere, the tithes of Hartishill, which were conveyed by deed to Sir Wm. Cooke, Francis Bacon, and Weston Shaw (Cooke's servant), the latter two apparently being trustees, for the codicil refers to the purchase of the tithes of Hartishill in 1588 and directs the trustees to hold them on behalf of the testator's wife.

Sir William Cooke's estate included a house and garden in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; a house in Thames Street; manors at Hocford (Devon), Hartishill (Warwick), and Langport (Kent); a lease of the rectory of Mickle Kirk, which he bought of Robert Morley for £1,400; and a large estate in Bucks purchased from Henry Lee for £2,800 in 1587, the conveyance being to Sir Wm. Cooke, Francis Bacon, and George Throckmorton, of Fullbrook. Francis Bacon was one of the executors of the will with Sir Henry Gray, Sir Henry Killigrew, and James Morris, cousin of the testator, and as family trustee he became responsible for the maintenance of the widow, his aunt (Anne Cooke), and the education of the younger children, out of the income of Sir William Cooke's estate.

The letter in Spedding dated the 29th October, 1593, from Francis Bacon to his aunt Cooke, shows that the executors were in receipt of revenue from (*inter alia*) the property at Hartishill and the rectory of Mickle Kirk.

The Cookes, who had been landowners in Warwickshire since the reign of Henry VIII., were naturally on terms of intimacy with the Lucys of Charlecote and the other county families in Warwickshire. William Cooke, Bacon's cousin, a student at Gray's Inn in 1592, played the part of captain of the bodyguard to the Prince of Purpoole in the *Gesta Grayorum* in 1594, and subsequently became Clerk of the Liveries. He was a frequent visitor at Charlecote and Highnam, and became engaged to Joyce Lucy, the daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Highnam, and grand-daughter of the Sir Thomas Lucy who was then lord of the manor of Charlecote.

Joyce Lucy was an heiress on her mother's side and was entitled to the manors of Kingsholm, Highnam, and Rudford, in Gloucestershire, which had be-

longed to her great-grandfather, Sir Nicholas Arnold. Her mother, Lady Dorothy Lucy, died in 1581, and from that time her father, Sir Thomas Lucy, claimed to hold these Gloucestershire estates in right of his wife by the courtesy of England. There seems to be some doubt whether he could have sustained his claim by courtesy, because it is stated that his wife had not entered into possession of the estates, having died a few months after she succeeded to the inheritance. It appears, however, that no one questioned his claim until his daughter became engaged to Bacon's cousin, Sir William Cooke, who took up the cudgels on behalf of his fiancée.

Sir William found that Sir Thomas Lucy was arrogating to himself the right of granting substantial leases on these estates, and he objected to this encroachment on the daughter's inheritance. Sir Thomas, in a rage, complained to his daughter, and even tried to persuade her to break off the engagement, suggesting that Sir William only sought to marry her for her property. The situation might have been critical, but, possibly on the advice of Bacon, the family trustee, conciliatory counsels prevailed. Joyce Lucy succeeded in persuading Sir William to humour her father, and the lovers agreed to allow him to enjoy the estates for life. [This bit of family history is set out in the pleadings in a Chancery case in 1607, and the record bears the signatures of William Cooke, Joyce Cooke, Francis Bacon, and John Seman, doctor of laws.]

The undated letter from Francis Bacon to Sir Thomas Lucy, which is misplaced by Spedding, was obviously written about this time. Francis is pleased to hear of the success of his cousin, and rejoices at the union of the Cookes and the Lucys. "This bond of alliance," he assures Sir Thomas, "shall on my part tie me to give all the tribute to your good fortune upon all occasions that my poor strength can yield."

Sir Thomas had asked Bacon, as family trustee, for a statement as to the property qualifications of his prospective son-in-law, and Bacon accordingly sends him an account of his cousin's lands of inheritance, which included estates in Essex, Bucks, and Warwickshire, together with his rents, woods, and royalties. He mentions "one lease of great value," which is probably the lease of the rectory of Mickle Kirk mentioned in Sir William Cooke's will.

As to the portion to be brought into settlement, Bacon suggests that it is a matter for his cousin's discretion. "Out of this, what he will assure in jointure," he gracefully writes, "I leave it to his own kindness, for I love not to measure affection." He had every confidence in his cousin, and a high regard for his character. "I doubt not," he says, in conclusion, "your daughter might have married to a better living, but never to a better life; having chosen a gentleman bred to all honesty, virtue, and worth, with an estate convenient. And if my brother, or myself, were either thrivers, or fortunate in the Queen's service, I would hope there should be left as great an house of the Cookes in this gentleman, as in your good friend Mr. Attorney General (*i.e.*, Sir Edward Coke or Cooke). But sure I am, if Scriptures fail not, it will have as much of God's blessing and sufficiency, as ever the best feast," etc. ("Resuscitatio," Part I., "Letters," p. 76).

The marriage of Bacon's cousin and Joyce Lucy was in 1598, a year full of romantic adventure for the Comptons, another Warwickshire family with whom Bacon was intimately acquainted. Lord Compton was a fellow-member of Grays Inn when Bacon was Treasurer. His father-in-law, Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, was admitted at Grays Inn in 1595, on the day after the banquet which he gave in honour of the Prince of Purpoole at Crosby Place. Sir John

Spencer was a friend of both Anthony and Francis Bacon, helping them in their financial difficulties and lending them money from time to time. In 1593 he purchased some of Anthony's estates in Herts, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, for the sum of £3,380, and in the following year he bought Crosby Place in Bishopsgate Street, where Anthony had taken a town house a few months earlier. Edward Spencer, a nephew of Sir John, was employed by Anthony Bacon to look after his estates at Gorhambury (Spedding, Vol. I., p. 310).

Lord Compton became attached to Elizabeth Spencer, only child of the wealthy cloth-worker, who was generally known as "Rich Spencer" and had offered to settle £40,000 on his daughter's marriage. The father objected to Lord Compton as son-in-law, and his protests led to an unseemly domestic feud. Compton took the violent course of having Spencer imprisoned in the Fleet, alleging that he had ill-treated his daughter. Ultimately Elizabeth eloped from Cannonbury House, and was married to Lord Compton. The method of her escape recalls the scene in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Sir John Falstaff is carried out of Mistress Ford's house in a linen-basket. It is said that Sir William bribed a baker to allow him to deliver the bread one morning at Canonbury House, and having emptied the bread-basket of its loaves he placed Elizabeth in it and carried her away (see BACONIANA, Vol. VIII., 1900).

Lord Compton, who was a constant attendant at the Gray's Inn dramatic entertainments, took the part of a shepherd in a pageant in 1610 which caused some comment. "The moral I cannot tell," writes William Alexander, "unless to signify that my Lord Spencer, his father-in-law, was a great sheep-master, and that he fared much better for the weighty fleeces of his sheep" (Hist. MSS. Various, Vol. III.).

On the death of Sir John Spencer in 1611, Lord Compton oppressed with sudden wealth, we are told, went mad. Within eight weeks he spent £72,000, mostly on horses, rich saddles, and play. The Earl of Suffolk begged the custody of him, and would have seized his money and jewels at Canonbury, but his mother, the Countess of Dorset, playing the valiant virago, held him at bay and he was defeated ("John Pym's Note Book").

When Bacon was Attorney-General he took a lease of Canonbury House from Lord Compton for forty years from 1614.

Sir William Cooke married twice, and died in 1618. In his will he expresses the wish to be buried at Highnam, where his first wife, Joyce, was buried, and he mentions his second wife as Rodogane, or Radegund. His son, Robert, succeeded him in the office of Clerk of the Liveries (S. P. Dom., 1603, June 21).

There is an interesting document in the Record Office from which it appears that Sir William Cooke held certain lands in Herts as one of the trustees on behalf of Francis Bacon. The entry in the State Papers is as follows :—

"1608. Jan. 31. Grant, at the suit of Sir Francis Bacon, to Sir Wm. Cooke, of Highnam, Sir John Constable of Grays Inn, (& 3 others) of the King's reversion of certain manors etc. in Herts, formerly assured by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Ld. Keeper, to his sons Anthony and Sir Francis in tail male, remainder to himself and his heirs, which descended from him to Sir Nicholas Bacon, his eldest son, who conveyed the same remainder to the late Queen Elizabeth, her heirs and successors, *with the condition that if he paid £100 the grant should be void, which was apparently done to prevent the sd Sir Francis to dispose of the same land which otherwise by law he might have done.*"

The largest landowner in Warwickshire was Bacon's friend, Fulke Greville, whose ancestor, William Greville of Campden in Gloucestershire, bought the manor of Milcote, in Warwickshire. Fulke Greville's grandfather married the greatest heiress in England, and Beauchamp Court became the family seat; an estate in Warwickshire called Wedgnock Park was presented to Fulke Greville by Queen Elizabeth, and King James gave him the ruined castle of Warwick.

Fulke Greville, like his cousin, schoolfellow, and life-long companion, Sir Philip Sidney, has a reputation which far exceeds his achievements. In that interesting history, "A Cotswold Family," the authoress writes: "The name of Fulke Greville stands—and yet it is impossible to say how or why—for all that is sweet and fine in English character." He was undoubtedly a charming personality and a great favourite at the Court, having much private access to Queen Elizabeth. And it is worth noting, for those who are ever ready to denounce Bacon as a "place-hunter," that it was this courtly gentleman who stirred up Bacon to use his influence with friends at Court and stimulated his ambition for the office of Solicitor-General.

Greville evidently thought that Bacon, the man of contemplations, was not sufficiently energetic in pushing his claims, and so far from thinking it derogatory to press for promotion in those days, he certainly recommended it. "Awake your friends," he writes in May, 1594: "I have dealt with Sir John Fortescue and my Lord of Essex by letter. Neither will I neglect the rest for you."

It was with Greville's approval that Bacon shortly afterwards made a present of a jewel to the Queen, "which she refused but with exceeding praise," and at the end of his letter he writes: "Either I deceive myself or she has resolved to take it, and the conclu-

sion was very kind and gracious, so as I will lay £100 to £50 that you shall be her Solicitor and my friend."

In the Essex rebellion, which so inevitably made havoc of bonds of friendship and ties of blood, Greville, who was a kinsman of Essex, formed one of the party engaged in the assault upon Essex House from the waterside; and but for the surrender of the rebels, it might have fallen to his lot to take the life of his kinsman.

Greville became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1614, when Bacon was Attorney-General, and he was one of the Council responsible for the torture of Peacham, an incident for which Bacon has been so unjustly condemned.

HAROLD HARDY.

"SHAKESPEARE AND RELIGION."

THE *Times* newspaper, either for the sake of consistency or because of pressure by its influential writers, still affects to disregard the belief of an ever-increasing number of educated persons that the plays ascribed to "Shakespeare," the actor, were not written by him. Therefore articles appear in that journal now and again based on an assumption of his authorship which is rapidly becoming a subject of derision. Such was the leading article of April 30th last on "Shakespeare and Religion," supporting a view taken by the headmaster of Eton in his sermon at the Commemoration Service of the Stratford Festival that "Shakespeare was not a religious poet." By "religious poet" Mr. Lyttleton cannot mean one like George Herbert, whose poetry was devoted to religious subjects, but must mean a poet who was not a religious man. It is, of course, desirable for those who deny the possibility of the plays having

been composed by Bacon to suggest that the true author was not a religious poet, for it is beyond controversy by any who have even glanced at the essays on "Unitie in Religion" and "Of Atheisme," to say nothing of his other writings, that the great philosopher was religious in the highest sense of the word. Therefore it would be something of a point made in favour of tradition if it could be established that the plays were, if not irreligious, at least devoid of religious spirit. It is, of course, fair to admit that there is no room within the limits of a leading article to do much more than hint that such a proposition could be maintained, but the grounds for even a hint in the paper in question are singularly insufficient. They consist as usual of quite unjustified assumptions. For example: "We may be sure," says the leader writer, "that if religion had been one of Shakespeare's chief interests, he would have expressed it not merely in occasional passages dramatically appropriate, but in the choice of his characters and the very structure of his plots." Why, let us ask, may we be sure of it? "Nobody," continues the writer, "can pretend he did so. Not one of his chief characters, either of those who seem to be drawn from his own experience, or from the closest and keenest observation, is religious, nor is religion a main interest in any of his plots."

The writer has left himself exits for escape from contradiction by the use of the words "chief" and "main." But, evidently disturbed by a doubt as to what he could answer to obvious retorts, he proceeds to anticipate one of them, and to deal with *Measure for Measure*. And thus:—"His plays are experiments not theses, and his peculiar power consists in representation rather than proof. There is no writer who takes so little for granted about life, or who seems so incessantly upon a voyage of discovery. Once or twice, as in *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*, he seems to start with a desire to

prove something; but in both cases he tires of it. *Measure for Measure* is only made into a play by means of a conventional ending, and *Troilus and Cressida* is no play at all, but a mere fragment concluded with doggerel by another hand." Here, indeed, is a series of the audacious and unfounded assumptions which the believers in the work of Shakespeare, the actor, are accustomed to make.

What ground has the leader writer for stating that the author of *Measure for Measure* seems to start with a desire to prove something and tires of it, and that it is "only made into a play by means of a conventional ending"? Is the "something" the unquestionable fact that the love of dignity, respect, justice, woman, life, and God is in many natures powerful? Surely no proof of that fact was necessary. Or is it that the love of God and divine laws is powerful? If not, what is it? and why is the author said to tire of his attempt to prove it? The play of *Measure for Measure* has a plot, purpose, characters with fine and consistent speeches attributed to each, their mutual relations are combined and the ending is natural enough.

The good duke tries an experiment of rule in his realm, and rather than that the experiment should end tragically he intervenes at the right moment. Why should this termination of a complicated situation be styled conventional? It may be hard to define a "chief character" in some plays, but unless the female part is to be treated as the subordinate one in most of those by Shakespeare, the *rôle* of Isabella is one of the chief in *Measure for Measure*. She is not only a novice in a nunnery, but her religion is true and invincible. The incorrigibly dissolute Lucio says to her, with unwonted reverence,—

> "I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
> By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;

> And to be talk'd with in sincerity ;
> As with a saint."—Act I., iv.

And the austere Angelo is fascinated by her saintliness rather than by her beauty. Her own language is not the mere phraseology of a convent, but that of a sincere Christian, as when in answer to his grim utterance,

> "Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
> And you but waste your words,"

she replies—

> "Alas, alas!
> Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy. How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgement, should
> But judge you as you are?"

Or seeks to bribe him, lawfully enough,

> "Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
> Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
> As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
> That shall be up at heaven and enter there
> E'er sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
> From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
> To nothing temporal."—Act II., ii.

Nor can it be said that her incorruptibility under the highest temptation that could be offered to a maiden, viz., the prospect of saving her brother's life, was due merely to innate virtue.

> "'Sir,' she says to Angelo, 'believe this,
> I had rather give my body than my soul."

And when, with difficulty, he makes her pure mind comprehend his meaning,

> "Better it were a brother died at once,
> Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
> Should die for ever."—Sc. iv.

Her religious belief enables her to withstand the temptation. That belief is not treated by any of the *dramatis personæ* with contempt or reproach, nor is there a line in the whole play throwing doubt on it. But if *Measure for Measure* was the work of a sceptical man, the opportunity for scepticism was great. So much for that play. The reference to *Troilus and Cressida* in this connection is quite inexplicable and is perhaps a slip of the pen by the leader writer, who had some other play in mind. For neither religion nor irreligion enters into it at all. No occasional phrases on the subject are found in it, and it certainly is impossible to discover the "something" which the playwright is supposed to have started to prove by it.

The commentator on the headmaster's sermon, although saying "it would be easy, indeed, to write a book proving plausibly enough that Shakespeare was a universal sceptic," is inclined to acquit him of universal scepticism on account of the quality of his plays, but is good enough to inform us, from, we suppose, those hidden sources of information to which the believers in Shakespeare have access, that "he experienced many kinds of passions, but never, so far as we can tell, a great spiritual passion. He was still in the experimental stage of life when he died—that stage which many men pass before they are thirty, and in which so long as it lasts no man can attain to any unity and tranquility of conviction. Therefore it is not a reproach to him that he was not a great religious poet."

Indeed! But still let us hope that we may continue to read the plays on Sundays without shocking the headmaster of Eton.

J. R., of Gray's Inn.

THE SHAKESPEARE SONNETS.

Notes on Recent Articles.

WITH reference to Mr. Hutchinson's interesting article on the Sonnets of "Shakespeare" in your April issue, would you permit me to lay before your readers another view on the subject held by one who has been studying the problem for the last ten years or more. I entirely agree with Sir Sidney Lee, the late Mr. Gerald Massey, and other writers, that there is no doubt whatever that some of the Sonnets, including the first seventeen and the one hundred and seventh, were addressed to the Earl of Southampton, as first suggested by Dr. Nathan Drake, M.D., in the year 1817. When the Earl was seventeen years of age, that is to say, in 1590, his guardian, Lord Burghley, wanted him to marry Lady Elizabeth Vere, who was Burghley's grand-daughter and Francis Bacon's cousin. It was at that time Bacon's principal desire to please Lord Burghley in all matters, for it was from him he hoped to gain advancement; and no doubt the first seventeen Sonnets were all written with that object, for *in each and every one of them* the author tries to persuade the young Earl to marry. But in 1590 the Earl was already entered as a student at Gray's Inn, where Bacon had his chambers, and they were probably on very intimate terms, seeing that Bacon's uncle, Lord Burghley, was, as above stated, the Earl's guardian.

It is manifestly impossible that these seventeen sonnets could have been written by William Shakspere, an "obscure actor and former butcher's apprentice," who had recently arrived in London from a small provincial town, for why should he be writing sonnets to the Earl of Southampton urging him to marry? He had himself left his own wife, and how could he be on such familiar terms as to write to the Earl,

"—— dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so."

I think there is no doubt that these seventeen sonnets were written by Francis Bacon, who, as being the nephew of the Earl's guardian, might without impertinence urge him to comply with his guardian's wish.

Let us now turn to Sonnet 107, which there is strong evidence to prove was sent by Francis Bacon to Lord Southampton in 1603, when the latter was released from prison on the death of Queen Elizabeth. The sonnet reads as follows :—

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom:
The mortal Moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time,
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

Now we all agree, both Stratfordians and Baconians, that Queen Elizabeth is intended by the words in the fifth line, "the mortal Moon"—for Cynthia, or the moon, was her recognised poetic appellation; and the epithet "mortal," with the rest of the line, shows that it refers to her death. As Sir Sidney Lee states, the sonnet "makes references that cannot be mistaken to three events that took place in 1603—to Queen Elizabeth's death, to the accession of James I., and to the release of the Earl of Southampton." That is so; but the following facts show that the sonnet was written by Bacon :—

1. The expression "eclipse endured," in the fifth line, also occurs in Bacon's "History of Henry VII.," where it refers to another Queen Elizabeth; and no further example of this expression has been found elsewhere, although great efforts have been made to discover one. Which fact alone would of itself seem to indicate that the Sonnet and the History were written by the same person, namely, Francis Bacon.

2. But I think we have actually got the covering letter in which the sonnet was enclosed, for Bacon wrote to Southampton a brief note on this occasion congratulating the Earl on his release, and saying, "this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your Lordship than this, that I may safely be now that which I was truly before." The sonnet and letter were Bacon's vain attempt at a reconciliation, for Southampton's imprisonment had been, in a great measure, due to Bacon's action at the trial of Essex, and doubtless the Earl "supposed" that all "true love" between them had been "forfeited" by his "confined doom."

3. The reader will note in the sonnet the words "fears" and "incertainties"; also "peace" and "drops of this most balmy time"; and here are some extracts from Bacon's writings about this date:— "Therefore it rejoiced all men to see so fair a morning of a kingdom. . . . Many were glad that the *fears and incertainties* were over blown. . . . Yet we account it but a fair morn before sunrising, I see not whence any weather should arise. . . . We cannot but take great comfort in the state which we now stand in of grace and unity with all Christian princes."

4. There is also the well-known parallel passage in Bacon's "History of Great Britain" beginning, "It had been generally dispersed by the fugitives beyond the seas," which, as has been pointed out by several writers,

gives *in extenso* the substance of the two opening lines of the sonnet. Mr. R. Davies, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, in February, 1910, observed, "the more closely the passage is examined, the more closely will it be seen to resemble the lines."

The above parallelisms will, I think, convince most readers that this sonnet was addressed by Bacon to Southampton in April, 1603; but some of the other sonnets were apparently written by Bacon for his friend, the Earl of Essex, to send to Queen Elizabeth. Thus, for instance, Sonnet 125, beginning—

"Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,"

was probably written for this purpose, for Essex is supposed to have been one of the bearers of the "rich canopy" under which the Queen was brought through the long west aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral "to her travers in the quire" when she attended the thanksgiving service after the destruction of the Spanish Armada. The words "suborned Informer" in the penultimate line evidently refer to some third person (possibly Sir Robert Cecil) who had been supplying the Queen with information adverse to Essex.

Sonnet 57 was also manifestly sent to the Queen, who, it will be remembered, Bacon said, liked to have sonnets addressed to her. The sixth line, as originally printed, reads,—

"Whilst I (my soveraine) watch the clock for you."

Elizabeth was the Sovereign when that sonnet was written.

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Mr. Hutchinson kindly sent the MS. copy of his article to me, which I read with much in-

terest, and was gratified to find that one very important section in his argument has been anticipated by me in some MS. additions which will be published if a second edition of my "Studies" ever appears. I cannot assent to his view that all the Sonnets are of the nature of soliloquies—addressed to a man's own soul. There are many sets of Sonnets—some of self-communion, others dramatic, others addressed to particular persons, such as Essex, the Queen, &c. *Ex. gr.*, I cannot see that Sonnet 57 could have been intended for anyone but "my sovereign," Queen Elizabeth, who called the youthful Bacon her "watch candle." Much of this is discussed in an article on the Sonnets which appeared in the number of BACONIANA for February, 1894, p. 181. My recent note runs thus:—

"BACON ON FRIENDLY PRAISE AND SELF-PRAISE.

