

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY

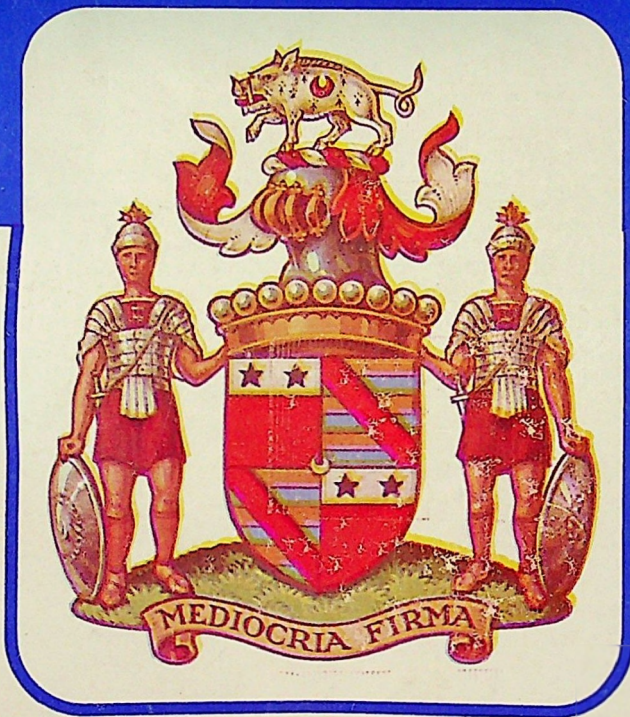
BACONIANA

VOL.
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64th YEAR
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Coat of Arms used by Francis Bacon

PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

Laurels without Learning

By W. G. C. GUNDRY

The Riddle of the Phoenix and the Turtle

By HOLMES WATSON

The "Shakespeare" Quiz

By EDWARD D. JOHNSON

Bacon or Shakespeare—It Does Matter

By JOHN THURLOE

Editor's Comments

Correspondence

The Francis Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED.)

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SIR KENNETH MURCHISON

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

1. To encourage study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; his character, genius and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times and the tendencies and results of his work.
2. To encourage 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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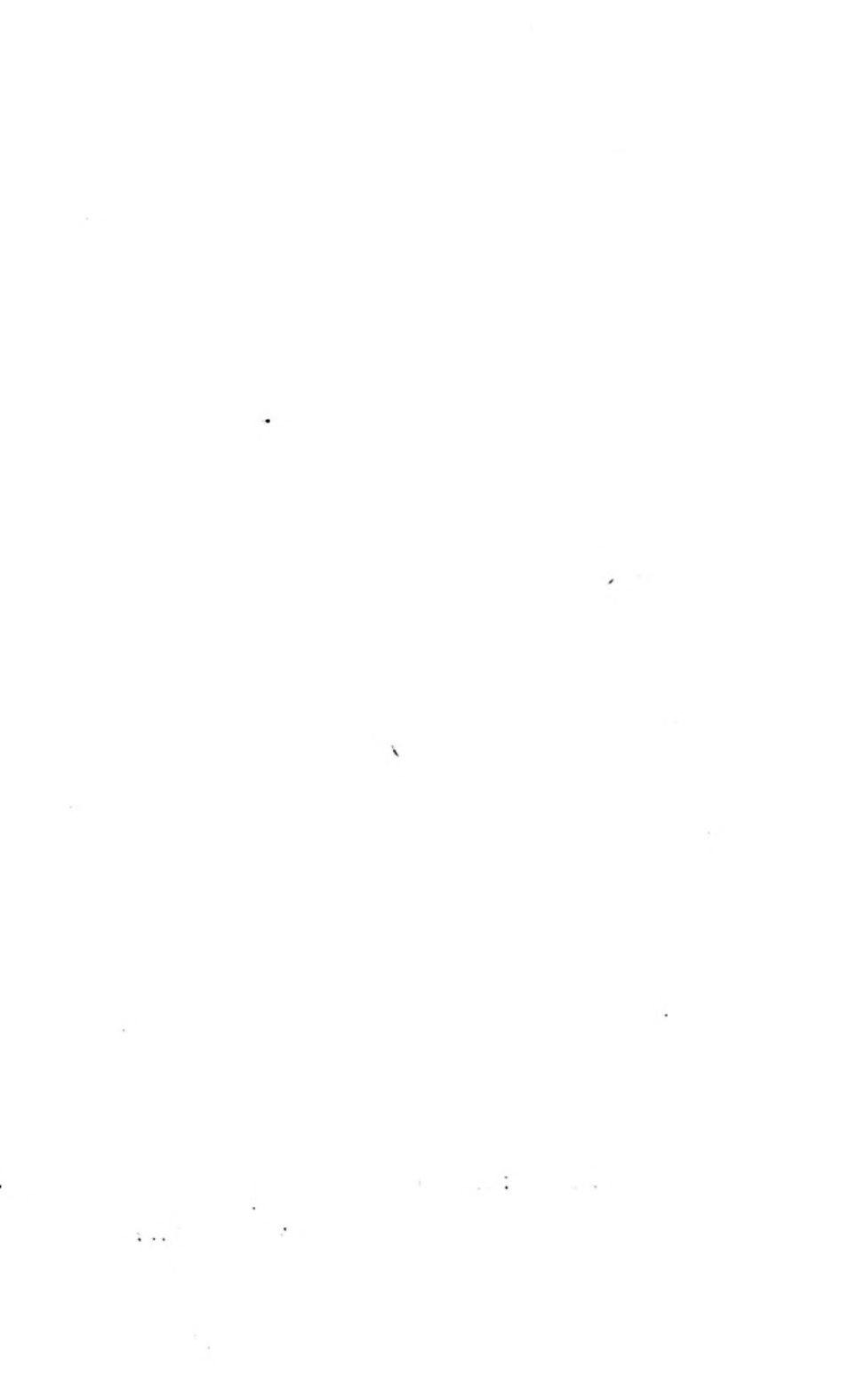
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Hon. Sec.: Mr. Valentine Smith,
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The Phoenix and Turtle.

By William Shakespeare



THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

[Design by Holmes Watson]

BACONIANA

VOL. XXXIII. (64th Year) No. 133. Oct., 1949

COMMENTS

*Nothing doth more hurt in a State than that cunning
men pass for wise* BACON

IN our Summer Number we published an article entitled "Shakespeare and Cambridge University," by Mr. Stewart Robb, who produced certain University customs and persons known only to Cambridge of the Shakespearean period which proved that the great playwright possessed intimate inside knowledge denied to others, easily credible in the case of Francis Bacon, who was up at Trinity College, but could not have been known to Shaksper of Stratford, or other strangers to the University, and especially to "vagrant actors" who were barred from it. We challenged the Stratfordians to meet this claim on the facts and offered to publish any response on their part, but so far there is silence! The professors and scholiasts remain significantly silent as also their faithful hounds of the Press, although copies of BACONIANA were sent to them. Does it signify that they have no answer? Are they beginning to throw up the sponge?

* * *

That Baconian literature, and its unanswerable case to all who study the subject free from bias is beginning to bear fruit, is becoming more evident from many indications of correspondents in the newspapers. In the opening article in *The Freemasons Chronicle* of July 9th, is an article by W. Bro. Dr. E. H. Cartwright, P.G.D., discussing Masonic Ritual, in which interesting observations were made about the Baconian cause from which we give a few extracts:

"As you probably know, a steadily increasing number of people, of whom I have been one for some forty-five or fifty years, have become 'Baconians,' a term that is habitually used to imply that they are convinced, as the result of careful consideration of all the *pros* and *cons*, that Francis Bacon (or Viscount St. Alban, as he was in his later days), a man possessed of one of the greatest intellects of all time and whose memory has been subjected to the most unjust vilification that ever fell to the lot of man, was the author—as part of a gigantic output of literary material—of the plays that were collected and first published in folio form, in 1623, under the pseudonym of William Shakespeare.

'I am, of course, well aware that, as it is only natural, practically everyone when he first hears that theory mooted, hesitates to accept a proposition that cuts clean across the ideas that have been instilled in him

BACONIANA

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66TH YEAR

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Note:—All M.S.S. submitted with a view to publication (with stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable) should be addressed to the Editor of BACONIANA, 50a Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

from his earliest days, so that, while some people are sufficiently interested to look into the evidence and as a result become converted, the large majority, rather than disturb their self-complacency, refuse to investigate the matter and continue to believe that those plays were written by a Stratford-on-Avon yokel, who, as a matter of fact, could not even write his name and of whom hardly anything is known, although an elaborate biography has been constructed for him by the late Sir Sydney Lee (or Solomon Lazarus Levy, as he was originally) based almost entirely on fiction and supposition, the fallacies in which have been pointed out in detail in E. D. Johnson's *The Fictitious Shakespeare Exposed*, and in *The Shaksper Illusion* . . .

"Within the last few years, Bro. Alfred Dodd, of Liverpool, one of the most erudite of present-day Baconians, has propounded his opinion that Bacon was also the founder of our Freemasonry. So far, I have an open mind on the subject because I am not satisfied that Bro. Dodd has, as yet, supplied sufficiently definite evidence in support of the proposition, although he has provided us with distinct pointers in that direction. But in view of what we know of Bacon and his entourage, I cannot regard it as in any way unreasonable, and it certainly seems to me far more probable than the idea of the working masons of Elizabethan and earlier times had ever evolved such an organisation, as so many would have us believe was the case.

"At the same time, even if we acknowledge Bacon as the founder of our Freemasonry, we cannot evolve any theory as to the object and intention of its institution, the nature of its ritual, or why it should have been organised as a secret society, any more than we can accept the view that it originated among a body of working men. Nor can we know whether the two ritual themes were incorporated from the start or were later introductions, though one cannot help regarding it as a possibility that the Hiramic theme at any rate, may have been adopted in the first instance as a sort of morality play."

