

# BACONIANA

DECEMBER, 1927.

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# The Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED.)

CANONBURY TOWER, CANONBURY SQUARE  
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THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be:—

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

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Sincerely your friend,  
Ignacio Bonny

# BACONIANA

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**It should be understood that "Baconiana" is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Bacon Society, but that the Society does not necessarily accept responsibility for opinions expressed by its contributors.**

## REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING THE BILITERAL DECIPHERING IN REGARD TO BACON'S PARENTAGE.

BY THE HON. SIR JOHN A. COCKBURN, K.C.M.G., M.D.

(1) In his will he desired to be buried in St. Michael's Church where his mother was buried. He wished to retain York House where his father died. He bequeathed a set of his books to Bennet's College (now Corpus Christi) where his father was bred. In his speech, when taking his seat as Lord Chancellor, he alluded to the fact that the Attorney General, Solicitor General and himself were all three sons of Judges, "myself a Chancellor's son."

(2) In a letter addressed to King James he claimed the seals on the ground that his father had held them. In a letter to Egerton he says that his estate was weak because his father served him in as a last comer. He remarked in a letter to the King that he was cousin germain to Lord Burleigh. In a letter to Queen Elizabeth he asks for favour on the ground of his love to his mother, "whose

health being worn, I do infinitely desire she might carry this comfort to the grave not to leave my estate troubled or engaged."

(3) He attributed his ill-health to his father being afflicted with gout and stones.

(4) If Elizabeth were his mother how could she say to her own son, "I will marry you myself if I ever send Essex back to Ireland?"

(5) In the biliteral cipher Bacon is made to desire that the character of Elizabeth should be revealed to posterity as a "Wicked Mother" whose whole spirit was but one infernal region. He accuses her of contemplating infanticide and spreads rumours of Leicester's murder of his wife, Amy Robsart. He also says, "she was my mother, yet I more than any other have cause to curse her."

(6) Why then should he in his will have directed the publication of *The Felicities of Queen Elizabeth*, in which he highly extolled her? and why should he have written, "If there fly abroad factious names of her . . . . the same are neither true, neither can they be long lived, and for this cause especially I have made this collection, such as it is, that no malicious person should dare to interpose a curse where God has given His blessing?"

And why should he have desired President Thou to see the *Felicities of Elizabeth* in order that he might in his own work do right to the truth and memory of that Lady? He also asked that some clause honouring his father should be inserted in Camden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth. If he desired to be regarded by posterity as the son of Queen Elizabeth, why should he have written in the *Felicities*, "She lived a Virgin and hath no children?"

(7) Why should he have been at the trouble and expense of wrapping up a translation of Homer in cipher, seeing that his open authorship would have involved no discredit? And how could he have managed the delicate and tedious process of inserting a cipher in *Henry VII.*, when he desired to have it quickly published and was forbidden to come within "the verge?"

(8) It should not be forgotten that at a meeting of the

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Council of the Bacon Society held in December 5th, 1900, the following resolution was agreed to—"That in view of the failure to produce a satisfactory key-alphabet for the cipher narrative, declared by Mrs. Gallup to have been inserted by Francis Bacon in various books, and the inconclusive nature of her demonstrations, the Society is unable to give any support to the alleged discovery." Nevertheless, a great portion of BACONIANA has been taken up by the question of the biliteral cipher, although no one, even after patient study and desire to be convinced, has been able, independently, to follow it.

### A REJOINDER TO THE FOREGOING.

BY HENRY SEYMOUR.

**I**N his tabulated objections to Mrs. Gallup's alleged Biliteral deciphering relating to Francis Bacon's royal birth, Sir John Cockburn appears to take for granted its intrinsic falsity because certain overt utterances by Bacon himself as to his parentage are incongruous with the story unfolded by Mrs. Gallup. But this, I venture to remark, with all due respect, is scarcely a logical attitude.

In any judicial examination where two parties in contention are definitely at loggerheads in statements of fact, it is not only both proper and usual to maintain a strict impartiality; to display no preconceived opinion in favour of either side against the other; but to endeavour, by independent means, to discover on which side the balance of probability lies.

We have, firstly, good reason for believing that Francis Bacon was the actual inventor of the Biliteral cypher. He went to great pains to describe it, and furnished two simple examples of its mechanical operation, together with a key for its ultimate solution. The only questions at issue are two; one, did Bacon secretly use this cypher in the italic letters of the original editions of his printed

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books, as alleged to have been discovered by Mrs. Gallup? the other, is the alleged deciphering of Mrs. Gallup from these books strictly accurate and capable of unequivocal demonstration to other people?

As to the first question, Bacon himself is silent, except by implication. If we turn to these original editions, we are struck by the peculiar and sometimes fantastic forms, varied in all the letters of the alphabet, which the italics in the text display. In some instances, we have ocular proof that these letters are closely akin to the script letters illustrated in Bacon's own examples of the cypher, and bear a distinctive, if modified, resemblance to them. For those unacquainted with the *modus operandi* of this cypher, I may say, in passing, that its interpretation depends, fundamentally, on differences in letter-forms which supply a clue to the one or other of the two symbols by which the cypher is decided, as the "dot" and "dash" symbols in the Morse cypher used in telegraphy. That this latter was borrowed from the former is certain, for the operation of both depends on precisely the same principles.

Having seen, therefore, that the Biliteral cypher was originally contrived by Bacon, and that the original editions of his books contain, in the italics only, variations in their forms which would have cost much time and money to cut in those days (before type-casting was invented), it is not at all unreasonable to assume that Bacon did so use his cypher in the manner suggested by Mrs. Gallup. But even though we take such an assumption for granted, I am in agreement with Sir John's mental attitude that we have no right to forthwith build a further assumption upon it, and accept, without question, any story alleged by anyone to have been decoded from the assumed cypher, without strong corroboration. I join issue entirely with Sir John, however, in his main contention. The mere fact that statements in the alleged cypher, made by Mrs. Gallup, as to Bacon's parentage, are in apparent contradiction to statements made by Bacon himself on other occasions in a public capacity, is



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not, I venture to say, a valid reason for rejecting the cypher, or its deciphering, as false. The very use of a cypher in such a case would suggest that Bacon, as an author, had or may have had some revelation to pass on for "the correction of history in many important particulars"; some exclusive information to posterity which might conceivably be dangerous or impolitic to put forth openly at the time, or possibly during his life. It goes without saying that such a communication would necessarily be somewhat at variance with openly-expressed statements by the same author. Otherwise, how would the need of a cypher arise?

I do not think anyone could supply a more satisfactory explanation, in extenuation of Bacon being forced to play an ambiguous rôle with regard to his parentage, than is given in the alleged cypher account itself. This says that he (Bacon) was brought up by Sir Nicholas and Lady Ann Bacon as their son, and that he remained in complete ignorance that they were not his lawful parents until he was fifteen years old, when Lady Bacon confided to him that the Queen was his real mother, and Lord Robert Dudley his father. He thereafter refers to Sir Nicholas and Lady Ann in the most endearing terms and speaks of them ever after as his beloved "foster" parents. In the "Catalogue" of the Shakespeare plays (First folio) the deciphering is explicit: "Queene Elizabeth is my true mother, and I am the lawful heire to the throne. Finde the cypher storie my bookes containe; it tells great secrets, everyone of which (if imparted openly) would forfeit my life.—Bacon." We are further informed that the Queen forbade him to open his lips about his birth, and that he was then and there packed off to France under the temporary guardianship of Sir Amyas, and Lady, Paulet, nominally as an *attache* of the Ambassadorial staff.\*

It may be retorted that in citing these particulars I am

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\* It is historically established that Bacon was sent to the Court of France at that time, and he tells us himself that he invented the Bilingual cypher shortly afterwards, whilst abroad.

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completely begging the question and quoting the alleged cypher in its own support. But what I have said is that any such explanation as this would be good enough to clear up any incongruity in the two apparently conflicting statements. For the Bacons were the "foster" parents of Francis, and the simple addition of the qualifying prefix to the words "father," "mother," or "son," as cited by Sir John in paragraphs 1 and 2, would make Bacon's overt utterances true without making the cypher story false. "The best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy." This quotation from one of Bacon's own *Essays* sufficiently indicates what the author would be equal to in any such necessitous circumstances, as implied, and which would be nothing to his discredit.

Having cleared the air thus far, it is next pertinent to inquire if there are grounds for supposing that Queen Elizabeth was secretly a mother; or if, as she desired it to be believed by posterity, she was *de facto* a virgin, in the ordinary acceptation of that term. It is passing strange that that pose of Elizabeth's was literally laughed at by her contemporaries. King Henry of France merrily said that the world would never believe it, nor would the many favourites she had, as Pickering before she was queen, so as the world thought he should have married her. It was also said of Camden later, that he had given much in his *Annals* of her life, but had done so partially, in many passages not telling all he might have done. So wrote Henry Clifford in 1643, or possibly earlier, in an ancient biographical MS. in the possession of the Dormer family. In Strickland's *Life of Elizabeth* also we find many references to the *amour* of Elizabeth with Sir Thomas Seymour, the Lord Admiral, when she was but sixteen years of age; and the Duchess of Feria states that a great friend of hers, also a confidant of the Princess Elizabeth, had revealed to her that the princess had a child and was accused of concealment of birth, which occasioned a public rebuke by Cranmer in a sermon, and which was the princi-

pal cause of the execution of Seymour for aspiring to Elizabeth's hand in marriage—the latter being a crime of treason at that time.

The relations between Elizabeth and Dudley, after she had ascended the throne, were the subject of scandal, both at home and abroad. The Court of France made strong protestations through its ambassador against the flagrant indelicacies of the English Court. The Spanish Ambassador also wrote to Philip II. of Spain, at the time of Bacon's birth, that it was current gossip about the Court that the Queen was about to become a mother, adding, if that event had not already happened. And in the first published life of Bacon,\* he was acclaimed as a "Prince philosopher," referred to as having been "born in the purple," and stated to have been "brought up with the expectation of a great career." As Sir Nicholas died when Francis was still in his minority, and left him practically unprovided for, it is difficult to understand how Francis could have had much expectation of a great career from his bringing up; but on the hypothesis of his royal birth, an altogether different aspect is presented to the mind, and the earliest biographical references just mentioned become pregnant with meaning.

The circumstantial evidences to which I have drawn attention indeed point towards than against the accuracy of the cypher story. Yet they are but a few of many of such indications that might be brought forward if the limit of space permitted.

The objection in Sir John's paragraph 3 amounts to little for the reason that Bacon may have had in mind, not Sir Nicholas, but the Earl of Leicester, who was notoriously afflicted with gout, and took the waters for it—a likely way to contract stones.

In the next paragraph (4), Sir John takes the Queen's words seriously!

And in the paragraph (5), I do not think Sir John's strictures are quite justified; and I do not think he would consciously be unjust; but I do think that his references

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\* *Histoire Naturelle de Mre. François Bacon, etc.* Paris, 1631.

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to the "wicked mother" should not be torn from the context of the narrative so that Bacon is made, by the cypher, to appear as an unnatural son. For he says quite frankly that his desire is to put truth before any other consideration; and while he now and then utters some ugly reflections about the Queen's strange and manifold moods, he never leaves that subject many lines without falling into great eucummings about her for the many other virtues she possessed. He is torn between two conflicting emotions towards her, in presenting her as we now know her to have been in the flesh. As to Sir John's statement that Bacon is made by the cypher to accuse her of infanticide,—what it records is just what and nothing more than what he says Lady Ann disclosed to him about his own birth, viz., that the Queen raved, swore, and ordered him to be killed, when Lady Bacon, out of more motherly pity, begged the Queen to allow her to adopt and protect the helpless infant as her own.

In connection, further, with the alleged spread of rumours about Dudley putting away his lawful wife a short time before Bacon's birth, it is a fact of common knowledge that this charge was openly made before Bacon was born; and instead of being a mere rumour, both the Queen and Leicester were for some time under a cloud of public obliquy for the parts it was believed they had both played in that lamentable tragedy.

In considering Sir John's objection in paragraph 6, we have to bear in mind—in the presumed aspect of affairs—that the Queen was in her grave at the time, and Bacon in advanced age (having lost all hope of ever advancing to the throne), had, by some otherwise unaccountable mystery, been promoted to the highest offices of the State, second only to the King's. We do not know, but it is pardonable to surmise, that Bacon had secretly entered into some compact (having the union of the two kingdoms at heart, as we know) with the Scottish King, James I., to forbear disclosure of his relationship to the Queen which would be calculated to cause faction and create prejudice against James as Elizabeth's lawful successor.

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Perhaps this was what Archbishop Tenison meant when he said of Bacon: "The great cause of his suffering is to some, a secret. I leave them to find it out, by his words to King James, '*I wish,*' he said, '*that as I am the first, so I may be the last of Sacrifices in your times.*' "

As to the "Felicities," can we be quite sure that Bacon really did write that the Queen "lived a virgin and hath no children"? It is said that Bacon in his Will directed that the MS. of this treatise should be published, but the manner in which its translation was managed by Dr. Rawley, as he tells us in the *Resuscitatio*, throws a great deal of doubt upon its authenticity. He confesses to having doctored the text of the MS. for politic reasons. He goes out of his way to tell us that it is not an *Ad Verbum* translation, which is preceded by the extraordinary observation: "I shall not tread too near upon the heels of truth" ?\*

In paragraph 7 Sir John asks why Bacon should have been at the trouble and expense of wrapping up a translation of Homer in Cypher, inasmuch as his open authorship would have involved no discredit. I might answer this question with another: why should Sir John accept Bacon as author of the immortal plays when he did not avow their authorship? As Colonel Ingersoll, without understanding, puts it—"one who had been stripped of the robes of office for receiving bribes as a judge could have borne the additional disgrace of having written 'Hamlet'."

In the alleged cypher Bacon tells you he wrapped up these translations to conform to a method of teaching this cypher, being desirous to get it into students' curricula. Such matter would be "inocuous" and would be unlikely

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\* In a letter to Sir George Carey in France Bacon says, "it came to my mind, that the last summer vacation, by occasion of a factious book that endeavoured to verify *Misera Femini* (the addition of the *Pope's Bull*) upon Queen Elizabeth, I did write a few lines in her memorial." Here is a suggestion that the writing of this memorial was but a counter to Papal vituperation; and in the same letter he says he would be glad if President Thou saw the copy, as "it might serve him for some use in his story."

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to raise prejudice against its general study. The other point in the paragraph is irrelevant and incidental.

And finally, in paragraph 8, it is urged as a reason for not accepting Mrs. Gallup's deciphering, that the Bacon Society, once upon a time, passed a resolution that it could not give support to it on the ground of the "inconclusive" nature of that lady's demonstrations. But if they were inconclusive, they were obviously not shewn to be false.