"In his 'Essay of Friendship' Bacon writes, 'How many things there are which a man cannot with any face or comeliness say or do himself. A man cannot allege his own merits, much less extol them. But all these things are graceful to a friend's mouth which are blasting in a man's own.'

"This sentiment is reflected with curious exactness in many passages in Shakespeare, *ex. gr.*:

> "'Oh, how thy worth *with manners* may I sing
> When thou art all the better part of me?
> What can my own praise to my own self bring?
> And what is't but my own when I praise thee?
> Even for this let us divided live
> And our dear love lose name of single one,
> That by this separation I may give
> That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.'"
>
> —"Sonnet" 39.

Observe the dexterity with which the poet applies the sentiment to his *alter ego*. This is soliloquy, but two

separate persons are referred to—the poet himself and the lady whom he loves.

"The worthiness of praise *disstains his worth*
If that the praised himself brings the praise forth;
But when the repining enemy commends
Then breath fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends."—*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 241.

"All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend."
—"Sonnet" 69.

"But soft, methinks I do digress too much
Citing my worthless praise. O pardon me,
For *when no friends are by men praise themselves.*"
—*Tit. A.* V. iii. 16.

"Then we *wound our modesty*, and make foul the clearness of our own deservings, when of ourselves we publish them."—*All's W.* I. iii. 4.

In all these passages there is something akin to the sentiment referred to in Parallel 62, p. 273, in the "Studies," where praise is spoken of as the expedient of a seller who wishes to commend to the buyer the value of that which he wishes to sell.

Mr. Hutchinson regards all the Sonnets as belonging to one order—self-communion. Any reader, without any preconceived hypothesis, must find many varieties both of occasion and import; and by any doctrinaire reading the beauty and interest of those matchless poetic creations evaporate.

R. M. T.

BACON IN ITALY.

(Continued.)

HAD Shake-Speare wished to picture young Francis Bacon modest and eager, purposeful, dignified, with a mind exceptional and brilliant as he first left home for the Continent, he could not have given us a better portrait than young Sir Proteus in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The Play opens with his beloved consort Valentine making his farewell *en route* for Milan.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ACT I., SCENE I.

Valentine.—Cease to persuade most loving Proteus. Home keeping youth have ever homely wits. . . I would rather entreat thy company to see the wonders of the world abroad, than living dully sluggardised at home, wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

Proteus.—Wilt thou begone, sweet Valentine? Adieu! Think on they Proteus when thou haply seest some rare *note-worthy* object in thy travel."

Bacon all over, who says: "Those who have had experience in foreign countries must tell younger men what things are *worthy* to be *seen* and *noticed* in the country where they go." (Brit. Museum posthumous Latin copy of "Essay of Travel"). In other words What are "rare noteworthy objects?" (as Shake-Speare's Proteus calls them.

SCENE III.

Panthino (To Anthony, Proteus' father.—He is speaking of Proteus' uncle, evidently a great person who had been holding him in confidential chat in a cloister).

"He wondered that your lordship would suffer him to spend his youth at home, while other men of slender reputation put forth their sons to seek *preferment* out . . . some to the wars . . . some to the studious Universities, and did request me to importune

you to let him spend his time no more at home, which would be great impeachment to his age in having known no travel in his youth."

Here we have Bacon again, who begins his "Essay of Travel": "Travel in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of *experience*."

Anthony (*Proteus' father*).—I have considered well his loss of time and how he cannot be a perfect man not being tried and tutored by the world. *Experience* is by *industry* achieved.

Bacon's "Advice to Sir George Villiers, on Embassies to Foreign Princes," contains the information that towardly young noblemen in Elizabeth's time (by the advice of some secretaries or principal counsellors) were "sent forth into several parts beyond the seas . . . to be trained up, and made fit for public employments and to learn the languages"; gaining such *preferment* as might be worthy of them, "and as by their *industry* their deserts did appear." Thus Shake-Speare is as suggestive and compelling with regard to the *preferment*, *experience*, and *industry* to be achieved by young travellers as Bacon himself, and *vice versa*.

Anthony.—Tell me whither had I best send him?

Panthino.—I think your lordship is not ignorant how his companion, youthful Valentine, attends the Emperor in his Royal Court?

Anthony.—I know it well.

Panthino.—'Twere good I think your lordship sent him hither. There shall he practice *tilts* and *tournaments*, hear sweet discourse, converse with noble men, and be in eye of every exercise worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Bacon runs pretty parallel to this in his same "Essay of Travel," except that he takes the trouble to add, In foreign lands "Triumphs, and Masks, and such Shows are not to be neglected." In his "Advice to Villiers" he not only advocates *Masques*, *Revels*, and

Interludes, but *Tilts* and the *Barriers* for the Lords and chivalry of the Court.

Anthony.—Well hast thou advised. I will despatch him to the Emperor's Court.

Francis Bacon says in his "Advice to Villiers" with regard to the expenses of Lieger Ambassadors and those with them that were "hopeful to be worthy of the like employment" that "their charge was always borne by the Queen, duly paid out of the exchequer . . . the reward of their service, they were to expect it on their return, by such *preferment* as might be worthy of them, and yet be little burden to the Queen's coffers."

A good-humoured little hit at Elizabeth from Francis, who knew just where the shoe pinched!

These young hopefuls' "care was" (says Francis) "to give true and timely intelligence of all occurrences, either to the Queen herself or to the Secretaries of State, unto whom they had their immediate relation. Their charge was always borne by the Queen, duly paid out of the exchequer." He repeats this, showing the fact is of some importance.

Mr. Smedley in an interesting article, "The Mystery of Francis Bacon," BACONIANA, 1911 [pp. 69—96] points out that Bodley, the diplomat (employed by Queen Elizabeth at this time in foreign embassies) provided Francis Bacon with money for his travels. Shake-Speare deals with this similar subject of travelling expenses with regard to his Proteus.

Anthony [to Proteus].—"What I will I will and there an end. I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time with Valentinus at the Emperor's Court; What maintenance he from his friends receive, like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me. To-morrow be in readiness to go. Excuse it not for I am peremptory."

As peremptory as William Cecil, the Lord Treasurer Burleigh himself, who, I verily believe, is the "uncle"

referred to (apparently quite unnecessarily) in the third Scene of the first Act of the play.

Anthony.—Tell me Panthino, what sad talk was that (earnest talk) wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Panthino.—'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son, etc., etc.

The cloisters, as I take it, were the leafy cloisters of Hatfield, in which ancient Pergola still hangs a bas-relief of Elizabeth and her courtiers. *Panthino*, I think, was *Pa-Anthony, Père Anthony*, Sir Anthony Cook, Lady Bacon's father and Francis' tutor; and the "uncle," *Lord Burleigh*, Francis' uncle, armed with authority from the Queen to arrange for Francis' sudden removal from England to Paris, at her expense. Mr. Smedley says he has reasons for thinking Lord Burleigh at this time had a share in the travelling projects of his nephew Francis. With regard to this point let us note carefully what *Anthony* (Act I., Scene iii.) (speaking of Proteus' loving friend *Valentine*, who was already away) says :

"What maintenance he from his friends receives, like exhibition thou shalt have from me."

In Johnson's Dictionary we find after this quotation another from Bacon to explain the meaning of the word *exhibition*—"Only a pension or *exhibition* out of his coffers." Exactly! The term is used still in our universities for a sum derived from some special fund for the allowance of scholars. The sucking diplomatists, as Bacon tells us in his "Advice to Villiers," received such allowance for travelling expenses from the Queen's coffers. And Francis, being her 'green envoy,' was entitled to such an *exhibition* and received it, as Proteus did also.

In this most interesting and fruitful study let us, as Bacon says in his "Henry VII.,"

"Make our judgment upon the things themselves, as

they give light, one to another, and as we can dig truth out of the mine."

There is a point which I wish particularly to emphasize in Bacon's "Advice to Villiers"; it is that "towardly" young intelligencers who went abroad at the desire and charge of the Queen—"*travelled but as private gentleman*"; in other words, *incognito;* in other words, *under feigned names.* Some think there is difficulty in the way of D'Estissac being young Bacon *incognito*, because on September 16th and October 18th, 1580, two letters appear to have been written by Bacon to Lord Burleigh and to Lady Burleigh, dated from Gray's Inn; also on February 13th, 1581, there is a letter from Anthony Bacon written from Bourges to Burleigh, giving directions to Francis and others to send him letters through Italian merchants instead of through the Embassy. But if Elizabeth and her ministers were anxiously keeping Italian and Portuguese journeys of young Francis private, then the obstacle created by Gray's Inn and Anthony Bacon's letters vanish into thin air. For Francis, in fear of his life, to send to England letters which were shown about (perhaps to suspicious Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador in London), and which were to be docketed and kept as State papers for over three hundred years—letters inscribed with Gray's Inn in one corner of them—was for a diplomatist as *easy as lying*—easy, too, was it to get Walsingham's political agent, Anthony Bacon, to add in 1580 the name of Francis to any list of stay-at-homes he mentioned in his home letter, even though he very well knew his brother, instead of being in Cony Court, was engaged in secret negotiations in Milan or Lisbon.

It is interesting to know what a successful and clever young diplomatist Francis was already at 15—how useful to his Queen and country; for only after a very few

months from his first landing in Calais he received this encomium from Amyas Paulet, the English Ambassador in Paris. "Of great hope, endued with many and singular parts, who, if God gave him life, would prove a very able and sufficient subject to do her Highness good and acceptable service."

Young Francis, honoured from babyhood with the personal interest and favour of the Queen, later her constant counsellor in matters of State—as Rawley, his biographer, takes care to tell us—may be seen still more excellently pictured in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act II., Scene iv.):—

Duke of Milan.—You know him well?

Valentine.—I knew him as myself . . . Sir Proteus, for that's his name, made use and fair advantage of his days. His years but young, but his experience old, his head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe, and in a word . . . he is complete in feature and in mind with all the good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke.—This gentleman is come to me with commendations from great potentates and here he means to spend his time awhile.

Shake-Speare and Francis Bacon are certainly one in thought and expression. Bacon says: "A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time" ("Essay of Youth"). The Prince of Morocco in the *Merchant of Venice* says: "Young in limbs, in judgment old"; and old Bellario in his letter to Portia in the same play says exactly the same thing: "I never knew so young a body, with so old a head."

And now I resume the thread of what is called "Michel de Montaigne's Diary." It is written in two scripts—one said to be that of a secretary; the other that of Montaigne. If this is so or not, I don't pretend to know. At present I can't tell you anything definite about the MSS., even where it is. The Directeur of the *Bibliotheque Nationale* in Paris assures me it is not there.

It has, as we know, always been held to be an important document for its knowledge of Italy in the sixteenth century. Professor Dowden in his "Life of Michel de Montaigne" (French Men of Letters Series, edited by Alexander Jessop) says the original MS. has disappeared. Why should it have disappeared? 1774 isn't such a *very* long time ago. Professor Dowden makes the strange remark (as we saw in the October number, 1911) that Montaigne "still challenges criticism," "*eludes us*," and asks, "*How shall we capture Proteus*, and induce him to sit for his portrait?" Proteus again! Who and what is Proteus? Of Proteus we hear nothing in Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients," but L'Emprière says:—Some think he was the son of Neptune and Phœnicia; he had prophetic powers, and reposed on the sea-shore, where such as wished to consult him generally resorted. He was difficult of access, . . . and by assuming different shapes eluded the grasp of his enquirers. On the shore of very troublous seas did Francis Bacon repose; "his head stood but tickle on his shoulders," as he tells us in Mrs. Gallup's most interesting cipher. L'Emprière says that to elude questions Proteus disappeared in a flame of fire, a whirlwind, or a rushing stream. Solid, prosaic Michel D'Eyquiem never did that; but our Proteus, who, elusive beyond question, was exiled at 15 from the Verulam woods (the glory of Gorhambury to Hampstead), just as Proteus was exiled from Verona, may have quite possibly flown off to France, Italy or Portugal when his duller-pated friends in Gray's Inn thought he was safe in Coney Court immersed in law.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we see the inconstancy of man, a favourite theme with Shake-Speare, and the particular inconstancy of calf-love pictured in Proteus, who transfers his boy-love from Julia to

Madam Silvia, who, though she was the beloved of Valentine, toys with Proteus and sends him her picture to dote on.

Is Julia, Lady Hatton in her girlhood, the relation of the Cecils? She more than likely was his child companion at Hatfield and Gorhambury. May she not have been one of the cogent reasons why Burleigh, a wily Polonius, was eager to ship him off abroad? She received an offer of marriage from Francis, we know, in after life. Valentine, I think, may not unreasonably be set down as Anthony Bacon.

Every critic assures us the *Two Gentlemen* is a play of Shake-Speare's earliest period. "Natural and unaffected," Pope calls it. Certainly a specimen of what Knight calls the "new school of art," with "thoughts natural and obvious, familiar and general." It contains quite an illuminating touch about Italy in its "outlaw" episode. Some may imagine Shake-Speare went back to Sherwood and Robin Hood for that, but our poet reflected the true images of the nature of his time in his mirror.

D'Estissac and Montaigne, on leaving Bologna, had intended to travel *via* Ancona and Loretto, but, being warned that "*bannis*," or outlaws, infested Umbria, they changed their route. Bandits swarmed in Bologna, too; heavy sums were offered for their heads. Amongst them were some of the Orsini, Savelli and Piccolomini, one of which noble family, Alfonso, Duke of Montemarciano, boasted he had despatched three hundred and seventy persons before he was twenty-five. It seems he marched upon Rome in 1581 to "do" for the Pope at the head of two hundred merry men, was pardoned, and under the protection of the Grand Duke, was presented to the King and Queen-mother of France and became quite the fashion.

With this interpolation, necessary as linking Shake-

Speare on to Montaigne, we pass with him through the *Porta del Popolo* into Rome. During the four and a-half months spent there our traveller was present at the hanging of one of the worst of these outlaws.

Catena, who had kept all Italy in dread, was the author, it was said, of particularly shocking assassinations. Our traveller evidently considered the execution of malefactors a necessary part of his experience. He remarks upon the Italian mode of quartering their bodies *after death* as having great results upon the spectators; no doubt censuring in his wide heart the horrible cruelty of disembowelling them before execution, as was the habit in England in Trafalgar Square, on the spot where Charles I. statue now stands. The diary describes the Brothers of Pity, wearing cloaks and masks of cloth, and numbering amongst them gentlemen and "other distinguished individuals of Rome." It tells how two of these accompanied Catena upon the scaffold and afforded him the last consolations of religion, and how they held a picture of our Lord near to the man's face so as to prevent those in the street seeing it, and this even at the gibbet (a beam between two posts), and till he was thrown off the ladder. Was Catena really executed, or did a Barnardine or a Raggozine suffer for this Claudius? It is quite worth reading Act IV. Scene iii. of *Measure for Measure* with "Montaigne's Diary" on one's desk. It assures one how familiar the author of that play was with the execution of malefactors in Italy, whose prisons and scaffolds were brightened for them with the offices of Dukes and other pitiful members of its highest society; doing as Duke Vicentio did, saying as he said:

"Induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you."

Hanging was the death prepared for Barnardine ac-

cording to the Clown, but in speaking to the Duke in prison Catena said :

"I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets."

This found its counterpart in Rome on January 14th, when Montaigne saw the execution of two brothers who had slain their master by night in the palace of Signor Jacomo Buoncompagno, the Pope's son. He says: "This execution took place on a scaffold, where the criminals were first knocked down with heavy wooden clubs and then their throats were cut. It is, so the report goes, a form of punishment used in Rome from time to time."

The lodging of our traveller was the "*Albergo del Orso,*" the Bear Inn. It stands close by the Tiber, and has lately undergone much cleansing and painting. It is at the corner of two streets, one of which, the "*Via del Orso*" (once the "*Sistina*"), was so called from the marble bear that stood at the corner of the *Via del Soldato.* The Inn is a poor enough place now, but has traces of better times about it. Its octagonal pillars are said to show that it dates from Pope Sixtus IV., a hundred years anterior to Montaigne's visit. From that time "great people, foreign cardinals, travellers of distinction who wished to preserve their incognito during several days, earliest known tourists (among whom is Montaigne), and those seeking their fortunes in Rome, all drew reign at the Bear."

So says the foot note in the diary. A cryptic emblem remains as part of the old stone moulding round one of the rooms upstairs—a convoluted horn or *cornu.* The owner could give me no account of why it was there alone and conspicuous on the white-washed walls, said to hold some of the deep secrets of Rome. I wished the day I stood there that they would speak.

Quite near stands the ruined theatre of Marcellus, within whose amphitheatre rose the fortress of the Orsini, making one wonder if the Albergo was a part of the family property. The Orso family was represented in Montaigne's time by Ludovico Orsino, and he is the privileged man who not only possessed a palace, and a private chapel within the precincts of the Theatre of Marcellus, but was allowed to give his name to Duke Orsino in *Twelfth Night.*

Ludovico, Esme, Stuart, Duke of Lenox, in love with Countess Arabella Stuart was, as I have already shown in BACONIANA,* the great original of Duke Orsino, and he lived in a house near by the Thames at Blackfriars, close against the Fortress of Baynard's Castle, the Blackfriars Chapel and Black Friar's Theatre. The Nevils (their crest the Bear and Ragged Staff) owned a fine house and garden on the same bankside. The Orsini, Savelli, and Colonni all used the Bear and its Column in their crest.

It seems a far cry from Rome to Blackfriars, were it not imperative to show how often in Shake-Speare's Plays we get touches of sunny Italy, and of Bacon's travels there.

Take for instance the lines in *Twelfth Night,* Act II., Scene iv. :

Duke Orsino.—Oh, Fellow, come, the song we had last night I mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain, the spinners and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their thread with bones, do use to chant it.

The most complete explanation of this speech comes to us in "Montaigne's Diary." At Empoli, under a July sun, he makes a special point of seeing the peasants on their festival Sunday threshing, and spinning, pon-

* "New Light on *Twelfth Night,*" Vol. II., pp. 103—106, 215—227 ; Vol. IV., pp. 46—54.

dering over the "*Contadini* with lutes in their hands and even the Shepherdesses with Ariosto on their lips." What better evidence can we have that Montaigne and Shake-Speare are one and the same? This description of the spinners and singers in the sun is surely poetic enough even for the author of *Twelfth Night*.

Ariosto, we know, collected the old songs of the people, and the peasants of his time sang them. Rizzio, I believe, did the same. Our traveller only stayed at the Orso two days, but he took rooms close by in the *Via di Monte Brianzi*, in front of the Church of *Santa Lucia della Tinte*. He says he might have had lodging at the *Vaso D'Oro* near, but the furniture being such as kings use, all silk and cloth of gold, he preferred not. As a fact, there was no *Vaso D'Oro* then—only a *Testa D'Oro*, which proves our philosopher thought a vase and a skull were identical.

Our traveller records the facilities given him for studying at the Vatican Library and seeing the precious MSS. there, particularly that of Seneca. He was able to make what extracts he pleased. Now, Ten Tragedies of Seneca were translated in Elizabeth's reign. John Newton, whoever he was, collected these in 1581. Did Francis Bacon use his privileges for giving England the benefit of a better knowledge of Seneca?

Walter Clodd, prefacing the Camelot series of the Morals of Seneca, calls Lodge a paraphraser, not a translator. Thomas Lodge had as little to do with this as Shaxpur had to do with the plays. Those who wish for Montaigne's impressions of Rome in detail must read the Diary. He saw the Ambassador of the Muscovite in scarlet and gold. Francis Bacon says, in his Political Tract, "The Muscovite Emperor of Russia . . . always at war with the Tartarians and now with the Pollacke . . . of late sent an ambassador to Rome, giving some hope to submit himself to that

See." The Diary says: "The Ambassador Muscovite also offered to make certain concessions in the religious controversies at present pending between himself and the Roman Church," adding that this Russian ambassador travelled through Poland disguised, of course, because of the war which Bacon tells us of. The Diary further says "this man's mission was to stir up the Pope to interfere in the war which the King of Poland is waging against his master." Montaigne was "persuaded that the full extent of ancient Rome was not yet realised, and that the greater part was buried." "All the knowledge I possess thereof," he says, "is of an abstract and contemplative nature, a knowledge in no way to be apprehended by the senses"—a fitting remark for one who was at once a high Rosicrucian and "a seer," as even Mr. Balfour admits. The ruins suggest to him "a reverence and respect, more than comprehension." He tells us "many of the old streets lie more than thirty feet below the level of those now in existence." We may think of him walking every day in the hilly quarter of the ancient city, re-peopling it with the forms of Julius Cæsar (whom he writes so intimately of in his prose works, as well as in the great play), of Brutus and Mark Antony. "It is easy to see," says the Diary, "by the Arch of Severus that we now stand more than two pikes' length above the ancient level, and that we walk on the tops of the old walls, which the rain and the coach wheels occasionally bring into sight." It will be remembered that the spot so long pointed out in the Forum as the rostrum where Mark Antony made his memorable speech, is close against the Arch of Severus. The lovely gardens of the Cardinals on Montcavalli, and on the Palatine and elsewhere, and the Villas of Pope Giulio and Madama (enchanting spots) are mentioned specially.