One would wish that Mr. Alfred Dodd were well enough to give Dr. Cartwright all the answers to his uncertainties. It was organised, as far as our knowledge goes, as a secret society to advance the cause of knowledge and philosophy by producing printed works and plays as means of instruction. Bacon himself had the strongest personal motives for remaining concealed. Two interesting articles were published in *BACONIANA* last year (Jan. and April), by Mr. Lewis Biddulph, our Hon. Treasurer and himself a member of the Rosicrucian Society, entitled "The Rosicrucian 'Three Treasures'" which threw a hitherto hidden light on the activities of this Masonic organisation and the part played in it by Francis Bacon. The Rosicrucians are believed by many to be aware of the hidden existence of all Bacon's lost manuscripts and other treasures.

* * *

Despite foolish and ignorant flaunts and sneers on the part of a large section of the Popular Press, we do observe a widening of outlook in regard to Baconian claims as already suggested. Attempts to belittle Bacon are arousing spirited opposition from their readers which is a healthy sign. We cannot spare space to quote all these but a letter which appeared in *The Literary Guide* by Mr. Edward Greenly—who is unknown to us—is typical of others. He made the discovery that lines expressed by Claudio in *Measure for Measure*, were derived from Dante's *Inferno*, and must have been taken from the original as

no English translation of it was in existence. Bacon, as we know, travelled in Italy and studied her literature in the vernacular.

THE STRATFORD MYTH

"I ceased, many years ago, to believe that the Shakespearean dramas were written by the actor who was a native of Stratford-on-Avon. What originally predisposed me to that view was the triviality of the details which have (with a great amount of laborious research) been ascertained concerning the career of this William Shakespere. Then, for a long time, my view was that the author of the dramas was some great Elizabethan whose name has not come down to us, but I did not subscribe to the Baconian theory. Latterly, I have come to see that there is more to be said for that theory than I had formerly supposed. Here is a point which I have not seen in any publication. In *Measure for Measure* Claudio, pleading for his life with his sister, says:—

"and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

The last of these lines, not a conventional picture of hell, is almost word for word out of Dante's *Inferno*, though there was, so far as I know, no English translation of Dante in Elizabethan times. But it is known that Bacon travelled in Italy.

EDWARD GREENLY"

Bangor, N. Wales

* * *

Mrs. Beryl Pogson delivered an interesting address on this same play *Measure for Measure* to the Discussion Group, held at 50a Old Brompton Road, at the end of last year, which was published in our New Year Number of 1949. Mr. Greenly, and others like him, should think about joining the Francis Bacon Society, where an exchange of ideas is encouraged. Anyone interested has only to make application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Valentine Smith (see inside cover for details), and the cost is only 10s. 6d. per annum as Associate Member (without a vote at the Annual General Meeting), and it includes one copy of each issue of *BACONIANA*, which is the amount of the subscription; or, for one guinea as a full member it includes two copies of each issue, and the right to a vote at the Annual General Meeting. Thus every member it is seen reaps to the full the value of the subscription in receiving this organ alone, apart from other privileges, such as our lending library free.

* * *

It should be stated here that the cost of production of this magazine has trebled in price since the beginning of World War II, and it seems likely that before long it will be necessary to adjust the subscription unless our funds are considerably augmented in other directions, for the annual expenses considerably exceed present revenue although all the officers are honorary. At the same time it is a matter of satisfaction that membership is steadily increasing, nor is there any doubt whatever that there are thousands of persons to-day who are Baconian-minded and yet who are not members, but would in many instances be ready to join if given a friendly hint. They certainly get value for their small subscription because apart from the receipt of *BACONIANA* and the ability to borrow books from our library—it was scattered during the war but will be brought

under one roof shortly—there are the Discussion Group meetings and other social events all of interest. Present members might canvass for us and make a point of each bringing in at least one new member a year. In addition lecturers are invited to offer their services to recruit new members. Let us recollect that the Society exists, not only to obtain recognition of Bacon as the real Shakespeare, but to expound the magnitude of his wisdom and philosophy, his teachings, of which the world stands in dire need of to-day, and in short for uplift and widening of outlook in the present times.

* * *

At the Discussion Group meeting on September 6th, I was privileged to give a talk on the subject of an article elsewhere in this issue entitled "The Phoenix and the Turtle," by Holmes Watson. This poem has never yet been satisfactorily understood or its inner meaning revealed. It was originally included in a volume of poems entitled "Love's Martyr or Rosalins complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the Constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caelino, by Robert Chester." Much more follows but it suffices to say that other poets contributed to this work including Ben Jonson and "William Shakespeare," all using the Phoenix and Turtle-dove as their allegorical theme. It was reprinted in 1611, under another title, or, rather, earlier unsold copies were re-bound and issued under another general title. I would express my obligation to Mr. R. L. Eagle, who gave me the above information, and informed me that he had written an article on this same subject as far back as 1916. How far the present writer has solved the mystery remains to be seen but the members present at the Discussion meeting unanimously approved of its publication.

* * *

It is a melancholy poem showing that the writer at the time was undergoing a period of intense stress and unhappiness. It is common knowledge that in the years 1599-1600 and later, Bacon was undergoing a terrible mental strain and anxiety. His position in having been forced to prosecute Essex in the latter's two trials in 1599 and 1600, by direct order of the Queen, had discredited him in the eyes of the world. He had been openly insulted by Coke in public. Lady Bacon, to whom he was devoted, suddenly became insane and, in 1601, he suffered another great blow by the death of Anthony Bacon, his closest confidante and supporter. To have appeared against Essex—his own brother according to the Cyphers—suggested the basest treachery and his reputation was badly clouded. Turn to the "Bacon and Essex" article, elsewhere in this number by the late H. Kendra Baker, who perfectly sums up the situation at this time from Bacon's own words in his *Apologie*, addressed to the Earl of Devonshire, which reflect his agony of mind at the time this very poem was composed.

* * *

Mr. Holmes Watson has endeavoured to identify the "birds" who assemble at the Requiem of the Phoenix and the Turtle-dove, the Phoenix being of course Bacon himself and the Turtle-dove his poetic muse, 'Shakespeare.' If we accept the poem in the strain under which it was written his intention seems to indicate that he was at the end of his tether. His own career was ruined, his reputation damned, his character blackened, and to anyone of a poetic temperament he would feel his creative genius was also doomed. Thus the idea of the Requiem for their fame, "co-supreme and stars of love" had reached finis, hence the "mutual flame" and "ashes." In such a setting there must have been a reason for the introduction of the "shrieking harbinger," the eagle, swan, and "treble-dated crow." If any readers criticise the author's efforts to identify these let us hope they will be constructive and not merely carping.

* * *

Mr. Eagle, of whom it is right to say saw the early and uncorrected proofs, proposed that the article should not be published and offered to write one himself on the subject. I hold the highest regard for his learning in all matters relating to Shakespearean matters, but for all that some of his criticisms regarding the aforesaid article are unacceptable to me. He dismisses, with contumely, for example that Bacon would have used an eagle to allegorise Shaksper, the actor, "It certainly is a 'bloomer' to say that the crest on the Shakespeare coat-of-arms is an eagle", he writes, "when the Heralds made it a falcon. A falcon is a small bird of prey and cannot be made an eagle." Cannot it? Turning up the word "eagle" in the *New Gresham Encyclopaedia* (vol. iv. pp. 133-4) by my elbow, it says, "The general name of raptorial birds that form a group or sub-family, (*Aquillinae*), of the great family Falconidae, which includes the eagles, falcons, and hawks". So the eagle is of the family of Falconidae! Mr. Eagle is incorrect about his *genus*! He must forgive me if I suggest that if he so desires poetic license might justify the use of "eagle" in place of "falcon." Again, he is very cock-sure that the words put into Cranmer's mouth at the christening of Elizabeth, were intended to apply to James I. So the "maiden phoenix" created on her ashes "another heir as great in reputation as herself, who, from the sacred ashes of her honour shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, and so stand fix'd"! Bacon may have thrown dust in the world's eyes in 1613 when the Play was said to have been first written, but it is asking a lot to expect us to believe that after suffering ten years of James, with his huge, wobbling head, slobbering tongue, his gabble, bluster and brag, his vulgarity, his depravity, and his moral cowardice, that Bacon would so falsify the truth as to descend to such craven flattery. Possibly Bacon worded the prophecy in which one phoenix became heir to the other—after a long period be it understood—so that the general would take it as relating to James I but the ones with insight would understand.

* * *

Mrs. Kate Prescott, of Franklin, Mass., our oldest American member, whose late husband and herself assisted Dr. Orville W. Owen as far back as 1909 to search in the River Wye for the lost Bacon MSS. etc., is publishing immediately her book "Reminiscences of a Baconian." It relates the experiences encountered in an endless and untiring search for Bacon relics. This work, we are given to understand, with its secret passages, hidden panels, caves, and so forth has all the excitement of a detective drama and the suspense and anti-climaxes of a search for hidden treasure. The cost is \$3.50 per copy, and copies may be ordered from Mr. Valentine Smith, Hon. Sec., at The Thatched Cottage, Virginia Water, who will give the English exchange required.

* * *

Mrs. Prescott, who takes a lively interest in all Baconian matters, has followed closely the controversy in BACONIANA, on the subject of the Triade and Francis Bacon, between Mr. Gentry and Mrs. Myrl Bristol. She writes to me the following interesting letter, relating to an address given by the late William T. Smedley.

I would like to quote from the address delivered on the occasion of the 370th anniversary of Bacon's birth before the Bacon Society at Bath, by the late William T. Smedley. Mr. Smedley had been making an exhaustive study of learning and of the English language in Shakespeare's time. Samuel Johnson in the preface to his edition of the 1623 folio had written: "The English nation at the time of Shakespeare was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity." "Literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark, and to be able to read and write was an accomplishment highly valued for its rarity." Mr. Smedley comments on this as follows: "I found that there was no recognized and accepted English language . . . or that there was anything more . . . than a whole shoal of dialects . . . I then turned to the Grammar Schools . . . and was astonished to find no English taught in them, because there was no English to teach." After 1570 books began to appear on a great variety of subjects and also translations from other languages. Mr. Smedley says: "Between 1570 and 1640—only seventy years—" appeared a literature that "was without precedent in the world's history, and is without later parallel today . . . My investigations led me to this conclusion—that most of these works were written by one man or under the direction of one man . . . with the object of an as part of a scheme for enriching the English language." He proceeds to give his reasons for believing that man to have been Francis Bacon.—KATE A. PRESCOTT.