To sum up. So far from the cypher account being incongruous with historical evidence, the more we search historical records the more we find in agreement with the cypher story. In fact, I pause to wonder whether the cypher story could not have been constructed out of the materials supplied by historical evidence without recourse to any cypher methods at all! The *onus probandi* is certainly on the shoulders of those who affirm the reality of Mrs. Gallup's deciphering, and as far as I know there is no attempt to shirk its responsibility. The whole question resolves itself into a necessity for the strictly experimental examination of Mrs. Gallup's classification of symbols, as set forth by her, to the end of arriving at a correct conclusion whether, or to what extent, the deciphering is accurate or otherwise. This method has never been attempted so far by the Bacon Society, in spite of the unctuous resolution of more than a quarter-of-a-century old, and that is why it is felt by many of us that it is high time to put this work to a thoroughly impartial scientific investigation, by reason of its tremendous importance to our subject if it can be proven. The fact that Sir John or anyone else have not yet been able, independently, to follow it is no evidence of its unreality. On the other hand those who can claim to have some skill in the art of cyphers, such as the experts of the Riverbank Laboratory and Général Cartier (head of the Cryptographic Department of the French Army during the late war), are convinced that Mrs. Gallup's deciphering is genuine.

## NOTES ON BACON AND EDWARD ALLEYN OF DULWICH COLLEGE.

BY A. CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

EVERY now and then our reading brings us across a slight point which connects Sir Francis Bacon with the stage and the actors of his time, and in some cases it is easy to follow him in his friendship with the Mummings of playhouses in London, such as the "Fortune," or the "Globe," which was on the Surrey side of the Thames.

Theatres were extremely popular places of amusement in Queen Elizabeth's and James I.'s reign, and acquired a good deal of money for their shareholders and actors. In this way William Shakspeare, who had a share in the profits of a playhouse, was able to retire to Stratford-on-Avon, in the middle of his life, and buy a house there.

But the man who was considered the best and most powerful actor of the day, and therefore the greatest attraction to the theatre, accumulated an even better income, and managed to put by considerable savings, with a view to future schemes he had in view.

This was Edward Alleyn, born 1st September, 1566, in London, of whom it was said, "Nor Roscius, nor Esope (tragedians who were admired before Christ was born) could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Alleyn."

His full length portrait in the Dulwich College picture gallery shows us a fair, tall man in long gown and hat, with a beard, and an Elizabethan ruff round his neck, standing with his right hand across his breast in a dignified attitude ready to smile, or to frown, to plead, or to command, and this was the founder of "God's Gift College," at Dulwich.

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The historian, Fuller, says of him, "He was the Roscius of our age, so acting to the life, that he made any part (especially a majestic one) to become him," and certainly in his portrait one can see how majestic he could look. Close below his picture in the gallery is one of Sir Francis Bacon, probably by Cornelius Jassen, not a large canvas, but so conveniently placed that the visitor can look closely into it. And here we see the noble head and straight features of our great philosopher in his hat (there is only one picture of him without a hat), and beautiful lace ruff, with the official velvet coat trimmed with gold braid and buttons and the usual jewelled pendant adorning his chest. The hair is long, as was customary, with a thin beard and whiskers, and the skin rather dark as in a middle-aged man. But the striking features of the picture are his eyes, which have been described by his contemporaries as dark and piercing. One who knew him well says that "he had a spacious forehead, and piercing eye, looking upwards as a soul in sublime contemplation, a countenance worthy of one who was to set free captive philosophy."

Another writer, Aubrey, describes Bacon as having "a delicate lively hazel eie, like the eie of a viper," a strange simile which has been grossly misunderstood.

There is another portrait of Francis Bacon in the Dulwich gallery, a copy after Paul Van Somers' full length canvas which is now in the National Gallery, but we like the head and shoulders picture best, as it gives a more intimate view of the great man.

Under a glass case in the same room is an engraving of Bacon which was executed by William Marshall for the title page to "The Advancement of Learning." It is considered a very fine piece of work, and must have taken Marshall a great deal of time and trouble, so carefully is it drawn.

These three portraits at Dulwich show how much Bacon was esteemed during his life. They also let the spectator see that he had a due regard to his position, and liked to wear the heavy official gown of his office.



How often did this busy literary lawyer go to see his friend Alleyn act in the theatre, and was he the author of any of the plays performed at the "Fortune," or the "Globe?" In that case how delighted an author would be to have Edward Alleyn as the majestic hero of his tragedy. It would certainly be an encouragement to write more and we can imagine the author and actor talking over the various positions and stage management for a forthcoming play. They must have been close friends.

Edward Alleyn was not only a great tragedian but he had a tender heart for children, and he greatly cogitated on the miserable lives of the poorer classes round him, who could neither read nor write, and were wretchedly housed, and he determined to do what he could to improve their position.

Other charitably disposed men were also trying to find ways and means to help their poor brethren, and the "Charterhouse" was started about that time.

This latter school gave Alleyn a hint how best to spend his fortune, and he continued to buy land in various parts of London and its neighbourhood in a judicious and business-like manner, knowing that if he built almshouses or schools, they must be securely endowed.

So well did he work that at the present-day Dulwich College is the largest proprietor of land in London and therefore the richest, and far surpasses all other owners. The money has always been well spent, and its fine gallery of pictures is a great attraction to visitors.

Edward Alleyn's scheme of philanthropy, which had been floating through his mind so long, resulted in his building some almshouses in Southwark, begun about 1610, and later on he also erected the same kind of buildings in Finsbury, but his principal achievement was his purchase of the Manor of Dulwich from Sir Francis Calton on December 25th, 1605, for the sum of £5,000, and gradually the idea of building a large college of education on this estate took form in his mind and his growing wealth and lucrative investments enabled him to carry out the

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plan successfully, but we learn that it was not till 1614 that the whole estate passed into his hands at a total cost of £10,000. The quiet village of Dulwich lay on the South side of the Thames, a mile or two distant from Westminster, with well wooded and attractive parks, and meadows, and in the Manor house there Alleyn took up his abode with his wife, and began his building of the famous "College of God's Gift" for poor scholars in 1613.

The progress was slow, and there were many set-backs and difficulties, but new friends sprang up, and many of the nobility were eager to know the philanthropist, and encourage his endeavours.

His father-in-law, the celebrated Philip Henslow, the theatrical proprietor and manager, whose diary and account book, containing many entries of reference to the drama, is preserved among the College MSS., helped him to the best of his power, and the College gradually took form and grew from the plans.

Alleyn's religious enthusiasm caused the Chapel to be finished first. It was consecrated in 1616 by Archbishop Abbot, and the founder then set about arranging for the engagement of the Warden and Master, and teachers and assistants.

By a strange freak, one of the statutes of the founder was that both the Mastership and Wardenship of the College should be held by men of the name of Alleyn, or Allen, but this is no longer a rule.

As the College grew to completion, Edward Alleyn had to set about applying for the "*Patent of foundation*" from the Crown for his College, and it must have come to him as a shock to find that his friend the Lord Chancellor Bacon, vetoed the passing of the Patent, which was stayed at the "Seal" and that without this Patent his College could not be opened, and that his splendid work might prove useless after all.

This was a blow, but Alleyn was not a man to give in easily, so he enquired the reason for the stay.

It appears that Chancellor Bacon had consulted with the King over these and other important Charities which

were being erected, and we have to turn to Mr. Spedding's "Life of Lord Bacon" to find his reasons and arguments against the scheme, as he had no personal feeling against Alleyn and was friendly towards him.

It appears that when the patent of foundation for Sutton's Charterhouse Charity was applied for, Lord Chancellor Bacon had sent the King a letter expressing the opinion that such a large sum of money would be inadequately spent in educating a few poor boys, and that the money could be put to a much more beneficial use, and he placed three schemes of his own before His Majesty. It took some months for Charterhouse to gain its patent, and a sum of £10,000 was accepted by the King for the New Berwick Bridge from the Charterhouse Committee.

The Dulwich College foundation patent was applied for shortly afterwards, and this also was stayed at the "Seal," and the Lord Chancellor again suggested to His Majesty various other schemes.

We do not know exactly what caused the Seal to grant the demand, but Alleyn's heart, which had been greatly depressed, once more lightened, and invitations to the opening ceremony of Dulwich College were issued.

At last, therefore, the obstacles had been overcome, and in June, 1619, the Patent passed the Seal. There was much rejoicing at Dulwich, and Alleyn decided to mark the occasion in a handsome manner. He invited a goodly company to hear him read, and see him sign the deeds of foundation, in the Chapel, one of the principal guests being Lord Chancellor Bacon who arrived in state; after which a sumptuous banquet was given to celebrate the opening of the College of God's Gift. This took place on September 13th, 1619. Of course many actor friends were present such as R. Burbage, Hemming and Condell. A quaint document in Alleyn's writing is still to be seen with a list of the viands, and what they cost for this celebrated banquet.

And so the Charity was started.

With the Warden and Master were four fellows, six poor brothers were admitted, and six poor sisters. There

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were also twelve poor scholars, six assistants, and thirty out members.

Since Alleyn's day the College has gone through some vicissitudes and alterations, both in the building and the founders' scheme of education, though it is still considered a kind of charity. The investments in and round London caused the College to be a rich one, as rents have risen so enormously, and the school now holds 680 boys and 450 girls of good class.

It was the fashion in James I.'s reign for rich folk to collect pictures and to build a gallery in which to house them. Alleyn was not backward in this respect, and he left a small number of paintings, some of which seem to have disappeared from the College. The handsome Gallery at present holds about 600 pictures, some by very celebrated artists of the Spanish and Dutch School—Vandyk, Cuyp, Velasquez, etc.

Edward Alleyn died November 25th, 1626.

His friend Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban had died in March the same year.

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### Obituary

It is with profound sorrow that we have to record the deaths of our valued and respected members and co workers, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, Mr. J. E. Roe, Mr. H. Probyn, and Mrs. Hinton Stewart. The sympathy of all Baconians will be extended to the relatives and friends of each in their bereavement.

## WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE ?

(From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, Aug. 7th, 1852.)

**T**HUS asks Mrs. Kitty, in *High Life Below Stairs*, to which his Grace my Lord Duke gravely replies: "Ben Jonson." "O no," quoth my Lady Bab: "Shakespeare was written by one Mr. Finis, for I saw his name at the end of the book!" and this passes off as an excellent joke, and never fails to elicit the applause of the audience; but still the question remains unanswered: Who wrote Shakespeare? a question, we humbly think, which might be made the theme for as much critical sagacity, pertinacity and pugnacity, as the almost equally interesting question, who wrote Homer? In the former case the question is certainly in one respect more simple, for the recognised plays and poems that go by Shakespeare's name are—at least by far the larger portion—unquestionably from one and the same pen; while Homer, poor, dear, awful, august, much-abused shade! has been torn by a pack of German wolves into fragments, which it puzzles the lore and research of Grote and Muir to patch together again. Even Mr. Grote seems disposed to admit, that while the *Odyssey* may pass muster as one continuous poem, whatever was the name of the author, the greater *Iliad* must be broken up at least into an *Iliad* and an *Achilleid*, by different rhapsodists; and though Colonel Muir stands stoutly on the other side, the restoration of the unity of Homer may, even with us sober-minded thinkers, take ten times the years it took to capture Troy; while with the German Mystics and Mythists, the controversy may last till they have to open their bewildered and bewildering eyes upon the realities of another world.

So far, therefore, the question is limited, for we are entitled to assume, what no one at this time of day dreams

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of disputing, that *Hamlet* and his fellows are not only the production of one mind, but are beyond comparison the greatest productions which man's intellect, not divinely inspired, has yet achieved. The question therefore is— who wrote them? With the exception of Homer, who lived before the time of written history, and Junius, who purposely and successfully shrouded himself in obscurity, there has, perhaps, been no great writer who has not in his life, his letters, or his sayings, more or less identified himself with the productions of his pen. Take Walter Scott, for instance; or Byron, or Addison or Dryden; or to go earlier still, take Ben Jonson, or Kit Marlowe, or Geoffrey Chaucer, and each and all of them have external marks by which we could assign the authorship, even if the production had been published anonymously. Try Shakespeare's plays by the same test, and suppose Hamlet, Macbeth, &c., had been successively published after the fashion of Junius, and what critic of any age would ever have ascribed them to William Shakespeare?

This may appear uncandid and unfair. It may be said, that Shakespeare lived in a time when letter-writing and letter-preserving were comparatively infrequent, and that we have no right to deprive him of his authorship, any more than we should have had to deprive Dr. Johnson of *Rasselas*, if he had not had the good fortune of a Boswell to record his sayings. So we humbly think it would, had Shakespeare, like Homer, been wholly unknown, and every record of him lost; we should then, as in the case of Homer, have judged exclusively from internal evidence of the works themselves, and formed a brilliant ideal picture of what the astonishing author must have been in his daily walk, correspondence, and conversation. But, unfortunately, enthusiasm worked up to its pitch, sweeping the clouds for a bird's-eye view of the high pinnacle of human greatness commensurate with the "local habitation and the name" of such a genius, is at once "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the authentic recorded whatabouts, whenabouts, and whereabouts of William Shakespeare, actor, owner, purchaser, and chattels and message devisor,

whilom of the Globe Theatre, Surrey-Side; item, of the Blackfriars, Fleet Street; and ultimately of Stratford-on-Avon, "*gent*," husband of Anne Hathaway, to whom he devises his second-best bed. On the one hand, research has traced his life from the cradle to the grave, and by means of tradition, legal documents, records, and inscriptions, formed a very accurate skeleton biography; while, on the other hand, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, to be noticed hereafter, records and even tradition are silent upon his walk and conversation; and though his signature has been several times disinterred, his whole correspondence, if he ever wrote a letter, has sunk like lead beneath the dark waters of oblivion; indeed, even the single signature as yet discovered unconnected with business documents—namely, the "*Willme Shakerpere*" on the volume of Montaigne—is not preceded by any remark whatever, by any sentence that might give a faint echo of *Hamlet*. Now this, to say the least, is singular to the very last degree. The unsurpassed brilliancy of the writer throws not one single spark to make noticeable the quiet uniform mediocrity of the man. Is it more difficult to suppose that Shakespeare was not the author of the poetry ascribed to him, than to account for the fact that there is nothing in the recorded or traditionary life of Shakespeare which in any way connects the poet with the man? It will not do to use the common hackneyed expression that Shakespeare had a "*genius so essentially dramatic, that all other writers the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself.*" Even the inspired writers of Scripture have their style and their expressions modified, and adapted to the peculiar idiosyncrasy and accidental position of the respective men; and taking human nature as we find it, we think it much easier to suppose that Shakespeare never once appears personally in his dramas, because his interest in them was not personal, but pecuniary. William Shakespeare, the man, was comparatively well-known. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, of respectable parentage; he married Anne Hathaway; had children; apparently

became unsettled; went to London to push his fortunes; made a deal of money by theatrical speculations and by the profits of certain plays, of which he was reputed to be the author; then retired quietly to the country, and was heard of no more, excepting that a few years afterwards old Aubrey states that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." Brandish not thy dagger, Melpomene, at this profanation! The scandal is not ours, but Aubrey's, Shakespeare's earliest biographer, but who did not write till forty-six years after his death. His name and signature are connected with the buying and selling of land and theatrical shares, and such-like commonplace transactions; and his last will and testament with which everybody is familiar is as plain and prosaic as if it has been the production of a pig-headed prerogative lawyer. Now in all this we see a sensible, sagacious, cautious, persevering man, who certainly was free from the rashness and (excepting the closing scene, if old Aubrey is to be believed) rakish extravagance too often characteristic of genius at any time, and perhaps particularly so of Shakespeare's time. It is apparent that Shakespeare, at least from the time the plays commenced, never had to shift for his living; he had always money to lend and money to spend; and we know also, that many of his contemporaries, men with genius akin to that which produced these plays, were in continued and utter extremity, willing to barter exertion, name, and fame, for the daily dole that gets the daily dinner. May not William Shakespeare—the cautious, calculating man, careless of fame and intent only on money-making—have found, in some furthest garret overlooking the silent highway of the Thames some pale wasted student, with a brow as ample and lofty as his own, who had written *The Wars of the Roses*, and who, with eyes of genius gleaming through despair, was about, like Chatterton, to spend his last copper coin upon some cheap and speedy means of death? What was to hinder William Shakespeare from reading, appreciating, and purchasing these dramas, and



thereafter keeping his poet, as Mrs. Packwood did? The mere circumstance of his assuming them as his own may have seemed to be justified by his position as manager, and his regard to the interests of the theatre; as a play by a well-known and respected favourite would be more likely to escape hissing than one by an unknown adventurer; and the practice once commenced must go on; for we cannot suppose that Shakespeare could afford to deny the authorship of *Macbeth*, if he had previously consented to father *Henry VI*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