A full and enthusiastic description is given of Cardinal

Ippoliti D'Este's palace at Tivoli, the water-works of which, their musical organ, and singing birds, were, we are told, the great original of Pratolino. The Diary tells us in beautiful language how the "sun falling on the surface of the lovely fountains, make a rainbow so marked and so like nature that it in no way falls short of the bow seen in the sky." The statues there (taken from Hadrian's Villa) were of great merit and delighted him more than any others. At least, he describes them as copies mostly of the ones that pleased him so much in Rome. They are two Nymphs, one dead, one asleep, a Pallas "*celeste*," an Adonis, a wolf in bronze (there is one there now), "a boy extracting a thorn, like the one in the Capitol, the Laocoon, and the Antinous, the Comedy of the Capitol, a Satyr, and the copy of the recent work of the Moses, and a copy of the beautiful woman who sits at the feet of Pope Paul III. in the New Church of S. Peter's." He gives Rome a big compliment; he says while there he had no occasion for "melancholy which is my death, nor for sorrow, within doors or without," which makes one wonder whether after his departure from Paris his heart was as sore as Mrs. Gallup's cipher story would have us suppose. If so, this busy voyage was the best thing for him spiritually and physically. There is a touch of nature in the description of the pictures he saw of the Queen Mother of France and her children in the *Cesarini* Palace, for there he says hung "the Queen of Navarre." Poor Francis! He found the *Bella Clelia*, the owner's wife, "if not the most beautiful, assuredly the most amiable lady in Rome, or, for all I know, in the whole world." Gregory XIII., who Bacon describes at length in his Political Tract, is, as I think, "Old *Bellario*" of *The Merchant of Venice*. Law Lecturer and Reader of his University, where he was crowned with laurel in law (either Padua or Bologna, I don't know which),

he collected Gregory VII.'s Bulls in 1579, at the age of seventy-seven, under the title of *The Bullario*. And knowing some of his courtesies to our young envoy, and imagining there may have been plenty more, there is reason, I think, for our Shake-Speare immortalising the kindly old man. Indeed, I wonder whether the letter Lord Bellario wrote to Portia was one really indited by Gregory, for the use of Francis, and addressed to Moroni Master of the Jesuits at the English College, or to the Prefect of the Vatican Library.

At one audience Gregory, "with a courteous expression of face," admonished young D'Estissac to "study and virtue," but what happened at the others I do not know. That there were others I infer from the remark made that though our travellers *did not speak* at the one described, yet Montaigne says elsewhere: "The Pope's replies are brief and decisive, and it is loss of time to oppose them by fresh reasoning," and that "nothing will move him from a decision which he believes to be a just one." Bacon tells us he was "busy in practise," which I take to be negotiations. What secret negotiations Elizabeth and this "Supreme of the Princes Catholic" may have had together remains as yet "under the rose." Bacon says this Pope "had no great learning," while the Diary says "his idiom of Bologna was the worst in Italy," and that "in speaking he betrayed his Bolognese descent," which Bacon says "was from a father shoemaker." I should like to give an account of the cardinals that officiated with Gregory at High Mass on Christmas Day, and of the dinner parties and coach drives they gave our author. But I must close my already too long paper, reserving the end of Bacon's travels for another number.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE'S CLASSIC DICTION.

THE classic diction of Shakespeare has been noted by many commentators. In my "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" I have pointed out 230 English words used by Shakespeare in a classic sense. Mr. Reed, in his "Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare," has a similar list of 108 words. Many of those pointed out by Mr. Reed are the same as those included in my list; but Mr. Reed's list includes 59 words not in my list. The two lists combined give over 280 such words. Some of Mr. Reed's I have purposely omitted as being rather French than Latin—as *deracinate* and *legerity*; others I omit as belonging rather to legal technicalities than to current speech—such as *competitor, feodary, procurator.* Mr. Reed gives the words *have* and *haver,* which seem to me rather to illustrate classic construction than classic vocabulary. The two lists together prove the very remarkable classic quality of Shakespeare's language. Even ordinary, common-place words often illustrate this—such as *act, cast, success.* But probably no such list can be complete. Several others have occurred to me since writing my "Studies." I will add a few of these, some of which Mr. Reed has; but I add additional illustrations.

1. *Approve* occurs in neither of the two lists referred to. The current meaning of the word approve is *favourable moral judgment.* In this sense Shakespeare does not use the word at all. In the plays it takes the sense of the Latin word *approbo,* and is equivalent to intellectual corroboration, or confirmation, in which no moral judgment is implied. Thus, Horatio is sent for by Marcellus and Bernado that he may see the ghost of Hamlet's father, and confirm their report of it, that

"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it."
(*Ham.* I. i. 29).

And we are reminded that

"In religion
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and *approve* it with a text?"
(*Mer. V.* III. ii. 77).

As a favourable moral judgment is expressed in this passage by the word *bless*, the addition of approve would be tautological—which Shakespeare never is—unless the classic sense is implied. And so in another passage from *Ant. Cl.* V. ii. 149,—

"Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I *approve*
Your wisdom in this act."

Here the favourable moral judgment is expressed by the word *wisdom*, which is thus said to be recognised, admitted. That the existing current meaning of the word was usual in Shakespeare's time is proved by quotations given in the Oxford Dictionary, which are represented as implying "pronounce to be good, commend." And quotations are given from Wycliff (1380), Bockenham (1447), and Starkey (1538).

2. *Astonish.* Mr. Reed quotes,—

"No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse *astonished.*" (*Son.* 86).

To which may be added the following from *Julius Cæsar* I. iii. 55,—

"It is the part of man to fear and tremble
When the most mighty God by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to *astonish* us."

The classic meaning of the word *attono, attonitus*, accounts for this meaning. *Attonitus* is rendered in Andrews' Latin Dictionary by — struck by thunder; hence, tropically, stunned, terrified, stupefied, alarmed,

astonished, amazed, confounded, thunder-struck. Thus Virgil writes,—

> "Talibus attonitus visis ac voce deorum."
> (*Æn.* III. 172).

And Juvenal, referring to the panic in Rome after the defeat of the Consuls at Cannæ, has,—

> "Incertam, attonitamque videres
> Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis
> Consulibus." (*Sat.* XI. 199).

Bacon, in his prose writings, wrote a letter to the king, advising him to call a Parliament (A.D. 1615), and adds, "They will say that the experience, and success [*i.e.*, result,—the classic sense] of the last two parliaments doth both intimidate and *astonish* them to try the same means again" (*Life* V. 176).

And in his Latin, "Reliquiæ autem, ita fabricas intuentur attonitæ, ut ad simplicitatem naturæ non penetrant" (*Nov. Org.* I. 57); which Spedding translates, "The others are so lost in admiration of the structure," etc. Perhaps *overpowered* or *mastered* would give the meaning of the Latin word more accurately.

3. *Convive* (Reed):—A truly remarkable piece of Latinity,—

> "All ye peers of Greece, go to my tent,
> There in the full *convive* we."
> (*Troi. Cres.* IV. v. 27).

Conviva is a table companion, and the cognate verb *convivor* means to feast, to banquet, or carouse together. Thus we have,—

> "Ergo superbum
> *Convivam* caveo, qui me sibi comparat res
> Despicit exiguas." (*Sat.* XI. 129).

"He shuns the proud fellow-feaster who makes in-

vidious comparisons between his own splendour and my plainness."

4. *Congruent.* Mr. Reed very aptly quotes,—

> "Government, being put into parts
> *Congrueth*, with a natural concent, like music."
> (*Hen. V.*, 4th ed., I. ii.),

> "By letters, *congruing* to that effect
> The present death of Hamlet."
> (*Ham.*, 4th ed., IV. iii.).

The Latin word means suitable, appropriate, tending to. Mr. Reed comments, "First use of this word in our language, introduced directly from the Latin. For some unknown reason, probably because it was not understood, the printers of the Folio (1623) changed it, in both these passages, into the motley form congreeing. Modern editors, however, not satisfied with this work of mutilation, have again changed it, in one case into *conjuring*."

5. *Insult*, in my list, is given as equal to *insulto*, leap or spring on anything, hence to treat abusively. My cousin, William Theobald, tells me that the sense of leaping or springing must be remembered in order to explain the following passage,—

> "Now am I like that proud, *insulting* ship
> That Cæsar and his fortunes bore at once."
> (*1 Hen. IV.* I. iii. 138).

The *insulting* ship is the vessel that bounds from wave to wave over the sea.

Bacon speaks of Saul's death, "It was a good end, lest a heathenish people should reproach the name of God by *insulting* on the person of Saul" (*Life* II. 117).

6. *Persecute.* Latin, *persequor*, follow perseveringly, continually. "He hath abandoned his physician, under

whose practise he hath *persecuted* time with hope" (*All's Well* I. i. 14).

7. *Prosecute.* Judge Webb, speaking of the 1623 Folio, says: "The Epistle Dedicatory reminds me in many respects of Bacon's Dedications. The style of the composition is not that of ordinary actors. The 'Incomparable pair of Brethren' are said, for instance, to have *prosequuted* the author of the plays with favour. This use of the word prosecute is not found in any English dictionary. It is, in fact, one of those Latinisms which Bacon habitually affected, and the origin of which is to be found in such Ciceronian expressions as 'Posidonium honorificis verbis prosecutus est,' and 'Equitem Romanum beneficiis ac liberalitate prosequebantur'" (*Webb's Myst. of Wm. Sh.*, p. 99).

Thus far Judge Webb. The following may be taken as other lights on the use of the word: "Licet humanam rempublicam, patriam communem, summo prosequamur amore, tamen legislatoria illa ratione et dilectu uti liberum non est" (*Prodromata, Works* II. 690).

Dr. Rawley, Bacon's chaplain, said of Bacon that he had no children, but "the want of children did not detract from his good usage of his consort, whom he *prosecuted* with much love and respect, with many rich gifts and endowments" (see *Montagu's Life of Bacon*, p. 474).

8. *Quantity.* The Latin word *quantitas* is not applied to numbers or material masses, but to values, greatness, moral or intellectual extent. This appears in the following,—

> "Things base and vile, holding no *quantity*,
> Love doth transform to form and dignity."
> (*M. N. D.* I. i. 232).

"Pardon Sir! Error. He is not *quantity* enough for that

worthy's thumb [Hercules] ; he is not so big as the end of his club" (*L. L. L.* V. i. 137).

> "I love thee, I have spoken it,
> How much the quantity, the weight as great
> As I so love my father." (*Cymb.* IV. ii. 17).

9. *Sacred* is used in another sense than that referred to in the chapter in my "Studies" on the classical diction of Shakespeare :—

In *Tro. Cres.*, *sacred* is used in a very remarkable way, quite impossible for anyone but an accomplished classical scholar,—

> "But the great gods gainsay
> That any drop thou borrowed'st from thy mother,
> Thy *sacred* aunt, should by my mortal sword
> Be drained." (*Tro. Cres.* IV. v. 132).

Dyce explains that the Greeks gave to the uncle the title of *sacred*—pater avunculus sacer. Steevens says, "This circumstance may lead to establish an opinion I have elsewhere expressed that this play was not the entire composition of Shakespeare, to whom the Greekism was probably unknown."

It is interesting to see how some such alternative as the Baconian to the undivided authorship of Shakespeare, forces itself into the view of the most orthodox Shakespeareans.

A Chapter on Philosophia Prima.

Reside is a word used by Bacon in the sense of its Latin origin. It does not mean inhabit or dwell, but takes the sense of *resido*, *residere*, settle down, like dregs or sediment. In the curious discourse on Persian magic ("Life," III., 89—99) he dwells on the difference between *compositio* and *mistio*, the one being a "conjunction of bodies in place only, the other in consent and quality." Bodies only united by *compositio* soon separate; only agitation keeps them

together; when it ceases one settles down to the bottom and the union ceases. "If bodies be united by *compositio*, how weakly and rudely do they incorporate. For water and earth maketh but an imperfect slime if they be forced together by agitation. Yet upon a little shaking the earth *resides* at the bottom." The word *reside* is a convenient synonym for settle; the expression "settle down" having been already employed. In Shakespeare this sense seems to be implied in one case:—

> "Right and wrong,
> Between whose endless jar [while kept together in place by agitation] justice *resides* [the right and wrong being accurately separated, justice is the result]."
>
> —*Troilus and Cressida*, I., iii., 116.

Here we see a case of conjunction combined with conflict,—"with endless jar" or agitation, followed by accommodation, or settlement. The more current sense of the word *reside* is possible, but the Latin sense is stronger, deeper, more interesting, and therefore more Shakespearean, and more applicable to the context.

The whole passage from which these two lines are taken (*Troilus and Cressida*, I., iii., 75—137) is a profoundly philosophic discourse on *conjunctio and mistio*, and its application to all things—civil, individual, material or spiritual. It is a magnificent chapter out of the *Philosophia Prima*. The theme is degree,—rank, order; the necessity of proper distinction between different ranks of the same thing, or special arrangement of different things, which may meet either amicably or in conflict.

In a beehive if the queen bee is not one to whom all the foragers, or travelling bees, are subject, no honey is produced. If a face is hidden by a mask, no one can tell whether the hidden face is superior or inferior. Even the earth itself and all the planets move

in different spheres, and the movements of no two meet in conflict. Should the planets wander—their orbits confused "in evil mixture"—disaster would result, plagues, portents, earthquakes, whirlwinds, storms and ruin would result; the harmonious unity in separation would be violated and destruction become universal. So with schools, brotherhoods, commerce, primogeniture and family distinctions, the lawful rights of elder and younger sons, all the prerogatives of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, would be dissipated. The music of all things would be changed to discord, and all things when they meet would meet for warfare, as if a river should forsake its banks and make the solid land an "imperfect slime," the earth itself a morass; what is strong would triumph over what is weak; the rebel son would kill his father; force would rule, not right; the endless conflict between right and wrong, out of which justice emerges, would cease; and if power is supreme, power itself is dominated by will, will is governed by appetite—and appetite, like a universal wolf, a devouring creature big as the world itself, would devour everything, and at last die itself of the inanition produced by its own ravenous rapine. If due rank and degree are choked and suffocated, and cease to breathe, life becomes chaotic, every one of lower rank despises the one above him, and all the conditions of civil life expire with the violences of the fever of universal surfeit.

This may be taken as a synopsis of this wonderful discourse. And in many other passages in Shakespeare we may light upon sections of the primary philosopher. One of these I have produced in BACONIANA for July, 1910, p. 157; the conclusion being drawn that Bacon was a philosophical mystic, and the Persian magic a reflection (in advance) of Swedenborg's doctrine of Correspondencies.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy and Controversy in General.

"Do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."

A friend to whom I sent a copy of my Autobiography, in acknowledging the receipt of the book, said he was interested in much that I had written, but differed from me both as to Bacon and Shakespeare, and as to Spiritualism. I wrote and enumerated some of the considerations which seemed to me to make it impossible to recognize William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, as the writer of the plays and poems. He wrote back, rather testily, and accused me of various unwarrantable assumptions. I replied, pointing out still more untenable assumptions on his own side, and then he was angry, and accused me of a "torrent of abuse," and such like unpresumable insults. After the exchange of one or two rather uncivil letters, I wrote urging him to discontinue the discussion. He replied that he would consent to live on terms of amity with me, but the only condition was that we should never talk about either Bacon or Shakespeare.

This is the point on which I desire to offer a few general considerations. The condition suggested is, I maintain, absolutely absurd and unreasonable. A peace which is based on a pact of suppression is a hollow and unsubstantial thing, and only means that the person who suggested it is quite sure that his opinion is infallibly right and permanently unalterable, and so the intellect becomes cataleptic, and imprisoned in its own notions. My friend considered that his arguments irritated my too *sensitive* spirit, and charged himself with "folly" and "indiscretion" in provoking the torrential current of abuse which he found in my reply. I consider that *he* was the sensitive person, not I; and that

any discussion whatever may be interpreted as containing imputations of personal stupidity, illogical thought, fallacious reasoning. But, good heavens! what does it matter? We are all apt to assume for our beliefs fixed and unalterable certainty, and attribute unwisdom or ignorance to our opponents. I have always looked with contempt on the conventional method of ending a discussion by "Enough! we shall never think alike; let us agree to differ." Nothing can be more cowardly than to end controversy on these terms, and only very sensitive and vulnerable disputants will terminate a discussion in this way. I prefer to say, "Of course we both agree and differ! If you like, we agree to differ; but that is no reason why we should not compare and discuss differences, and profit by *them*, as well as by agreement." And the self-accusation of "folly" and "indiscretion" in provoking a torrential stream of insult and abuse is really no self-accusation at all; it is a delicate form of self-flattery. The provocation alleged is so small, the result so enormous, that the self-accuser really places himself in a highly advantageous position at his adversary's expense, and claims for himself a superiority of logic and temper which a flattering friend would allege. I have often discussed, fiercely and mercilessly, with Roman Catholic friends on the unphilosophical nature of their tenets; their clinging for safety and certainty to an impossible human infallibity; their reliance in matters of reason on authority. As if mistake and error were not part of divine discipline, by which mind and character are shaped and strengthened. The intellect must pass through a Red Sea of salt and bitter waters before it can reach a land that "flows with milk and honey." Canaan is only reached by the passage of Jordan.

Personal discussion may be very active and resolute, and one party may feel injured by the arguments by

which he is confuted—as if his sanity or knowledge were questioned. My ever dear friend Langley (see p. 47 of my Autobiography) and I had fierce discussions on many topics, and if we differed we might have a dramatic quarrel — calling each other most unreasonable bigots, or idiotic reasoners, or dishonest debaters. But the quarrel was only histrionic—the personal affection and admiration unaltered, and unchangeable.

In controversy a lack of logic and of reasoning power may be imputed in any particular case, and the impeachment may seem to become too personal and the imputation of general unwisdom and ignorance assumed. But again I say, "Don't bother"; words are but imperfect instruments of expression. We are all apt to say a good deal more, and a good deal less, than we mean; and if, to avoid giving offence, we are to entrench ourselves behind a host of conditions, limitations, personal explanations, apologies, and so forth, we should only waste time and temper, and never be any nearer to an agreement worth having. Let us meet and talk about anything you like, however much our notions or opinions may differ,—Bacon or Shakespeare, Theology, Politics, Literature, Personal gossip, &c., I will say to my interlocutor, "I have much to learn from you, you have something to learn from me, and if we talk only about insipid matters on which difference is impossible, and avoid deep and subtle ideas which may be contemplated from many points of view, all I can say is we are timid and contemptible imbeciles, and deserve private apartments at Colney Hatch."

R. M. Theobald.

BACON AND GRAY'S INN.

GRAY'S INN has at last erected a memorial to her greatest son. The statue of Francis Bacon, which has been placed in South Square, was unveiled by Mr. A. J. Balfour on the 27th of June. It is a little difficult to know why the benchers decided to honour their former treasurer. There was no enthusiasm about the proceedings, which were confined to the delivery of a speech by Mr. Balfour and the drawing down of the screen with which the statue was covered. This, the final act of the comedy, was rather suggestive. When Mr. Balfour drew the cord which was intended to control the linen screen, it obstinately refused to come down, and the services of an attendant with a ladder were requisitioned to complete the ceremony. The reluctance of the screen appeared to be in accord with the sentiments of the benchers.

Mr. Balfour's speech was very commonplace. It was fitting that he should speak of Bacon as a lawyer; but it is doubtful whether he was accurate when he said that Bacon "did not rival in learning that eminently disagreeable person Sir Edward Coke." Still, he gave him credit for great breadth and mastery of legal principles, and suggested that his views on codification were in advance of his times. As a politician he lacked that personality which is a necessary element in every age for a man who would succeed in politics. So he was a failure there. Bacon's private life and character—what he was as a man—did not attract Mr. Balfour. Much worse men have had more interesting characters. Men have committed great crimes—"We condemn them," said the speaker, "but we are interested in them." Still, he admitted that the satire of Pope, and the rhetoric of Macaulay, had exaggerated the dark shadows upon Bacon's character. Bacon was, broadly

speaking, a successful man, for he was a philosopher and a statesman. There were no two professions which, in those days, gave the certainty of a more uneasy life or the chance of a more disagreeable death. Essex, Buckingham, Descartes, Galileo, and Giordano Bruno all passed uneasy lives, or suffered violent deaths, but Bacon died comfortably in his bed. "However dark may be our view of hereditary honour," said Mr. Balfour, "everybody will, I think, admit it is better to be made a viscount than to be burnt."

By the process of exhaustion there were three aspects of Bacon's life left to be considered—the man of letters, the historian, and the philosopher. The two first were dismissed with these words: "He was a writer of most noble prose—one of the men most happily gifted for history that this country has produced." There remained only his merits as a philosopher, and on this aspect Mr. Balfour dwelt at greater length. His fate as a philosopher had been mixed. "He has been magnificently praised by men whose praise is worth something, both in this country and on the continent of Europe. He has been violently abused by men whose abuse cannot be neglected, and—the worst fate of all—he has been vulgarised by some of his most ardent admirers." It was a mistake to assert that Bacon was a system maker. He had not the gifts to be an architect of a great system of thought. As Mr. Balfour understood him, he was a prophet and a seer. He spent much time in attacking his predecessors, and all must admit that he was unfair, and took a one-sided and a partial view of the efforts of the Greek philosophers. It was easy and quite true to say that in his system of inductive logic he did not produce, as he hoped to do, a great instrument of discovery. He overrated the coherence, consistency, and the accuracy of his inductive logic. It was not as a logician or as an inventor of a machine for discovery that Bacon lives.

"I call him a seer," continued Mr. Balfour. "What is it that he saw? What he saw was the neglect by the scientific mind, engaged in verbal disputes, of the patient and childlike attitude of those who come to nature, not to impose on nature their own ideas, but to learn from nature what it is that she has to teach us. . . . Many of his admirers speak as if his one claim to our gratitude was that if you examine nature impartially you will be always making useful discoveries. You can vulgarise this view of science and of discovery if you will, but you do great injustice to Bacon if you take that view. It is true that he always, as he said, looked on the estate of man with pity, and to improve the estate of man in succeeding ages was one of his great objects."

Mr. Balfour considered, however, that it was not until a century and a-half or two centuries after Bacon's time that the application of scientific principles to the augmentation of man's power over nature became effectual. The speaker continued: "You may say to me, 'Well, all this is very fine, this prospect of Bacon looking over the promised land from Pisgah, but not entering therein (to quote the famous phrase of Cowley's), but what has Bacon done for science?' I say that he did all that a great philosopher and a great writer, as distinguished from an investigator, can do. He created the atmosphere in which scientific discovery flourishes. . . . I hope that I have, at all events, suggested to you some of the reasons why all who love knowledge, all who love science, all who look now with pity on the estate of man, all who look forward to seeing that estate improved by the effort of thinkers, investigators, men of science, working together in the great co-operative effort of modern investigation—all who hold that view (and I think I have given you some reason why we should all hold it) will agree that I am performing no futile task

when I unveil a statue which, none too soon, the members of this ancient body have erected to him who lived here so long, who worked here so fruitfully, and who always held this place in loving recollection."