The only comment one can make to this analysis by so eminent a man as Mr. Smedley, is that even Francis Bacon could scarcely have been the *deus ex machina* in his 10th year, even though he were a prodigy, who was then the originator?

* * *

It is pleasing that an increasing number of Americans are showing keen interest in the Baconian claims both in newspaper articles and in correspondence. We are asked many questions and in addition they are freely ordering the Society's publications. I have before me a request from Mr. Louis Kane, Brooklyn, who asks for information regarding the Rutland theories of Prof. S. Porovshikoff's work *Shakespeare Unmasked*, and of Claud W. Sykes' *Alias William Shakespeare*. Prof. Porovshikoff's views have been contested often

since his work of 1940 was published, for the learned Professor rather resembles the busy bee in fluttering from flower to flower, sometimes leaning towards De Vere, Earl of Oxford, at others towards Rutland, and half-heartedly towards Bacon. Of Mr. Sykes' effort, one may admit that his attempts to claim the laurels on behalf of Roger Manners, 5th Earl of Rutland, (1576-1612) are ably argued with a very weak case. Rutland toured in Italy in his youth, and visited Elsinore in 1603, the year before the revised and enlarged edition of *Hamlet* was published, although there is reason to believe that a play entitled *Hamlet* was written and acted previous to 1589. In the accounts at Dulwich College, kept by Henslowe is the entry "9 of June 1594, at hamlet . . . viii s," indicating Henslowe's share of the profits. Either of these dates would practically rule out Rutland so far as age is concerned or any claim based on his visit to Elsinore.

* * *

But, beyond this, there is not a scintilla of evidence that Rutland ever wrote a line of poetry or could compose a play. It is all guesswork on the part of his supporters. Rutland entered Gray's Inn in 1598 and quitted it the following year but his biographer assumes that a year was sufficient to account for Shakespeare's masterly knowledge of legal intricacies which has always astonished our greatest legal authorities. In any case 1598 is too late to account for Shakespeare's law in *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, *Love's Labour Lost* and *1 Henry VI*. His *Venus and Adonis* was probably written in 1590, if not before, when Rutland was only fourteen. The claim, however, is decisively knocked out by the fact that he died in 1612, whereas "Shakespeare" was busily writing his later plays, revising and enlarging others, up to the production of his Folio of 1623. That, added to the fact that he was totally unknown as a poet or playwright to any of his contemporaries, is sufficient to eradicate his name as having a spark of claim to the immortal works of Shakespeare. The advocates of Rutland have argued that there is no proof he was not a "concealed poet" any more than the Baconian claim for Francis. The elegant volume of *Manes Verulamiani*, which will shortly now be on sale—a number of copies have been already ordered—should put an end to that *canard* in view of the tributes paid to his memory by learned and well-known men of his age.

EDITOR



LAURELS WITHOUT LEARNING

By W. G. C. GUNDRY

"It is essentially the casualties and deficiencies of the real world, its imperfections and deformities, which have generated in the human mind the need of art; on the ground of this need art received its law and vocation to free us from all the baseness, unmeaningness, and ugliness which cleave to actual life, to elevate us to the serene height of a fairer existence, and imitating nature, to ennoble it. This law was not at all unfamiliar to the people of Shakespeare's time. His contemporary Bacon gave poetry this great vocation."

Shakespeare Commentaries, p. 860.
Gervinus.

A CAPACITY for perfect expression is an attribute of genius, and we acknowledge this supreme faculty when we realise that in emotion, or thought (or any work of art), this has been expressed in a manner which we have felt, but could not put into words (or any appropriate artistic form) ourselves, but which completely satisfies our aesthetic sense: only genius can attain to these heights.

As Herbert Trench wrote:—

"The art of style is to add to beauty and precision of expression the impression that reality lies behind his words, and the spirit of beauty in turn behind that reality."

The little we know of William Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon does not suggest the possession even of mere talent, let alone genius!

The question of the authorship of the Plays known as Shakespeare's being something much greater in its implications than is commonly supposed, involving (as we think) the whole Baconian philosophy, is far too important to be left to the *ex cathedra* utterances or pontifical fiat of professional literary critics or commentators, who are actuated by fear of loss of prestige if they leave the long established and academically sponsored path of orthodoxy. Ultimate judgment in this matter must not remain in the hands of this coterie of prejudiced *litterati*, but the verdict must be left to the franchises of an educated and discerning public, before whom all the relevant facts must be placed in as clear a light as possible.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the identity of the Author of the Plays comprises something more than ascribing the honour of authorship to one individual; it embraces the rounding off and explanation of the greatest contribution to a real philosophy of works rather than words; a philosophy which includes the advance and evolution of the whole human race, which is implicit in Bacon's great restoration of Knowledge—the *Instauratio Magna*. The Plays are the key of this immense contribution to human knowledge—a visual ladder of the intellect, the *Scala Intellectus* of Bacon's philosophy—a dramatic and visible representation and exemplar of his philosophic purpose.

Bacon in *De Augmentis Scientiarum* (Bk. 2, Chap. XIII) writes:

"As for Narrative Poesy,—or Heroical, if you so like to call it (understanding it of the matter, not of the verse)—the foundation of it is truly noble, and has a special relation to the dignity of human nature. For as the sensible is inferior in dignity to the rational soul, Poesy seems to bestow upon human nature those things which history denies it; and to satisfy the mind with the shadows of things when the substance cannot be obtained. For if the matter be attentively considered a sound judgment may be drawn from Poesy, to show that there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety than it can anywhere (since the Fall) find in nature.

"And, therefore, since the acts and events which are the subjects of real history are not of sufficient grandeur to satisfy the human mind, Poesy is at hand to feign acts more heroical, since the successes and issues of actions as related in true history are far from being agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, Poesy corrects it, exhibiting events and fortunes as according to merit and the law of Providence; since the true history wearies the mind with satiety of ordinary events, one like another, Poesy refreshes it, by reciting things unexpected and various and full of vicissitudes.

"So that this Poesy conduces not only to delight but also to magnanimity and morality. Whence it may be fairly thought to partake of a divine nature; because it raises the mind and *carries it aloft*,¹ accommodating the show of things to the desires of the mind, not (like reason and history) buckling and bowing down the mind to the nature of things.

"And by these charms and that agreeable congruity which it has with man's nature, accompanied also by music, to gain more sweet access, it has so won its way as to have been held in honour even in the rudest ages and among barbarous peoples, when other kinds of learning were utterly excluded."

In the above passage Bacon enunciates the sense of frustration and disappointment which every thinking person, and particularly every artist, feels in the sensible world in which we have our mortal being.

It is sometimes a surprise to children, particularly the very young ones, to find that it is easier to break a toy than to make it: in an ideal world it would be as easy to construct as to demolish. Mature persons regretfully accept the fact that a cathedral which has taken centuries to build may be destroyed in a few seconds by an atomic bomb, or other means of destruction. It was the desire to overcome these limitations by means of art that evoked the passage just quoted

(¹) My italics.

MANES VERULAMIANI

(The Shades of Verulam)



Francis Bacon's statue in
South Square, Gray's Inn

MANES VERULAMIANI

*Memoriae Honoratissimi Domini, Francisci,
Baronis De Verulamio, Vice-comitis
Sancti Albani Sacrum.*

The thirty-two Elegies under the above title were published on May 17th, 1626, within a few weeks of the death of Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban (died April 9th), and furnish a striking and ambiguous tribute to the great philosopher's memory.

The Shades of Verulam are not, however, so much a lament for the death of a philosopher as a memorial to a dead poet and man of letters, which presents the most striking feature of these obituary poems.

The small and original book which contains these is extremely rare: the copy in the British Museum is the only one recorded in the Bibliographical Society's *Short Title Catalogue*: other copies are believed to be in the Libraries of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Jesus College, and All Souls, Oxford; while a fifth is in a private library.

The Francis Bacon Society has had photostats of the copy in the British Museum taken, and a book containing these will be shortly published in an *Edition de Luxe* limited

to four hundred copies by the Chiswick Press: these will be numbered.

The book will be edited and contain an Introduction by Mr. W. G. C. Gundry of the Middle Temple, together with a short bibliography.

Notes on the text are by the late Father William A. Sutton, S.J., who also did the English translations.

Mr. Roderick L. Eagle, well-known for his Baconian studies, contributes notes on the writers of the *Memoriae*.

The object of this publication is two-fold: firstly, to perpetuate this very rare book; in this Atomic Age five copies is a small margin of safety for survival! and secondly, to make these poems *with their extraordinary tributes*, available to a larger circle of readers than would otherwise be possible.

It is hoped to publish the book in the course of the next few months.

The *Manes Verulamiani* are surely the trump card in the whole Baconian hand, and should be given all the publicity possible.

There should be no stone left unturned to bring these revealing Elegies to the notice of literary men, and the educated public generally: had they been written on the death of William Shaksper, the Actor of Stratford-on-Avon, they would have been re-printed times without number in cheap editions, and *editions de luxe*, with specially tooled bindings for the great libraries of the world.

Baconians should insist more and more on the intimate connection between the philosophic works of Bacon and the Plays known as Shakespeare's which are as the diastole and systole of one great heart pulsing to the same purpose.

To put the whole case in a nutshell, Bacon's object was to dose the public with his philosophic medicine, disguised and made palatable by being visibly represented on the stage in the shape of plays:

“Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine”

As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7.