This assumption we are sorry to say smooths away many of the difficulties that have hitherto baffled the critics. How could Shakespeare, say they, have been able to write at all, while obviously and laboriously employed in the active business of his profession? Where did he acquire that all-comprehensive knowledge of nature, men and books? How could he paint with such exact fidelity the peculiar scenery pertaining exclusively to the subject in question, when he can be proved never to have left London? What time had he to tread "the blasted heath" or describe the aspect of Glamis Castle? How could he accomplish all this? Why, simply and naturally and easily by affording his poet all the requisite leisure and defraying the expenses of all the requisite tours. And with this view, though it cannot be proved, and is very unlikely, that Shakespeare ever was in Scotland, yet it is most likely that the author of *Macbeth* was; and thus the intelligence, but not the genius, of these wonderful works ceases to be supernatural. Again, not one single manuscript of Shakespeare's plays or poems has ever been discovered; and certainly the search has been as rigorous and continuous as that for the philosopher's stone; while even Scott when owning to the novels, found it necessary to say that almost all the manuscripts were holograph; nor, if we do not very much mistake, is there among all the records and traditions which have been handed to us, any statement of Shakespeare having been seen writing, or having delivered his manuscripts?

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Of course, the obvious answer to all this is that such a transaction, carried on through so many years and having reference to work that even in that age excited considerable admiration and attention could not be concealed. We may reply to this, that Shakespeare, who apparently was liked by everyone, did not conceal it from his friends, and that they supported him in this pardonable assumption—the members of the theatre for their own sakes and his other friends for his.

Take, besides, the custom of the age, the helter-skelter way in which dramas were got up, sometimes by half-a-dozen authors at once, of whom one occasionally monopolized the fame; and the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications, and who so popular with all playgoers of the period as the gentle, well-living Shakespeare? And his name would better suit his friends and the then public than any mere recluse, unknown poet until his name, like other myths acquired sanctity by age; indeed, we fear it is not necessary to go back to Shakespeares' time to find the practice of assumed authorship of purchased plays, without either the reasons or the excuses which apply to Shakespeare. Unfortunately, however, for those who claim *Shakespeare* for Shakespeare, the secret was not wholly kept. Robert Greene, a well-known contemporary, a writer of reputation, but one who led the skeldering life peculiar to most of his class, addressed on his death-bed, in 1592, a warning to his co-mates not to trust to the puppets "that speak from our mouths." He then goes on in these remarkable words, which we believe every critic thinks were intended for Shakespeare: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with a tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shakespeare* in a country." Again: with this view, the disputed passages—those in which critics have agreed that the genius is found wanting—the meretricious ornaments

sometimes crowded in—the occasional bad taste displayed—in short, all the imperfections discernible and disputable in these mighty dramas, are reconcilable with their being the interpolations of Shakespeare himself on his poet's works.

The dedication of the *Venus* and the *Lucrece* to Lord Southampton is, we confess, somewhat against us, for we cannot but think these poems came from the pen that wrote *Romeo*; but, after all, Southampton was so generous a patron, that Shakespeare might be excused in assuming the authorship, in order to make the books (as his poems) a better return for the thousand pounds bestowed. But if Southampton really knew him to be the author of the dramas, how comes it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon—all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet*—have all ignored his acquaintance? Raleigh and Bacon seem not to have known of his existence; while Spenser, if he alludes to the works, takes care to avoid the name. In short, Heywood, Suckling, Hales, and all the others who are recorded to have spoken of Shakespeare "with great admiration," confine themselves to the works, and seem personally to avoid the man—always excepting "Rare Ben Jonson"; and we confess, if Ben is to be entirely believed, Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. But Ben, if unsupported, is somewhat disqualified from being what the Scotch would call a "famous witness"—he was under the deepest pecuniary obligations to Shakespeare, and was through life, despite the nonsensical tradition of their quarrel, his hearty friend and boon-companion, with "blind affection," as he phrases it, as seen above, literally "unto death," and therefore bound by the strongest ties to keep his secret, if secret there were. Besides, Ben can be convicted of at least one unqualified fib on the subject. Hear how he describes Droeshout's print of Shakespeare, prefixed to the first folio edition of 1623:

This figure that thou here see'st put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With nature to outdo the life.

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Oh, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he hath hit  
His face, &c.

Hear now Nathan Drake: "The wretched engraving thus undeservedly eulogised"; and Mr. Steevens calls it "Shakespeare's countenance deformed by Droeshout"—like the sign of Sir Roger turned into the Saracen's Head.

We might, did space allow, also allude to the celebrated wit-combats at the Mermaid, where Shakespeare's wit, when recorded, becomes truly un-Shakespearean. Let one example suffice, stated by Capell. "Ben" and "Bill" propose a joint epitaph. Ben begins:

"Here lies Ben Jonson,  
Who was once one."

Shakespeare concludes:

"That, while he lived, was a *slow* thing;  
And now, being dead, is *no-thing*."

We doubt if Benedict would have gained Beatrice had he wooed her in this style, and yet its tiny sparkle seems a beam of light contrasted with the dull darkness of the rest. In fine, we maintain we have no more direct evidence to show that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet's soliloquy, than we have that he wrote the epitaph on John a Coombe, the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy, or the epitaph to spare his "bones" on his own tombstone—all of which the commentators are now determined to repudiate.

Assuming then that we have proved, to our own extreme dissatisfaction, the probability that Shakespeare kept a poet, we are bound to say that the intercourse between them must have been one of unexampled cordiality and kindness; for seldom can we discover anything like hostility in the poet to his employer; but there must have been two little miffs—one of which occurred during the writing of *The Midsummer' Nights Dream*, and the other before the publication of *The Twelfth Night*. Shakespeare, it is well known, in very early youth, married a girl a good deal older than himself, and there is at least no evidence to show that, as usual, he did not repent his choice. Now, we will admit that it was unhandsome in the poet

at the beginning of *The Dream* to make Hermia and Lysander discourse upon this delicate subject—

“*Hermia*. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low!

*Lysander*. Or else misgraffed in respect of years.

*Her.* (the lady). O spite! too old to be engaged to young!”

But matters were still worse, when the Duke, in the *Twelfth Night*, exclaims:

“Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take an elder than herself.”

And again:

“Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;

For women are as roses, whose fair flower

Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.”

It is, we confess, very difficult to suppose that Shakespeare, with his unquestionable good feeling, could have written this unhandsome insult to his own wife, though it is very easy to imagine his passing it over in a hurried perusal previous to its presentation in the green-room.

One thing at least appears certain, and not disputed—the plays apparently rise, if we may use the expression, as the series goes on; all at once, Shakespeare, with a fortune, leaves London, and the supply ceases. Is this compatible with such a genius thus culminating, on any other supposition than the death of the poet and the survival of the employer?

Well, reader, how like you our hypothesis? We confess we do not like it ourselves; but we humbly think it is at least as plausible as most of what is contained in the many bulky volumes written to connect the man, William Shakespeare, with the poet of *Hamlet*. We repeat, there is nothing recorded in his everyday life that connects the two, except the simple fact of his selling the poems and realising the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret. In fact, the only other hypothesis which we think will serve at all, is to suppose that Shakespeare, like Mohammed, instead of going to a garret, went

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to a cave, and received his Koran from Gabriel; but then the mischief is, that Shakespeare is the most readable of authors, and the Koran, perhaps the most unreadable trash ever inflicted on a student—at least its translation is; and besides, no angel of them all could ever have shown such an acquaintance without (to a celestial) unkindred humanity as these poems display. Perhaps the best and crowning hypothesis is that of Byron about Junius:

"That what we Shakespeare call,  
Was really, truly, nobody at all."

Thus, whether Shakespeare were written by nobody or not, it seems pretty well proved that nobody gave the plays to Shakespeare; so that, whether by inheritance, *purchase*, or divine afflatus, the man who wrote Shakespeare was—William Shakespeare.

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### KEY TO SECRET CYPHER FOUND.

#### NEW LIGHT ON JACOBITE PLOT AMONG STANDISH PAPERS.

(*Daily Chronicle*, Oct. 21, 1927.)

Written history in relation to the Jacobite plot, it is claimed, will almost certainly require revision as the result of the researches of the Rev. T. C. Porteus, the well-known Lancashire historian, of Coppull, Wigan.

He has discovered the key to the secret cipher letters in the Standish family papers, which have come into the possession of the Wigan library.

These old letters were found during the demolition of a wall at Standish Hall, and were hidden probably when the hall was searched in Jacobite times. They prove that "the Jacobite gentry," who were found not guilty at a trial at Manchester in 1694 of complicity in the conspiracy, were, in fact, deeply involved, and were carrying on secret correspondence with King James.

## THE BACON—SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

BY A BARRISTER.

THE primary difficulty that confronts the impartial student of Shakespeare, in relation to the question of his authorship, is that of reconciling his history with the profound knowledge exhibited in the works attributed to him.

While it is not for a moment suggested that poetic genius, as in the case of Robt. Burns, may not enable a man to overcome the handicap of a meagre education, the cases are by no means parallel. Robt. Burns' genius enabled him to write "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and other poems dealing, as might be expected, with the life with which he was most *familiar*, whereas Shakespeare treats of matters with which he was entirely unfamiliar—of Courts and foreign countries (which he had never visited) of Law, Medicine and Music! Moreover the immortal plays denote in the author a knowledge of many languages, ancient and modern, and that he was a student of the highest order, of mythological history.

Now—except upon the hypothesis that he wrote the plays with which he is credited—there is nothing to show that Shakspeare\* had any literary attainments. That he ever went to school is questionable; it is matter of legend only that he attended the Stratford Grammar School. It is *unlikely* that he did for the reason that Latin was the principal subject taught there, and that the school was not much attended by the local inhabitants is indicated by the fact that six only of the nineteen Aldermen of Stratford could so much as sign their own names.

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\* As his name is spelt in the Registry of Births and Baptisms.

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William's father, John Shakspere, was originally a small farmer, and neither he nor his wife (Mary Arden) could read or write. In common with the vast majority of the people of their time they both signed their names with a mark. Why, therefore, John, who at the time of Williams' boyhood was running a butcher's shop, and dealing in malt, etc., should have desired his son to learn Latin—which language was of no use to anyone not destined for a professional career—is somewhat difficult to understand. And this difficulty is not lessened when we know that William was taken from school (if he ever went to one) at the early age of fourteen—when he was apprenticed to a local butcher! Whether William had any schooling or not seems, in the light of this knowledge, hardly worth arguing about, for even if we allow the legend as to his schooling, a boy who is taken from school and set to work as a butcher's assistant at the age of 14 years is unlikely to have derived much benefit from his education.

The next we hear of William is in connection with his marriage. While still a penniless apprentice, and a poacher, and at a time when his father was in very straitened circumstances (as is proved by the fact that he was unable to pay his 3s. 4d. "bill and pike" fees) he is married to Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Ann was seven years older than William, who was 19, and the fact that she presented him with a daughter within a short six months of the date of the marriage, gives ground for the belief that this marriage was forced upon William by his wife's relatives.

Ann goes to live with him at his father's house where there were already nine people in residence—William, his father and mother and six children,—and presents him next year with twins,—making a family of twelve living in one small house, in a poverty stricken condition!

The birth of these twins and the fact that Sir Thos. Lucy had determined to have him arrested for deer-stalking, were apparently the last straws on William's back, and so he deserts his wife and family and makes his way to London. The probability is that he joined a troop of



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strolling players (vagabonds), for we next hear of him as holding horses' heads outside The Theatre in Finsbury fields. He arrived in London about 1588-9. Now *Venus and Adonis* was published, albeit anonymously, in 1593, i.e. some five or six years later. From holding horses' heads, and with such a record behind him, to *Venus and Adonis*, within that time, would be a miracle surpassing anything in scripture history—for the work exhibits a degree of classical learning unequalled in the English tongue.

But to revert to Shakspeare's life; beyond the fact that he was a money lender, and a dealer in the reversions of old plays, we hear next to nothing of him until he returns to his native village, where he set up in business as a maltster and money lender and earns unenviable notoriety in connection with a scheme to enclose common lands. He is said to have died of the effects of a drinking bout, though so little notice was taken of his death that we are not even certain as to this!

In his will he leaves his *second*-best bed to his wife. There is no mention of any books—of which he should have had a priceless collection—no reference to any unfinished manuscripts—nothing to indicate authorship, or that he ever wrote a line about anything to anyone.\*

If there existed a single letter written by Shakspeare to anyone, about anything at all, we should at least have evidence that he could write. But there is absolutely nothing. In a word, the authorship theory rests alone upon the evidence that his name appears—subsequently to their anonymous publication—as author, and that in very suspicious circumstances.

Of course the public generally does not realise that the

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\* It is a curious fact—suggesting that it might have been done afterwards—that the bequests to Heminge and Condell, actors in the theatre with which Shakspeare was at one time connected, and whose signatures are appended to the introduction to the first folio edition of the plays, are interlined in red ink. But for this interlineation there is nothing whatever in the will to connect Shakspeare with the works attributed to him.

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first complete (1623) folio edition of "Shakespeare" was published seven years after his death—with no direction whatever from him. Nor does the public realise that five of the plays, as they appeared in the folio edition, were so altered, as compared with the earlier quarto editions, as to be practically new plays or that *the greater number of them had never appeared in print before*. Nor is it commonly recognised that it was not until 1597, when Shakspeare had returned to his native village, that his name was published as the author of any play.

Now let us consider Shakspeare's epitaph:

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed heare,  
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,  
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

What despicable rubbish! What an insult to the memory of him who wrote "The quality of Mercy is not strained" to suppose that he could have written this as his epitaph! The Stratford dealer in malt died in 1616—unwept, unhonoured and unsung. No one wrote anything to mark the event; no one refers to him at all until nearly a hundred years later. There is indeed nothing except that his name appears as (to conceal the *real*) author, and the fact that Ben Jonson wrote the ambiguous and obviously written-to-order dedication to the Swan of Avon, to connect him with the immortal plays. It should be remembered in this connection that Jonson was one of Sir Francis Bacon's "good pens," and that he stayed some time with him at his house at Gorhambury. After the death of his great master, (later Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Alban) Jonson speaks of him (Verulam) as excelling the mightiest *poets* of Greece and Rome. It is generally admitted that Ben Jonson had a hand in the introduction to the first folio edition of "Shakespeare's" works, though it appears over the names of Heminge and Condell, two of Shakspeare's fellow actors; while the many legal phrases used therein suggest that Bacon himself was party to it.