And then poor Bacon, in spite of Mr. Balfour's efforts, resolutely refused to show his face. Was he unaccustomed to listening to such extravagant flattery, or, after listening to the oration which had just been made, was he perplexed when he remembered how, in an age when wisdom was honoured, it had been said that his "profound and universal knowledge and comprehension of things then rendered him the observation of great and wise men, and afterwards the wonder of all"?

NOTES.

THE fifteenth stanza of Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece* contains a remarkable simile:—

"But she that never cop't with Stranger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the subtle shining Secrecies,
Writ in the glassie margents of such bookes,
Shee toucht no unknown baits, nor geared no hooks,
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eies were opened to the light."

The similitude between the lustful looks in Tarquin's eyes and the subtle, shining secrecies written in the margins of books is certainly very difficult of appreciation. The reference appears to be dragged in for some purpose. In view of this, the marginal letters of the verse are notable, B, C, N, W, Sh, N, M. It is also significant that Sh is the commencement of line 103, which number, in Bacon's system, represents the numerical value of Shakespeare. If the vowels are supplied it reads BaCoN, W.Sh, NaMe.

Mr. A. N. Whitehead in "An Introduction to Mathematics,"* published in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, draws attention to an instance of Macaulay's inaccuracy (page 156). He writes:—"Macaulay in his essay on Bacon contrasts the certainty of mathematics with the uncertainty of philosophy; and by way of a rhetorical example he says, 'There has been no reaction against Taylor's theorem.' He could not have chosen a worse example. For, without having made an examination of English text-books on mathematics contemporary with the publication of this essay, the assumption is a fairly safe one that Taylor's theorem was enunciated and proved wrongly in every one of them. Accordingly, the anxious precision of modern mathematics is necessary for accuracy. In the second place it is necessary for research. It makes for clearness of thought, and thence for boldness of thought and for fertility in trying new combinations of ideas. When the initial statements are vague and slipshod, at every subsequent stage of thought common-sense has to step in to limit applications and to explain meanings. Now in creative thought common-sense is a bad master. Its sole criterion for judgment is that the new ideas shall look like the old ones. In other words, it can only act by suppressing originality."

* Williams and Norgate, London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Count D'Estissac and Francis Bacon.

DEAR SIR,—The articles on "Bacon in France" and "Bacon in Italy" which have appeared in recent numbers of BACONIANA contain so much interesting information and local knowledge that it seems ungrateful for anyone to complain about them; but as they are put forward in support of the proposition that Francis Bacon accompanied Montaigne upon his travels under the name of Count d'Estissac, it is important to call attention to the evidence which seems to be inconsistent with such a theory.

In the first place, it is suggested in the articles that the Count d'Estissac has not been identified (BACONIANA, Vol. IX. pp. 56—57), and that there is some sort of mystery by reason of the deference shown to him as the important member of the party.

But we are told by M. Louis Lautrey in his preface to Montaigne's Diary that Charles d'Estissac was the last male descendant of the ancient family of Agénois, which inherited the name and arms of d'Estissac; and that he was the son of the Lady d'Estissac to whom Montaigne dedicated one of his Essays (Bk. II. chap. 8), in which the author refers to the qualities of the young Lord d'Estissac, her son.

M. Lautrey also explains how it was that the Count took precedence in the ceremonies, *e.g.*, when kissing the Pope's toe in Rome, although Montaigne had general control over the tour, deciding where and how long they should stay, acting as guide, rather capriciously sometimes, as spokesman and chief of the party.

The Count d'Estissac was well known at the French Court, and bore letters of recommendation from the king and the queen-mother, which he presented to the Duke of Ferrara, the king's uncle. An Italian trans-

lation of these letters is preserved among the records at Modena. The king's letter is as follows :—

"The Count d'Estissac, desiring to render himself more worthy of continuing the service, which all his predecessors have always from ancient times performed to the State, is now on his way to Italy. His intention is to stay there some time and apply himself to the most virtuous and honourable practices which obtain daily, and because I desire in all that is possible to favour his journey, and to follow him in his wishes, I pray you, uncle, while he is staying in your country to show him all the kindness you can, in a manner that shall give effect to my recommendation, for he is a gentleman deserving favour."

The letter of Catherine de Medicis was in similar terms of commendation.

There appears to be, therefore, no mystery about the individual, his behaviour, or treatment.

Again, the information we have of Francis Bacon shows that he was in England at the time.

Montaigne started from home in June, 1580, and the Count d'Estissac joined the party at Beaumont on the 4th September, 1580, which is the date when the Diary begins.

If, therefore, Francis Bacon was the Count d'Estissac, he would have had to leave England in August, 1580, and his absence would have continued through the autumn and winter.

But in September, 1580, Francis Bacon wrote two letters from Gray's Inn, and the letter to Lord Burleigh of the 16th September, 1580, shows that an interview had taken place between Francis and Burleigh shortly before that date. The letter is written to remind Burleigh of the promise he made to Francis at that interview.

A later letter to Burleigh, also written from Gray's Inn, and dated the 18th October, 1580, shows that Burleigh had kept his promise and had tendered Francis' suit to the Queen. Francis might expect, therefore, to be summoned to the Court at any moment. Under these circumstances, it would be impossible for Francis to be travelling abroad, and the evidence that he was in England in September and October, 1580, seems overwhelming.

In one of the articles (BACONIANA, Vol. IX. p. 55) the writer says, "Until anything confutes my theory I shall believe that it was with his brother Anthony's friend, Michael D'Eyquiem de Montaigne, Francis journeyed." Accepting this, therefore, as an invitation to criticise, I hope I may be forgiven for setting out certain reasons for rejecting the theory.

HAROLD HARDY.

1, Hare Court, Temple.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—May I be permitted to make known through your esteemed columns some deeply interesting points of suggested discovery relating to the above controversy? Like, probably, some of your readers, I favoured, for several years, the German theory that Bacon and Shakespeare were joint literary workers. How far that idea can be sustained in face of the fresh statements I am about to make, or with what finality these may be held to clinch the claim in regard to the sole Baconion authorship, I must leave your carefully studious and truth-loving readers to decide. In the valuable booklet just published by Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence appears a reproduction in modern script of Folio I. of the celebrated historic MSS. which were discovered at Northumberland House in the year 1867. On the top right-hand corner are the words

> "Mr. f frauncis Bacon
> of Tribute or giving what is dew."

Underneath are certain scrolls, about which the above author says: "I myself am in a particularly fortunate position with regard to these scrolls, because I possess a very fine large-paper

copy of 'Les Tenures de Monsieur Littleton,' 1591. This work is annotated throughout in what the British Museum authorities admit to be the handwriting of Francis Bacon, and upon the wide large-paper margin of the title-page eight similar scrolls appear which have evidently some (shall we say Rosicrucian ?) significance."

Setting to work on a rigid comparison between these scrolls in the booklet and the leading historic Rosicrucian symbols and emblems, I think I may fairly claim at length to have solved the mediate problem as to their origin and purport. The top sign appears to represent the Rosicrucian picture of the mirror of Pallas, the goddess of Wisdom, and the mark is therefore allied to Prudence or Circumspection. It lies with its circular frame to the reader's left. Underneath, to the extreme left and right of the reader, are fragments belonging to the left reading side of the Rosicrucian picture of Pluto's helmet of Invisibility.

In Chapter VII. on "Perseus or War" of Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients," one reads: "Now from that helmet which Pluto gave him (Perseus), powerful to make men invisible, the moral is plain." Mention is also here made of the "good use of Pallas's glass . . . but the best use of this glass is in the very point of danger." In Bacon's "Promus" allusion is again made to Pluto's helmet.

Now, the Rosicrucians were known as "the Invisibles." The standard picture of Pluto's helmet shows three Pythagorean serpent-figures of the numeral 3, each of which represented Time—Past, Present, and Future.

Strangely enough, in the reading right-hand side fragment the central (Present) curve is exaggerated into a loop towards the reading left. In the general grouping there are two long underlying horizontal lines, which appear to point to the special association of the two fragments. Further, there appear to be horizontal guiding lines added to both fragments on the actual reading left, and a detached one is shown on the reading left of the last scroll, which is central to the pictorial scheme. This scroll evidently represents the Rose, and nearest underlying devices, belonging to the central part of the standard picture of the "Rosicrucian Jewel," the emblem of the suffering, bleeding Pelican, self-wounded for the sake of its young.

A paraphrased translation of the Baconian pictorial conspectus would probably then read as follows: "I had to be cautious and hide my identity, and thereby suffer, while yet gladly working for and sustaining others."

Pursuing the analysis of the involved elements of Folio I. of the Northumberland MSS. I have come to the fixed conclusion that they are meant as parts of a twelve-sectioned Planisphere in keeping, as an Orbic message, with the combined mathematic and literary predilections of Francis Bacon.

Yours faithfully, HENRY WOOLLEN.

112, Coldershaw Road, West Ealing, W., June 3rd, 1912.

"De Shakespeare Nostrat:—Augustus in Hat."

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I presume Mr. Parker Woodward must be making fun of your readers when he asks them to believe that "Augustus in Hat:" means "Augustus in a hat," and that it refers to a contemporary of Jonson, "whose hat was such a well-known feature." [o] It, of course, means "Augustus on Haterius," and refers to the words used by Augustus, "Haterius noster sufflaminandus est." I would add that it was probably this use of the word "noster" by Augustus that led Ben Jonson to make use of the abbreviated word "nostrat." Haterius was an illustrious orator at Rome at the time of Augustus, and was apparently so "fluent" that the latter said he must be "stopped."

Faithfully yours, SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

15, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—In "Bacon is Shakespeare" the author, referring to the reversal of a head ornament in "Camden's Remains," ed. 1616, writes, p. 114: "This trick of the upside down printing of ornaments, and even of engravings, is continually resorted to when some revelation concerning Bacon's works is given," and Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence has much documentary evidence to support his statement. I am reminded by it of a note which I made some years ago on the reversal of decorative strips above the plays in the first Folio. The peculiarities of the "Pan" head and tail pieces in that volume are, of course, well known to Baconians, but the mere strips may have escaped attention. They are of three patterns, which may be described as the leaf, the zigzag, and the marigold respectively. Although the plays are classified in the "catalogue" of the Folio as comedies, histories, and tragedies, no one of each of the three patterns is attributed to one class of play, as might, perhaps, have been expected. But I wish to point out the following facts: The plays are 36 in number, viz., 14 comedies, 10 histories, 11 tragedies, and the unclassified *Troilus and Cressida*. At the top of eleven plays is the "leaf" strip. In five cases it is upside down. At the top of twelve plays is the "zigzag," and in five cases it is upside down; and at the top of eleven plays is the "marigold," and in one case it is upside down, and in one other case significantly altered in a manner difficult to describe without an illustration. The pattern begins with a marigold and ends with a rose. If reversed, as when over *Henry V.*, it begins with a rose and ends with a marigold; but in the strip above the "First part of *Henry VI.*" the marigold is absent altogether, and its place is

[o] BACONIANA, April, 1912, p. 100.

supplied by another rose. Therefore a special block must have been cut for this one strip. No one familiar with the books of the period in question can suppose that such head strips as those to be found in so many of them were merely printers' ornaments. This very marigold strip is to be found, enlarged, above each of the four books into which "'A Relation of a Journey Begun An. Dom. 1610,' 3rd ed. by George Sandys, printed for Ro. Allot, London, 1627," is divided. The preface, although signed "George Sandys," is written in a style curiously resembling that of Francis Bacon, and the third book, containing "The History of the Holy Land," might well have come from his pen. The internal evidence that the writer had himself made the journey purporting to be described is faint. Now, the marigold head strip at the top of this third book is upside down.

Yours faithfully, J. R., OF GRAY'S INN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR EDITOR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to a book translated from the Italian by Paolo Mussi, edited by George C. Williamson, Litt.D., and published by George Bell and Sons, 1903. The MS., of which it is a translation, consists of art notes, made in the sixteenth century, of pictures and other art treasures in Padua, Venice, Cremona, Milan, Pavia, etc. Its chief interest to us Baconians lies in the fact that no one knows, in Italy or elsewhere—at least, so the story goes—who the writer is. That he was "careful," "observant," "direct," "a man of means," and "high born," with an "art collection of his own," we are assured.

The MSS. was discovered by the Abate Don Jacopo Morelli in 1800, twenty-six years after the discovery of Montaigne's Diary, and was written, as I fancy, about the same time. It was in a collection of valuable MSS. known as the *Marciana*, made by Apostolo Zeno, a poet of Venice, born 1668, died 1750, and was left by him to the Dominicans of the Osservanza. It was so intrinsically valuable that by royal permission Morelli published it. Information in it enables lost pictures to be traced and found. Four mentioned in detail are now in Hampton Court and in the National Gallery. One in the Vienna Gallery was in the collection of Charles I., and one in the Duke of Buckingham's. We know that the Duke became possessed of York House, and one wonders was this picture once Bacon's? When I say that the title of this book is "*The Anonimo*," I feel sure the interest of all Baconians will be aroused.

Until now I have received no answer to a letter I have written to the editor asking if anything in the MS. militates against my notion that the book may have been written in the end, instead of the beginning, of the sixteenth century, as he suggests in the Preface. Certain dates, beginning with 1525, appear against certain houses visited. The last date is 1575. Do they mark the

date of the building of the houses rather than the date when they were visited ?

The last date precludes the book having been written when the editor suggests ; but as only three objects of art are mentioned as being in the house dated 1575 it is quite on the cards it was a newly built one. Was it only five years old ?

Is *Anonimo* Francis Bacon ?

Yours sincerely, ALICIA AMY LEITH.

June, 1912.

REVIEWS.

The Tragedy of Amy Robsart. A play in five acts. By HAROLD HARDY. Robert Banks & Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. Demy 8vo, 96 pp., paper covers, half-a-crown net.

MR. HAROLD HARDY is to be congratulated upon his appearance as a writer of dramatic poetry. "The Tragedy of Amy Robsart" is a production which will take high rank. Mr. Hardy seems to have thoroughly mastered the Elizabethan style of writing blank verse. His lines flow smoothly and have a pleasant effect on the musical ear. Amy Robsart's life is treated from a new point of view. It may not be in accordance with historical precedents, but the story as unfolded lends itself to the necessities of the drama. Leicester appears in a new light. Mr. Hardy certainly has made him a much more satisfactory character than he is usually painted. A fuller appreciation of the poem will follow in the next issue of BACONIANA.

The Mystery of Francis Bacon. By WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY. Robert Banks & Son. Crown 8vo, 5/- net.

THIS is an unpretentious little volume in which the writer seeks to trace Francis Bacon's influence in the production of the Elizabethan literature. Some new facts as to his early years unknown to modern biographers are brought to light. An attempt is made to produce evidence in support of the theory that from his earliest years Bacon sought to conceal his connection with literature, desiring that he should be seen only by his mind—that he adopted as his motto, "Mente Videbor."

The Shakespeare Problem Stated and Solved by Professor Gustav Holzer, of Heidelberg.°

PROFESSOR HOLZER, in this work, gives a business-like statement of the Baconian case. He does not amplify his conclu-

° "Das Shakespeare Problem," von Professor G. Holzer, Heidelberg, Weissische Universitas Buchandburg.

sions to any great extent—he leaves the facts to speak for themselves. But in his masterly summary the premises are so fully and clearly drawn that no one can resist the conclusion. It follows as a matter of necessity. The little book of 114 pages is divided into five sections, with three appendices—I. All the traditions handed down to us from the sixteenth century are described, and among them all he finds "Nicht für Shakespeare." II. Then all recent researches of the last few years are given, and they are distinctly "Jegen Shakespeare." III. Then follows a rapid summary of Bacon's life and works and aims. IV. Leaving the question of personal identity, the Professor spreads the pages of the poetry before him and derives from the inspection all that can be inferred of the poet's literary possessions—the results of study and literary culture; and V. finally he describes the purposes and aims of Shakespeare investigation. The appendices exhibit all the facts which make Bacon's authorship probable, and the obstacles that impede the recognition of Bacon's claim, even up to the present time. The title-page gives a replica of the vignette on the title-page of Peacham's "Minerva Britannica," in which the concealed author writes behind a curtain, his hand, holding a pen, being alone visible, with the encircling motto, "Vivitur ingenio, mente videbor cetera mortis erunt." A list of books bearing on the subject is supplied at the end, much the same as that on the cover of BACONIANA.

In all this there is little more than what all well-read Baconians are already familiar with, and on this account there is no special reason for publishing a translation. Our case is admirably presented to German readers. Professor Holzer himself has written no less than ten pamphlets. His pupils must be well posted in the Baconian arguments. R. M. THEOBALD.

BACONIANA.

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BACON'S "HISTOIRE NATURELLE."

(PARIS, 1631).

BY GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

IN BACONIANA for April, 1906, and again in my little book, "Bacon's Secret Disclosed,"* I directed attention to Bacon's "Histoire Naturelle," published in Paris in 1631, and to which was prefixed a Life of Bacon, the first to be published, and a life that long antedated the Life published by Rawley in 1657. Both the Life and the "Histoire" itself are full of interesting information about Bacon—information that, though published near 300 years ago, is new to the various English writers upon Bacon, and was quite unknown to the English compilers of his Life. It is strange how much the French side of Bacon's life—as we may call it—and of his writings, too, have been neglected and ignored in England. Spedding apparently knew nothing of the "Histoire Naturelle," never mentions it, and never quotes from it. But, as I think I can show, it was a book that had great authority and weight with the Bacon party of the period when it was written, and

* "Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books," by Granville C. Cuningham. London: Gay and Hancock, Ltd.; 1911.

its statements received respectful attention. It is the more important to bear this in mind when we remember how these statements differed from those generally accepted in regard to Bacon, and how facts were established by this book that are not alluded to in Rawley's "Life of Bacon." And the neglect from which this "Histoire Naturelle" has suffered in England is less easy to understand when we find on examination how frequently it was alluded to, and even quoted from, by important Baconians during the seventeenth century. Seeing that it is thus used by them, and mention of it made in various books, one cannot but be astonished that those in England who have studied and written upon Bacon should have passed over this book in silence. I think the first English writer to draw attention to it in modern times was the late Rev. Walter Begley in his "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio," published in 1905. But he deals largely with the literary aspect of the work, and his notice of the "Life" is not altogether satisfactory.

The "Histoire Naturelle" was, as I said before, published in Paris in 1631. It had been before the public nine years when, in 1640, Gilbert Wats brought out his translation into English of Bacon's Nine Books of the "Advancement and Proficience of Learning," being a translation of the "De Augmentis," published in Latin in London in 1623. This was one of the most important of Bacon's works. In the prefatory pages Wats quotes from the "Histoire Naturelle" and speaks of the "just and elegant discourse upon the Life of our Author." He also quotes with appreciation from the Advertisement to the Reader in the "Histoire Naturelle," though, as I have shown in my book before mentioned, he garbles the quotation in a manner that is highly curious.

The next notice of the "Histoire Naturelle" that I

am acquainted with—and which I have only recently dropped upon—is contained in the Latin translation of Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum," made by James Gruter and published at Leyden in 1648. In this book—a neat little 12mo volume—there are the usual Dedication, Address to the Reader, Preface by Rawley (translation), etc. But there is a second little address to the reader that deals with the "Histoire Naturelle"; it is, of course, in Latin, and I will give a translation of it :—

"To the Reader

Greeting.

"I have come across formerly a French book, of which the title is 'Histoire Naturelle de M. Francois Bacon.' And because I remember in the preface of this book there is something that is not foreign to the present occasion, I wish to present this to the Judicious Reader. Therefore it is here in French, afterwards translated into Latin :—

"Je seray bien aise aussi que le Lecteur soit averty qu'en cette traduction je n'ay pas suivy punctuellement l'ordre observè dedans l'original Anglois, pour avoir trouvè trop de confusion en la disposition des matieres, qui semblent avoir estè dispersèes en plusieres endroits, plustost par caprice que par raison. Outre qu'ayant este aidè de la pluspart des manuscrits de l'Auteur, j'ay jugé necessaire d'y adjouster ou diminue beaucoup de choses qui avoient estè obmises ou augmentees par l'ausmonier de Monsieur Bacon, qui apres la mort de son Maistre fit imprimer confusement tous les papiers qu'il trouva dans son Cabinet. Je dis cecy, a fin que ceux qui entendent la langue Angloise ne m'accusent point d'infidelité, quand ils recontreront de dans ma version beaucoup de choses qu'ils ne trouveront pas dedans l'original."

Gruter then gives the Latin translation of the above

French. All the foregoing is the concluding passage of the "Advertisement au Lecteur" of the "Histoire Naturelle," and is thus translated in my book, "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 47 :—

"I shall be pleased also if the Reader will take notice that in this translation I have not exactly followed the order observed in the original English, for I have found so much confusion in the disposition of the matter that it seemed to have been broken up and dispersed rather by caprice than by reason. Besides having been aided for the most part by the Manuscripts of the Author, I have deemed it necessary to add to or to take from many of the things that have been omitted or augmented by the Chaplain of Mr. Bacon, who, after the death of his Master, printed in a confused manner all the papers that he found in his Cabinet. I say this so that those who understand English will not accuse me of inaccuracy when they encounter in my translation many things that they do not find in the original."