In preface to the *Great Instauration* Bacon writes:

“And the same humility which I use
in inventing I employ likewise in teaching”

In the opening gambit of Bacon's tremendous philosophic game it was necessary that he should sacrifice the pawn of his name, and the glory rightly attaching to the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays. It was only by this means that he could insinuate his philosophic teaching under the guise of drama into minds hitherto darkened and obscured by the fruitless philosophies of the Schoolmen. There is a complete consistency in these tributes to Bacon's memory which suggests that they were instigated by a desire to stimulate inquiry among the readers of them: this, perhaps, was their paramount purpose. William Shaksper was a necessary feature in the vast scheme of Bacon's philosophic experiment, which has the world for its theatre, ages for its accomplishment, and posterity for its beneficiaries.



Memoriae

HONORATISSIMI
DOMINI

FRANCISCI,

BARONIS DE

VERVLAMIO,

VICE-COMITIS

SANCTI ALBANI

Sacrum.

LONDINI

In Officina Iohannis Flavilandi

1626.

9

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from *De. Augmentis Scientiarum*: it is significant that it is immediately followed by a reference to the theatre and the stage:—

“Dramatic Poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence both of discipline and corruption.

“Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician’s bow by which men’s minds, may be played upon.”

A little further on in the same chapter he observes:—

“Whenever I set down a work among the *desiderata* (if there be anything obscure about it), I intend always to set forth either instructions for the execution of it, or an example of the thing.”

Can it be doubted that Bacon himself supplied this deficiency? That he possessed this necessary dramatic talent we have ample evidence in the masques at Gray’s Inn of which he was “The chief contriver.” Besides he was a “learned man and a great philosopher”: is it not a reasonable suggestion that he made use of this “musicians’ bow?” In a recent review of Mr. Ivor Brown’s new book *Shakespeare in The Observer*, Mr. John Gielgud writes as follows:—

“One cannot help suspecting that Shakespeare must himself have been an ace-director in addition to his other myriad gifts.”

Comment is superfluous beyond saying that we *know* that Bacon *was* a director of dramatic representations!

It will be noted that Bacon mentions music in his observations on Poesy: how necessary an adjunct this art is to the stage! imagine no music in a theatre!

In a passage in *The Advancement of Learning* corresponding to that already quoted from *De Augmentis Scientiarum* he remarks:—

“And we see that by these insinuations and congruities with man’s nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded.”

We know that Bacon loved music, as we are told by John Aubrey that he had music in the next room where he meditated.³

It is not surprising therefore to be informed by an orthodox commentator that Shakespeare was passionately fond of music:⁴ the Plays themselves are evidence of this predilection.

The parallels of taste between Bacon and Shakespeare are almost infinite, and it appears extraordinary to us Baconians that the orthodox should be so blind to them; but if the facts which have been discovered about the life of William Shaksper do not accord with the orthodox

(³) 17th July, 1949.

(³) *Brief Lives*: Aubrey was not born until 1626.

(⁴) *The Essential Shakespeare*, by Professor Dover Wilson, p. 24.

we wax eloquent, and can extemporise in verse far beyond our earthly capacity—

“In sleep a King, but waking no such matter.”

Sonnet 87.

The mists of enchantment vanish in the light of day!

It may well be that genius has a special power of retaining these impressions more lucidly and completely than in the case of ordinary mortals.

The late Sir John Cockburn held the opinion that every child was a potential genius.

As Lord David Cecil writes in the work already referred to:—

“This is a dark and paradoxical mystery, in whose shadow lurks the whole question of the fundamental significance of art. Why should we feel that the experience given us by accomplished works of art, whatever their subject matter, is agreeable; and not only agreeable but also precious and illuminating? Surely the answer is to be found in the fact that the soul is born instinctively desiring order, harmony, beauty; but finds herself in a world disorderly, dissonant, and in great part ugly. In consequence she is for ever unsatisfied. The very best of our experience is not as good as our dreams; our most exquisite moments are flawed and fragmentary. And they are ephemeral. Even as we gaze the sunset fades, the apple-blossom sheds itself and scatters.”

We have already referred to Mr. Ivor Brown's new book, *Shakespeare*—here is another significant passage from a second reviewer Professor Charles Sisson, in *The Sunday Times*⁸ which is strangely applicable to Bacon, though not to Shaksper:—

“It is strange that in Mr. Brown's exciting voyage in search of his own Shakespeare he, of all men, should on arrival have recognised only the fellow mortal and fellow craftsman, and not the fellow-artist following his star while he also drives his trade with competence and authority.

“The brightness that fell from the air when Shakespeare died, to quote the moving words with which Mr. Brown closes, was indeed of this magnitude. The book must be read if we would learn how deeply a man can both know and feel the presence of this brightness enduring in the creative mind.”

It is curious to note that when the alleged brightness “fell from the air when Shaksper died” (it is evident that Mr. Brown refers to the Stratford Actor), little notice was taken of this fall of a supposed literary luminary, but when Francis Bacon died ten years later a dirge of lamentation went up from both Universities and the Inns of Court and took the form of the *Manes Verulamiani*⁹ which comprise thirty-two elegies in which Bacon is bewailed as a supreme poet, and not only this, but a dramatist as well!

(⁸) 17th July, 1949.

(⁹) To be published shortly in fascimile by the Francis Bacon Society.

"The Star of Shakespeare pales, but brighter far
Burns through the dusk an ampler star."

Elegy XXIII expresses the idea in a similar manner:—

"Jam rutilo *Verulamia* fulget Olympo" (The Verulamian star now
glitters in ruddy Olympus').

Ben Jonson¹⁰ wrote of Bacon:—

"In short within his view, and about his time were all wits born
that could honour language. Now things daily fall, wits grow
downward and eloquence grows backward, so that he may be
named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."

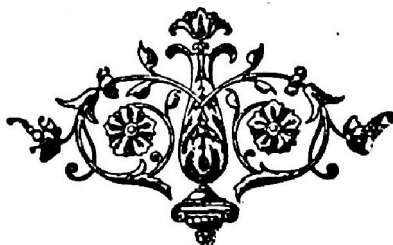
How curious is this difference in the treatment accorded to these
two men at their deaths, and it may be added, how significant!

Yet it is not more curious than the contention of some of the ortho-
dox school of Shakespeareans (though not all), whose thesis is that
"Shakespeare" (or Shaksper) earned laurels without learning, pos-
sessed erudition without education (of which "there is not a tittle of
evidence")¹¹, and that he wrote a marvellous play cycle which falls
fortuitously into a grand design of supreme beauty.

"O! Mighty Poet!"

(10) *Discoveries*.

(11) Professor Dover Wilson in *The Essential Shakespeare*, when consider-
ing the possibility of "Shakespeare" having been educated at the Grammar
School at Stratford-on-Avon: he writes (p. 41): "On the other hand, there is
not a tittle of evidence to prove that he went there."



THE RIDDLE OF THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE ⁽¹⁾

By HOLMES WATSON

The writer of this article has offered a notable solution to this mystifying and hitherto incomprehensible poem, which has defied elucidation for over three centuries. EDITOR.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be.
To whose sound chaste wings
obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Let the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and
tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou
go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming and the phoenix sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus apall'd
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded.

That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

(1) These verses were among the additional poems to Chester's "Love's Martyr", dated 1601. The name "William Shake-speare" is subscribed to the poem.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Truth may seem, but cannot be
Beauty brag but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a
prayer.

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

WITH the encouragement, counsel and the guiding hand of the Editor I propose to expound what I believe to be the true rendering of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. For generations the spirit of Tantalus has haunted this poem.

Emerson was so intrigued by it that he suggested "the Academy of Letters" should offer a prize for its solution. It has mystified literary pundits for centuries. To the reader it is exquisite but totally meaningless. Since it was published under the magical name of Shakespeare there can be only one answer: It must be packed with meaning. Then why has it been neglected so long? Has learning grown too aged and dignified to stoop to such trifles?

Here then it may be claimed is common ground for all Shakespearean lovers. Somewhere within its ravelled symbolism lies a mystery; a secret, whose thoroughness carefully conceals of its inner intent. But what great secret could Will Shaksper wish to hide? His life as an actor had presumably been fairly successful and when he went home it was with a fortune for those times and presently a coat of arms. The fickle dame had never smiled so sweetly on either authors or actors as it did on this rustic, whose profession was so despised that vagrant actors could be denied the right of Christian burial!

If then, there is a secret, how shall we unlock it? Surely the author must have provided the key? Master Will characteristically is silent about secret cyphers but Francis Bacon has much to say about them. He used a number but favoured the simplest! and nothing could be simpler than his simple numerical cypher? Thus:— 67= FRANCIS, 33=BACON. "They say there is divinity in odd numbers." "Good luck lies in odd numbers." (Merry Wives of Windsor) and the cunning use of Initials.

Cyphers of course, were popular in Tudor times, and always will be where power is autocratic. If you wished to say anything dangerous you said it by cypher or lost your head. Walsingham's spies decoded all Queen Mary's Stuart's cyphers and she lost hers!

As we reflect on the poem one thought arises. If the author had regarded his mysterious "Phoenix and Turtle" as of great importance

he would, naturally, insert some pointers toward it in his plays and poems.

Quite accidentally I stumbled on what I think is the first one. In Sonnet LV we read of the word "rhyme";

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes, shall outlive
this powerful rime.;"

apart from the amazing prophecy which follows where is the pointer?

A moment before I had read in Sonnet CVII,

"My love looks fresh and death to me subscribes since, spite of
him, I'll live in this poor rime."

The operative words are poor" and 'powerful'. Shakespeare was never one to decry his wares. Where in English literature could one find more 'powerful' verses than in these two sonnets? Then why should one be called "poor rime"?

Sonnet CVII needs investigating:—

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

Bacon's reputation has been destroyed—for ever, his enemies believe. Yet, in spite of calamity and even death, his love, his reputation, will live as *this poor rime*. In all the works of Shakespeare there are no *poor rimes*—unless we except the queer, baffling poem known as *The Phoenix and the Turtle* with its jumble of obsolete mythological symbols. Can this be the allusion? Yes, this must be the *poor rime* for it is rhyme without reason.

Before we began our probe let us test it for the usual signatures.

To begin with, there are 67 lines—the simple cipher for Francis—and the first and last letters of the word *Threnos* are B and F. Yes, the signatures are there so we can safely proceed.