Now let us consider a few facts concerning Francis

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Bacon, of whom Ben Jonson wrote that he "had filled up all numbers" (which means written every kind of poetry) "and performed that in our tongue which may be compared, or preferred, either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." Educated at Cambridge University he was admittedly the most brilliant thinker and writer of his time: a philosopher and poet constrained against his will to study Law. He travelled extensively on the Continent. He was at Paris with Amyas Paulet, the British Ambassador, and he was an honoured guest at other of the courts of Europe. In his youth he was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who called him her "little Lord Keeper," and later becomes her special "Adviser." That he was a historian we know, as instance his history of Henry VII., and which no doubt, had he lived long enough, would have been re-drafted in the form of a play—to fill up the gap in the "Shakespeare" sequence of historical plays.

He founded a secret literary Society, and, as we know from the discovery of his "Promus," he kept a diary in which he was constantly jotting down choice words and phrases—many of which we find in the "Shakespeare" plays. Again the many peculiar words and phrases that are common both to his acknowledged works the "De Augmentis," the "Novum Organum" and the works ascribed to Shakespeare should be sufficient to establish beyond doubt the identity of authorship. Not only so, but there is the evidence of a most singular mistake that is common both to one of Bacon's acknowledged works and one of the plays.\*

His identification as the real author of the immortal plays is further strengthened, if not indeed conclusively proved, by the fact that passports issued to his brother Anthony Bacon, with whom Francis was in constant communication, bear the names of Marshalls of France, whose

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\* This curious mistake occurs in "Troilus and Cressida" (act 2, scene 2) as also in Francis Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," where Aristotle is misquoted in such a way as to leave little doubt that the same hand that wrote the latter wrote also the former.

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names were employed by Bacon as characters in "Love's Labours' Lost." Moreover the play refers to an incident of French history, improbable, to the degree of almost impossibility, to have been known to any one unconnected with the Court of Navarre.

And is it not significant that the "Comedy of Errors" was first produced at Gray's Inn? What kind of association had Shakspeare with that institution? The students of Gray's Inn were at this time specially presented to and thanked by Queen Elizabeth for the entertainments they had furnished for her at Greenwich and elsewhere? And was not Francis admittedly the prime mover in their preparation and production?

Of course it was he who, at first anonymously, and then under cover of the pen-name of Shakespeare—which name by the way was at first divided by a hyphen—who had, by his writing, as he says in his will "procured the good of all men—*though in a despised weed*" (disguise).

Does he not in a letter to his friend, John Davies (himself a poet), refer to himself as a "concealed" poet? And is he not mourned at his death chiefly as a poet? Twenty-seven out of thirty-two elegies written in commemoration of him mourn him chiefly as "the Apollo of the Muses." These elegies were collected and published by his Chaplain, Rawley, under the titles of "Manes Verulamiani."

If William Shakspeare was the greatest philosophic poet and dramatist the world has ever seen, surely some traces his eminence (other than the works *attributed* to him) might have been expected to survive. He did not live in pre-historic times or in the midst of such a period of social anarchy as would explain the total absence of any mark of his personal greatness. Such a wonderful man cannot have been less noticed than say, Sir Walter Raleigh, or Ben Jonson, and might reasonably have been expected to leave behind him some such traces as the following:—

1. Some *direct* documentary evidence of authorship, some manuscript or letters; something which an autograph hunter would eagerly preserve.
2. Some reference to him in the correspondence of

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people of importance, who would have regarded themselves as honoured by his acquaintance.

3. Some evidence that he was attracted by those things which interest cultivated men, as books, libraries, intellectual society, the study of Law, Medicine, Science, Philosophy, etc.

4. Some indication that he had travelled abroad, especially in France and Italy.

5. Some indication that he valued learning for its own sake, by giving his own children a good education.

The facts are that there is no direct evidence of his authorship of anything. There is no letter from him to anybody. Except for the questionable dedication of Ben Jonson there is no reference to him in the writing of people of importance. There is no proof, or even suggestion, that he ever travelled abroad. His children, like his father and mother, were illiterate.

To conclude, the "Shakespeare" plays are, almost without exception, so spangled with legal allusions, many of an intricate nature, that eminent jurists have pronounced them impossible so to have been employed except by someone, as was the case with Francis Bacon, whose life's work had been that of the law.

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### SHAKE-SPEARE'S SONNETS, THEIR AUTOBIOGRAPHIC CHARACTER.

Upon this matter Professor Dowden writes:—

"With Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor and Mr. Swinburne; with François Victor Hugo; with Kreyssig, Ulrici, Gervinus and Herman Isaac; with Boaden, Armitage Brown and Hallam; with Furnivall, Spalding, Rossetti and Palgrave, I believe that Shakespeare's Sonnets express his own feelings in his own person."

## A SPIRITED DEFENCE OF BACON'S GENIUS.

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

RECENTLY I was dallying in one of the delightful by-paths of literature in an odd volume I picked up, which includes a quaint dissertation of considerable length entitled "Notes on Noses." I have no clue to its authorship, in lieu of a name the writer quoted in a passage from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy!" The edition was published by Richard Bentley in New Burlington Street in 1852 and the preface to this nasal diatribe is dated May 1848. Hence, whoever the writer might be, he lived during the period in which the Great Victorians flourished. The discussion on nasology is illuminated by many extremely shrewd and just observations on the illustrious characters of history and the arts, and contains several references to Verulam which have inspired me to submit them to BACONIANA.

The anonymous author classes Bacon's nose amongst the highest type of nasal organs, namely, the cogitative nose, and on p. 63 he writes as follows:

"It is a great and prevalent mistake to imagine that a Cogitative mind (and Nose), are to be acquired by reading alone. It is almost certain that, as books multiply, Cogitative Minds decrease, for how is a man to think, if all his thinking is done for him? The mind, when constantly supplied with extraneous thoughts must, without great care, lose the habit of generating internal ones. All the greatest thinkers have been the first in their department of thought: Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Bacon, etc. These men, as compared with even mediocre men in our day, had very little learning—but they had vast wisdom.

Read Bacon's *Novum Organum* and *Sylva* for instance, and see how few facts there are in them but such as are either known to, or laughed at, by every school-boy; yet direct your attention to the train of thought, to the generalizations from these simple facts, to the originality of the deductions, and behold how the dwarf in knowledge becomes a giant in Wisdom! It is even true that Bacon was behind his contemporaries in many matters of mere

knowledge; yet the majesty of his wisdom was so vast that it still rules, and ever must rule, the world of science."

There are many other lengthy tributes to the master in this chapter, but none which strikes me as juster, better and more apposite than that dispassionate and brilliant passage in which this illuminated but nameless author attacks Lord (then still plain Mr. T. B.) Macaulay on his conception of Bacon in the second volume of "Historical and Critical Essays."

Says our own more enlightened writer after due consideration of Macaulay's summing up:

"If this were a true picture of Bacon's mind, how sad and low and grovelling it must have been. Accustomed to grieve that he suffered his soul to be polluted by contact with the world, and bowed his heart beneath the love of ill-gotten gold, we have yet found consolation in the thought that the man and the philosopher were two; and that we might dwell with rapture on the latter, take him to our heart, and make him our mind's companion without defiling ourselves with the former. But if this were a true picture of the philosopher, we must turn from him with disgust, as one whose soul was so imbued with the low and sordid, that no intellectual powers, how sublime soever, could elevate it above what was low and sordid, mean and base.

Sick at heart and disgusted with humanity, we must turn with joy to him who sought "to exalt man into a god," who urged us "to the contemplation of pure truth," "to fix our minds on the immutable essences of things," and "the knowledge of the abstract, essential, eternal truth."

But thank God it is not a true picture of Bacon's mind and purpose in revealing to the world a new philosophy.

At most it is but one half the picture, and that is the lower half. It exhibits the mouth only, the vehicle of material things which sustain the body. Yet nevertheless not to be despised; for without it the body could not live, and without the body the mind could have no communion with mortal minds, and as to them must be dead also. But it entirely cuts off and conceals the upper half of the

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man; the skull, the seat of mind, the residence of that God-inspired particle, which alone enables and makes valuable the whole body.

It is true that Bacon hoped by his philosophy to supply man's vulgar wants, and to make his sojourn here as easy and comfortable as was possible; but he sought this only as a necessary and blessed accident by the way, and not as the end of his new learning.

While he laboured to benefit mankind as mortal man, he also strove to elevate him as an immortal soul; mindful of the origin which, he dared, like Plato, to hope to exalt man into a god, by leading the divine spirit breathed into him when he was made in the image of God, to a contemplation and discovery of the secrets of the Great Artificer.

It was a favourite text of Bacon's, "It is the glory of God to conceal a matter; it is the glory of the King (a man) to find it out." (*Prov. xxv. 2.*)

Was this not very much like placing man almost on a parity with God, and exalting him into a god? And again, even misquoting to suit his lofty notions of man's capabilities: "The spirit of man is as the lamp of God wherewith He searcheth every secret." (*Prov. xx. 27*). (*Filium Labyrinthi*). Surely, too, the aim of him who urges his disciples "to fix their minds on the contemplation of the immutable essences of things." "The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things, and the enlarging the bounds of human empire to the effecting of all things possible." (*New Atlantis*).

Neither does he differ at all from the philosophy of the Academy in his appreciation of pure truth. "Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of *Truth*, which is the love-making or wooing of; the knowledge of *Truth*, which is the presence of it; and the belief of *Truth*, which is the enjoying of it—is the *Sovereign good of human nature*. The poet saith excellently well: 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof



below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth, and to see the errors and wanderings, and mist and tempests in the sea below; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth." Is this the language of one who had no higher aim than "to supply man's vulgar wants, and whose eye was ever on a mark which was placed on earth and within bowshot?" No! long since must Bacon have been forgotten, if his philosophy had had no higher end than that which modern utilitarianism deems its proudest boast.

One more extract will suffice to evince, that in promoting the proper study of his favourite science, Natural Philosophy, he had far higher views than mere utilitarianism, though this was to be regarded by the way and as an accident of no mean importance. "All knowledge, and especially that of natural philosophy, tendeth highly to the glory of God in His power, providence and benefits appearing and engraven in His works, which without this knowledge are beheld but as through a veil, for if the heavens in the body of them do declare the glory of God to the eye, much more do they in the rule and decrees of them declare it to the understanding." (*Filum Labyrinthi*, Part I.)

An apology is needed for this long episode on Bacon, and our apology must be an anxious desire to direct the student back from the false school of Baconism to the master himself. Leave the Macaulays, the Herschels and the Playfairs to the work—and an important and useful work it is—for which they are fitted; but do you endeavour so to mind earthly things that you forget no heavenly things. We say not, as did the ancient philosophers, disregard earthly things; but while attending to them, forget not the heavenly, as the utilitarians do. Neither would it have been necessary to have entered fully into the matter had we not been aware of the thousands who pretend to tread in the steps of Bacon, not above one or two who have ever read his more important works, but take

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their notions of his philosophy from such crude and partial views as the merest utilitarians choose to enunciate as Baconian.

We require no other proof of the degeneracy of modern mind from the close habits of intense thought which distinguish the predecessors and contemporaries of Bacon, than the melancholy fact, that while the *Novum Organum* and *De Augmentis* were, in the authors' time, eagerly read by every one pretending to a liberal education, and at once elevated him to a high rank among literary men, they are scarcely ever opened in the present day, "and though much talked of are but little read. They have produced, indeed, a vast effect on the opinions of mankind, but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents." (Macaulay's *Essay on Bacon*, Vol. II., p. 426). Of these intermediate agents we have given a few specimens; and as long as the world submits to receive their version of Baconism, so long will Baconism elevate at the expense of True Wisdom. Let men return to Bacon, and take all that he teaches instead of part—the inferior part—and there will be nothing for Wisdom or Knowledge to fear."

It seems one of the gentle ironies of literature that one of the best defences of Verulam should be found in such an out-of-the-way volume. I may be the committant of crass ignorance, but I have no idea who wrote these "Notes on Noses." Yet it speaks well for their whimsical and gifted essayist that he was an independent judge, and could recognise genius and discriminate and elevate it from the body of popular and accepted opinion. No doubt, Macaulay's view of Bacon was influenced by the earlier and unjust dictum of Pope. I always feel that Pope's spite against Bacon was unconsciously inspired by the poet's ill-health. There is in its malice, an outburst of the writer's own physical disability and it sounds like the mental epithet of the cripple to whom it owed its hapless being.

It has therefore given me great happiness to rescue the noble passages I have given above from the unwieldy bulk of forgotten literature and mute inglorious.

## BACON'S SECRET SIGNATURE.

BY BERTRAM G. THEOBALD, B.A.

**M**R. Seymour's interesting article in the July issue of *Baconiana* set me thinking; especially his remark that if these signatures are anything but fortuitous, "then it were easy to produce hundreds of similar examples in the First Folio alone." This seemed rather a bold statement; for if there were literally hundreds in that volume, it would indeed be extraordinary. I therefore proceeded to examine the matter for myself, working from the 1623 Folio. It is of course easy for one pair of eyes to miss examples here and there, and so my list may not be complete; but the following are my finds from the fourteen Comedies. I have not yet examined the Histories or Tragedies.

*The Tempest, Act II., Sc. i.*

And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,  
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:

*Two Gentlemen, Act V., Sc. ii.*

Besides she did intend Confession  
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.

*Measure for Measure, Act V., Sc. i.*

My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,  
And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,

*Measure for Measure, Act II., Sc. iv.*

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the lesse of question) that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose creadit with the Judge, or owne great place,  
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles  
Of the all-building Law: and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him,

*Comedy of Errors, Act I., Sc. i.*

But heere must end the story of my life,  
And happy were I in my timelie death,  
Could all my travells warrant me they live,

*Comedy of Errors, Act II.*

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Sc. i.*

Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,  
Consent to marrie with Demetrius,

*Also:* I must confesse that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thoughte to have spoke thereof:  
But being over-full of self-affaires,

*Act II.* But who comes heere? I am invisible,  
And I will over-heare their conference.

*Act III.* And tender me (forsooth) affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent

*also:* And must for aye consort with black, browd night.  
But we are spirits of another sort:

*Act V.* And grows to something of great Constancie  
But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Merchant of Venice, Act III.*

And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved Prince,

*As You Like It, Act V., Sc. iv.*

After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;

*Taming of the Shrew, Act I., Sc. i.*

Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he)  
Although I think 'twas in another sence,  
I am content to bee Lucentio,

*Act V.:* But twentie times so much upon my Wife,  
A hundred then.  
Content.

Including the example from "The Tempest" quoted in Mr. Seymour's article, it will be seen that in the 34 Comedies we have 17 instances of these signatures. Assuming that the Tragedies and Histories contain a somewhat similar proportion, we should then get about 40 specimens out of the 1623 Folio; which is rather different from the "hundreds" suggested. But perhaps Mr. Seymour has collected them? If so, well and good.