I am sure that anyone, thinking over these foregoing extracts, will have difficulty in understanding Gruter's motive in giving them. All that he says on the subject is contained in the short "Address to the Reader" that I have translated from his Latin. He does not explain why he has selected this particular passage for quotation, that is so little complimentary to Rawley, and seems besides to throw doubt upon the correctness of the "Sylva Sylvarum"—the very book whose translation he is presenting to the public. One cannot help asking, What did Gruter think of Rawley in this connection? Did he really think that the Author of the "Histoire Naturelle" was more to be relied on than Rawley, and, if so, why did he translate the "Sylva Sylvarum" (which was brought out by Rawley in 1627, just after Bacon's death) rather than the "Histoire Naturelle"? If his object was simply to draw atten-

tion to the "Histoire Naturelle" and get people to read it, it was not necessary to select for quotation a passage so disrespectful to Rawley and so uncomplimentary to the "Sylva Sylvarum." There are many passages that he might have selected for quotation that would have been interesting and instructive, and quite as surely drawn attention to the book, as, *e.g.*, the passage that describes Bacon's house near London where he carried on his experiments and had an infinite number of vases and phials, some filled with distilled waters, others with plants and metals in their native state*—a passage that was so garbled in the quotation by Gilbert Wats in the prefatory matter to the "Advancement of Learning," 1640. Gruter, however, will have none of this, but simply quotes, without modification, explanation or apology, the somewhat pert and contemptuous remarks about Rawley and his production of the "Sylva Sylvarum" that the producer of the "Histoire Naturelle" has seen fit to make. One would think that that little preface of Gruter's must have made somewhat of a stir in the literary circles of the day, and especially among the Bacon adherents. What did they say about these barbed arrows shot at Rawley, the trusted and revered chaplain of the great Bacon?

We are unable to tell now the extent of the talk and letter-writing that went on among the *literati* over this matter, but we are fortunate in having had preserved to us two letters written to Rawley by Isaac Gruter (the brother of James) that deal with the book and his brother's Preface in an illuminating way. These letters were written in 1652 and 1655, but were not given to the public until 1679, when they appeared in BACONIANA,†

* "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 47.

† "Baconiana, or Certain Genuine Remains of Sr. Francis Bacon, &c. . . . London. Printed by J. D. for Richard Chiswell, at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1679."

that came out in that year. I presume they must have been found among Rawley's papers (he died in 1667, æt. 79) and given to the Editor of BACONIANA for publication.

The first of these letters is dated 29th May, 1652. It begins by apologising to Rawley for the delay in answering his letter, but this delay was caused by the death of his (Gruter's) brother James (in 1651), "to whom we owe the Latine translation of the 'Lord Bacon's Natural History,'" and to his having to settle his affairs. After a few preliminary polite remarks, he takes up the question of the "Histoire Naturelle" in the following way:—

"The Design of him, who translated into French the Natural History of the Lord Bacon (of which I gave account in my former letters*) is briefly exhibited in my brother's preface, which I desire you to peruse: as also, in your next letter, to send me your Judgment concerning such Errors as may have been committed by him."

"That Edition of my Brother's, of which you write, that you read it with a great deal of Pleasure, shall shortly be set forth with his Amendments, together with some Additions of the like Argument to be substituted in the place of the New Atlantis, which shall be there omitted. These Additions will be the same with those in the Version of the forementioned Frenchman, put into Latine; seeing we could not find the English Originals from which he translates them: Unless you, when you see the Book, shall condemn those Additions as adulterate."

This is all that Gruter says bearing upon the "Histoire Naturelle"; the rest of the letter is devoted to other literary matters. But here I think we have

* I do not know that these letters are anywhere extant. They would be most interesting.

something to "chew upon." It seems a somewhat exaggerated description of his brother's preface to say that it exhibits "the Design" of him who translated into French the "Natural History of the Lord Bacon," for in the very few lines James Gruter devoted to the subject there was no attempt to exhibit any design, and, to say the least, one cannot but be surprised at Gruter's complete indifference to Rawley's feelings in advising him—without any softening note of apology—to peruse brother James' preface, with the contemptuous allusions to Rawley contained in the quotations. Gruter seems afterwards to have become aware of the cavalier way he had treated Rawley on this occasion, for in a subsequent letter that I will bring forward he seems to make a clumsy attempt at making amends. Perhaps Rawley wrote plainly saying he did not like being spoken about in this way, but unfortunately we have not got Rawley's letter.

And yet in the very next paragraph of the letter now under consideration Gruter alludes to the fact that Rawley had said that he had read James Gruter's Edition—and he could not have omitted the Preface, one would think—"with a great deal of pleasure." Truly Gruter and Rawley seem desirous of confusing things.

Gruter then goes on to speak of the second edition that he will bring out (and which he did bring out) of his brother's book, and that he will put in additions from the French book—"seeing we could not find the English originals from which he translates them"—unless Rawley, when he sees the book, shall condemn the additions as adulterate. From all this it appears that Gruter has complete confidence in "the Frenchman"—whoever he may be—and apparently his identity is unknown to Gruter. Also the English originals are unknown to Gruter, and apparently to everyone else.

I point out in my book* that there is no known English original of the "Histoire Naturelle." For my own part, I strongly suspect that it was written in French by Bacon, but that is branching off into a big discussion. However that may be, Gruter, in writing to Rawley, is content to leave it as unknown, and there is no hint in any subsequent letter of Gruter's that Rawley gave any information on the subject.

I think the observation that occurs to one in reading this letter of Gruter's is the complete confidence that he shows in "the Frenchman" and his work. There is no cavil or doubt expressed or implied, and the last clause about Rawley possibly condemning the additions as adulterate appears to be rather a polite deference to Rawley as the recognised repository of Bacon's MS. and works than as expressing doubt in "the Frenchman." This should be noted, for the tone of the next letter differs from this.

The next letter from Isaac Gruter to Rawley (also published in BACONIANA, 1679) is dated March 20th, 1655 (new style), nearly three years after the letter above discussed. Correspondence was carried on in a leisurely style in those days.

He first speaks of the slowness of Rawley's answer; then he mentions his design of setting forth in one volume all the Lord Bacon's works; then he speaks of the French interpreter "who patched together his things I know not whence"; and a marginal note tells us that this refers to certain spurious papers added to the translation of the "Advancement of Learning." He then goes on to say:—

"But yet I hope to obtain your leave to publish apart, as an Appendix to the Natural History, that Exotick Work, gathered together from this and the other place (of his Lordship's writings) and by me

* "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 48.

translated into Latine. For seeing the genuine Pieces of the Lord Bacon are already extant, and in many Hands, it is necessary that the foreign Reader be given to understand of what Threds the Texture of that Book consists, and how much of Truth there is in that which that shameless person does, in his Preface to the Reader, so stupidly write of you."

"My Brother, of blessed Memory, turn'd his words into Latine, in the first Edition of the Natural History, having some suspicion of the Fidelity of an unknown Author. I will in the second Edition, repeat them, and with just severity animadvert upon them: That they into whose hands that Work comes, may know it to be supposititious, or rather patched up of many distinct Pieces: how much soever the Author bears himself upon the specious Title of Verulam."

The first paragraph of the above quotation is not easy to understand. "That Exotick Work" seems to mean the "Histoire Naturelle" that we are considering, but when was this translated into Latin by Gautier? He speaks of it as though there were by him a translation extant and to be had; but is anything known of this? If it can be obtained it would be interesting to read and to see if Gruter has contributed any preface or remarks of his own. It is amusing to see in the end of this paragraph that "the Frenchman" of whom Gruter wrote in his former letter, and whose "additions" were going to be "put into Latine," is now spoken of as that "shameless person" who "so stupidly writes of" Rawley. It is very evident, I think, that Gruter is trying to smooth things down with Rawley, who, we may reasonably assume, had resented the manner in which "the Frenchman" had spoken of him, and the manner in which James Gruter had quoted the Frenchman's contemptuous words. Gruter, in his desire to make

things right for Rawley, goes even further in the above letter, and promises that in the second edition of his brother's book which he is going to bring out, he will repeat the objectionable words, "and with just severity animadvert upon them." He brought out the second edition in 1661, and so we have a chance of seeing how this promise was carried out. He had worked up a fine show of indignation for this letter of his, and if he could only get the feeling to last, there might be a grand slashing and flaying and pounding of "the Frenchman" in superfine "Latine" in the second edition.

But before this event happened, and after the above letter was written, there occurred something of considerable importance in the world of letters, and particularly in the Bacon province of that world. In 1657 Rawley brought out the "Resuscitatio, or bringing into Publick Light several Pieces of the Works . . . of the Right Honourable Francis Bacon," etc., etc. This contained the well-known "Life of Bacon" written by Rawley—the first "Life" of him in English to appear, though thirty-one years had elapsed since Bacon's death. Certainly Rawley had been in no precipitate hurry to give the world an account of his great master, Francis Bacon, "the Glory of his Age and Nation" as he justly calls him, and had been much more leisurely than his French admirers, who brought out his "Life" prefixed to the "Histoire Naturelle" in 1631. But late though it was in coming, here was "the Life" at last. There was also prefixed to the book the usual "Address to the Reader."

Now here was an opportunity, if ever one came to a man's hand, for Rawley to put himself right with the literary world. In his "Life of Bacon" he could touch upon—lightly or severely—the "Life" that appeared in the "Histoire Naturelle" so many years before, and

which had about it such an intimate and inspired tone, and in many ways differed so much from the "Life" that Rawley had composed. Gilbert Wats, when he brought out in 1640 his translation of Bacon's "De Augmentis Scientarium," had spoken of this "Life" as "just and elegant." It was almost Rawley's duty now —to himself and the public—to show where Wats was wrong, and where "the noble Frenchman," as Wats calls him, had come short of, or exceeded, the truth in what he had said about Bacon. Rawley, in fact, was bringing out an authoritative "Life of Bacon," and in doing so, should, one would think, take the opportunity of correcting the errors of the "Life" previously brought out, and that had been so unreservedly accepted by the literary circles of the Bacon world. The more so when we remember that "the noble Frenchman," or "that shameless person," as we please to consider him, had pointed out, in no uncertain way, that he was better equipped with Bacon's original MS. than Rawley, and therefore not liable to a charge of inaccuracy where he differed from Rawley.

How, therefore, does Rawley deal with this "Histoire Naturelle"? I think one can hardly avoid being astonished when one finds that he says not a word about it. He passes it by as though it were non-existent. After reading Isaac Gruter's second letter to Rawley (that of 20th March, 1655), it requires no imagination to see that there had been a good deal of feeling stirred up, both on Gruter's and Rawley's parts, over "the Frenchman," and therefore one is the more surprised to find that Rawley had so completely suppressed all feeling as to be able to pass over the book in silence. It is a curious incident. However, thus it stands.

But there still remains to be considered Isaac Gruter's second edition of the "Sylva Sylvarum"

which he brought out in 1661.* In his letter to Rawley we have seen that he intended to repeat the objectionable words, and "with just severity animadvert upon them." When his book actually comes out, however, his indignation had all oozed away, and he merely mentions the fact that his brother, in his "Address to the Reader," had drawn attention to the "Histoire Naturelle de Msr Francois Bacon," and had given a certain part of it translated from French into Latin. There is no quoting of the words, and no severe animadverting upon them. And from this he slips into a panegyric upon Rawley. Perhaps Gruter may have thought that if Rawley did not choose to defend himself, and expose the errors of the "shameless person," it was not for Gruter to do so. Or perhaps he had found, after looking into the matter more carefully, that "the Frenchman" was not so far wrong as he had imagined.

Here I recall to mind an apposite remark written in old seventeenth century French, in an old seventeenth century hand, on the fly-leaf of a copy of the "Histoire Naturelle" in the possession of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence.†

"Dr. 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

* "Fr. Baconis de Verulamio," "Sylva Sylvarum," etc. Amstilodami, Ex Officina Elzevirrana, Ao 1661. 12mo.

† See "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 73.

with a Manuscript more complete than that of the Chaplain."

All this that I have brought forward goes to prove, I think, that this "Histoire Naturelle" was a book of some importance in its day. The publication in BACONIANA of 1679 of the letter of March 20th, 1655, from Isaac Gruter that I have given, shows very clearly that neither Gruter nor Rawley approved of the book, and yet neither of them ventured to write against it publicly. It looks as though the book had backing and authority behind it much more powerful than appears from the names or initials prefixed to it on its publication. It remains still quite unsettled how this "Histoire Naturelle" was originally produced. Apparently, from the statements made, it was written by Bacon in English. Where is this English version? It is spoken of as though it were extant in print, and could be compared with the French translation. And neither Rawley nor Gruter either affirm or deny that there is such an English edition. There is nothing that can be identified with it in any of the contemporary lists of Bacon's works. Then there is the "Life" of Bacon prefixed to the "Histoire Naturelle" that shows a curiously intimate knowledge of Bacon's affairs, and that gives information about him that Rawley's "Life" did not give. Neither Rawley nor Gruter have a word to say about this. One would have thought that when Rawley had been so plainly flouted by the editor of the "Histoire Naturelle" in the "Advertisement to the Reader," that he, when bringing out his "Life," would have pointed out, if he could, where the "Life" of the "Histoire Naturelle" was wrong and misleading, especially as Gilbert Wats had called it "a just and elegant discourse" in his Preface to the "Advancement of Learning" of 1640. But never a word is there, publicly, from either Rawley or Gruter in disparagement of this

"Life," or in explanation of the original English edition of the book. The letters of Gruter that the editor of BACONIANA dragged to the light in 1679—long after the incident was closed, and Rawley had been dead for twelve years—show that a good deal of strong feeling had been evoked between Rawley and Gruter by the conduct of "the Frenchman," but for some curious and hidden reason both Rawley and Gruter seem to be restrained from coming out openly and showing where "that shameless person" was wrong. They quietly accept everything that he says, and have no answer to give. And evidently, from the MS. note written on Sir E. Durning Lawrence's copy of the book, the position of Rawley and Gruter had been openly talked about in literary circles, which would be all the more reason to look for some explanation from them when they came out in print. It is all puzzling, and, like so much connected with Bacon, has the air of mystery over it.

The part of all this that interests me most—and will, I think, be of value to the elucidation of the Bacon question—is that there is nothing done by Rawley or Gruter to detract from the "Life" attached to the "Histoire Naturelle." Neither of them ventured to say anything against that.

THE PLAYER IN RATSEI'S GHOST AND SOGLIARDO.

IN the present year there has been published, both in London and at Stratford-upon-Avon, a small book by Dr. Leftwich which, while professing to be a refutation of my books, "Bacon Is Shakespeare" and "The Shakespeare Myth," in reality forms so excellent a foil and frame for the facts and the arguments contained in my books that it is difficult to imagine that Dr. Leftwich's pamphlet was not written expressly for that purpose. Dr. Leftwich, on page 13, says: "The player in Ratsei's Ghost, and even Sogliardo, may possibly be meant for Shakespeare, whose prosperity naturally excited the envy of his fellow-writers, and, temporarily, even of quarrelsome Ben." In Ratsei's Ghost the reference is undoubtedly to Shakespeare, by whose example the stroller is told to learn "to feed upon all men and let none feed upon thee, to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy hart (heart) slow to perform thy tongue's promise." In other words, learn to be a cruel usurer, a miser, and a liar, in imitation of the Stratford gentleman. Ben Jonson, in his play, *Every Man out of his Humour,* which was first produced in 1599, when Shakespeare was permanently residing at Stratford, and had just succeeded in obtaining a grant of arms, puts forward a still more terrible indictment. The story is told as follows:—"Actus Tertius scena prima (third Act, Scene i.; in modern editions Act III., Scene iv.). Sogliardo, Punt, Carlo.

"*Sog.*—I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have ben so toil'd among the Harrots (meaning Heralds) yonder, you will not belieue, they doe speake i' the straungest language, and giue a man the hardest terms for his money, that euer you knew.

"*Car.*—But ha' you armes? Ha' your armes?

"*Sog.*—Y faith I thank God I can write myself gentleman now; here's my pattent. It cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

"*Punt.*—A very fair coat, well charg'd, and full of armorie.

"*Sog.*—Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it as you haue seen a coat haue. How like you the crest, sir?

"*Punt.*—I understand it not well, what is 't?

"*Sog.*—Marry, sir, it is your Bore without a head, Rampant.

"*Punt.*—A Bore without a head! that's very rare.

"*Car.*—I (aye) and rampant, too: troth I commend the Herald's wit; he has deciphered him well: a swine without a head, without braine, wit, anything indeed. Ramping to Gentilite. You can blazon the rest, signior? Can you not?

. . . . . .

"*Punt.*—Let the word be, *Not without mustard*, your crest is very rare, sir."

(The above is taken from an extremely rare early quarto which is in my library.) Carlo Buffone is simply a Buffoon. Puntarvolo (who undoubtedly is Bacon) we are told in the list of actors "Over-Englishes his travels." Bacon's great work, the creation of an English literary language, appeared even to his foreman, Ben Jonson, to be over-Englishing everything. In Act III., Scene ii., Carlo Buffone calls Puntarvolo "a yeoman pheuterer." Pheuter or feuter was a rest or support for a spear, and in London there was a Pheuterers' Company. In the above scene we are informed that Puntarvolo's crest was a bore. Bacon's crest was a wild boar. Sogliardo (whom Dr. Leftwich admits represents William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman) is said in the list of actors to be

so enamoured of the title of gentleman that he is willing to pay for it. He is described as "an essential clown" (that is, a man who can neither read nor write). He is also described as brother to Sordido the miser (that is, that he himself is a miser, a fact which is also told us in Ratsei's Ghost). In the play, as quoted above, we see that Sogliardo speaks in rough, uncouth language as a clown, that his crest is a bore without a head (*i.e.*, that he is used as a pseudonym by Bacon), while Carlo says that he is, in fact, "a swine without a head, without braine, without wit, anything indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie." Punt (who is Bacon) confirms Sogliardo's identity with Shakespeare by saying "let the word (the motto) be *not without mustard*," W. Shakespeare's motto being *not without right.*

Moreover, Ben Jonson names the essential clown Sogliardo, a word so foul that it is gross flattery to translate it by so clean a word as "filth." After this is it possible that any person can for a moment suppose that Ben Jonson was referring to the "Sogliardo," the "essential clown," who could neither read nor write, when he speaks in eulogistic terms of the great author of the plays?

The Stratford myth is indeed dead, and all that Dr. Leftwich has succeeded in effecting is to drive an additional nail or two into the coffin of the "gentleman of Stratford-upon-Avon," and to confirm in the strongest manner the great truth that "Bacon is Shakespeare, the author of the immortal plays."

EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE.

Sept. 20, 1912.

FRANCIS BACON AS TREASURER OF GRAY'S INN.

GRAY'S INN is the ancient site of the manor of Portpoole—one of the Prebendaries of St. Paul's Cathedral still bears the name—and was owned, so far as land could be owned in the days of feudalism, by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's holding of the king, as it was said, in pure and perpetual alms. The Dean and Chapter let the manor at the beginning of the fourteenth century to the family of the Grays of Wilton, who were tenants at a rent for several generations. Subsequently the property passed into the possession of the Prior and Convent of East Shene, in Surrey, and was leased to "certain students of the law," already formed into the Society of Gray's Inn, at an annual rent of £6 13s. 4d. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Benchers of Gray's Inn became tenants of the Crown at the same rent as they had paid to the monks of Shene, and they continued to pay the same rent until the year 1733, when they bought the property for the sum of £180, and have since held it free from any payment of rent whatever.

The matter of rent is interesting, not only for the sake of comparison with the annual value of the property at the present day, but also because it appears to have been satisfied by a vicarious process of offering daily masses in the chapel on behalf of the soul of John, the son of Reginald de Grey. This duty was originally entrusted to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and lands were granted to them by way of recompense, but they found it more convenient to make an annual payment of £6 13s. 4d. to the Benchers of Gray's Inn to have the services conducted by the chaplain in Gray's Inn Chapel, so that the Society lived

practically rent free in consideration of the performance of this daily office.

Since Francis Bacon lived in the Inn, of course, many changes have been made. Chapel Court, where "Bacon's Buildings" stood, has been joined to Coney or Corner Court, and is now the quadrangle known as "Gray's Inn Square." The house, too, where Lord Macaulay lived, in Holborn Court, has made way for an enlargement of the library, and the name of the quadrangle has been changed to "South Square." The gardens, which were laid out by Francis Bacon, remain much the same, and contain the old catalpa tree which Bacon planted, although one must note with regret the removal of the summer-house, with its Latin inscription, which Bacon erected to the memory of his friend and fellow-bencher, Jeremy Bettenham. In recent years the Benchers have made extensive improvements. The chapel has been restored at considerable expense; trees have been planted in Gray's Inn Square; and the fine old brick-work which had been buried in dull plaster has been unearthed from the walls of the hall; while in South Square a grass lawn has been laid out, where a statue of Francis Bacon was recently unveiled.

Although in other respects the grounds and buildings of the old Inn are substantially the same, it is difficult to picture it now, as it was in Tudor times, standing alone in the fields with green hedges on either side of the lane leading to Kentish Town and Islington. It seems strange to think of the days when Lord Berkeley used to hunt his pack in the Gray's Inn fields, and draw the covers of Highgate, attended by his 150 liveried servants in their tawny coats; when each morning the field was mainly composed of eminent lawyers and great nobles and other members of the Gray's Inn Society. The time has long gone by since it was necessary for the Benchers to order that members of

the Society must not wear hats, top-boots, or spurs in the Hall; when the cut and colour of their coat, and even the length of their beard, was regulated by an order of the Benchers; when members were forbidden to stand with their backs to the fire in the Hall, or to be out after six o'clock in the evening; when they might not employ "laundresses" under forty years of age, and the officers of the Society were constrained to celibacy, with the exception of the steward, the butler, and the chief cook.

During the sixteenth century it was the custom at Gray's Inn to appoint two treasurers at a time, who held the office jointly for the same period. It was in Bacon's time that a change was made. Cuthbert Pepper was appointed sole treasurer in 1604, and held the office for four years. He was succeeded in 1608 by Francis Bacon, who continued sole treasurer until he was made Lord Keeper in 1617. From that time onwards, down to the present day, it has been the custom to appoint every year a treasurer, who takes precedence in Hall during his year of office, and presides at the "pensions" or meetings of the Benchers.

Bacon held the office of treasurer of Gray's Inn during two periods. First, in 1594, when he is mentioned as "one of the treasurers," though his term of office is not very clearly defined, and again in 1608, when he was Solicitor-General, he was sole Treasurer, and continued in the office for nine consecutive years.