The date of the poem is 1601 in the Queen's reign. This was his tragic year when his name 'received a brand' for the alleged part he played in the Essex rebellion, and all his dreams were shattered. He little knew that he would soon rebuild a new reputation and that his enemies would seek to destroy that too at a later period.

The *Universal English Dictionary* says of the Phoenix:

"Fabulous bird of Brilliant Plumage supposed to have lived in the Arabian desert in cycles of 500 years. (Authorities differ as to period of cycles). At the end of each cycle it burned itself

on a funeral pyre and rose again from its own ashes with renewed youth and beauty. A person of supreme excellence. A paragon."

At once one is reminded of the use Shakespeare made of the Phoenix in *Henry VIII*. Let me recall Cramner's prophecy at Elizabeth's christening. The speech is essential to this investigation:

"In her days every man shall eat in safety under his vine, what he plants; and sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours. God shall be truly known; and those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honour and by those, claim their greatness, not by blood. Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when The Bird of Wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix, *Her ashes new create another heir as great in reputation as herself*. So shall she leave her blessedness to one (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness). *Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, and so stand fix'd.*"

There is surely no doubting the comparisons here. The Phoenix is the Queen and her Heir is himself;—and from these sacred ashes shall he rise?—assuredly.

When that time comes:

"*His honour and the greatness of his name shall be and mark new nations; he shall flourish and like a mountain cedar reach his branches to all the plains about him.*"

There is nothing of the brave music and the triumphant Shakespearean ring in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. Here the gloomy theme is lost in a maze of mystery and sorrow. Both the Phoenix and the faithful Turtle are dead.

We have only the subdued, melancholy notes of a funeral dirge. Moreover, the Phoenix this time no longer represents the Queen, but her successor—himself—or, rather, one aspect of himself, for as he assures us he was four individual persons in one—the Philosopher, the Prince, the Poet, and the Teacher. See Sonnet XLV:

My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy.

Let us assume, therefore, that the Phoenix is the Prince and the Turtle dove the Poet, and test this inference presently. The assumption at least clarified these lines:

"Single nature's double name . . .

(between whom was perfect understanding and love)

So they loved as love in twain
Had the essence—but in one
Two distincts—division none"

These words, the perfect allegory of Love which many Shakespearians have so lewdly misconstrued, is clearly denoted in their mutual agony. What great tragedy at that time had overtaken the Phoenix and the Turtle dove, symbol of fidelity? Says the poem:

"Love and constancy is dead
Phoenix and the Turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence."

Note in passing that the singular is used for the verb, thus linking the two as one, but, reverting to the flame, what was "the right" in verse 9 that the Turtle saw flaming in the "Phoenix' sight"? Can we see in this the collapse of the greatest hopes to which any one man could aspire—to the Crown of England and to the Poet's laurels—to both of which he had an inalienable right, the one by right of birth, the other by a life of sacrifice from boyhood to age, for at sixteen had he not dedicated his life to the reformation and uplift of the whole world and had not his life fulfilled his vow? Who will deny that the crown of poesy belonged to Shakespeare and to him alone? His genius was never a gift tossed carelessly into the crowd by a capricious Nature. *The Phoenix and the Turtle* "had the Essence . . . division none," and was to voice Mother Nature's divinity in which only the clumsy stupidity of one man defeated her intentions.

But, the reader will ask, can we qualify these apparently extravagant claims? Let us look more closely into the allegorical episode it depicts.

The Herald bird is perched high above the desert on the Tree (of Knowledge) and calls his feathered friends to attend the last obsequies of the Phoenix and Turtle, these being the Troop of Chaste Wings. The ceremony, the Requiem, is most strict and secret. One bird, so much interlocked with the Phoenix is denied entrance, the "fiend, the shrieking harbinger"; but two others, unwelcome though they be, are admitted, namely the Eagle and the Crow. The organ murmurs its plaintive music; the priest stands at the altar and the Requiem begins.

For whom is this ceremony attended thus by a fantastic assemblage of birds? For no other than the symbolical interment of the Phoenix and the Turtle. There must be some deep significance with all this elaborate ceremonial! Let us take each verse in order and endeavour to unravel the mystery. It seems obvious that the specially named birds are symbolical masks for living persons, in which even the un-named ones, like "chaste wings" may be regarded as Shakespeare's friends. The Turtle of course signifies the turtle-dove, Bacon's poetic muse.

Verse 1: The Herald perched on the Tree of Knowledge summons the Troop of Chaste Wings, who may answer to members of the Rosi Crosse, the Masonic Guild Bacon established, who could be termed Shades of Verulam. The Herald is the Master Mason.

Verse 2: Robert Cecil answers to the Fiend, the shrieking Harbinger, who had from his boyhood's days poisoned the Queen's mind against her own son, and especially at the period of this poem, the life enemy of Essex and himself.

Verse 3: The Eagle, "not without right"—of some sort—to be present represents Will Shaksper, known as the "actor" but no more, except that he was Bacon's "stooge." The crest of Shaksper was a Falcon, and the Eagle is one of the *Falconidae* genus. Here Bacon

has used poetic license in order to make the distinctive name fit into its numerical position. (2)

Verse 4: Since this is an allegory of birds we must interpret the name of the swan. The defunctive music of the priest represents the death-divining swan. It probably is a reference to Sir Tobie Mathew, his close friend and confidant, his *alter ego*, who conducts the Requiem, "the priest in surplice white".

Verse 5: The Crow relates to Queen Elizabeth herself, whose "white stole of chastity" at her birth had now changed to the "sable Gender," the dark secret of Bacon's birth? Who but she could answer to the one who "with the breath thou giv'st and tak'st," by denying him the right he had to the Succession? She had borne him and for this tragic Requiem although suffered to be present she must suffer penance in the future.

Verse 6: To the notes of the anthem the cortege moves solemnly towards the ashes of the Phoenix and Turtle. Can "the Turtle and his Queen" be explained by Shakespeare and himself? Assuredly, for as Bacon became the Phoenix bird, arising on the ashes of his Mother, so he becomes figuratively of feminine gender. This leads us to another aspect of great significance, to the same end, expressed in the words of Prospero ("my hope is in the future"), as follows:

"and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

—*The Tempest*, Act v, i.

Verses 7-13: There is nothing mundane in the love stressed in these verses. Who will deny that the love of Prince, Teacher, and Poet, is of divine essence? The presence of the Teacher is subtly indicated in the line "Neither two nor *one* was called" and this third Crown must be left to future historians.

Francis Bacon had sacrificed all and for what? No wonder he says:

"Reason, is itself confounded
Saw division grow together."

For what was this incomprehensible sacrifice? For Love! For the love of every man whom he wished to elevate to great heights, and thus "Love had reason, reason none."

(2) In 1597, when there was an hue and cry for the author of *Richard II*, by the command of the Queen, Shaksper, induced to pose as the author, was hastened to Stratford, New Place bought for him and £1,000, "and arrangements made to enter the ranks of the gentry, Essex then being the Head of the Herald's College." (Dodd: *The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon*, p.160)

May the reader regard all this as wild speculation—a form of midsummer madness? There is authority for almost all I have advanced in his Simple Numerical Cipher. Note that there are three unnecessary hyphens in the poem but which are inserted for a specific purpose, to give that slight elasticity needed by the decipherer. Not much for Bacon to employ for he was the Prince of encypherers. As an illustration let me take the number of words from the beginning of the poem to the words "chaste wings," which I suggested meant the Rosicrucians. The number of words is 20, and the Simple Cipher of $R=17$, and $C=3$, =20. It will further be noted that in verse 5 the number 84 of words from its commencement falls on the emphatic word "Thou," which refers specifically to the Crow. Here is the numerical equation of each name:

<i>Verse</i>	<i>No. of Words</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Cypher No.</i>
1. chaste wings	20	R.C.	20
2. Fiend	31	Cecil	31
3. <i>The Eagle</i>	54	Actor	54
4. Priest	66	Sir Tobie Mathew	66
5. <i>Thou</i> Treble-dated Crow	84	Elizabeth	84
6. Phoenix	115	Heir Throne	115
do.	115	Prospero	115
Turtle	119	W. Shakespear	119

The interpretation fits into the inner meanings of the poet's words.

There is another word in all this of great significance, the word THRENOS, printed in capitals to the last five 3-line verses of his lament. Surely the word was unneeded since the whole poem is one great lamentation. Can it be that Prospero, the Magician, conjured this Greek word from the gods? If we reverse the letters we obtain the letters SON. E. R.H.T. meaningless until the significance is spaced as I have done it. It then means, "Son of Elizabeth, Royal House of Tudor," or, equally "Son of Elizabeth, Royal Heir to Throne," his whole story concealed in this one significant word.

THRENOS, be it noted, is printed in unusually large capitals doubtless to draw the eye of the cypherist. And there is further reason for it. In the numerical KAY Cypher—see Frank Woodward's invaluable work, *Francis Bacon's Cipher Signatures*,—the name Francis Bacon counts to 282. So does THRENOS. Is this mere coincidence?

Another point of interest. Alfred Dodd, in his well-known "Shakespeare's Sonnet Diary", reproduces on p. 247, in reduced facsimile, the last Sonnet of the 1609 Folio. Below it, in very large capitals like THRENOS, appears the conventionally ending word FINIS. Below this are two apparently unaccountable capital letters in similar large capitals spaced quite apart, the letters A and K. But if we recast these letters with FINIS reversed in order we obtain "A K(ey) is in F". What means F? The letter phonetically can

signify PH, hence Phoenix. Is it taking too great liberty to suggest that it signifies that the key to the mystic sonnets lies in the Phoenix and the Turtle?

If the world can still believe that the *Phoenix and the Turtle* is a rhyme without reason it is because its cryptic meaning has been hidden from the worldlings. The verses which follow "Threnos" signify the end of the Requiem, the ashes of perfect love are laid to rest; the love that could bequeath no posterity unless the gentle breath of revelation rekindle their ashes.