What, then, is their value as evidence? I note in the first place that cases where B and A are *not* preceded or followed by "con" largely outnumber cases where they *are* so followed. I have not counted the former, but at a guess the proportion may be about 5 to 1. From this it might be argued that if only 1 in 5 gives us the required

word, these must be regarded as coincidences, *especially* as the prefix "con" is so common in the English language. If we had found that wherever the initial letters B and A occurred the syllable "con" was invariably met with either on one of these lines or an adjacent one, then indeed the argument for coincidence would vanish. On the other hand it might be said that this would reveal the author too easily and that therefore Bacon would not be likely to do it.

Again, it would have been more significant had we found this signature in *every* play, especially if near the beginning or end. But so far, I have traced nothing in *Much Ado*, *L.L.L.*, *All's Well*, *Twelfth Night* or *Winter's Tale*. *Merry Wives* is perhaps sufficiently signed by the "Hang hog" passage!

To make this kind of evidence acceptable we must also show that such signatures are not to be found outside the writings of our author. Here I cannot follow Mr. Seymour's argument. He says in his conclusion, "Try, if you please, to similarly extract 'Shakspeare' from either of the plays which were published anonymously; or indeed the names of either of the other 'authors under review,' etc. But surely this is asking a much more difficult and very different thing. "Shakspeare" has 9 letters and "Marlowe" 7, and their essential formation renders them far less easy for acrostic games. "Bacon" is a peculiarly simple word for this purpose. To take an example: what we have to show is, *not* that the word "Milton" cannot be thus discovered in "Paradise Lost," but that the word "Bacon" cannot be found there.

Having no copy of this work to hand at the moment, I made the test with two other authors. An examination of "The Light of Asia" disclosed the fact that B and A occur consecutively some 56 times, but that in no case was "con" on any adjacent line. Perhaps, however, the language of this poem would not be likely to yield a plentiful crop of words with Latin prefix. I therefore tried an Elizabethan work, namely Chapman's translation of the "Iliad." This copy happened to have 65 pages torn out,

but in the remainder of the book, some 12,000 lines, there were 18 specimens of this Baconian signature, as against 17 in (quite roughly) 60,000 lines of the Folio. True these instances seem rather less striking, since only one of them has "con" at the *beginning* of a line. Still, there they are! And here again there are many more cases where the B and A are *not* accompanied by "con" than where they are so followed. Has any serious suggestion been made that Bacon wrote this translation? If so, is this an additional piece of evidence? If not, the presence of these signatures in Chapman rather impairs their value in the Folio!

The best test would surely be to go through the Folio and see how many times *any* two initial letters are preceded or followed by *any* three-lettered syllable commencing a word, so that these five letters form *any* word. If there should be large numbers of these, and especially if many different words were often repeated, this would tend to weaken Mr. Seymour's hypothesis. But if such instances were comparatively rare, and also if any one word were seldom repeated then his hypothesis would be materially strengthened. Needless to say I do not wish to undervalue Mr. Seymour's praiseworthy researches. He may be entirely right. I only wish to enter a caveat against the too ready acceptance of evidence which at first sight appears delightfully attractive, but which may possibly not stand the test of critical examination. What do other students think?

## AN EARLY DETECTION OF THE FRAUD.

BY A. R. OSMOTHERLEY, M.A., F.S.A.

THE present writer is aware that attention has already been called in the pages of *Baconiana* (March, 1920) and also of *The American Baconiana*, to an eighteenth century book entitled "*The Life and Adventures of Common Sense*," in which occurs an early and most important refutation of the generally accepted belief that Shakespeare's authorship was not seriously and publicly questioned until about the middle of the nineteenth century.

Before, however, giving the important passage, bearing on this question, it is deemed desirable to give a few facts concerning editions of this work that have appeared.

Particulars of the first edition are as follows:—*The Life and Adventures of Common Sense: An Historical Allegory*, 2 Vols., by Herbert Lawrence. London: printed for Montagu Lawrence, 1769. This edition is very rare and has been quoted at £75 in Messrs. Maggs Bros' Catalogue.

The second edition came out in 1771 and was printed for J. Whiston, but no place of publication is given. The first edition in French is entitled *Vie et Aventures de Sens Commun; Histoire allegorique, traduite de l'Anglais, sur la seconde edition*. Avignon 1777.

The first Swiss Edition appeared in the same year as the French first edition, and the place of publication appears as Yverdon. The title is the same as the French edition.

Now for the important passage which appears on pages 145—9 of Vol. I. in the first English edition. In the use of capitals the text is followed:—"At the Time of my Imprisonment in Florence, it seems my Father, Genius

and Humour, made a trip to London, where upon their Arrival, they made an Acquaintance with a Person belonging to the Playhouse; this Man was a profligate in his Youth, and, as some say, had been a deer-stealer, others deny it, but be that as it will, he certainly was a Thief from the Time he was first capable of distinguishing any Thing; and therefore it is immaterial what Articles he dealt in. I say, my Father and his Friends made a sudden and Violent Intimacy with this Man, who seeing that they were a negligent careless People, took the first opportunity that presented itself, to rob them of every Thing he could lay his Hands on, and the better to conceal his Theft, he told them, with an effected concern, that one Misfortune never comes alone—that they had been actually informed against, as Persons concerned in an assassination Plot, now secretly carrying on by Mary Queen of Scots, against the Queen of England, that he knew their Innocence, but they must not depend upon that, nothing but quitting the Country could save them. They took his Word and marched off forthwith for Holland. As soon as he had got fairly rid of them, he began to examine the Fruits of his Ingenuity. Amongst my Father's Baggage, he presently cast his Eye upon a common place Book, in which was contained an infinite variety of Modes and Formes, to express all the different sentiments of the human Mind, together with Rules for their Combinations and Connections upon every subject or Occasion that might Occur in Dramatic Writing. He found too in a small Cabinet, a glasse, possessed of very extraordinary Properties, belonging to Genius, and invented by him; by the help of this Glass he could not only approximate the external Surface of any Object, but even penetrate into the deep Recesses of the Soul of Man—could discover all the Passions and note their Various Operations in the human Heart. In a Hat-box, wherein all the Goods and Chattels of HUMOUR were deposited, he met with a Mask of curious Workmanship, it had the Power of making every sentence that came out of the Mouth of the Wearer, appear extremely pleasant and entertaining—the jocose



Expression of the Features was exceedingly natural, and it had Nothing of that shining Polish common to other Masks, which is too apt to cast disagreeable Reflections. "In what Manner he had obtained this illgotten Treasure was unknown to every Body but my Mother, Wisdom, and Myself; and we should not have found it out, if the Mask, which upon all other Occasions is used as a Disguise, had not made the Discovery. The Mask of Humour was our old Acquaintance, but we agreed tho' much against my Mother's Inclination, to take no Notice of the Robbery, for we conceived that my Father and his friends would easily recover their Loss, and were likewise apprehensive that we could not distress this Man without depriving his Country of its greatest Ornament. With these Materials, and with good parts of his own, he commenced Play-Writer, how he succeeded is needless to say, when I tell the Reader that his name was Shakespear."

## THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

THE ANGLO SAXON; AND THE MOUNTAIN  
CEDAR THAT REACHED ITS BRANCHES TO ALL  
THE PLAINS ABOUT HIM.

BY S. A. E. HICKSON, Brig. General, C.B., D.S.O.  
(retired).

THE real import is rarely noted of the fact that the first scene of Shakespeare's First Folio, published in 1623, immortalises the "Terrible Tempest," which so grandly heralded the destiny of our race, by the saving of the wreck of the ship "Sea-Adventure" which, being bound for James-Town, was *cast upright on the rocks*\* off Bermuda, then called Sommer Island, so that '*not a soul perished.*' † It was this small beginning of the United States and of the present vast English-speaking race, to which, as I have shown elsewhere Bacon alluded, in his oft quoted speech of 1620, three years before the first folio appeared, observing that: "a grain of mustard seed sometimes proves a great tree. Who can tell?" The play of Henry VIII as completed appeared likewise in print for the first time in 1623, and there Shakespeare speaks in a similarly prophetic vein of "a mountain cedar" which shall "reach its branches to all the plains about him." The tale has now been told. The prophecy is accomplished. From James-Town the English race has reached world-wide.

- See  
p. 153.

"The Tempest," which first commemorated this small beginning, is known to have appeared between 1609 and 1613, in which latter year it is said to have been acted for

\* Smith's *Discovery of America* 1747:- "They drank to one another as taking their last leaves, but were cast upright between two rocks."

† *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. II. l. 218.

the second time, and what professes to be "the first book published to the world touching Sommer Island" appeared also in 1613: while the play of *Henry VIII* was not completed in its present form till 1621, or between that date and the appearance of the First Folio in 1623. This account of 1613 is attributable to Bacon for reasons to be given presently, meanwhile the quintuple series of events is noteworthy.

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|--|--------------|
| (1) The shipwreck off Bermuda occurred in        | 1609         |
| (2) First published account of do.               | 1613         |
| (3) Play of the <i>Tempest</i> acted second time | 1613         |
| (4) Bacon's speech—"a grain of mustard seed"     | 1620         |
| (5) Play of <i>Henry VIII</i> —"mountain cedar"  | 1621 to 1623 |

The prose version of 1613 is entitled "A plaine description of the Bermudas, now called the Sommer Islands, with the manner of their discovery: anno 1609." It was published anonymously: yet even readers who have but little studied Bacon's works will, without fail, recognise Bacon's own handiwork in the dedicatory epistle. Quite apart from extraneous indications, the whole subject is unmistakeably handled according to his method and ideas. The writer has, for example, put in the very forefront of his little book, the same reference from *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. III, 11, which is so frequently quoted by Bacon in the very beginning of his most famous philosophical works: namely, in the first chapter alike of the *Advancement of Learning*; the *Valerius Terminus*; and the *De Augmentis*. The quotation runs as follows, and will at once be remembered on account of the striking application of it, made by the philosopher:—"God hath made everything beautiful in his time; also hath he set the world in man's heart, yet cannot man find out the work which God worketh from the beginning to the end."\*

Again the design or matter, the strength and way of colouring are peculiarly Bacon's. The author alludes, for example, to the discovery of Bermuda as illustrating Bacon's favourite emblem and motto concerning the

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\* The Translations vary slightly.

manner in which Time discovers "hidden and long concealed truth" i.e., "Tempore palet occulta Veritas," which forms the frontispiece of his *New Atlantis*; a romance itself foreshadowing the immense future of scientific research, discovery and invention. He draws attention, after Bacon, to the two fortuitous inventions, which the latter cites, as examples of what scientific research and induction might effect, on a far grander scale, namely the lode-stone with needle, and printing. The evidence of Bacon's hand could hardly be plainer, and the book carries, too, the famous printer's emblem known as the double A; or the light A and dark A, which is nothing more or less than the name of Bacon in Monogram form, having the B placed on its back, so as to form also the C and O, with an additional flourish on either side to complete the A and the N. The evolution is easy to trace in the *Minerva Britannia*, where it occurs below the undisguised name and figure of Bacon on page 34 pointing to the mailed hand shaking a spear on page 33.

The account of John Smith relates how, long after Columbus discovered America, a Spanish ship, said to have been called "La Bermuda" was wrecked upon the rocks which bear its name, whilst others say they were first called "Bermuda" or "La Garcia" after a Spanish Captain named Juan Bermudez, whose vessel "La Garcia" was wrecked there. But, says John Smith, "truly this place hath always been very adverse to the approaches of the Spaniard, whence it is in anger by them styled the *Island of Devils*, and by their mariners therefore to this day shunned and avoided as much or more than their Utopian purgatory." Thus the news of the fertility of the island and of the propitious salvation of the crew of the "Sea-Adventure" was received with surprise in England; and the Baconian account entitled "A plaine description of the Bermudas" lays stress on this divine dispensation, and on the astonishment that this miraculous discovery created in England.

The "Epistle Dedicatory," here especially referred to, is addressed to "the Right Honble. Sir Thomas Smith,

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Treasurer for the Colonies and Company of Virginia," and runs as follows; in words which seem to resound with the voice of Bacon:—

"It is but a hundreth years ago that (after the world had scarce dreamed of any other habitable place of the earth more than Asia, Africa and Europe) God discovered to vulgar knowledge another, and as it were a new world of America, which if it had been told in the elder ages millions of men would never have believed it. And that we in this present and perverse age may also know that Times and Seasons are in God's hands, He hath vouchsafed amongst the many excellent inventions and wonderful discoveries of these times to make known to us the poore Virginian plantation, and by us to the world *the hidden and long concealed truth*, touching the State of Bermuda Islands. Who did not think till within these four years but that these Islands had been rather the habitation of devils than fit for man to dwell in. . . . Let them hearken to this and make use of it, that mislike all new inventions and suspect all new discoveries, and hold it for a rule, that whatsoever is new is nought. If any had said seven years ago the Bermuda Islands are not only accessible and habitable, but also fertile, fruitful, plentiful, and a safe, secure, temperate, rich, sweet, and healthful habitation for man and especially for English bodies, oh, how loudly would he have been laughed at and hissed out of most mens' companies. And yet no more than he would have been, who, four hundred years ago, should have told the world that, by the use and help of a stone a man should more safely sail upon the ocean round about the earth than formerly in the narrow seas; or than he who two hundred years ago should have said there was an art, by which all writing of books should be saved, and that *two men should print more in one day, than two hundred can write*, or than he who one hundred years ago did tell us there was another world, as it were under our feet, wherein men lived like us, and a richer part of the world than ours. And yet all these are now proved true before our eyes. . . . A work so honorable to God, our religion, our King and our

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country . . . hath not been attempted in the Christian world these many ages . . . . And, because it is the glorie of God to declare his works: I cannot but commend your wisdom in publishing these strange and welcome news from the Bermudas. . . . Now then let the Christian world rejoyce to see that God is worshipped in the Devil's Islands and that Englishmen live safely and sweetly there, where never any lived before them. It is almost four years ago since our valorous Commander, Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers with a hundred and fifty persons were in a *terrible Tempest* cast away upon these islands, and so found it when they sought it not, though they suffered shipwreck upon the rocks that compass these islands (as all others did that were pitched upon them). Yet were they *preserved every man*, which never befell any but themselves: such was the favour of God unto them."

"Good reader this is the first book published to the world touching Somer Islands."

Thus did the English go forth to spread abroad: and such was the apprehensive mind of Bacon who, as Shakespeare also, already foresaw the making of many new nations, reaching their branches to all the plains about James-Town and beyond; as plainly as he foretold in the *New Atlantis* the coming wonders and discoveries of scientific research and invention, which were to bring those many nations into such close touch as we now see,—even though separated by the wide seas,—by means of electricity and steam. In New York, in Toronto, in Sidney, in Calcutta, each with their several Governments the same beneficent law, the same love of order, the same justice and love of fair play and peace predominate: the vices which encourage hatred and war being discountenanced, thanks to the guidance of such men as Shakespeare and Bacon and many famous names since.

She shall be loved and feared, her own shall bless her.  
In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing  
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours.