The first treasurership, in 1594, was an important stage in his career, for it marks the transition from the private or contemplative life of the philosopher and poet to the active or public life of the lawyer and statesman. This distinction was ever present to the mind of Bacon, who divided his life into two parts—the contemplative life and the active life, and although biographers attach more importance to his professional and political career,

it was contemplations, dreams, and inventions for the benefit of the human race which dominated his thoughts and obsessed his mind. We see this over and over again in his letters and acknowledged works. In a letter to Bodley in 1605 he says :—

"I think no man can more truly say with the psalmist, 'multum incola fuit anima mea' (my soul has been a stranger in her pilgrimage), for since I was of any understanding I confess that my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence are many errors which I willingly acknowledge; and among the rest, this great one which led the rest, that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than play a part I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind."

That was the remarkable confession of a successful barrister in active practice as King's Counsel, who two years afterwards became Solicitor-General.

In his affectionate letter, dedicating his first little volume of Essays to his beloved brother Anthony in 1597, Francis writes : "I have preferred them to you that are next myself, dedicating them, such as they are, to our love, in the depth whereof I assure you I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to those contemplations and studies for which I am fittest."

Throughout Bacon's life the same idea prevailed, and even when he was raised to the Bench on his appointment as Lord Keeper he refers, in his speech in Chancery, to the trend of his personal inclinations :—

"The depth of the three long vacations," he said, "I would reserve in some measure free for business of estate and studies of the arts and sciences to which in my nature I am most inclined."

Even in legal and political treatises what might otherwise be dull and heavy matter becomes interesting for the picturesque phrasing, the delightful turns of fancy, and the poetic imagery, which characterise all Bacon's writings. His discourse on the "Union of the two Kingdoms," with its analogies to Nature, reveals the poet and the man of contemplations. He illustrates his theme with examples of the celestial bodies, the sun, the moon, and the rest, which have great glory and veneration; he refers to the appetites of amity in Nature, of the iron to adamant, of water falling to the centre of the earth, which, under pressure, will ascend, "forsaking the love to his own region or country." And in a passage dealing with the two conditions of perfect mixture in Nature one cannot help noticing the combination of similes which finds exact repetition in one of the Shakespeare plays.

Bacon says: "The second condition is that the greater draws the less. So we see when two lights do meet, the greater doth darken and drown the less. And when a smaller river runs into a greater, it leeseth both the name and stream."

The passage in the *Merchant of Venice* is as follows:—

Ner.—"When the moon shone we did not see the candle."
Par.—"So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a King until a King be by; and then his state empties itself as doth an inland brook into the main of waters."

The same characteristic love of similitude and imagery is apparent in Bacon's legal charges and political speeches, for he was equally master of the phrase which gives impression to the senses as of the logical argument which appeals to reason. His method of oratory was a matter of comment among the men of his time, and in the Lonsdale MSS. there is a record of "Notes in

Parliament" made in 1626, where a contemporary states :—

"Sir Francis Bacon used to introduce his matter by poetry and history. He was a man most elegant, though likened to a meteor."

The adoption of the legal profession by Francis Bacon was not due to choice or personal inclination, but rather due to the force of circumstances following upon his father's death. Originally, no doubt, it was the intention of Sir Nicholas Bacon that both the brothers, Anthony and Francis, should practise at the Bar, because on their admission as students at Gray's Inn in June, 1576, he placed them under a law tutor named Richard Barker. At that time, therefore, they were to pursue their legal training for the ordinary course of several years. But a few months afterwards there was a sudden change of plans; and Francis was allowed to abandon the legal profession in order to accompany Sir Amyas Paulet on his embassy to the the French Court. They sailed on board the *Dreadnought*, under Capt. Biston, in the month of September, 1576, and Francis remained abroad for two and a-half years until the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon at the beginning of the year 1579. Then Francis returned to England and took up his residence in Gray's Inn in the set of chambers previously assigned to his father, and he occupied them during the remainder of his life.

From that time down to the year 1594—a period of fifteen years—this man of contemplations led the life almost of a recluse. He had a country house at Twickenham, where he stayed from time to time. He occasionally rode over to Gorhambury and visited his mother. He studied law, and performed the duties of a sort of Court Secretary without remuneration, drafting documents dealing with State affairs. He was also a member of Parliament, but in those days that made no

great claims upon his time. In other respects his life was private, devoted to study and contemplations and the production of works for the benefit of mankind. He was a man of tremendous industry, a great reader of books, and his memory was phenomenal. He lived among the ancients, as he tells us, and it is manifest from his writings that he had read and digested all the Greek and Roman literature. The importance of English books was then inconsiderable, but his knowledge of foreign languages enabled him to become familiar with the French, Italian, and Spanish authors. "After he had surveyed all the records of antiquity," says Gilbert Wat, "after the volumes of men, he betook himself to the study of the volume of the world; and having studied all that books possessed—his spacious spirit not thus bounded—he set upon the kingdom of Nature." His researches covered the whole field of history and philosophy, as well as of poetry, which he enthusiastically describes as "a dream of learning." He drank deep of the waters of Parnassus. To Burleigh he writes: "Not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honour; nor under Jupiter, that loveth business; for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly."

In a letter to Essex he asks his lordship not to conceive that in the matter of promotion he is "either much in appetite or much in hope. For as for appetite, the waters of Parnassus are not like the waters of the Spa, that give a stomach; but rather they quench appetite and desires."

For fifteen years "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed upon any of the children of men" was actively engaged upon "inventions" in the solitude of his chambers in Gray's Inn.

It was early in the year 1594 that Bacon's professional career practically began, when he made his

first appearance as counsel in a case in the King's Bench. On that occasion an observer calls attention to the fascination of "the unusual words wherewith he bespangled his speech," and adds that "certain sentences of his, somewhat obscure, and as it were presuming upon their capacities, will, I fear, make some of them rather admire than commend him." Until that year he had no practice in court, he held no office, and he occupied his time in studies which Bodley somewhat disdainfully described as being "unworthy of such a student." It has been noted in this connection that Bodley had contempt for the dramatic productions of his time, and he excluded from his library at Oxford such books as "almanacks, plays, and an infinite number that are daily printed of unworthy matters." He adds, "Haply some plays may be worth the keeping, but hardly one in forty." Bacon's *debut* in the literary and artistic world was not as an author of philosophical works—for he published none in Elizabeth's reign, and even his first little volume of Essays was not published until 1597—but his inventive faculty was first revealed in connection with dramatic entertainments. His name did not appear as the author of plays, and even in modern biographies he is at first only credited with being a contriver of masques and pageants. In respect of the performances during his office as Reader in 1588 it has been suggested that the greatest master of the English language was merely the architect or designer of the dumb shows. But further examination and research has shown that this dumb orator—this invisible author—had a power of expression, and it is now admitted that he was responsible for the speaking parts in the dramatic performance or conference of pleasure provided by the Earl of Essex for the entertainment of the Queen on her anniversary in 1592.

Again in 1594, when "witty inventions" ran riot in

Gray's Inn Hall, the dramatic performances comprised in the "Gesta Grayorum"—of which some details will be given hereafter—are now recognised to be the work of Francis Bacon. There was another device or conference of pleasure in 1595 which for some reason or other has long been handed down as the composition of the Earl of Essex, but it has at last been proved to be Bacon's work—a fact which is abundantly clear from the identity of thought and forms of expression which are to be found in his acknowledged writings. These are only a few of the dramatic entertainments which are known to be composed by the invisible author, whose name never appears and whose dramatic authorship is comparatively a modern discovery.

Before our invisible author set to work upon inventions, devices, and conferences of pleasure, the masque, which was customary on occasions of festivity, was a stupid and witless performance. "These things are but toys," says Bacon in his Essay on Masques and Triumphs. But since they were an established form of entertainment for princes, he realised a demand for them which could not be resisted; and while he adopted the form, he entirely changed the manner of the performance. The artless pageant had been previously "daubed with cost." His compositions were "graced with elegancy," or, as it is stated in the "Gesta Grayorum," "witty inventions rather than chargeable expenses." Music, scenery, colours and costumes, were studied by him for artistic effect. His close attention to detail in these matters led him to observe that "the colours that show best by candle-light are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green"; oes and spangs he recommends, "as they are of no great cost and of most glory; as for rich embroidery, it is lost and not discerned." "Let the suits of the masquers be graceful," he says, instead of the old-fashioned costumes

of Turks, soldiers, sailors, and the like. He would cut down the anti-masques, which commonly consisted of freaks, baboons, wild men, beasts, &c. It was a poor idea of humour, he thought, to introduce angels into comic scenes, while devils and giants were hideous and unfit. The changes he made in the customary masque are seen in the inventions or dramatic entertainments which he produced in Gray's Inn Hall. In the whole history of the Inns of Court there is nothing to equal the elegance and splendour of Bacon's entertainments.

No doubt there were ordinary revels at the Inns of Court each year during the festive seasons of Christmas and Shrovetide, but there is no record of dramatic performances at Gray's Inn since the year 1566, when the "Jocasta" of Euripides was performed in the hall, until Bacon's year of office as Reader in 1588. The position of Reader, we are told in Mr. Douthwaite's history, was one of considerable dignity and importance. He was expected to give great entertainments, involving a large expenditure, which fell entirely upon his own private means. Bacon was lavish in this respect, and the opportunity appealed to his imagination. He was familiar with the young gallants of Gray's Inn—among whom was the Earl of Southampton, admitted a student during the year of Bacon's Readership — and sympathised with their enthusiasm for dramatic entertainments. It is as Reader of Gray's Inn that he writes the letter to Lord Burleigh regretting the impracticability of a joint masque from the four Inns of Court, and informing the Lord Treasurer that Gray's Inn is furnished with gallant young gentlemen who are ready and willing to provide the entertainment. It was during his Readership that the "Misfortunes of Arthur" was performed before the Queen at Greenwich by the members of his Inn, and the year is further celebrated for the production of a "comedy" in Gray's

Inn Hall, and although both the name of the comedy and of its author are unrecorded, we know that the occasion was an important one, for all the dignitaries of the Court were present, including the Lord Treasurer (Lord Burleigh), the Lord Steward (Earl of Leicester), the Earls of Warwick and of Ormond, Lord Grey of Wilton, and other members of the nobility.

Then there is an interval of six years, with no record of dramatic entertainments, until 1594, when Bacon attains to the highest authority in his Inn as one of the treasurers. His period of office is distinguished for dramatic performances on a most elaborate scale. It marks the occasion when so-called "grand nights" were instituted for the entertainment of visitors. It is memorable for that unique invention—that fantastic creation—the extravagant burlesque known as "The Court and Kingdom of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole."

Apart from the actual productions at this period, we have some interesting evidence of Bacon's manner of working. From the MSS. in the British Museum we know that on the 5th December, 1594, Bacon was occupied in jotting down on loose sheets of paper memoranda of a very significant kind, which he called a "Promus of formularies and elegancies." It is not necessary to refer to these documents in detail. Their significance has been revealed to us through the enterprise and industry of both Mrs. Pott and Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence. Their contents show that they are to a large extent notes made by an author for the purpose of reproduction in some work of imagination.

While Francis Bacon was engaged in this congenial occupation a pathetic incident occurred. A letter was brought to his chambers from his mother at Gorhambury, in which Lady Anne writes: "I trust they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn."

No doubt the fond mother conjectured that the usual festivities would take place at Christmas, but she had no idea that her son was contemplating a programme of Christmas entertainment which was to eclipse in splendour anything attempted before. The plans of Francis were, in fact, so far advanced, that shortly after the receipt of his mother's letter the scheme was propounded to the Benchers, and with their approval it was resolved that the Christmas diversions should include the establishment of a royal court in Gray's Inn, with a mimic prince and counsellors.

Here was a theme after Bacon's own heart. A courtier from childhood, whom Queen Elizabeth had playfully called her "little keeper," who had spent two years at the Courts of the King of France and Navarre, and since his return to England had frequently been in attendance at Whitehall and Richmond Palace, was now to indulge in the humours of a mimic court in Gray's Inn. HAROLD HARDY.

(To be continued).

THE "SHAKESPEARE" SONNETS.

PENDING a further and fuller exposition of my "new view" on the above subject, which I hope some day, with your permission, to furnish in your columns, but which ill-health and other causes have prevented my supplying in this number, perhaps I may be permitted to make a few remarks on some of the criticisms which have appeared of it in your July issue from the able pens of your valued contributors, Mr. Samuel Waddington and Mr. Theobald, both of whom, objecting, as I understand them, to my contention (which I beg here to repeat) that not one of the Sonnets —that is, *not one where the pronoun "thou," in any of its grammatical forms, is used—is addressed to any individual*

apart from the poet himself, any creature of flesh and blood, that is—adduce what they believe to be instances to the contrary of this, Mr. Waddington alleging that "there is no doubt that some of the Sonnets, including the first seventeen and the one hundred and seventh, were addressed to the Earl of Southampton," and both of them agreeing that Sonnet 57 was addressed to Queen Elizabeth.

Well, as to Mr. Waddington's confident assertion that there can be "no doubt" as to Southampton being the *Addressé* in the case of the first Sonnets mentioned, it would be sufficient, perhaps, for me to point out that in the little book of the Sonnets which I hold in my hand ("The Temple" edition, 1910), the writer of the Preface distinctly states that "all the world of scholars are still divided" on this point; but the point in Mr. Waddington's argument with which I wish to deal is not this, but his contention that, though it is incredible that such Sonnets could be addressed to such a *magnifico* as the said Earl of Southampton by "an obscure actor and former butcher's apprentice" (in which, of course, I agree), yet it is possible and even credible, as he thinks and avers, that they—these same Sonnets—could have been written to him by Francis Bacon, for, in my humble opinion, such a supposition is even more impossible and therefore more incredible than the other.

For granting (as we must, if these seventeen Sonnets are addressed to Southampton or any other such person) that the theme and object of them is what it is generally supposed to be—an invitation, exhortation or incitement to a young man "to marry and beget children"—children of flesh and blood, not of the brain—just for the purpose of continuing his race—it is quite possible to conceive the young man from Stratford, once "taken up" by the great man from some strange whim or other, undertaking, or trying to undertake,

such a rôle to the best of his ability, being, indeed, "just the fellow for it," considering his own exploits in that way in the neighbourhood he came from. But, to consider such a man as Francis Bacon capable of going through with it to the extent of seventeen Sonnets—Francis Bacon, "our Shakespeare"—

> ". . . Soul of the age,
> "Th' applause, delight and wonder of the stage," etc.,

sitting down deliberately to such a task and exhausting all the powers of his mind upon it, is to me at least utterly inconceivable. To my mind, besides being repulsive, there is an anti-climax involved in the idea, as startling as the street cry of the Oriental fruit-seller—"In the name of the prophet—Figs!"

But let me turn, with Mr. Waddington, to the Sonnet (107) in which he finds evidence to prove "that it was sent by Francis Bacon to Lord Southampton in 1603, when the latter was released from prison on the death of Queen Elizabeth."

Now I am not here going to deny that this may have been the *occasion* of the Sonnet and that the *references* therein may be as Mr. Waddington interprets them; but where, I ask, is the evidence that it was sent—that is, I suppose, addressed—to Lord Southampton? I confess I can see none. For who is the "thou" in the penultimate line of the Sonnet (I will not re-quote, trusting your readers have their copies by them) but Bacon himself, who, as stated two lines up, "will live in this poor rhyme" (as he calls it with unusual self-depreciation) and who in that same rhyme will find his monument

> "When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass expire"?

Who else, I ask, could find a monument in his own lines but the man who wrote them, seeing that no other is mentioned?

But both Mr. Waddington and Mr. Theobald, as I

have said, are agreed that Sonnet 57 is addressed to Elizabeth, for does not the writer, as they remind me, in the sixth line say "My Soveraine"?

Why, yes, he does. But does every man when he says "My Soveraine" mean the queen whose reign he lives in? Indeed, I think not; for if I mistake not, "My queen," "My soveraine," are not uncommon terms of endearment used by poets even now, as well as in Elizabeth's time, to their lady-loves, and the lady, or imaginary being, whom the poet here addresses as his "soveraine," and for whom he "watches the clock" in his impatience to be with her, is no other than the one whom in the previous Sonnet he calls his Love—his "Sweet Love"; who else? Was Elizabeth, who had neglected him, likely to be addressed in such a term—Elizabeth, who was old enough to be (and by some, indeed, is thought to have been) his mother? Frankly, I trow not.

As regards Mr. Theobald's further remarks I would only ask to be permitted to say now that I am glad to find him saying that "on one important section of my argument" he has "anticipated" me, if by that he means he agrees with me; but I do not quite accept his "*alter ego*" as an equivalent for all I meant by Bacon's fanciful "dividing" of himself (in Sonnet 39), or his terms "self-communion" or "soliloquy" as sufficiently descriptive of Bacon's (or the poet's, whoever he may be) *dramatic* "talkings to himself," or parts of himself, personified, all through the Sonnets.

But, as I have thus replied to my kindly critics in BACONIANA, perhaps I may go on (though I did not originally intend to do so) and refer to one or two other criticisms which my "new view" has received outside its pages, and of these, if they represent, as I suppose they do, all that can be said against it on the "orthodox" side, I think I may at once say that I have every reason

to be satisfied. All that the *Athenæum* can apparently find to say against it is that while "certainly original" (which I take as a compliment, seeing the difficulty of saying anything fresh on such a thrashed-out subject), it is "odd and bizarre," though how anything can be odder or more bizarre than the present popular eugenic theory (if I may so call the advice-to-marry-and-beget-children suggestion) it is difficult to conceive. Moreover, it thinks that my theory is "not commended by the idea that Bacon was inspired by Hilliard's portrait to write the Sonnets," that being, I suppose, an idea too "original" to be accepted without due consideration. The *Athenæum* is cautious.

On the other hand, the *Daily Chronicle* is confident, and, after a good-natured reference to myself, launches forth into an eloquently-worded pen-picture of Shakespeare "as he is revealed to us in the Plays and Sonnets," as if that settled both me and my theory, whereas, though the writer does not seem to see it, his eloquent pen-picture of Shakespeare comes out as like to Francis Bacon as two peas (thus confirming my "theory"), and as unlike to the man of Stratford as any two things can possibly be conceived, except on one point, that being some "sensual fault" or weakness, introduced, evidently, to fit him as the author of the Sonnets, and to bolster up the popular legend of the Dark Lady, the remembrance of his amours with whom "filled him with sorrow and remorse"—sorrow and remorse or repentance, I forget which. But what signs of any of these feelings, I would ask, exhibit themselves in the life of the man of Stratford as we know it, though, apparently, he was a man of many "amours"?

Leaving the writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, and those who agree with him in this dark and (I will not hesitate to say) disgusting interpretation of the Sonnets, to reply to this question, I should like to point out to Baconians

inclined to support this *personal* method of interpretation—substituting only Francis Bacon for the Stratford man—how impossible it is to do so without attributing to *him* also the same "sensual fault" or weakness (or, indeed, an even worse one, as one distinguished Baconian,* seeing this, but not the consequences, "preposterously," as I think, *did*), thus disqualifying him, in my opinion, for the authorship of the plays, almost as much as the other man. And it is the necessities attached to this "personal"—this flesh and blood—method of interpretion, and the repulsive deductions which logically attend it, that have led to so many of what its supporters contemptuously term "eccentric" theories being suggested—theories, that is, which for any living persons supposed to be addressed, would substitute mere *abstractions*, as that of John Abraham Heraud, some fifty years ago, who would see in the "Two Loves" of the poet the Roman and the Protestant Churches; and that of my friend, Mr. J. E. G. De Montmorency, who, writing in the *Contemporary Review* so late as last May, would see in the "Friend" (generally translated Southampton or Herbert) the symbol of "Life and Goodness," and in the "Dark Lady" the personification of "Death and Evil"—both, in my opinion, mistaken views, but showing, at least, a juster appreciation of the real character of the Sonnets than that which would "attach them," as Mr. De Montmorency aptly says, "to the love affairs of an Elizabethan courtier."

And this brings me to what I consider the real merit of my "new view," which is this—that while it frees us from that degrading alternative, as well as from the repulsive suggestions of the so-called procreation theory, and all doubts as to the procreator, and other unnamed

* The late Rev. W. Begley, in his otherwise admirable book, "Is it Shakespeare?"

and unidentified personages, so to speak, within the scope of the poems, it removes the difficulty presented by what I may call the "Abstraction" theory—a theory to which the form of address in the poems does not lend itself—by supplying in its place an imaginary entity in the person of the poet himself, or "part" of himself—an abstraction to which the poet himself can speak as to a separate individual, but which is no creature of flesh and blood—no Southampton or Herbert or such like.

A mere "abstraction," for example, could not be addressed in such terms as these—

> "*Thou* that art now the world's fresh ornament
> And only herald to the gaudy spring," etc.,

as in the first Sonnet (or anywhere, indeed, all through the Sonnets where that pronoun occurs), whilst, regarded as the representative of the poet's *substantive* personality, it is at once intelligible and grammatically appropriate.

All the same, I regard the "Abstractionist" theories (if I may so call them) as much nearer to the truth than that of those who, whilst quarrelling amongst themselves as to the identification of impossible personalities, regard them, to use the phrase of Mr. Begley, as "eccentric." For though the poet is, as I contend, all through the Sonnets addressing himself as a personality, *he, himself*, when speaking of or to himself, regards himself as the embodiment of a certain "abstraction," which becomes "His Love," and this "abstraction," I venture to think, is summed up in one word—KNOWLEDGE, true knowledge, the sole object of his desire and devotion, to the "advancement" of which (as Bacon, I mean, of course) he dedicated all his life and all his energies. For what does "Shakespeare" say of "Knowledge"? It is "the wing," he writes (or one of them), "by which

we fly to heaven" (the other being Poesy—divine Poesy). And what says Bacon? "Without knowledge," he writes, "there can be *no good*—not even religion." It is to him *everything*—His Love—his only Love.

But the poet says he has "Two Loves"—one "of Comfort," and the other "of Despair," and these are what he calls, in another place, "the better" and "the worser" parts of him.