But there remains one final aspect to be noted. Surely Bacon did not adopt the symbol of the Phoenix to represent himself without deliberate motive? He realised, even in 1601, that his just claims to recognition both as the Heir to the Throne and, even more especially, as the great poet, were doomed to be concealed for a great period of years. There are many other such allusions in his secret works in cipher. Yet, in the creation of the Phoenix he prophesied or foresaw that the day would arrive when the truth must become one of world recognition, when like the Phoenix, he would again arise to teach the world and uplift them by his writings of which the Plays and Sonnets are only one aspect. Nearly 350 years have passed since he composed this poem and perhaps the Phoenix may arise on the ashes of his former greatness sooner than the figurative five hundred. Even to-day there is a great recrudescence of interest in the Plays, which are becoming quite a safe box-office investment.

I have called this Shakespeare's Secret Book yet it is but the façade to the temple and the decipherer a workman who has taken the carven stones lying around him and refashioned them in their true order for the first time. Here, through the central doorway lies the great nave of his Plays and the Mantle of Prospero, whilst doors on either side lead to the aisles of his philosophy and scientific works, and also to the poignant, imperishable glory of his Sonnets, as reconstructed in their true order and meaning through the genius of Alfred Dodd. A new era opens to the adventurous spirit, yea, to those fearless few who despise the ridicule of the ignorant and brave all for truth and beauty.

FRANCIS BACON AND THE PLÉIADE

By R. J. W. GENTRY

In the last (Summer) issue of BACONIANA Mrs. Myrl Bristol criticised the former article of Mr. Gentry on the above subject in which she questioned the influence of the Pléiade on Francis Bacon. In this article Mr. Gentry gives valid arguments to prove the correctness of his contentions, and places the facts before our readers. EDITOR

MRS. BRISTOL has the disconcerting controversial habit of taking the discourse of her opponent (if I may use such a term in a "cozy bickering" among ourselves), slicing it up, making genial, enquiring interpolations between any two pieces, then leaving the second standing as though in qualification of *her* remarks, and not, as it originally stood, in firm conjunction with one's first piece. I don't believe she means any harm—it is simply the outcome of her critical *joie de vivre* expressing itself line by line—but it can hamper her manifest desire to get at the meaning behind one's actual words. She deals thus unkindly with me, for example, on p. 140 of BACONIANA (Summer), where she takes bits of my former article, interprets these in her own way, and thereby evolves a truism (or, rather, an apparent truism), then makes me say that "It would be more difficult to prove this than to substantiate the case for the English Renaissance as having been conceived and executed by one man"! No, I am not a Hermetic Adept, or even an adept at literary juggling; but I *will* try to clarify my position.

In the first place, I do believe Francis Bacon was inspired by the example of the Pléiade to set about his *prime* task—the ennoblement of his native language into a fit vehicle for the transmission of intellectual and moral truth superior to any hitherto promulgated—in fine literary works of universal appeal. To build a splendid edifice one should first obtain material of the highest possible quality and of the most durable substance. It happened that fortunately the time was ripe for reform, but such a situation does not of itself automatically produce the reformer. I am not so sure as Mrs. Bristol that "a particular literary movement is of necessity the flower of its own age and no other, a proposition which has been demonstrated over and over again, and which has generally been accepted as true of all kinds of movements—social, political, economic, religious."

Francis Bacon, when in France, moved in the very atmosphere of the great reformation of French literature. It is true, as D. B. Wyndham Lewis writes: ". . . The Pléiade was breaking up. La Péruse and Des Autels had died long since. On March 7, 1577, Remy Belleau died at the age of fifty, and Ronsard journeyed to Paris to be one of the pall-bearers when they buried this graceful poet, youngest and latest of the Pléiade, in the now vanished church of the Grands-Augustins. Joachim du Bellay had taken some portion of Ronsard's youth with him to the grave eleven years before. Étienne Jodelle had died in 1575. . . Of the joyous inner band four now remain:

Ronsard, Antoine de Baif, Pontus de Tyard, now shaping his course to a distant bishopric and lost to his fellow-poets, and tough old leathery Dorat, who, with De Tyard, was to survive them all." (*Ronsard*). But the influence of Ronsard and his work was to go on: "His encouragement of the younger poets and writers, such as Florent Chrestien, Du Perron, De Thou, Bertant, and Pierre de Loyer is sufficiently acknowledged in their letters and works."

Mrs. Bristol's implication that this labour of the Pléiade was rather like that of the mountain which brought forth a 'ridiculous mouse,' is hardly defensible. Far from their having merely concerned themselves with the "intricacies of a *chanson*, *rondeau*, or *madrigal*", they strove—successfully—to "ennoble the French tongue, at present a starveling plant, *pauvre plante et vergette*, to refresh and invigorate it and make it *parfait en toute élégance et venusté de paroles*, perfect in all elegance and grace of words." (Wyndham Lewis).

The manifesto published by Du Bellay in 1549—the *Deffense et Illustration de la Langue Françoise*—advocates worthy translation of the classical authors as one of the vital means of the development of French. "Let him who would enrich his language then compose himself to the imitation of the best Greek and Latin authors, and let him direct the point of his style to their greatest virtues as to a certain end." (Gladys M. Touquet's trans.). He makes an emphatic statement, however, of the difficulty of *true* imitation of the inner excellences concealed in a good author. And he gives reasons for the inferiority at that time of his own literature: ". . . if our language be not so copious and rich as the Greek and Latin, that must not be imputed to it as a fault, as if of itself it could never be other than poor or sterile: but rather must one attribute it to the ignorance of our ancestors, who having (as someone says, speaking of the ancient Romans) in higher esteem well-doing than fair-speaking, and liking to leave posterity examples of virtue, rather than precepts, deprive themselves of the glory of their fine deeds, and us of the fruit of the imitation thereof: and by the same means have left us our language so poor and bare that it has need of the ornaments and (so to speak) the plumes of other persons. But who would say that Greek and Latin were always in the state of excellence wherein they were seen in the time of Homer and of Demosthenes, of Virgil and of Cicero?" He sounds a clarion call to encourage his fellow-writers to hold their own language in higher respect: ". . . but I dare well affirm that if the learned men of our nation deigned to esteem it as much as the Romans did theirs, it could at times, and right quickly, put itself in the ranks of the most famous."

Ronsard, also, toiled to establish a revived and enlarged basis for French literature. His *Abrégé de l'Art Poétique François* blazes the trail for those who can become similarly animated to transform their instrument of expression into something precise, subtle, resilient, deep, and extensive. "To what degree," he says, "the art of poetry might be comprehended by rule, or trained to become more creative in itself rather than merely remain a vehicle for tradition, depends on

how far human skill, experiment, and pains can enable this to be. I wanted very much to give you some principles here, so that one day you might be the first to realise what a satisfying vocation it is, using my own case (I may claim to be tolerably well versed in it) for an example."

That Ronsard's own conception of his task was not a narrow one, and that he realised he was working not only for his own times, is evident from this passage: ". . . if I could only be sure that this summary account would be acceptable and of value to posterity, I would compile a more elaborate dissertation on our poetry, on the way it might be enriched, on its most essential parts, on whether it can be made to comply with Latin and Greek versification, or not, on how frequentative and inceptive verbs might be supplied, on comparatives and superlatives, and such other embellishments as our unhappy language is lacking in. It is unnecessary to worry you, as I have always maintained, about the views which the people hold of your work; my firm principle being, that it is better to serve truth than the opinion of the people, who are unwilling to accept anything save what they see already before their eyes, believing (without any reason) that our ancestors must be wiser than we are, and that we must follow them entirely, without bringing into being anything new; so doing a great wrong to nature, which they consider to be barren these days, and destitute of fine spirits, having at the outset poured all her virtues upon the first men, keeping back nothing, in her economy, to bestow on those of her children (as a generous mother would) who were to be born into the world in after ages."

I would commend these two writings of Ronsard and Du Bellay, to Mrs. Bristol's attention as being likely to convince her that the efforts of the Pléiade were by no means so trivial as she imagines.

As to the second main point she brings forward, I will add as much as space permits to my necessarily condensed assertions in *BACONIANA* of the Spring, 1948. I do maintain that English literature was, through the agency of Francis Bacon, beneficially affected by "Pléiadicism"; and that this was something more than merely a "system of poetics." Bacon's fundamental aim was to utilise letters as an educative force of the first power, in order to effect a transformation of the cultural and ethical life of England; but it was first essential to fashion a literary instrument worthy of his purpose; and the Pléiade showed him the way.

It is safe to maintain that Bacon's main enterprise, in the face of Elizabeth's political and ecclesiastical organisation, was undoubtedly "environed by danger that called for caution and secrecy." He definitely stated his need for means to enable him to "command more wits than a man's own." Why? Surely not for any personal advancement (which he never obtained, anyway, under Elizabeth), but for the almost superhuman undertaking he had set his hand to, the "rare and unaccustomed project" of transfiguring the England as described by the author of *The Arte of English Poesie*, in 1589, into a country freed from the suppressiveness of absolutism and the

general intellectual torpor that suited the interests of the ruling caste. Is it inconceivable that Bacon, as the centre around which such a work was to revolve, would have to proceed with utmost wariness to institute and direct a society of kindred spirits to aid him? Consider this paragraph which concludes Bacon's address to the King, at the beginning of the Second Book of the *De Augmentis*:

"Touching impossibility, I take it that all those things are held to be possible and performable, which may be done by some persons, but not by every one; and which may be done by many together, though not by one alone; and which may be done in the succession of ages, though not in one man's life; and lastly, which may be done by public designation and expense, though not by private means and endeavour. Notwithstanding, if any man will take to himself rather the saying of Solomon, 'The slothful man says, there is a lion in the path', than that of Virgil, 'they find it possible, because they think it possible', I shall be content that my labours be esteemed but as the better sort of wisdom."

This remark would tend to show that Bacon was fully conscious of the value of co-operative effort in enterprises especially of the magnitude of the one he had in hand.