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Reason and learned or expert Experience, in Conference alone can take the place of war, and in course of time, with patience, ensure peace, and the common purpose of humanity in search of universal well being; the industrious pursuit of new discoveries and inventions.

The Rosicrucian FAMA is addressed to "all the learned heads of Europe", all of whom looked up to Bacon. It was first produced at Cassel in 1614, but reproduced with the *Confessio* and *Confessio Recepta* in 1615 and 1617 at Frankfort; where also the first collected edition of Bacon's works, in Latin, appeared in 1665. When the FAMA first came out, John Robinson and his Congregational Church were established at Leyden, in Holland. In 1620 one hundred and four members of his congregation sailed as the "Pilgrim Fathers" to found New England. The first book printed in America, in 1640, i.e. "The Bay Psalm book" has a border closely resembling that of the FAMA, and other Rosicrucian indications.

## SOME CABALA INTERPRETATIONS.

BY BASIL E. LAWRENCE, LL.D.

**I**T has been claimed that "The Tempest" is Bacon's literary testament.

Now a will should have the testator's name at the beginning and his signature at the end. Mr. Seymour, in the very able lecture he delivered some time ago that is reported in the September number, 1924, of *Baconiana*, showed that the signature appeared in numerical writing at the end of "The Tempest" in the word "Free," thus: secret cabala, 67; simple cabala, 33=Francis Bacon. But according to the report he did not say anything about the name at the beginning.

The first word in the play is the strangely spelt word *Bote-swaine*.

The numerical value of Bote-Swaine by the simple English Cabala is 107

$$107=46+61$$

46 is *Lord* by the simple English Cabala.

61 is *St. Alban* by the simple Latin Cabala.

The numerical value of Swaine=67 by the simple English Cabala.

67=Francis, by the simple English Cabala.

The numerical value of Bote-Swaine by the secret Cabala is 143.

143=Fra Bacon, by the secret Cabala.

143=Lord Verulam, by the secret Cabala.

143=St. Alban, by the Kay Cabala.

The numerical value of Bote-Swaine by the Kay Cabala is 237.

$$237=171+66$$

171=Francis, by the Kay Cabala.

$$66=2(33)$$

=Bacon by the ordinary English Cabala.



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It may be said that the first words in the play are its title, namely, "The Tempest."

The numerical value of "The Tempest" by the simple English Cabala is 125.

$$125=33+92.$$

33=Bacon by the simple English Cabala.

92=Bacon by the Secret English Cabala.

The numerical value of "The Tempest," by the secret English Cabala is also curiously 125.

So we again get Bacon, Bacon.

The numerical value of "The Tempest" by the Kay Cabala is 229.

229=Francis, by the Ordinary Latin Cabala.

$$229=86+143.$$

86=Verulam, by the simple English Cabala.

143=Fra Bacon, by the secret English Cabala.

143=Lord Verulam, by the secret English Cabala.

143=St. Alban, by the Kay Cabala.

The numerical value of "The Tempest" by the simple Latin Cabala is 119.

$$119=33+86.$$

33=Bacon, by the simple English Cabala.

86=Verulam, by the simple English Cabala.

The numerical value of "The Tempest" by the ordinary Latin Cabala is 503.

$$503=4(100)+103.$$

100=Francis Bacon, by the simple English Cabala.

103=Shakespeare, by the simple English Cabala.

It has been wondered why "The Tempest," which is one of the later plays, was placed first in the First Folio. If the above was intentional, and if my deductions are correct, this would give a reason.

I now turn to the first words printed in the First Folio, and the initials "B.I." at the end of the verses, namely: "To The Reader, B.I."

Mr. Seymour pointed out in his lecture that the first word "To" by the simple English Cabala=33=Bacon. Also "To" by the Kay Cabala=33, and by the simple Latin Cabala=31.

## 150 Some Cabala Interpretations

31=Bacon, by the simple Latin Cabala.

The numerical value of "To The Reader, B.I." by the simple English Cabala is 125.

125=33+92.

33=Bacon, by the simple English Cabala.

92=Bacon, by the secret English Cabala.

The numerical value of "To The Reader, B.I." by the Secret English Cabala is 200.

200=Francis Bacon, by the secret English Cabala.

200=2(100)=Francis Bacon, by the simple English Cabala.

The numerical value of "To The Reader, B.I." by the Kay Cabala is 333.

333=3(111)=Bacon, by the Kay Cabala.

But 111=The Author, by the simple English Cabala,

Therefore Bacon=The Author.

The numerical value of "To The Reader, B.I." by the simple Latin Cabala is 120.

120=87+33.

87=Fra, by the ordinary Latin Cabala.

33=Bacon, by the simple English Cabala.

The numerical value of "To The Reader, B.I." by the ordinary Latin Cabala is 449.

449=325+124.

325=Francis Bacon, by the ordinary Latin Cabala.

124=Lord Verulam, by the simple Latin Cabala.

The main objection to deductions from numerical writing is that you can bring about strange results by the manipulation of figures; but in the above, all that has been done is, in some cases, to divide a number into two parts, and this can hardly be called manipulation.

## DR. WILLIAM RAWLEY'S TOMB.

BY W. G. C. GUNDRY.

**B**EING recently at Cambridge, with leisure for exploration, the present writer paid a visit to the little village of Landbeach, which lies some six miles to the north of the University, in the Fen country.

Landbeach Church is an old structure which though largely of fifteenth century work is in parts much older than this.

William Rawley's tomb, which is at the west end of the church near the font, is a flat slab which appears to be of black marble.

The inscription, the arrangement of the lines of which are carefully reproduced is as follows:—

“Hic jacet Guilielmus Rawley S.T. Doctor  
Vir Gratys et musis ex aequo charus  
Sereniss Regibus Car 1<sup>o</sup>, et 2<sup>do</sup> à Sacris  
Do Franc Verulamio Sacellanus primus atq. ultimus  
Cujus opera summa cum fide edita et debent literae.  
Uxorem habuit Barbaram, ad latus Mariti positam  
Jo. Wixted, Aldermanni nuper Cantabr Filiam,  
Ex ea filium suscepit unicum, Guilielmum  
In cujus cineribus satis (salis?) haud parum latet.  
Ecclesiam hanc per annos 50 prudens administravit.  
Tandem placide, ut vixit, in Domino obdormivit.  
Anno } Domini MDCLXVII Jun. 18  
Aetat 79.”

The inscription is surmounted by an armorial achievement, apparently Rawley impaling Wixted.

It will be observed from the above inscription that Rawley was the incumbent of Landbeach for fifty years; the date of his induction is given in the list of Rectors of Landbeach, to be seen in the church, as 1616/17. In a book of notes on the church, which is provided for the use of visitors, it is stated that Dr. Rawley was apparently deprived for a period of the living during the Commonwealth; the authority for this statement is said to be contemporary church records.

The stone slab which covers the mortal part of Francis

## 152 A Cocksure "Agnostic"

Bacon's first and last chaplain is not unlike that which marks the resting place of Sir Thomas Meautys, his faithful secretary, but there is this difference between the two memorials; the lines on Rawley's tomb can be read and have not been tampered with like those to Meautys at St. Michael's.

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### A COCKSURE "AGNOSTIC."

**I**N an essay on "Shakespeare," Col. R. G. Ingersoll, wrote:—

"We have the right to compare what Bacon wrote with what it is claimed Shakespeare produced. I call attention to one thing—to Bacon's opinion of human love. It is this:—

The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. As to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief—sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. Among all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shews that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion.

The author of 'Romeo and Juliet' never wrote that."

By a parity of reasoning Shakespeare could not have been but Bacon must surely have been the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." For in Act V., Sc. I., the same characterisation of the "grand passion" is virtually reproduced:—

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination, all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—  
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

## BACON'S VEILED HINTS TO POSTERITY.

Mr. Horace Nickson's recent lecture at Canonbury evoked much interest and a lively discussion. He opened out by declaring his conviction that Francis Bacon had a secret to keep which was far more deep than the authorship of the "Shakespeare" plays. The excuse for his having written works of art, he said, and putting them under another man's name, had always struck him as being insufficiently warrantable to risk in the mind of posterity the doubtful assumption that after-generations would place the laurel on the right head. Ben Jonson foresaw this, he continued, when he wrote, "The Prince's Masque"—which he probably desired to be interpreted *mask*. In this play he personates himself as being requested by his master to write an eulogistic poem of the author, praising the wrong man, meaning Shakspeare the actor,—a man of straw,—for he says "I like not the wisdom of the apotheosis; for it will prove the deifying of a pumpkin."

"Was there ever a truer prophesy? Was there ever such a clear conception of forecasting the opinions of present-day Stratfordians? Yet time has not, so far, vindicated the real author's claim to the authorship.

"It is certain that the mystery of authorship was not the sole reason for pseudonymity. There were far graver issues and stronger grounds for not claiming them in his own lifetime. What were they? Can we detect any veiled hints, as the cypher story of Mrs. Gallup declares, that he was of royal birth and a son of Queen Elizabeth; that he was thwarted and deprived of the Crown?"

The lecturer went on to show that long before he had read anything about cyphers, he had been much struck by the extraordinary prophesy of Cranmer in the last scene of *Henry VIII*, just after the christening of Elizabeth. "After prophesying what fame would accrue to Elizabeth when she grew up and became England's Queen," he said, "he goes on to say that this maiden Phoenix, this bird of wonder, when she dies shall from her ashes new create another heir as great in fame as herself, and leave her blessedness to one, who from the sacred ashes of her honour shall star-like rise, as great in admiration as herself, and so stand fixed; wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, the honour and the greatness of his name shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish, and like the mountain cedar, reach his branches to all the plains about him. Our children's children shall see this and bless heaven."

"To the average reader," said the lecturer, "this extraordinary passage would only be an eulogy of James I., who actually succeeded Elizabeth. But when I had become familiar with the particulars of the Cypher story I saw quite clearly that the Queen left her blessedness to one, who from the sacred ashes of her honour, would rise as great in fame as she was and so stand fixed! Did the fame of *James I.* stand fixed—this king of shreds and patches—was this the King who flourished, and like a mountain cedar, spread his branches to all the plains about him? It is quite obvious that this extraordinary eulogy was of the author himself; and only in the light of that understanding can the equally extraordinary circumstances of Bacon's life, and his mysterious relations with men and things, be rightly comprehended."

"This myriad-minded genius whom few really understand," said the lecturer, "in fact, the world knows little of the most interesting part of his life, after being deprived of the Crown, was to transmit to posterity his inmost soul; his altruistic intentions; his god-like personality in the succeeding ages, careless of the censure of his own times; for, according to his statement in the *Sonnets* he was a public obliquy; he worked behind a veil, writing books under different men's names. We knew the 'hall-mark' of his writings and we are able to detect his works as if he had signed them."

The lecturer then submitted an example of his authorship in an unsuspected book, probably unknown to most Baconians. "This book," he said, "was ostensibly a translation from the Spanish and entitled 'The Life of Guzman de Alfarache,' by Mateo Aleman. What first arrested the lecturer's attention in this book was a discourse on Love, because it was as Baconian as it could be. It might have been copied from Bacon's essay as far as its sentiment and expression were concerned; full of wit and deep insight. This caused him to turn to the Dedicatory Poems to try and learn more about the author. These poems were, curiously, by Ben Jonson, Leonard Digges, and J. F. (John Fletcher). All these poems were inimicably alike to the similar dedications in the First Folio. Jonson refers to the translator as more than the foster-father of this child. But if he were more than the foster-father, he must have been the father and, as in the case of the *Don Quixote*, the English edition is the original, and not the translation."

"In the long poem of Fletcher," the lecturer said, "the very unusual varying of complete lines by small letters instead of capitals is conspicuous by a small f and nine lines lower by a small b. Although there were thousands of lines of poetry in the book, in which each complete line commenced with a capital letter, only in these two lines were the exceptions, and they were f and b. The edition in which this occurs is the second, or 1632 edition.

The original edition, dated 1623, is not so varied as pointed out."

The lecturer next referred to the peculiar dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, as published in 1609. "This dedication," he said, "had been a puzzle to literary critics and had defied all attempts at solution, being the most enigmatical of all the dedications of Elizabethan publications." After pointing out that a full stop occurred between each word, he said it was disconnected and ungrammatical if read as a complete sentence. He then explained the method of the Biliteral Cypher, and noted that the only difficulty in reading this cypher was to get the **b** symbols, for the **a** symbols could remain passive. It was the **b** symbols which exercised the ingenuity of the decipherer, as obviously, the **a** symbols would be automatically segregated by the discovery of the **b**'s. His interpretation of the Dedication was that Bacon was hinting to future decipherers the quickest way to solve the cypher; and that he was compelled to use the word "be-getter" in a cryptic way. As to the assumed person to whom the dedication was written, it was probably the author himself, for "Mr. W. H.," although capable of many interpretations, could be read numerically as well as literally; and it was curious that MR=29, which read backwardly by the reverse count equal "Bacon," and W.H. by the straight count=33, which repeats "Bacon" (as in *double*)."

"Another very striking hint," said the lecturer, "was contained in the enigmatic poem, 'The Phoenix and the Turtle.' It was a poem, ostensibly, of a love-affair between the Phoenix and the Dove, the former being a mythical bird—emblem of resurrection—and the dove the emblem of peace. It was a very cleverly composed and wonderfully conceived writing in which every word had a deep, yet concise meaning. It is a veiled allegory of the author yearning for someone in the after generations to repair to this *urn*—the classical repository of the ashes of the great men of antiquity. The ashes in the urn are his works—the outward plays and the inner secret missives. He tells us they are 'two distincts' yet they have no division. 'Either is the other's mine.' If there are cypher plays, such as we know them, as 'Anne Boleyn' and 'Robert Essex,' embedded in the text of the Shakespeare plays, then no words, puzzling as they may otherwise seem, could more aptly describe the cypher itself than are used in this poem.

[The limit of space compels the cutting short of the many other interesting pointers, particularly the interpretation of the Sonnets, much as they are worthy of publication.—*Edrs.*]

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

**SAMUEL LAW.**—An answer to the oft-repeated assertion that the author of "Winter's Tale" displayed much ignorance in the reference to a sea-coast of Bohemia is to be found in Professor Freeman's *Historical Geography of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 319 (1882 edn.). Instead of being ignorant, the author must have been exceptionally well-informed, for in 1158 Bohemia was an independent kingdom, and about 1257 King Ottokar annexed Austria and Styria, where his Kingdom compassed both the Baltic and the Adriatic Seas. This was not generally known at the time of Shakespcare.

**J.B.**—The authentic details of the trial of Essex, according to Spedding, are to be found in a MS. report of it in the possession of John Tollemache, of Hellingham Hall, Suffolk. The Tollemaches were related to the Devereaux family.

**W.M.**—We agree that there is a peculiar resemblance between Queen Elizabeth in the early years and the Hilliard portrait of Bacon at 18, as shewn in *The Prince of Poets*, by General Hickson. But in the portrait collection of Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol there is a reproduction of a contemporary miniature of Queen Elizabeth which shews a more striking likeness than any other to the Bacon miniature.