But are not these one and the same? I cannot but think so—nay, the poet, it seems to me, himself tell us so, for he goes on to say (Sonnet 144):—

> "The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And *whether that my angel be turned fiend*
> *Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;*
> But being both from me, both to each friend,
> I guess one angel in another's hell:
> Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,
> Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

What else, I say, can we gather from this than that the "Two Loves"—his "better and worser angels or spirits"—his "man right fair" and his "woman coloured ill," being "both from him"—parts of himself—are—contradictory as it may seem at first sight—one and the same—one and the same and yet two, and of those two, one apparently bad, the other good, and yet *both loved*, and not, as we should suppose, one loved, the other hated?

This is, indeed, at first sight, as I have said, an apparent contradiction, and not only that, but a tangle of contradictions. But they are, to my mind, only seemingly so. For the poet's "Two Loves," being parts of himself, are necessarily embodiments of the same "abstraction" as himself, which being, as I have suggested, "Knowledge," makes *them* also embodiments

of the same, and, therefore, objects of his love, his devotion, and his desire.

True, between his "Two Loves" there is a contrast. One is "a man right fair," his better angel; the other, his "worser sprite," a "woman"—not ill (or evil) be it noted, but—"*coloured ill*"—a distinction which those will understand who have read and *studied* that well-known but little-studied tractate yclept the "Colours of Good and Evil." There is, I say, this "contrast" between his "Two Loves," but there is no "contradiction," for they are still both of them his "loves"—not one the object of his love, the other of his hate. Neither are his two loves at variance with each other, as he plainly (or as plainly as his mysterious monologuing will admit) shows in the next Sonnet (145), being, as I have said, each and both, representatives or embodiments, or imaginary personifications of one and the same abstraction—to wit—"Knowledge"—*all* kinds of which, both good and bad, "Shakespeare" (like Bacon) had "taken into his province," and made the object of his life—his "Love," in fact.

Is this "strange," as the *Athenæum* says? Well, it may be, but I do not think it is either "odd" or "bizarre." For "Knowledge" was to "Shakespeare" (Bacon) much what the "muse" (or the Muses) represented to the sages of Greek philosophy, what the "Law" was to the "Psalmist" (or one of the psalmists; see Psalm cxix.), and, still more closely in its analogy, what "Wisdom"* was to Solomon, or the pseudo-

* Like the "Shakespeare" Sonnets, the "Song of Solomon" has been the subject of much controversy. The authorised annotations, contained in the Chapter Headings, describe it expressive of the mutual love of Christ and the Church. May it not be more nationally regarded as representing the love of some Oriental "Shakespeare" for "Wisdom"—the sole object of his affection?

Solomon of Hebrew tradition—his personal "Love," the object upon which he lavished all his affections and exhausted all his vocabulary of passion. Amongst more modern poets, too, there may be found some analogies for the abstraction he created out of himself in the "Laura" of Petrarch, the "Beatrice" of Dante, the passion for "Light"—"More Light" of Gœthe, and the animation of "Nature" by Wordsworth.

And this leads me to say, in conclusion, that amongst the not few letters of encouragement and approval which I have received on the publication of my first article on the above subject was one which supplied a further and very apt illustration of what I have endeavoured to convey in the last paragraph. It was one which, though brief, *sapit litteras*, and concluded thus :—

"I agree with you, 'besseres Ich' is the true solution—'besseres Ich' occurring in the line of the German poet Rüchert—

"'Mien güter Geist, mein besseres Ich!'"

I thank my correspondent for that word, and think, with him, that, if it does not quite supply the solution, it suggests the key to it. JOHN HUTCHINSON.

Dullatur House, Hereford.

THE LOVE TEST.

SOME critics seek to settle the claim of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets by applying what Mr. S. R. Littlewood, in the *Daily Chronicle* of 20th July, 1912, called the Love Test.

The author, wrote Mr. Littlewood, of the plays and sonnets was "frank, sensitive, exuberant, lyrical, a passionate friend and lover, permeated with the sense of

beauty, responsive to every physical impulse, warm and human to the finger tips, . . . as incomparably rich in humour as in imagination."

Each and all these qualities, said Mr. Littlewood, are entirely antagonistic to the known character of the writer of the "Novum Organum" (1620), the "Advancement of Learning" (1605), and the "Essays" (1598, 1612, 1625). The dates are not given by Mr. Littlewood. His argument is that this writer of serious educational prose cannot consequently have written the tragedies and histories of the play folio nor the serious poems. *A fortiori* he cannot have written the comedies or the lighter verse. Against this view of the capacity of Francis Bacon may be opposed the opinions of the German historian Gervinus, the English poet Shelley, and the English novelist Bulwer Lytton.

But the personal testimony of Ben Jonson, Tobie Matthew, and Francis Osborn, all contemporaries of Bacon, absolutely destroys Mr. Littlewood's assumption. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to quote Ben Jonson as to Bacon's inability to avoid jesting whenever he had an opening. The man who at the age of sixty-five took pleasure in dictating the Apophthegms, a collection of some scores of amusing anecdotes, cannot be charged with not being "rich in humour." Unable to appreciate the Essays as compressed and aphoristic statements upon a variety of subjects, Mr. Littlewood termed the "Essay of Love" a "little page of sneers."

Well, let us examime this Essay, first printed in 1612, when Francis was fifty-two and had been six years married to his young wife.

"The passion of love hath its flouds in the verie times of weakenes, which are great *prosperity* and great *adversitie*. . . . Both which times *kindle* love and make it more *fervent* and therefore shewe it to be the

childe of folly. They doe best that make this affection keepe quarter."

These propositions strike one as being correct and the inferential advice sound.

"For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself, as the lover does of the person loved."

"Neither doth this weakness appear to others only and not to the party loved but to the loved most of all *except the love be reciproque.*"

Is this the truth of the matter or is it not?

"For it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt."

Surely this is a fair and reasonable summing up of reciprocated and unreciprocated affection respectively?

The Love Test sets one enquiring whether Francis wrote his Essay from impersonal outward study or grounded it upon his intimate private experience.

Francis had at least two personal adventures with the passion called love. It so happened that one was at a time of great prosperity and the second at a time of great "adversitie."

Touring in France as a young man—of great parentage—he fell transcendently in love, so relates the biliteral cipher story, with the French king's sister, the beautiful Marguerite of Navarre.

This lady, though married to Henry of Navarre, had for years declined to go and live with her husband. A scheme projected by Francis that his own royal parent should help the lady to secure a divorce and then to be married to him was refused by the Queen and vetoed as impracticable. Moreover, the lady was fickle and turned to other and older admirers. Thereupon, as frequently happens with intense natures, his feelings rushed to the other extreme. Fortunately they are

recorded in print. As Euphues in 1580 Francis advocated the study of philosophy, or law, or divinity, supplemented by *contemptuous meditations about women.* As Immerito, also in 1580, he wrote for the March emblem of his "Shepheard's Kalendar :—

"To be wise and eke to love
Is granted scarce to God above."

Also—

"Of honie and of gaule
In love there is store ;
The honie is much,
But the gaule is more."

His second great adventure in love was in a period of "adversitie." Shortly after the death of his mother, Queen Elizabeth, he was alone in the world; his hopes of the throne had been defeated, he had no fortune, his old opponent, Robert Cecil, was in power, and a jealous king occupied the throne. His only aids were a few good though powerless friends and his own mental dexterity. In this time of weakness and wanting companionship and sympathy he fell in love with and married a young girl named Alice Barnham. Her mother was the daughter of a tradesman who had supplied Queen Elizabeth with her dress silks. Her deceased father had been a rich City alderman. Her mother had re-married an old man, the rich Sir John Pakington. Alice and her younger sisters resided with the Pakingtons in the Strand or at Sir John's fine mansion in Worcestershire. Rawley tells us that "his lordship (Bacon) treated his wife with much conjugal love and respect."

Spedding is singularly silent as to Bacon's matrimonial career.

Beyond registering that Lady Bacon had a sharp tongue, he presumed a conjugal contentment and did not want to know anything different.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIX., at page 748, complained of this bolting of the door upon all enquiry into the matter.

The first hint of a possible rift in the lute comes from a letter of May, 1616, printed in Dixon's "Personal History of Lord Bacon." Lady Pakington had written to Francis to say that she (Lady P.) would receive his wife "if she be cast off." To this Francis returned a reproving reply.

The Gorhambury steward's cash account of 1618 rather indicates Lady Bacon's absence from Gorhambury (see Spedding's "Life and Letters," Vol. VII.). In the same volume there is reference to Bacon's household staff, and to another household staff with which he appears to have been associated, but which is not further explained.

According to Dixon, Lady Bacon had a private income of £220 per annum and Francis settled another £500 per annum upon his marriage to her.

Spedding made no comment whatever upon two remarkable passages in Bacon's will of 19th December, 1625.

The first is testator's reference to a rent which belonged to him, but had been set apart for his wife's better maintenance *while she lived at her own charge*, but which she had subsequently gone on receiving and which he therefore proposed to continue to her under his will.

Had Francis and his wife at one period lived apart from each other?

The second remarkable passage of the will is that where Francis, after giving certain important devises and bequests to his wife, utterly revokes and makes void —*for just and grave causes*—all his gifts and grants to her.

After his death, Lady Bacon is stated to have married

her gentleman usher. When she died in 1650, or 1656, her remains were not buried at St. Michael's, Gorhambury, but in the chancel of Eyeworth Church, Bedfordshire.

Review of this chain of circumstance prompts the conclusion that the elderly husband's conjugal love and respect for his young wife did not meet with *reciproque*, but, *per contra*, with "an inward and secret contempt." If so, it was but natural that he should repeat in the 1612 "Essay of Love" the old saw—"that it is impossible to be in love and to be wise"—which he had quoted in 1580 after his first unhappy cross.

If these assumptions are correct, the essay which Mr. Littlewood called a "little page of sneers" is really a human document, the silent record by Francis, and quintessence of his own vale of love and tears.

From association with the comedy of the sexes at the English and foreign Courts, and from the depths of his own experiences, no man was better equipped to write of love as appears in the Shakespeare plays than was Francis Bacon.

But, when we pass to the Shakespeare Sonnets, a concordance of sentiment between the "Essay of Love" and certain of the last twenty of these beautiful poems arrests attention.

In his writings Francis never neglected those he had loved, nor those whose friendships he had valued. Through his pen he hoped to confer upon them a memory outlasting brass or marble monuments.

This man whom all who were great and good (said Aubrey) loved—this man who chronicled for the people only the felicities (most praiseworthy qualities) of his mother, the Queen, was not likely to neglect to chronicle all that was best and happiest, and yet silently all that was true in the course of his love for his young wife.

The Shakespeare Sonnets were printed in 1609, three years after the marriage. Sonnets 132 and onwards register Francis Bacon's love idyl and love troubles of his middle age. They tell the story of the deep affection that was not *reciproque*, but met by the party loved "*with an inward and secret contempt.*"

"Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain."—132.
"Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past my best."—138.
"Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside,"

is the beautiful and touching appeal of the old lover to his bride in Sonnet 139.

"Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain."—140.

In Sonnet 142 he wrote:—

"Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate—
Hate of my sin grounded on sinful loving."

Why he considered his loving sinful is recorded in the 129th Sonnet.

Well might Francis in his "Essay of Love" three years later affirm: "Those doe best that make this affection keepe quarter."

PARKER WOODWARD.

BACON IN ITALY.

(Continued.)

ONCE more let me draw attention to Professor D'Ancona's valuable edition of Montaigne's Journal (Città Di Castello, 1895). It certainly proves the English popular edition to be a bit inadequate. Montaigne's three first lines allude to facts and people of whom we know, and are meant to know, nothing; his fourth ushers M. D'Estissac upon the scene, most pointedly, who is not throughout the Diary spoken of as Count but plain M. or Signor. A foot-note by Querlon, the former editor, is re-printed: "Son of Signora D'Estissac, to whom is dedicated Chapter 8 of the Book, No. 2 of the Essays, intitled: The affection of Fathers for their offspring." At first sight this seems to favour the view taken by Mr. Hardy, p. 185, July BACONIANA, were it not that Professor D'Ancona adds his own note, in which he expresses some doubt as to the identity of the young companion of Montaigne.

"It is difficult to say who was Sig. D'Estissac, perhaps Carlo Signore of the Estate bearing that name in Perigord, Diocese of Periguex, who, dying, left as his heiress his sister Claudia, married to a Larochefouscault." Perhaps! and perhaps not! If young Francis Bacon visited Catholic Italy with Michael D'Eyquem, he borrowed a good French surname. To use his own was obviously impossible. What more likely than that Amyas Paulet or Walsingham obtained from Henri III. and Catharine the safest introduction possible for the young diplomat for whom they were held responsible by the Queen, one which would the most effectually stifle buzzes and suspicion, and would also admit him on terms of friendship to Royal and Papal closets, as well as to public Audience Chambers.

France was not only well affected to England but anxious for stricter amity still; Catharine was actually advising Elizabeth to cut the claws of Spain, and restrict his too far extending power within reasonable limits. Why should she and her son not help to carry messages political into Italy from Elizabeth? Foreigners of distinction often adopted an assumed name when travelling; still oftener when engaged in diplomacy. Jean Melvin De Sessac, doyen of the French Parliament, the good friend of De Thou, one who he says in his "Mèmoires" had been of help to him, was possibly of the same family. To lend the name of a son or nephew to one under Court protection for the good of France was not an impossible act for a member of a family devoted to the Throne. To the outside world of Italy Francis might easily pose as a member of this respected French family; to those behind the scenes, as the Envoy of the Protestant Queen, desirous of travelling *incognito*. This is my hypothesis. If confronted suddenly by someone to whom he did not wish to make himself known he had only to thrust his thumb in his right eye, so as to make the blood flow, and ask us to believe the accident was caused by a too awkward lifting of his hat. Such an episode occurred the day Montaigne left Rome, 19th April, 1581. We draw our own conclusions. The preaching in Rome pleased him mightily, an art which Mrs. Pott has long believed Francis Bacon introduced through John Donne and others into England.

But we must leave Rome now and follow our traveller through Castel Nuova, and Borghetto, the castle of Ottavio Farnese, the old father of the Duke of Parma, through Otricoli, and Narni, whose very beautiful fountain, Church tapestry, and ancient rhymed MSS. (possibly old Provençal), interested him greatly. Here he made vain attempt to find certain earth of strange

property mentioned by Pliny. He loves Terni's beautiful wealth of olive trees, its fruit-covered mountains, and the road-making, "beautiful, grand and noble," of Gregory XIII. At Spoleto he is examined closely, less on account of the plague, from which Italy was free, as from terror lest Petrino, Italy's chief outlaw, might be lurking round. The valley is "the most beautiful plain between mountains that it is possible to see anywhere." His admiration elicits a foot-note saying Saint Francis was in sympathy with him in this.

In Macerata a Palazzina of free stone, squared and cut into diamond points, delights his architectural eye. Mignardi now, it was perhaps the work of the Carboni; it has three windows on each of its two floors, besides the ground one; so we learn from a note. "*Porta Boncompagno*" in gold letters is seen on the new gate of this town, following on to the roads the Pope repaired.

Loreto pleased him much. Pilgrims, rich and poor alike in weeds; some in procession with banner and crucifix, some alone, heralded the little fortified village close to the Gulf of Venice. From it on a fine day our author says the Sclavonic mountains are to be seen across the Adriatic.

Knight, in his "Notes on the Shakespeare Plays," explains—

> "A true-hearted pilgrim is not weary to measure kingdoms
> With his feeble steps."—*Two Gent. of Verona*, Act II., Sc. 7,

by saying "That the House of Our Lady of Loreto was the great object at this time of thousands of pilgrims." And had the author of the plays not been brought face to face with those "true-hearted pilgrims" we feel he would hardly have been so ready with the pilgrim metaphor as he was. Three days were spent in close inspection of and sympathetic interest in the sacred House, the zealous priests, and

the "orisons," as he describes them, and the devotions of the earnest pilgrim worshippers. It is interesting to note his interest in Faith Healing, for he gives at length the true story, as he says, of a rich young Parisian with a great suite whom he knew in Rome, who, after having failed to be cured by all the surgeons of Paris and Italy was healed by a visit to Loreto a month or two before.

Ancona was reached Wednesday, 26th April, with its "very fine port, and large arch, built in honour of Trajan, his wife and sister. It was from here that the Red Cross Knights started for the Holy Land, and doubtless as our traveller looked at the blue waters from the Port he admired so much, his thoughts travelled further than Venice, which he says he could reach in a boat for six halfcrowns, further even than Sclavonia, which a ferry reached in eight, ten or twelve hours. He remarks on a great "foison" (a word he is very fond of) of quails, which they called down from on high by counterfeit cries into nets spread along the coast. These birds, he says, fly back across the sea in September. Did he write later on on bird winds, and did he chronicle "The aptness of birds is in their attention," and "Birds give more heed and mark sound more than beasts"? (Bacon's "Nat. Hist."). Bacon, in his "State of Europe," says: "The Duke of Urbin, Francesco Maria of the House of Roverè, the second of that name, a prince of good behaviour and witty."

Did Bacon meet him then? Where more likely than in Urbino, which, as he tells us, "was one of the Duke's seven reasonably fair cities." Four out of these Montaigne stopped at. "Senigaglia, a beautiful little city situated on a very beautiful plain," adjoining the sea, "but it has no antiquities." This thirst for antiquities is very Baconian. See "Essay of Travel": "Antiquities and ruins are to be seen and observed"; while young Sebastan, in *Twelfth Night*, most virtuously

suggests going to see "the reliques of the town" at the moment of his stepping ashore. Fossombrone's stone bridge, marble monument of Trajan's time, and the late Cardinal of Urbino's garden, are "sights that beguile his time, and feed his knowledge," just as Shake-Speare would wish. Vicentius Castellani, an elegant Latinist, a traveller and a man of letters, is interviewed, and a palace, "with nothing agreeable within or without," disappoints our fastidious critic, who has heard it extolled for its beauty. The Diary says: "The Princes of Urbino are a good race and beloved by their subjects." Bacon says: "There have been good princes and valiant of that house, not so great exactors as the rest of Italy, therefore better beloved of their subjects." The Diary might have been on Bacon's desk while he wrote his Political Tract, only it was not unearthed till 1774!

A life-size effigy of that Phœnix of earthly and heavenly wisdom, "*Picus Mirandula*" (as the Diary writes his name), was seen in Urbino. Bacon was evidently interested too in that family, for he speaks of the Princes of Mirandola and their mother. Sir Thomas More translated the young philosopher's life and letters, and considered him a saint, master of all knowledge, student of classic as well as Oriental lore, familiar with the Jew's and every other religion. "This bright and beautiful sunbeam," as Colonel Young calls him, in his "Notes on the Medeci," seems like a mystic Lombard forerunner of Francis Bacon. The effigy is described in the Journal as "a beardless youth of seventeen, pale-faced, very beautiful, with a longish nose, and soft eyes, scant of flesh, with blond hair to the shoulders, and wearing a strange dress."

The *Sepulcro of Asdrubale*, five miles away, he connects with a mysterious empty brick tower with one entrance, and twenty-five feet high, not with the high

hill pointed out. Like Picus he knew much. Passing through Florence he notes a religious procession of beautiful peasant women in good straw hats, white shoes, and scarves. Prato next, then Poggio, Villa of Lorenzo de Medici, where the Grand Duke's laboratory and mechanical operations were inspected, and the beauty of woollen bed-hangings, lined with taffeta, commented on. I infer he dined in the palace, for he says, "From the table views were had of Florence, Prato, and Pistoia." In the last-named city the whole party dined next day with Messer Taddeo Rospigliosi, who, on their return journey from Lucca, comes again to see them. I have thought Guido Reni's "Aurora" on the ceiling of the house of the Rospigliosi in Rome was inspired by Francis Bacon's life and work, so his friendship with Messer Rospigliosi I find specially interesting. While on the subject of painters, let me ask who *Francis Alban* really was, the friend of Guido Reni and Domenichino, who 1578—1600 painted the fascinating *putti*, real babies of flesh and blood, now in the Borghese Gallery in Rome, and emblematic pictures of the Golden Age in the Uffizzi at Florence. Our author, using French, calls Pistoia a "*poure ville*," a curious lapse into Middle English. Critics find Montaigne's French as full of Italian idioms as his Italian is full of French ones—not so remarkable if both are written by an Englishman.

Lucca was reached on Ascension Day, and its baths two hours later, the experience of which may have led to the Charter being granted to Bath by Elizabeth, 1590. In Lucca di Bagni was splendid copy for apothecaries and their shops—it bristled with them. The disused *Bernabò* spring was discovered by a leper, who, essaying it, was cured. Bladud, son of Lud Hudibus, a swine-herd (*i.e.*, an initiate), discovered the healing properties of Bath waters by the cure of his

leprous pigs 863 B.C. On Sunday, 21st May, our Monte Cristo entertained a hundred guests at his ball, the first of the season. They included all the quality staying at the baths, as well as the *contadini*, very busy about their great annual silkworm harvest. Dancing, to five pipers, began on the terrace, which, too cold, was soon exchanged for the hall of the Buonvisi Palace. After supper prizes were awarded, not only for the best dancing and the greatest beauty, but for the most charming manners and *tout ensemble* of the peasant guests. Cinctures and caps, aprons violet and green, pins, shoes, crystal nets and necklaces had been sent for from Lucca, and first pendant from a ribboned hoop were presented to many happy prize-winners. "In truth," says our author, "it was a beautiful and fair sight to see peasants so graceful, dressed like gentlefolk, and dancing so well." He says the supper, to which everyone was invited, was a very light repast—only slices of veal and a few pairs of fowls. "The most excellent specimen possible" of an *Improvisatora* was Divizia, a poor and ugly *contadina*, who made verses in elegant language on the gods and their wisdom, making many, too, in her host's honour. He finds her poetry "only rhyme," and says that her uncle, "a student of Ariosto and other poets, read them to her who could neither read nor write."