A book written by a compatriot of Mrs. Bristol's, *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare* (Delia Bacon), makes clear the revolutionary inner character of those Plays; and for Francis Bacon's connexion with the Rosicrucians, I will refer her to W. F. C. Wigston's *Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians*. I am sorry that space allows only the mention of titles and brief excerpts in answer to Mrs. Bristol's far from "disagreeable" questions. It is to be hoped that the little information provided may, nevertheless, lead her to seek out what has been already said *positively*, and help her to gain a transfer from the "negative team." If the sole activity of the latter is to "sit on the fence" around the field of play, the position must become tedious, after a time!



THE "SHAKESPEARE" QUIZ

or

100 QUESTIONS FOR THE STRATFORDIANS TO ANSWER

arranged by EDWARD D. JOHNSON

PART II

The Hundred Questions posed by Mr. Johnson contain many with which doubtless some Baconians are not conversant. The "Shakespeare" Quiz will be republished in pamphlet form and should prove of invaluable use to lecturers.—EDITOR.

(46) In "As you like it" Rosalind and Celia fled to the Forest of Arden. The Stratfordians say "There you are, Arden was the name of part of Warwickshire—here is a direct reference to the county where Shaksper lived which proves that he wrote the plays."

They can produce no evidence that there was any forest or even woodlands in the district known as Arden, where the land was either enclosed pasture or open field arable. They ignore or suppress the fact that the play of "As you like it" is taken direct from Lodge's novel *Rosalynde* where the forest scenes are laid in the *Ardennes* in Belgium, altered in the play to the English equivalent *Arden*.

(47) The Stratfordians say that the reference in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to the "dozen white luces" on Justice Shallow's coat identifies this character with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Park near Stratford on Avon, whose coat of arms had three luces on it. If this is so, how do the Stratfordians account for the fact that this reference to the luces first appeared in the First Folio of the Plays published in 1623, *seven years after Shaksper's death* and is *not found* in the Quarto of the Play published in 1602 in Shaksper's lifetime?

(48) Many years ago, Mr. Appleton Morgan, the president of The Shakespeare Society of New York, gave a glossary of 518 words which he claimed as words used exclusively in Warwickshire.

The English Dialect Society's Dictionary shows that of those 518 so called pure Warwickshire words only 46 were not current in Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. How is it, therefore, that *not a single one* of the 46 words which can be shown to have been used *exclusively* in Warwickshire are to be found in the "Shakespeare" Plays? If Will Shaksper wrote the plays we should naturally expect that he would use some of the local words. There is only one character in all the plays who speaks a rustic dialect and that character is Edgar in "King Lear". Edgar was son and heir to the Earl of Gloucester so he might reasonably be expected when talking in dialect for the purpose of disguise to use the Gloucestershire dialect, instead of which he uses the Kentish dialect.

(49) Edward Alleyn, who was not only an eminent actor but also a *theatrical proprietor*, who founded Dulwich College, left his memoirs which contain the names of all the *notable actors and dramatists* in Shaksper's time, as well as the name of every person who helped or received money in connection with the production of

all the plays at the Blackfriars, Fortune and other theatres. How is it that Alleyn in this list of *actors and dramatists* does not even once mention Shaksper?

(50) Philip Henslowe, the theatrical manager who had erected the Rose Theatre on Bankside, Southwark, in 1592, was the greatest theatrical agent and producer of his day and kept a diary (which has been preserved) in which he sets down the sums that he paid to various authors for their work. How is it that the names of Shakespeare, Shaksper, Shaxspur or Shagsper do not appear anywhere in this diary?

In Henslowe's diary we find the names of the following men who were all writers for Henslowe's theatres:—

Chapman, Chettle, Day, Dekker, Drayton, Haughton, Heywood, Jonson, Marston, Middleton, Munday, Porter, Rankins, Rowley, Wadeson, Webster and Wilson. Here we find mentioned practically all the dramatic writers of that day with any claim to distinction, with one exception only, that of Shaksper, who is never once mentioned in Henslowe's diary, which completely ignores his existence.

(51) The Stratfordians refuse to admit that Will Shaksper was educated at Cambridge University. How therefore do they account for the fact that the following expressions appear in the "Shakespeare" plays, such expressions being those which *only a man educated at Cambridge University would use*? In "King Lear" Act 2, Scene 4, we read "To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes". The expression "scanting of sizes" was used *exclusively* at Cambridge to denote the punishment of a sizar (a poor student who received sizes or allowances) by cutting his rations or sizes. With the exception of the "Shakespeare" plays the word sizes is not used by any other Elizabethan dramatist except by the author of the "Return from Parnassus" written by an anonymous Cambridge author.

The Oxford Dictionary states the use of this word was peculiar to Cambridge.

(52) In "Hamlet" Act 2, Scene 1, we read—"Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; and how, and who, what means, and *where they keep.*"

The Oxford Dictionary states that the use of the word "Keep" for "reside" is peculiar to *Cambridge University*, and the use of this peculiar word "Keep" is found thirteen times in the "Shakespeare" plays.

(53) In "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is the character of a French physician Dr. Caius. His character is indetical with that of Dr. Caius who founded Caius College Cambridge, both being overbearing, choleric and revengeful men. Dr. Caius in the play hated Welshmen as is shown by his quarrel with Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson, and the real Dr. Caius hated Welshmen so much that he excluded Welshmen from the privileges of fellowship of Caius College. How did Will Shaksper who never went to Cambridge know anything about the character of Dr. Caius who had died before Shaksper was 9 years old, and why should he put this character in the play of "The

Merry Wives of Windsor"? There were no newspapers in those days and it is very doubtful if the peculiarities of Dr. Caius would have been known outside University circles, and there is no evidence that *Shaksper had ever been to Cambridge or knew anyone there.*

(54) On 1st March, 1595, a play entitled "Laelia" was performed by the undergraduates of Queen's College, Cambridge. The character of Laelia in this play and the character of Viola in "Shakespeare" play "Twelfth Night" are absolutely identical, and "Shakspeare" must have either seen or read this play Laelia before writing "Twelfth Night". How could Shaksper, who was never at Cambridge, manage to obtain a copy of this play Laelia and develop the character of Viola on exactly similar lines?

(55) All references to Shaksper, direct and indirect, in contemporaneous literature during the period 1592-1616 have been carefully collated and published. They number 127 classified as follows—those made to his works, 120; those made to him as a man, seven. The seven references to him as a man are made by Thomas Nashe, 1589; Robert Greene, 1592; John Manningham, 1601; two anonymous writers in 1605; Thomas Heywood, 1612, and Ben Jonson, 1616. Nashe calls Shaksper an idiot, Greene an upstart crow, Manningham makes him the hero of an amour, the anonymous writers only refer to his wealth, landed proprietorship and aspirations to a title, Heywood because two of Heywood's poems had been published as Shaksper's, and Jonson scoffs at him as a poet ape. Here we find that three of his literary fellows, Nashe, Greene and Jonson, who knew the man Will Shaksper well, treating him with contempt and his literary pretensions with ridicule, sneering at him and his poetical claims.

Ben Jonson in particular scoffed at Shaksper's pretensions, well knowing that many of the plays were earlier than Shaksper's theatrical career and, moreover, that he was incapable of such productions.

Ben Jonson in his Discoveries (1637) gives a list of all the great men that he had known. In this list *Shaksper's name is not mentioned.* Why did Jonson omit his name if he thought that he was the author of the "Shakespeare" plays?

(56) Why are there only seven references to *Will Shaksper the man*, and why is there no word or hint anywhere that he possessed any literary ability whatsoever?

(57) The Stratfordians say that Shaksper's earliest reputation was made *as an actor.* If so, why is there no record anywhere of the parts that he played with one exception, namely Rowe (in 1709) who wrote that Shaksper played the Ghost in his own Hamlet and that this was the top of his performance?

(58) Will Shaksper's residence in London extended over a period of more than twenty years. The men of letters, his contemporaries, were Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, Inigo Jones, Herbert of Cherbury, Laud, Pym, Hampden, Selden, Walton, Wootton and Donne. How is it that there is no evidence whatever that Will Shaksper was personally known to any of these men or to any others of less note

among the statesmen, scholars, soldiers and artists of his day?

(59) Why is it that of Shaksper's social life during his long residence in London we have not even a tradition?

(60) The three signatures to Shaksper's Will are so atrocious that the Stratfordians have suggested as a reason for this that he was suffering from paralysis at the time, in spite of the fact that his Will states at the beginning that he was in perfect health. If Shaksper could produce these signatures when *suffering from paralysis*, how is it that he could not produce a really legible signature when in health as none has yet been discovered!

(61) Shaksper by his Will bequeathed a number of memorial rings and other mementos to his friends and associates, such as Sadler, Raynolds, Heminge, Burbage, and Condell. How is it that he bequeathed nothing to Ben Jonson who, according to Sir Sidney Lee, was one of his closest friends?

(62) How is it, that when Shaksper died, Jonson never referred to his death, not mentioning his name for 7 years until the publication of "The First Folio" in 1623?

(63) Why did Will Shaksper in his will leave no directions as to the disposition of his plays or the manuscripts thereof? If these passed to his daughter Susanna as residuary legatee, why did she not claim them as a portion of the residuary estate? The plays were valuable, and Susanna, if she was anything like her father, would not be likely to give anything away. If Shaksper had parted with the manuscripts in his lifetime, he must have had in his possession *copies* of his printed poems Venus and Adonis and The Rape of Lucrece and of The Sonnets. What became of them?

It is clear that they were never in the possession of his daughter Susanna.

(64) Susanna Hall and her husband had only one child—a daughter Elizabeth, born in 1608, (Shaksper by his will bequeathed to this granddaughter the greater part of his plate). Elizabeth Hall first married Thomas Nash, and afterwards John Barnard, who was subsequently knighted.

On her mother's, Susanna's, death, she became the owner of New Place and other property under Shaksper's will.

(65) Why is there no record that Lady Barnard ever mentioned her grandfather, the great poet (?), or ever possessed any relics of him or any books belonging to him?