**P.W.**—In a letter dated from Venice, Feb. 16th, 1601, it is stated on the best available knowledge in Court circles that Elizabeth had just issued a decree entirely excluding the King of Scots from the succession to the English throne and that her will had been announced to this effect because she was suffering from a fatal disease called St. Martha, so that but slight hope existed for a long life for her. See "Fugger News Letters," 2nd series.

**ANTI-CYPHER.**—The story of the marriage in the Tower of Elizabeth and Robert Dudley may or may not be true, but it is not an absurd story for the reason you name—"the utter impossibility of being legally married in the Tower." According to *Elizabethan Dramatists*, the author says that "the Tower was extra-parochial, and within its precincts people might be immediately married."

**INQUIRER (Leeds).**—Viscount St. Alban's friend, Sir Julius Cæsar, in whose arms it has been said that St. Alban died, was a fictitious person so far as his name was concerned, which is confessed in a deed dated 1612 (Redgrave Muniment) and stating that his real name was "Adelmare."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

Dear Sir,

I have been thinking about Baconianism and I have come to the conclusion that the discovery of the Manuscript is the only thing that will decide the question to the world. Mrs. Gallup stated in *BACONIANA* that she had discovered with the Bi-literal cypher in two or three of Bacon's Works that the MSS. were hidden in the Monuments and Tombs of the *supposed writers* of the Plays, Poems, &c. This is what I discovered in Anagram, as printed in my pamphlet. Since then I have discovered others. I know the Bust of Shakespeare in Stratford Church has been tampered with and altered, *but not the epitaph*. My anagrams state the Autobiography or history is hidden behind the epitaph "Stay Passenger," &c. Probably there would be a covering for the bust to stand on. About twenty years ago I wrote to prominent Baconians about Washington Irving's visit to Stratford Church and the account the old sexton gave him of looking into Shakspeare's grave, but none of them had seen it. I am certain Thos. Herbert's Travels were written by Bacon. The first we know of him is in 1631. The ships sailed in 1626 (Easter) and returned in 1630 or 1631.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. REWCASTLE.

September 28th, 1927.

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THE EDITOR, *BACONIANA*.

Sir,—

A reader signing himself "Staunch Baconian" asks (in the correspondence columns of your July number) for enlightenment concerning statements made by the Rt. Hon. B. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, in a book entitled "The Diary of Master William Silent."

In this book the Rt. Hon. gentleman affirms that Francis Bacon could not have written the works attributed to Shakespeare for the reason that sport (so frequently eulogised in the Plays) was distasteful to him. He says, "the age between sixteen and twenty-three was passed by him in pursuits different from those which engaged the lifelong affection of Shakespeare," and further that "had he been so inclined, delicacy of health would have forbidden him to indulge in violent exercises."

If these statements be accepted as true they would certainly not have constituted an argument in favour of William of Stratford's authorship even if they were prejudicial to the claims of Bacon, for there is absolutely no evidence of any kind beyond the dedication of Bacon's "good pen," Ben Jonson, to support the suggestion that Shakspeare of Stratford could so much as write his own name.

But let us see if in fact there is any truth in them. The only knowledge that we have of Shakspeare's "lifelong affection for sport" is that according to Nicholas Rowe he was "much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who oft had him whipt," etc. If true could these low poaching habits possibly be regarded as a school for knowledge of the royal sport of hawking, or as a sound basis for the many apt and learned comments upon archery, horsemanship, etc., which so frequently appear in his Plays and in "Venus and Adonis?" But again, if you like, that William's poaching formed a good foundation for after-acquired knowledge of these subjects, would it explain his ability to put it into such matchless form as that in which it appears in the Plays? I venture to suggest that there are to-day in Great Britain, many thousands of professional ploughmen. But I should be greatly surprised to learn that any one of them (even in these days of free education) had ever written a treatise on the art of the plough-share, though there are, I understand, many works on this subject—written, of course, not by ploughmen, but by gentleman farmers. Similarly William's knowledge of the subject (if he had it) would by no means connote ability to express it. And by a country lout, such as Shakspeare quite clearly was, could obviously have but small, if any opportunity for even witnessing the sport of falconry, whereas Francis Bacon mixed constantly in the society of those who were its devotees—both in this country and in the various courts of Europe that he visited.

If Bacon was in fact not an athletic man there is not the slightest foundation for the suggestion that in his youth he was ever incapacitated by ill-health (as his brother Anthony was) from partaking in such mild sports as falconry. And I do not see that any difficulty is prevented by the fact that Bacon does not in his Essays deal with such subjects as hawking, etc. Essays in his day were generally devoted to subjects of higher import than sports, and although it is quite evident that he enjoyed them, there were so many more weighty matters demanding his consideration that it is scarcely matter of surprise that he did not devote Essays to the various pastimes of his day.

Yours faithfully,

H. BRIDGEWATER.

TO THE EDITOR OF *BACONIANA*.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAM CIPHER.

Sir,—

The simple Rule of this Cipher is that when reading Forward from the first line to the last, from left to right in each line, or Backward from the last line to the first, from right to left in each line, each line must give at least one letter to the Anagram in progressive sequence, that is, in the direction of the reading.

Applying this Rule to the Epilogue at the end of Shakespeare's drama "Second Part of King Henry IV," the following Anagram is obtained on a Forward reading:—

Franc is B ac on's Ma s k-is-W ill iam  
S ha ke spe are a most ignor ant-S trat  
ford Act or-in wh ose na me B acon wr it  
these dra mas-a t-Gra y's In n

So far as my investigations go, Bacon habitually used this cipher in his writings in other's names as an intimation of his authorship.

Yours truly,

R. L. HEINIG.

Torquay,

August, 1927.

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THE AMBIGUITY OF CIPHERS.

Sir,—In the last *Baconiana*, page 90, you draw attention to an anagram from an example in a cipher work by Selenus, which appears to imply that Sir Francis Bacon was the author or publisher of that book. On putting it to a simple test, I found that the said anagram did not quite work out, as the single letter O in the example is used twice and the letter H is not used at all!

On page 87 also you draw attention to the reference "three and twenty" wounds, etc., in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, and point out correctly that in Shakespeare's *Cæsar* the passage is changed to read "three and thirtie." Is it not a more simple explanation that the change was more likely a typographical error on the printer's part?

Yours truly,

A CANDID CRITIC.

## NOTES AND NOTICES.

In a recent issue of the *Morning Post*, Sir George Greenwood makes hash of the late Mr. Andrew Lang's unsophisticated ignorance in charging Shakespeare to be wanting in learning by having been guilty of "the absurdity of calling Delphi Delphos," and which he said was "a non-existent word." Which reminds us of the ancient adage that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Sir George pointed out that Robert Greene used the term "Delphos" several times. The word as spelt was also used by Florio, by Puttenham, by Lyly, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, by Milton, by Addison, by Keats, and lastly, by Francis Bacon in his "Apophthegms." Shade of Verulam!

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It has frequently been affirmed that Bacon, the author of the essay "On Love," could never have written the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. But in "The Biliteral Cypher of Francis Bacon," the authoress, Mrs. E. W. Gallup, alleges that Bacon confesses that the tragedy was inspired by his own love story in connection with the famous Marguerite of Valois, in his early youth. Those who know the uses to which the author of the "Shakespeare" plays put the *cabala* as a key to the interpretation of the characters he set out to depict will not be surprised to find that the simple count of *Romeo* is 62, which figures, standing as they do, equal F. and B, while the simple count of *Juliet* is 73, the identical count of *Valois*.

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Members and friends who are desirous of being present at the Bacon Society's Anniversary Dinner are requested to apply to the Hon. Sec. in good time for tickets. We hope to have a record attendance at this important function, which will take place on Monday, January 23rd, 1928, at 7-30 p.m. in the Crown Room, Criterion Restaurant, Waterloo Place, Piccadilly, W. Tickets 7s. 6d. each.

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On September 1st, at 7-30 p.m., Mr. Charles W. Hopper gave an interesting address, illustrating the numerical cypher, which he claimed ran through, in a series of word equivalents, not only the "Shakespeare" plays and poems, but many other contemporary books under others' names, and indeed down to the Defoe period by

a formula designed by Bacon for passing down his secret to posterity. He also argued that the same method was being employed to this very day by eminent men of letters, as he who was able to see might read. The Princess Karadja presided, and an interesting discussion followed.

On October 6th, Miss Alicia Leith took for her subject, *The Tempest*, and brought a great deal of philosophic insight to the allegorical and esoteric allusions which abound in that play, and which she regarded as the greatest and most profound of all the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. Needless to add, the lecturer shewed that "Shakespeare" was but a pen-name of Francis St. Alban, and brought considerable reasons forward to support that thesis. Mr. W. G. C. Gundry took the chair on this occasion, and there was an excellent attendance.

On November 3rd, Mr. Horace Nickson took up his postponed lecture, "Bacon's Veiled Hints to Posterity," when Miss Alicia Leith occupied the chair. This was a well-reasoned paper on the ocular evidences which went to prove that Francis Bacon must have written many more works than are even commonly known to Baconians; and instanced an edition of a very remarkable work, first issued in 1623, a second edition in 1632 (a copy of which he exhibited) entitled, "The Life of Guzman de Alfarache," by one Mateo Aleman. Many members closely inspected the work and found it to have the "hall-mark" of Bacon clearly indicated in its pages. It had dedicatory poems signed by "J. F." (John Fletcher), Ben Jonson, and Leonard Digges. He further dealt with "Shakespeare's Sonnets," and the cryptic poem, "The Phœnix and the Turtle," and shewed the stupidity of most of the critics who had vainly endeavoured to explain their puzzling, yet perfectly coherent nature, in the light of the cypher interpretation, which dissipated the fog that had hitherto enveloped them. A very interesting discussion ensued.

On December 1st, at 7-30 p.m., Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A., will lecture on "Anne Boleyn" at Canonbury Tower.

On January 5th, 1928, at the same hour, Mr. Henry Seymour, will give an illustrated lecture on "Bacon's Bi-Literal Cypher Demonstrated." Admission is free to anyone interested, and discussion is earnestly invited.

A further series will follow, commencing on the first Thursday in February, and succeeding first Thursdays in each month up to July, notices of which will be given to members in due course.

In the "Correspondence" section, "A Candid Critic" animadverts on two examples of cypher to which attention was drawn in the last issue. With regard to the anagram in Selenus it may be said that the letter O (being the symbol for cypher) may be omitted altogether or used many times over in an anagram, as required. This is in accordance with the accepted rules of anagrammatic reading. Even certain other letters may be substituted, when there is a phonetic similarity, as S for Z, or C. for K. And as to the non-utilization of the letter H, it is peculiar that this particular letter is specially indicated by Camden, in his chapter on Anagrams, to be always optional to use or otherwise; and in the light of this rule, its existence in the text and its omission in the anagram is almost a proof that the anagram was designed.

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"The only Quint-essence that hitherto the Alchemy of wit could draw out of names," says Camden in his *Remaines*, "is, Anagrammatisme, or Metagrammatisme, which is a dissolution of a Name truly written into his Letters, as his Elements, and a new connexion of it by artificial transposition, without addition, subtraction, or change of any letter, into different words, making some perfect sense applyable to the person named; the precis in this practice strictly observing all the parts of the definition, are only bold with H, either in omitting or retaining it, for that it cannot challenge the right of a letter. But the licentiats somewhat licentiously, lest they should prejudice poetically liberty, will pardon themselves for doubling or rejecting a letter, if the Sence fall aptly, and thinke it no injury to use E for Æ, V for W, S for Z, and C for K, and contrariwise."

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With regard to the other question raised—whether or not the substitution of "three and thirtie" for "three and twenty" may not have been a printer's error—I am reminded of another instance of a similar nature in the *Comedy of Errors* (apt title) where the Abbess, in the last scene, says, "Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail," etc.

This reference to time is supposed to accord with certain events which by no stretch of the imagination can be made to be more than 25 years, as Dr. Theobald first noted. But the latter presumed, like our correspondent, that the number "was at first written in figures and perhaps blindly." The editors of the Cambridge University Press edition of the *Errors*, commenting on this supposed error, are sufficiently acute to admit that "the mistake may well be the author's." In any case, there is no question of falsifying figures, but only another and more subtle method of indicating 33, which is the cabala number for "Bacou."

This subject of false-dating, false numbering, and false pagination, in reality involves a very interesting psychological study. Sir Sidney Lee always maintained the "simple" proposition that the considerable false pagination of the First Folio of Shakespeare was the result of printer's errors and the want of care on the part of the proof readers. Let us examine one example only. The last page of the First Folio is numbered 993 whereas in proper sequence, it should have been 399, inasmuch as the preceding page is numbered 398. Now, superficially, an error of this sort might easily have been occasioned by a temporary absence of mind on the part of the printer, since printers have to read from the type backwardly. But if we take the alleged error for a sign, and proceed to apply the cabalistic method to it, we obtain a remarkable revelation, which it is difficult to account for by mere coincidence. By using the initial figure of the "error" 993 as a *divider*, we get 10.3 as a result which is the cabalistic equivalent of *Shakespeare*. If we pursue the same method in regard to the "corrected error," we get 33 as a result, which is the cabalistic equivalent of *Bacon*!

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A reprint of the account of the Fabyan *v.* Selig trial, which appeared in the last issue, has been issued as a propaganda leaflet, and can be obtained from the Hon. Sec. of the Bacon Society at 1s. per 100, post free. The Princess Karadja has co-operated in this method of "spreading the light" by printing, at her own expense, a brilliant letter by Lord Sydenham to the *Morning Post* in January last. Copies of this leaflet may be obtained either from the Hon. Sec. of the Bacon Society, or from "The White Cross Union," 29, St. Mary's Terrace, London, W. 2., also at 1s. per 100. An advertisement of the Bacon Society appears on each of the leaflets, and it is hoped that by a judicious distribution of such leaflets many new members may be secured. Other leaflets will follow in due course.

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We owe acknowledgement and thanks for a series of similar propagandist slips to Mr. C. Alexander Montgomery, P.O. Box 888, New York, U.S.A. The titles of these are "The present (Modern) Shakespeare Epitaph at Stratford-on-Avon Deciphered" and "The Inscriptions on the Shakespeare Monument at Stratford-on-Avon Deciphered."

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"The Playwright," a one-scene playlet by Col. W. P. Drury, is an excellent little dramatic piece for Baconian propaganda. Miss Alicia A. Leith organized a special performance at Clorane Gardens on May 24th last, with marked success. The piece was

originally produced at the Palace Theatre, with the famous Miss Winifred Emery as Queen Elizabeth. Copies of the printed playlet may be obtained from Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd., Dramatic publishers, 26, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2., at 1s. 2d. post free.

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Mr. Theobald, in another column, has found some further examples of Bacon's acrostic signature in the Shakespeare plays. He rightly weighs the probabilities whether such examples must be regarded as fortuitous, or otherwise. So far, Mr. Theobald says, he has traced none such in certain other comedies, viz.: *Much Ado*, *Love's Labours Lost*, *All's Well*, *Twelfth Night*, or *Winter's Tale*. If he looks again at the song, "Sigh no More, ladies," in *Much Ado*, it will stare him flatly in the face. The acrostic is also in *Love's Labours Lost*; in *All's Well*; in *Twelfth Night*; and in *The Winter's Tale*. Mr. Theobald considers, however, that the hypothesis of the acrostic signature would be far more acceptable if we found that it never occurred in works of which the authorship were not suspect, instancing Milton's *Paradise Lost*. "What we have to show is," says Mr. Theobald, "not that the word 'Milton' cannot be thus discovered in *Paradise Lost*, but that the word 'Bacon' cannot be found there." Since reading this, I have glanced through *Paradise Lost* and found no fewer than half-a-dozen "Bacon" acrostic signatures in its text! Are we justified, nevertheless, in rejecting the *bona fides* of the cypher on that ground?