A great man of Lucca presented Montaigne on leaving with a "beautiful present, a horse laden with beautiful fruit." Early figs, fine peaches, lemons, and oranges of an extraordinary size, came from others. Peasant men and women, on June 21st, the day he left, came to "take their leave with every expression of love and good will that could be desired," showing how beloved our traveller was. Stopping at Pistoia on the way, Friday, the 22nd, the great festival of St. John, found him in Florence. The city was gay with a

mystery play of St. George and the Dragon, pomps, chariot races (whose antiquity pleased our traveller much), and a race of Barbary horses won by Ferdinand de Medici. We have another description of the cryptic Etruscan Chimera in the Pitti Palace, and one of the bas-relief of the famous mule in the *Cortile*. A Bacchanalian dance of peasants took place on Saturday in the Grand Duke's Palace, when everything was thrown open, so that for this festival, at least, they might imagine their lost liberty regained. On Monday the self-sufficient gentleman, Silvio Piccolomini, entertained our author at dinner, "famous for his efficiency, particularly in fencing." Silvio, who, as I have already said, I hold to be the original of both Osric in *Hamlet*, and the Prince of Arragon in the *Merchant of Venice* (see July BACONIANA), disparaged before the assembled company the whole art of fencing as practised by Italian masters, praising only one of his own creation in Brescia. He particularly deprecated the use of the thrust which puts the rapier into the power of the enemy. Other quaint technicalities of Silvio follow, closing with this remark: "That the most excellent furnisher of fortifications was then in Florence, in the service of the Grand Duke *Serenissimo*." Silk-spinners were visited in their shop, and the casino of the Grand Duke revisited, where a wonderful pyramidical rock of minerals, welded together, spouted water, and exhibited within water-mills, windmills, church bells, soldiers on guard, animals, and a hundred other moving objects. A weird performance to be described "as the most important thing there"! Dinner at Pratolino, the Duke's country palace, was fraught with pleasure. Friday saw the purchase of eleven Italian comedies. Was the *Inganni del Secchi* one, from which (published in 1562) *Twelfth Night* was partly drawn? Boccaccio's will was seen, and our author comments "on the

poverty into which that great man fell, who left beds and beddings to his parents and sister." Was Boccacio's will the model of Shaxpur's, I wonder? On the 2nd of July our nature-lover passed poppy-covered plains, "the most famous in Tuscany," on his way to Empoli. At Pisa he found the University closed for three months. He takes the trouble to tell us *buonissimo* Comedians were there, the *Disiosi* (one of the oldest theatrical companies of Italy). At this point he tells us he took a beautiful private house, "with four reception-rooms and a fine Sala"—suggesting, perhaps, dramatic entertainments. Twenty-four days were spent in Pisa, of which he says, "With certain artists and merchants here I have transactions." The Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistry, and particularly the *Campo Santo* delighted him. No other city in Italy "contains such sacred relics nor marble and stone works of art of such size and admirable workmanship."

With regard to the many "grave men of Pisa," see my Notes in BACONIANA on the *Taming of the Shrew*. An episode showing our author's partiality for Comedians took place on 17th July, when he won a lottery, not entered into for money, but for property belonging to the *Fargnocola* Company of Players. This seems to have been a favourite amusement among Italian actors of that day. So here in Pisa theatrical entertainments were once more on the *tapis*. He visited Lucca again for three weeks, seeing and supping with many friends, and perhaps gaining inspiration from the wonderful marble tomb of Illaria di Caretta, by Quercia, in the cathedral, though he does not mention it. I cannot help connecting the lines in the last act of *Romeo and Juliet*, beginning "Sweet tomb," with Quercia's beautiful recumbent figure of a young wife, in her Tuscan dress, and her cryptic ring of lovely winged *putti* and their wreaths of fruit so accurately described

in the words, "The circuit which does contain the perfect model of eternity"; while the line, "Fair Juliet, that with the angels dost remain," also is perfectly expressed.

Juliet's supposed tomb in Verona is but an empty trough, and as Quercia was not unknown nor unloved by our author, it is quite likely that he who I believe was the author of *Romeo and Juliet* may have obtained some definite impressions from Lucca's *chef d'œuvre*. The lines quoted only occur in the text of Johnson, Steeves, and Reed. Who interpolated them, I wonder? They are not in the 1623 folio. Some pen that knew Quercia's tomb for the original of "A grave? O no, a lantern." Yes, a lantern to those who see.

At Bagni di Lucca he stayed another month to cure his migraine, which Bacon suffered from always. A week at Lucca, two days at Siena, then Viterbo, and Capratola, Cardinal Farnese's palace of art, in which his own suite of apartments was painted by the brothers Zucarri. Next a week in Rome, where a trick-rider in the baths of Diocletian performed wonders with the Turkish bow mentioned by Shake-Speare and Bacon. The French Ambassador drove him to the sale of the late Fulvio Orsino, the art collector mentioned by Anonimo. Cardinal de Sens drove him to S. Giovanni e Paolo. We are told he was the patron of "its Friars who distilled perfumes and medicines." Their chief, we know, was that past master in drugs Fra Paolo Sarpi. He left Rome October 15th, reaching Milan by Piacenza and Pavia. The Duke of Parma was in Piacenza, and that may have had to do with our Envoy leaving Parma unvisited. Farnese was in negotiation with Elizabeth. Gian Galeazzo Visconti's marble sepulchre in the "beautiful and famous Certosa," its lovely cloister, and his marvellous Castello, all attracted our traveller. Milan he calls "the most populous city

of Italy, and not unlike Paris." He left it October 28th for the Mont Cenis *via* Leghorn and Turin. He crossed it partly on horseback, partly in a *chaise à porteur*.

Where the diary says "*Ici on parle Francais*" I end my task, promising those who will read, mark, and digest it *en gros* a true revelation of Bacon in Italy.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND BACON.

IT is a curious fact that when a man is becoming convinced that opinions which he has held and expressed are unfounded he has a tendency to lose his temper and vent his wrath on those whose opinions, opposed to his, he realises are true.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is suffering from a very bad attack of irritation, one of the results of which is the announcement by him that "A new figure is forming and beginning to take the stage; the anti-Baconian." In the "Eye Witness" for September 12th, nearly two pages are devoted to words written by him to proclaim the new arrival. There are times when he can write reasonably, but he now indulges in wild, hysterical denunciations of people which only exist in his imagination, and of opinions which nobody holds. Mr. Chesterton would be well advised for the benefit of his own reputation if he left Shakespeare and Bacon alone. He has previously expressed his opinion of Shakespeare in the following terms:—"I am a journalist. So was Shakespeare a journalist, as well as a genius; he was a Fleet Street sort of man. And when the Baconians say, 'How could he have known this or that detail in law and hunting?' I answer that it is exactly one or two details of horse racing or gunnery that I do know. I forget where I heard them, and so did Shakespeare." Now that Mr.

Chesterton sees that public interest is being awakened in the life and works of Francis Bacon, instead of confining himself to chastisement and condemnation of his poor fellows whose only crime is that they are diligent searchers after truth, he makes a series of charges, direct and by implication, against him who was described by Hallam as "the greatest and wisest of mankind." It would be waste of time to follow Mr. Chesterton through his wild, incoherent ramblings. But it may not be amiss, for the sake of accuracy, to canvass some of the unfounded statements which he has made with reference to Bacon. It is evident that he writes in complete ignorance of the man and his works. He has read "one or two details"; he forgets what they are and where he heard them, but seeking to imitate Macaulay in his "breathless essay" he reproduces something which is quite different to what he did hear, assuming that by adopting Macaulay's doubtful method he may achieve his brilliancy. But the squib is damp. Mr. Chesterton says of Bacon "that he never betrayed himself; it was a luxury he reserved for his benefactors. In plain words, he had nothing of the fool but a little of the knave." To attempt to combat this opinion would be waste of time. To state it is sufficient.

Here is the paragraph in which the statement occurs:—

"On the Baconian thesis it does seem very extraordinary that Bacon should have chosen a tipsy rustic to represent him to the world; so that to make so great a fool of Shakespeare is to make an even greater fool of Bacon. Such a Shakespeare would certainly have betrayed himself, but Bacon never betrayed himself; it was a luxury he reserved for his benefactors. In plain words, he had nothing whatever of the fool but a little of the knave. To this the Baconians give the most bewildering answers, one of which I saw in BACONIANA (I think) some time ago. The writer said warmly that Bacon owed no thanks and violated no gratitude to Essex, because all their contemporaries agreed that Essex had

done his protege more harm than good by the tactless, monotonous and ostentatious way in which he pestered everyone with his praise. This strikes me as perhaps the most remarkable and unfathomable argument I have ever heard or read. As far as I can make it out it seems to amount to this—that I may very properly make arrangements for having a friend hacked through the neck-bone if he praises me more enthusiastically than I should think it prudent to praise myself."

Mr. Chesterton is here quoting from memory what he pleases to call an answer (to what?) which he *thinks* he saw in BACONIANA, but which he has never seen in that journal or elsewhere, and endeavours to reproduce "the brilliant effect of Macaulay's breathless essay." It is to this that he probably alludes:—An extract was given from Thomas Bodley's Autobiography wherein he explained that his withdrawal from State employments in which he had been engaged was brought about by the Earl of Essex's action. Essex endeavoured to detach him from the Cecils. He adds: "To win me altogether to depend upon yourselfe, did so often take occasion to entertaine the Queen with some prodigall speeches of my sufficiency for a Secretary, which was ever accompanied in the words of disgrace against the present Lord Treasurer, as neither she herselfe, of whose favour before I was thoroughly assured, took any great pleasure to prefer me the sooner (for she hated his ambition and would give little countenance to any of his followers) and both the Lord Burleigh and his Sonne waxed jealous of my courses, as if underhand I had been induced by the cunning and kindnesse of the Earl of Essex to oppose myself against their dealings." It is evident that Bodley thought that Essex's championship of his cause was not disinterested. Bodley's case and Bacon's case are almost identical, except that Bacon and his brother had given years of service to Essex without payment, and Essex sought to meet his obligations to

them by obtaining the post of Attorney-General for Francis. Bacon never betrayed Essex. He strove in season and out of season to save him from himself. The Earl was following other councillors, and after his trial and sentence sent for Henry Cuff, to follow whose rash councils he had forsaken Bacon, and upbraided him for being the cause of all his misfortunes. Mr. Chesterton's memory plays him as false as to the facts as it does as to quotations from BACONIANA. The following extract from the article is even more Chestertonian :—

"At first sight there seems nothing so sane as Bacon, and nothing so mad and mystical as Baconiana. I am not sure the contrast is so deep as is supposed. I have a curious suspicion that all the tangled tree of extravagance really is dormant and implicit in the seed of Lord Verulam's philosophy ; that out of that smooth and symmetrical egg there really came the wild goose we chase to-day ; the wild goose which Ibsen mistook for a wild duck ; the wild goose of modern doubt and query, always wild, often great—a great goose indeed. Bacon is having his legend. Bacon is becoming a god—a god of signs and sorceries and all superstition. And the great philosophy he founded is ending in the apish antics of vivisection and eugenics."

Again the loose and wild parade of words, *sans sense*, by the Fleet Street journalist.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." Mr. Chesterton goes on to say, "Or making full allowance for the mere mood revolt and fatigue in myself, I think I am seriously an anti-Baconian; I think that Bacon has been for English thought and civilisation a frustration and a blight."

It seems almost cruel to print such a statement, but the following paragraph is still more ridiculous :—

"The brilliant effect of Macaulay's breathless essay depends on depicting Bacon as a monster of inconsistency, a misadmixture like a merman ; above, in thought, he is as pure and graceful as a god ; below, in action, as cold and fugitive as a fish. I think Macaulay is unjust to Bacon here ; I think Bacon was quite con-

sistent throughout. He was, indeed, a man of exceptional completeness and unity; in this, the true sense, we may call him a man of absolute integrity. He was always the same. He was as flawless as a diamond, as full and perfect as a lily. He was vulgar and shallow in philosophy. In moral practice he sought what even he would have called honours rather than honour; in moral theory he aimed only at what he called fruit, but what was indeed payment. His utilitarian idea was as much a fall from the true "fruit" philosophy of the mediæval mystics as his political conduct was below the chivalry of Bayard or St. Louis. I do not see the two men of Macaulay. I think the man who fawned on Villiers was exactly the same as the man who despised Plato. And I am not at all surprised that the same individual who set himself higher than St. Thomas also set himself lower than King James."

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Chesterton's article appears to be directed less against the Baconians than against some political opponents of the writer. But more curious and incoherent reasoning has seldom been printed :—

"The truth is that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, though senseless, is symbolic. That is the only possible way of explaining the plunging rage with which the wild waves of Baconiana break themselves about Shakespeare's cliff. What on earth does it matter—we all feel when we consider it coolly—whether a mass of sublime poetry, almost as anonymous as Homer, was written by a dead actor or a dead lawyer, neither of whom we shall ever know? Why should the Baconians boil with abhorrence of poor Will from Warwickshire; why should I be tempted, even as a *reductio ad absurdum*, to retort upon Mr. Bacon of the Inns of Court? The only explanation I can offer is that this futility, like many other futilities, has been filled with energies fiercer and more evil than itself. All those who instinctively feel a preference for certain traditions in England over others; all those who trust science more than art, or experiment more than intuition, or record more than memory—all these tend to be Baconian. These people persecute the festive foibles of the 'drunken clown' of Stratford, just as their police also persecute the festive foibles of the drunken clown all over England. These people whitewash

the wrinkled wickedness of the Tudor statesman and courtier, just as they whitewash the yet meaner wickedness of our own statesmen and men of power to-day. The mad duel between Bacon and Shakespeare, infantile as a matter of past history, is really significant and menacing as a part of contemporary history. For contemporary history consists of the one tradition trying the other; and when we look at England we see a dingy court of justice; in the dock the divine and half-discredited poet; and on the Bench, condemning him, the unspotted and unjust judge."

If this is the kind of stuff which the readers of "The Eye Witness" like, well—this is the sort of stuff they like.

Obituary.

WITH very deep regret we have to record the death of Dr. Isaac Hull Platt, which took place at his home in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, on the 15th August last.

Dr. Hull Platt has been in a precarious state of health for some years, and for some time had been unconscious before death ensued. He was born in Brooklyn on the 18th May, 1853. After being admitted to the Bar, studied medicine. He graduated in the Long Island College Hospital in 1882, and practised in Brooklyn for a number of years. He then removed to Lakewood. N.J., where he made a speciality of the diseases of the lungs, Ten years ago he retired from active practice, and removed to Wallingford. He devoted the last ten years of his life entirely to literature; he wrote the "Life of Walt Whitman." He was a literary associate of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, and was his friend and neighbour. While the tastes and pursuits of the two men were almost identical, their views on Shake-speare differed greatly. Dr. Furness occupied himself in searching old volumes and gathering illuminating information concerning the bard, but Doctor Platt concerned himself chiefly in following the Baconian theories, and was a firm believer in the opinion that the great dramas were written by Francis Bacon under the name of William Shakespeare. Dr. Platt has published several books on the subject; he has been a constant contributor to BACONIANA, and his articles have always been received with great attention.

He was a grand-nephew of Commodore Isaac Hull, who

commanded the frigate *Constitution* on her most memorable voyages. At the time of his death he had in his house many of the trophies of the famous sea fighter.

Dr. Platt left a widow and two sons to lament his loss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I do not wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Hutchinson's paper on the Shakespeare Sonnets, but I am unable to concur in the view that the theory advanced by him is novel. In 1908 I sent to BACONIANA a paper entitled "Leontes Heir," which was not published, but which I suppose is still among your files. In this paper the theory in question is pointed out, not so much on account of the theory itself as because of certain analogies in the plays. I do not think I took any particular credit for novelty in the theory, the interest of the paper, if any, being somewhat apart from the theory, or, at least, I so intended it. While I do not now recall any specific prior announcement of the theory, yet it seems to me that it is not new, and in any case it appears to me so obvious as hardly to rank as a discovery. A few lines from my paper follow :—

"I suppose there is no person now, no student, at least, who doubts that the Sonnets have reference to the author, and to his genius, his art, and his writings. I speak of the Sonnets generally, for I do not think that all of them have yet yielded their meaning. But taking the first hundred and twenty-six, I think there is no doubt. . . . The groundwork and philosophy of the Sonnets cannot be said to be very original. . . . They are the intimate record and journal of a man conscious of a great gift, with a literary prescience beyond all parallel, and a full and haunting sense that life is short and art long. Therefore he urges himself to make use of his talent before the night come in which no man can work. This is varied with admiration of his work. . . . The author desires an 'heir.' I think no one is so obtuse as to suppose that this is a physical heir. What he wants is an heir of his 'invention,' a spiritual heir, the offspring of his mind and soul. . . . Shakespeare realised that life is short, that we should make the most of our talent while we may. The lesson is trite enough. . . . He speaks of himself, of his genius, of his work; addressing it as his master, his mistress, his 'lovely boy.' (Quotations.) That this has reference to the author and his work no one can doubt. He says so himself." (Quotation) etc.

Very respectfully, C. G. HORNOR.

August 19th, 1912.

The Sonnets of "Shakespeare."

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Assuming for the nonce the correctness of Mr. Smedley's hypothesis as to the *motif* of the Sonnets, but aware of the rather baffling *variety* of cases it has to meet successfully, I suggest a reconciliation may be found to account for the different sorts of personalities, age and sex therein exhibited, by concluding that, having adopted the line of expressing the many-sided nature residing within the compass of his "intellectual globe," that he resorted to the use of the great types of mind already created by the Greek poets he was so fond of, such as Eros, Psyche, Orpheus, Apollo, Venus, the more thoroughly to express *himself*, and explain, analyse and exhaust the rich floods of feeling, aspiration, consciousness of a higher life and mystical relations with a beyond, yet never becoming maudlin or hysterical, but retaining, as ever, his strong grasp upon fact and self-possession.

H. J. HADRILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—There seems to be evidence that Francis Bacon was sent on a secret errand by Queen Elizabeth by this letter from Francis to his (*supposititious*) uncle, Lord Burghley, 16th September, 1580, from Gray's Inn, which may quite easily have been written on 16th August, and mis-dated for political reasons.

The letter begins by expressing his satisfaction at Burleigh's "comfortable relation" of her Majesty's "gracious opinion and meaning" toward him; he trusts that he may be able to serve him as well as his "father" has done before him—and then, *as usual*, proceeds to disparage his own abilities for the work. "True it is that I must needs acknowledge myself prepared and furnished thereunto with nothing but a multitude of lacks and imperfections." But he devoutly prays that by God's blessing he may receive a larger allowance of God's graces.

"And now seeing it hath pleased her Majesty *to take knowledge of this my mind* and to vouchsafe to appropriate me to her service preventing (forestalling) any desert of mine *with her princely liberality*,* he sends his most humble thanks to her Majesty therefore, and withal having regard to my own unworthiness to receive such favour and to the small possibility in me to satisfy and answer what her Majesty conceiveth, *I am moved to become a humble suitor unto* her Majesty, *that this benefit also may be affixed unto the other*, which is that if there appear not in me such towardsness of service as it may be her Majesty doth benignly value me and assess me at—by reason of my sundry wants, and the disadvantage of my nature, being unapt to

* So he was handsomely paid—*beforehand—for what?*

lay forth the simple store of these inferior gifts which God hath allotted unto me most to view—yet that it may please her excellent Majesty not to account my thankfulness less, for that my disability is great to show it, but to sustain me in her Majesty's gracious opinion, whereupon I only rest, and *not upon the expectation of any desert to proceed from myself* towards the contentment thereof."

He then concludes with renewed thanks to Burleigh for his good offices and declaring himself Burleigh's bounden servant . . . "*seeing that public and private bonds vary not*," and that his service to God, the Queen and Burleigh "draw in a line."

Yours truly, ALICIA A. LEITH.

Bacon's Essay on Proteus.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—The writer of "Bacon in Italy" has done such splendid instructional work in the past that I am very loath to point out an omission in her last article.

A sentence runs :—"Who and what is Proteus? Of Proteus we hear nothing in Bacon's 'Wisdom of the Ancients.'" Now, as a matter of fact, in at least one edition, Chap. XIII. is entitled "Proteus or Matter." It begins thus :—"The poets say that Proteus was Neptune's herdsman, a grave sire, and so excellent a prophet that he might well be termed thrice excellent ; for he knew not only things to come but even things past, as well as present. . . . The place of his abode was a huge, vast cave. . . . This fable may seem to unfold the secrets of nature and the properties of matter." It is fairly evident that what Bacon terms "matter" the modern philosopher and psychologist would call "substance," for the author further says : "Matter dwells in the concavity of heaven as in a cave."

Yours faithfully, HENRY WOOLLEN.

112, Coldershaw Road, West Ealing, W.,
August 5th, 1912.

Augustus in Hat.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

No, Sir ; I was not making fun of *your*, but trying to show that Ben Jonson *was* of *his*, readers. Mr. Waddington's dissertation, learned but not new, is proof that not every Baconian can appreciate the jests and double meanings of Bacon and his merry men.

A full reference to the passage in Seneca would have been useful. All one gets from Tacitus is that Augustus wished a

spoke to be put in the wheel of the senator's chariot. Now I see. Augustus in Hat, of course, means not wearing but sitting on it.

Yours faithfully, PARKER WOODWARD.

NOTES.

MR. FRANK J. BURGOYNE sends the following interesting note :—

In 1584 Giordano Bruno published his work entitled "De la Causa, principio et uno." It bears the imprint "Slampato in Venezia." In 1584 his work entitled "Spaccio de la Beslia trionfante" was published with imprint "Slampato in Parigi." Both of these imprints are false, for Bruno states in the eleventh document of his trial, "All those (books) said to be printed in Venice were printed in England, and it was the printer who desired it to appear they were printed in Venice, in order to sell them more easily . . . and almost all the others were printed in England, even when they say Paris and elsewhere."

For the past four years Mr. Harold Bayley has been engaged on a work which will be forthwith published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, of Covent Garden. The title is "The Lost Language of Symbolism. An enquiry into the origin of certain letters, words, names, fairy tales, folklore and mythologies." The book contains 1,400 illustrations and is published in two octavo volumes at 25s. net.

Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence has recently delivered lectures on the Shakespeare Myth to large audiences at Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, and the Chelsea Town Hall.