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What do we know of Milton—the real Milton? The dedicatory poem signed "I. M." in the Shakespeare First Folio is generally reputed to be his. In that case, he would be but fifteen years old when the First Folio appeared in print! Like Kyd, he was the son of a scrivener, and it is not at all unlikely that he was also one of Bacon's "good pens." He may certainly have written *Paradise Lost* in the same sense as Kyd may have written *Hamlet*.

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It is interesting to learn that Mr. Theobald has found 18 specimens of Bacon's acrostic in Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*. When Mrs. Gallup published her deciphered translation of Homer, alleged to be Bacon's, from the italic letters of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, the literary critics in general, and Mr. Marston in particular, went to great pains to show that Mrs. Gallup was little better than a rank imposter, and charged her with having concocted her version out of a paraphrase of Pope's translation because a few of the lines in each were so clearly akin as to make this well-nigh certain. It never occurred to these



literary wisecracs that Pope himself may have been the appropriator of the MS. of Bacon's translation. That would strike them as being too funny for words. But in his own day, Mr. Pope, as a translator of Homer, was sneered at, and the question of his ability to perform that work was publicly raised. Read this from the *Examiner* of July 31, 1725:—

"I suppose, among the rest of your Friends, you have not been ignorant of the Clamour which has been made upon a certain Author, for publishing his Translation, or Version, of our old Friend Homer, under his own Name, when it seems he has not been, nay, some have had the hardiness to say, *could not have been*, the real Operator. . . . But to carry this Complaint higher, a Merry Fellow of my Acquaintance assures me, that our cousin *Homer* himself was guilty of the same *Plagiarism*. . . . *In a word*, it seems to me that Old *Homer*, was a mere Mr. P(ope) and Mr. P(ope), in that Particular, a mere *Homer*; so that there's ne'er a Barrel the better Herring, except the *Master Manufacturer*; who, like a Bawd to a —, knew the Fraud, and imposed it upon his Customers, and so has been worse than both of them."

Even George Chapman (perhaps another of Bacon's "pens") in 1598 made a protest for having been charged with translating his *Iliad* from the Latin. Bacon says his earliest work on the *Iliad* was done under instructors. There were Latin translations extant then and these would be accessible to Pope a century after. Buckley said that Pope knew not Greek and that he probably constructed his poem on Ogilvy's translation and consulted classical scholars who were better than himself.

H.S.

[PROPAGANDA LEAFLET, No. 3].

## THE BACON—SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY,

### SOME NOTEWORTHY OPINIONS.

"I am a believer in the Baconian theory."—*Professor Alexander Winchell.*

"We are all Baconians here."—*Rev. H. R. Haweis.*

"I am a firm believer in the Baconian theory."—*General Ben. F. Butler.*

"I no longer consider Shakespeare the actor as the author of the Plays."—*Lord Houghton.*

"Any man that believes that William Shakespeare of Stratford wrote Hamlet or Lear is a fool."—*John Bright.*

"The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every-day lest something should turn up."—*Charles Dickens.*

"Whether Bacon wrote the wonderful plays or not, I am quite sure the man Shakspeare neither did nor could."—*J. G. Whittier.*

"What! are we to have miracles in sport? Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"—*S. T. Coleridge.*

"Generally speaking, I consider all that has been said about Shakspeare personally to be a mere fable, a blind extravagant error."—*Schlegel.*

"And who is Shakespeare? . . . We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it."—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

"It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his handwriting, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary has been produced."—*Henry Hallam.*

"I remember noticing that the Malones and Steevenses and critical gentry were about evenly divided (on the authorship of a song in 'Measure for Measure'), these for Shakespeare, and those for Beaumont and Fletcher. But the internal evidence is all for one, none for the others. If he did not write it, they did not, and we shall have some fourth unknown singer."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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"Shakespeare is as astonishing for the exuberance of his genius in abstract notions, and for the depth of his analytic and philosophic insight, as for the scope and minuteness of his poetic imagination. It is as if into a mind poetical in form there had been poured all the matter that existed in the mind of his contemporary, Bacon. In Shakespeare's plays, we have thought, history, exposition, philosophy, all within the round of the poet. The only difference between him and Bacon sometimes is, that Bacon writes an essay and call it his own, while Shakespeare writes a similar essay and puts it in the mouth of a Ulysses or a Polonius."—*David Masson*.

"We see that Bacon and Shakespeare both flourished at the same time, and might, either of them, have written these works, as far as dates are concerned, and that Bacon not only had the requisite learning and experience, but also that his wit and poetic faculty were exactly of that peculiar kind which we find exhibited in these plays."—*W. H. Smith*.

"I am one of the many who have never been able to bring the life of William Shakspeare and the plays of Shakespeare within a planetary space of each other. Are there any two things in the world more incongruous? Had the plays come done to us anonymously, had the labour of discovering the author been imposed upon after-generations, I think we could have found no one of that day but Francis Bacon to whom to assign the crown."—*Dr. W. H. Furniss*.

"Nobody believes any longer that immediate inspiration is possible in modern times; . . . and yet everybody seems to take it for granted of this one man Shakspeare."—*James Russell Lowell*.

"Our Shakespearean scholars are very impatient whenever the question of the authorship of the Plays and Poems is even alluded to. It *must* be spoken of, whether they like it or not. . . . The wonderful parallelisms must and will be wrought out and followed out to such fair conclusions as they shall be found to force honest minds to adopt."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

"I am firmly convinced that Shakspeare of Stratford could not have been the author."—*Walt Whitman*.

"Considering what Bacon was, I have always regarded your discussion as one perfectly serious and to be respected."—*W. E. Gladstone*.

"The philosophical writings of Bacon are suffused and saturated with Shakespeare's thought. . . . These likenesses in thought and expression are mainly limited to those two contemporaries."—*Gerald Massey*.

"It seems perfectly reasonable to me that Lord Bacon and a number of other brilliant thinkers of the Elizabethan era, who were

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nobles, and who, owing to the position of the stage, would not care to have their names associated with the drama, composed or moulded the Plays."—*Frances E. Willard.*

"It appears from the evidence presented highly improbable that Shakspeare either wrote or could have written what has been attributed to him."—*Professor A. E. Dolbear.*

"I can't help anticipating that, some of these days, Bacon letters or other papers will turn up, interpretive of his, at present, dark phrase to Sir John Davies, of 'your concealed poet.' We have noble contemporary poetry, unhappily anonymous, and I shall not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it."—*Alexander B. Grosart.*

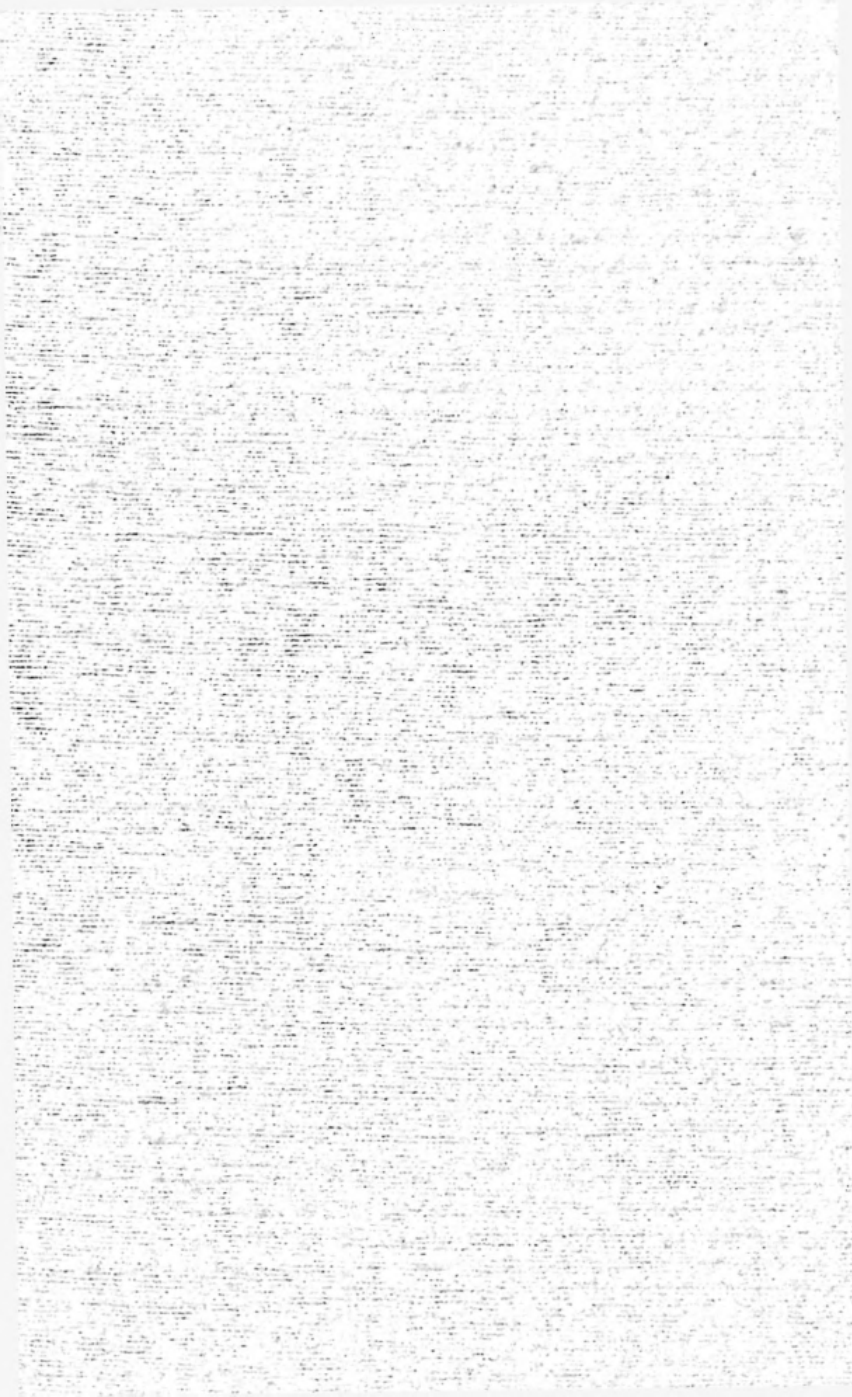
"For many years I have . . . given much study to the life and works of Francis Bacon. . . . By this I have become persuaded that the opinion, so ridiculed by most scholars, that he was the author of the Shakespearean dramas, is founded on truth,"—*Professor George Cantor.*

"Here, as elsewhere, the higher criticism has been at work. . . . The old school at the utmost threw a doubt on the pretensions of the half-educated young man who came up from Stratford; but it is only on the labors of the new school that we can rely for a demonstration that Shakespeare was another name for Bacon."—*Judge Webb.*

"Perhaps in the whole history of literature there has not been an instance more notable of rank unreason than the persistency, not to say infuriated stubbornness, with which intelligent men, in the blazing light of improbabilities, adhere to the idea of the unlettered, penurious, and litigious Shakspeare, who was never known to own a book, or write a sentence, or attend a school, being the author of the greatest literary works of all time."—*Judge A. A. Putnam.*

"The first time I heard Bacon mentioned as the possible author of the Plays and Poems, the idea lit up in my brain, and I felt certain that it could not have been the Mummer. . . . The moment it was suggested that Bacon had written them, I felt as many must have felt when they heard for the first time that the earth goes round the sun. Things began to get concentric again; hitherto they had all been eccentric."—*George Moore.*

"In examining a problem of such importance to English literature as the authorship of the plays attributed to Shakspeare one can hardly use too great deliberation. I felt this so strongly that it was only after about ten year's reading and reflection that I became a convinced Baconian."—*Hon. Mr. Wm. Waldorf Astor.*



## Some Books on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

- Anon. Secret Shakespeareson Sects. 10s.
- Batchelor (H. Crouch). Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare. 2s. 6d. net.
- Bunten (Mrs. A. Chambers). Twickenham Park and Old Richmond Palace, and Francis Bacon's Connection with Them (1580-1638). 1s. net. Sir Thomas Meautys (Secretary to Ld. Bacon), and His Friends. Illustrated with Portraits. 1918. Price 1s. 6d. Life of Alice Barabam (1592-1680), Wife of Sir Francis Bacon. Mostly gathered from Unpublished Documents. Price 1s. 6d.
- Cunningham (Granville C.). Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books. 3s. 6d. net.
- Eagle (R. L.). New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare's Sonnets. 2s. 6d. net.
- Eagle (R. L.). The Tempest: An Interpretation. 2s. 6d. net.
- Gallup (Mrs. E. Wells). Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon. Parts I. and II. in 1 Vol., 10s. net.; Part III., 8s. 6d. net.
- Hickson (S. A. E.). The Prince of Poets and Most Illustrious of Philosophers. With an Epilogue by H. S. Howard. 368 pp., 16 plates on art paper. Cloth, gilt, 7s. 6d. net.
- Lawrence (Basil, LL.D.). The Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays and Poems. A storehouse of valuable information for students as well as beginners, shewing Bacon's identity with "Shakespeare." 15s. net.
- Lawrence (Sir E. Dunning, Bart.). Bacon is Shakespeare: With Reprint of Bacon's Promus of Formularies. Copiously illustrated. 6s. net.
- Pott (Mrs. Henry). Did Francis Bacon write "Shakespeare"? Parts I. and II. in 1 Vol.; Parts III., IV. and V. in separate Vols. Paper. 1s. per Vol.; Cloth, 2s. 6d.; (also in 1 Vol., entitled "Obiter Dicta of Bacon and Shakespeare." 8s. 6d.).
- Reed (Edwin). Noteworthy Opinions. 6s. net.
- Reed (Edwin). Bacon and Shakespeare Coincidences. 4s. 6d. net.
- Seymour (Henry). A Cypher Within a Cypher. An elementary lesson in the Study of the Bi-literal Cypher, and a disclosure of an anagrammatic signature of "William Shakespeare" in Bacon's original edition of "De Augmentis." 1s. On Biliteral Deciphering. Reprinted from *Baconiana*, 1922, with facsimile illustration and key page. 3d. To Marguerite (a Song attributed to Francis Bacon and set to music by Henry Seymour) In E flat or G. Illustrated Elizabethan cover, designed by the late Chas. E. Dawson, and Hilliard portrait of Bacon, at 18, in colours. 2s. net.
- Smedley (William T.). The Mystery of Francis Bacon. Paper, 5s.
- Theobald (Robert M.). Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light. 7s. 6d.
- Woodward (Frank). Bacon's Cypher Signatures. 21s.
- Woodward (Parker). Tudor Problems. 12s. 6d. net.

The above and many other similar works may be obtained from Gay & Hancock, Ltd., 12, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.