(66) When Will Shaksper died, why did none of his literary friends attend the funeral of the great genius "Shakespeare", or express their grief that the greatest poet that the world had ever seen had passed away? Why did not one of the literary fraternity in London realize that when Will Shaksper died a great poet and dramatist had passed away—not one of them came to his funeral or sent their condolences to his family?

(68) Why did no one take the slightest notice of the death of the retired actor and tradesman of Stratford? The world of letters seems to have been quite unconscious of any loss, for not a single

note of regret that a great poet had passed away has reached us from any source whatsoever.

(69) In the days of Elizabeth, it was customary to write elegies on the deaths of any well known men.

Ben Jonson was a very minor poet compared with "Shakespeare"; why do we find over fifty allusions to Jonson's death but not a single one to the death of Shaksper?

(70) The Historian William Camden published in 1610 a Book entitled *Brittannia* in which there are several references to Stratford on Avon. Why is it that Camden does not mention Shaksper although the majority of the plays had been written prior to the year 1610? Is it not clear that Camden saw no connection between Stratford on Avon and the writer of the plays?

(71) When James Cooke, who was an Army surgeon attached to troops stationed at Stratford on Avon in 1642, called upon Shaksper's daughter Mrs. Susanna Hall, he asked to be shown any manuscripts or books belonging to her husband or father. Why did she say that she had not got any books or manuscripts or anything in her *father's handwriting*?

(72) On 29th June, 1613, the Globe Theatre was burnt to the ground. In a published account of the catastrophe, why is reference made to Richard Burbage, Henry Condell and others, but not a word is said about Shaksper?

(73) George Sandys published his "Journey" a few months before Shaksper died.

Sandys wrote "By the Pillar, standing in a vault within the castle, entered by the Nile, they measure his increase." "Shakespeare" wrote "They take the flow of the Nile by certain scales on the Pyramid", which is practically the same thing.

Sandys wrote "answerable to the increase of the river, is the plenty or scarcity of the year succeeding." "Shakespeare" wrote "The higher Nilus swells, the more it promises" which is the same thought expressed differently. The above quotations from "Shakespeare" are from Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Scene 7. Antony and Cleopatra was not published until 7 years after Shaksper's death. How therefore could Shaksper have quoted from Sandys' work as he had no time to read this work before he died?

(74) Why did the late Dr. C. W. Ingleby, who in compiling his *Shakespeare's Centurie of Praise* spent two years in research through English literature from 1592 to 1693 to find every allusion, however slight it might be, to the poet Shakespeare and his works, state that "no pains of research, scrutiny or study could find the most trivial allusion to the bard or his works by any one of the great men of his day." He adds "It is plain, for one thing, that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age."

(75) The letters of every great man in literature have been preserved with the sole exception of Shaksper. Is not this due to the fact that Shaksper could not write?

(76) In the First Folio of the "Shakespeare Plays" there are

over 634,000 words, each of which must have been written out by hand in the first instance. How is it that if Will Shaksper wrote the plays, there is not in existence a single one of those 634,000 words in his own handwriting?

(77) Why does "Shakespeare" always take the aristocratic point of view and pour contempt on the common people. He refers to them as the common herd—sweaty rabble, etc. Shaksper of Stratford came from the common people—why should he foul his own nest?

(78) How do Stratfordians account for the fact that in the first Folio of the Plays published in 1623 there are nearly 10,000 lines *absolutely unknown* in any form before 1616, the year Shaksper died?

Who was it who revised all the Plays for the First Folio and wrote all those additional lines in exactly the same style as the original matter?

(79) Twenty-two years after the publication of the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" Plays in 1623—namely 1645—the French people apparently had not heard of Will Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon as a playwright, because in that year Jean Blaen published his "Theatre du monde" in which, describing Stratford-on-Avon, he wrote:—

"The Avon passes against Stratford, a rather agreeable little trading place, but which owes *all its glory* to two of its nurslings: to wit, John de Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, who built a temple there, and Hugh de Clopton, who threw across the Avon, at great cost, a bridge of fourteen arches."

How is it that there is not a word in this book about the man on whom Stratford-on-Avon now depends for its sole claim to fame?

(80) In 1576 a play "A Historie of Error" (probably the first form of the "Shakespeare" Play "The Comedy of Errors") was acted before Queen Elizabeth at Hampton Court. At this date Shaksper was 12 years old and still at Stratford. How therefore can you say that Shaksper was the author of this play?

(81) In 1579 "The Merchant of Venice" in its earlier title of "The Jew showne at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of usurers" was produced. Shaksper at that date was 15 years of age. The plot of this play was taken from two Italian novels. How could he have learnt Italian at Stratford at this early age?

(82) In 1584, when Shaksper was 20 years old and still at Stratford, the play "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" based on a play called "Felix and Philomena" was acted before the Queen. The plot of this play was taken *from the Spanish*. If Shaksper wrote this play whilst he was still at Stratford, how was he able to read Spanish?

(83) "Hamlet" was played by Lord Leicester's men before Queen Elizabeth at Oxford in the Spring of 1585. This was before Shaksper left Stratford for London. If he wrote this play, how was he able *while still at Stratford* to get it produced by Lord Leicester's Company of Actors?

(84) In 1612, the performance of all stage plays at *Stratford* was forbidden by the municipality under a penalty of £10. Shaksper was then permanently residing at Stratford. If he was the celebrated dramatist, why did he not protest at this action of his fellow townsmen?

(85) The Boatswain in "The Tempest" speaks in the true vernacular of the Forecastle.

Salanio and Salarino in "The Merchant of Venice" use accurate sailor's expressions.

"The Comedy of Errors" is full of nautical allusions and sea words. There is no evidence that Shaksper ever went to sea. How could he realize the life and language of a sailor by force of his imagination?

(86) Research has traced the life of Shaksper from the cradle to the grave, and by means of tradition, legal documents, records and inscriptions formed quite an accurate biography. How is it that this research does not record a single item to connect Shaksper with "Shakespeare" the author of the Plays?

(87) If Shaksper wrote the Plays, why did he apparently conceal this fact from his friends instead of being proud of his authorship?

(88) If he did not conceal it, why did not his friends say something about their friendship with the celebrated author?

(89) Why did not the other authors and dramatists know of his existence and make some reference to the man Shaksper?

(90) The Stratfordians say that Shaksper made sufficient money to buy New Place either through acting or writing plays. If he earned this money by acting, how is it that we have no record of the parts he played, which seems to show that he must have been a very inferior actor whose salary would therefore be small?

(91) If he made money by writing plays, how is it that there is no record that any theatrical producer or any other person ever paid him a penny piece for writing a play?

(92) There is nothing whatever in Shaksper's Will to connect the testator with either plays or actors, except one erasure and one interlineation. The christian name of Hamnet Sadler has been scratched out and someone has written above it *Hamlett* instead of *Hamnet* in order to suggest that the testator was familiar with the name of the play. There is an interlineation of gifts "to my fellowes John Heminge, Richard Burbage and Henry Cordell of 26/6 each to buy rings". Neither of these alterations was initialled by the testator or the witnesses as was customary. Why should the only indications in the will that Shaksper had anything to do with the plays or actors have been apparently inserted as an after-thought?

(93) When Shaksper died, he was one of the richest men in Stratford. Yet when his father, mother and son died, he never spent a penny in marking their resting places with a stone. Is this the man who in the Play "Cymbeline" is supposed to have written "Sore shaming those rich left heirs that let their fathers lie without a monument"?

(94) The author of "Shakespeare" Plays seems to have hated drunkenness because we read

"To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast, O strange."
Othello, Act 2, Scene 3.

"O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies."

The Taming of The Shrew, Act 1, Scene 1.

Are not these strange sentiments to be expressed by a man who was himself a heavy drinker?

(95) The "Shakespeare" Plays denounce in scathing terms ignorance, as follows:

"O thou monster *ignorance*, how deformed dost thou look!"

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Scene 2.

"Ignorance is the curse of God—Knowledge the wing on which we fly to heaven."

2 Henry VI, Act 4, Scene 7.

"O gross and miserable ignorance".

2 Henry, Act 4, Scene 2.

How do you account for the fact that Shaksper who is supposed to have expressed those sentiments allowed his two daughters to be brought up in such a state of ignorance that they could not even sign their names?

(96) Robert Greene in his "Groatsworth of Wit" is believed by Stratfordians to have alluded to Shaksper. Why therefore does he call Shaksper an upstart crow *beautified in other feathers*?

(97) How is it that after Shaksper's death plays continued to pour forth as if nothing had happened? Not only a number of *new plays which were unheard of before* and the greatest of them all, but the old plays were considerably augmented, revised *and virtually rewritten*. Who was responsible for this?

(98) In the year 1777 a Mrs. Hornby as a private enterprise opened at Stratford a museum of relics of Shaksper. She exhibited as Shaksper's personal belongings, a carved oak chest, part of a carved bedstead, an iron deed box, a sword, a lantern, pieces of the famous mulberry tree, one of Mrs. Shaksper's shoes and a drinking glass. In 1827 Mr. R. B. Wheler, The Stratfordian Historian and author of the Local Guide Book, denounced these relics without exception as being "scandalous impositions, and stated that "It is well known that there does not exist a single article that ever belonged to Shaksper." Where now are these so-called relics?

(99) It is possible to make a list of 1500 celebrated Englishmen and go to the Histories, Biographies and Encyclopaedias and find out the history of each one of them, with one exception only, namely Shaksper.

Is not the reason for this the fact that Shaksper had no history, with nothing whatever in his life worth recording—nothing to show that he was anything but possibly a third rate actor and a tradesman in a small town, nothing to show that any single person regarded him as a person of importance, nothing to show that he had any prominence when he lived, nothing to show that he was anything but utterly obscure and unimportant? not only in London where he lived for 15 years but in his own native town?

(100) The Stratfordians say that it was the "Shakespeare" Plays that brought Shaksper Fame and *Fortune*. How therefore do they account for the following facts?

- (a) Shaksper in his will never mentions the manuscripts of the Plays.
- (b) His executors never mentioned them.
- (c) His two daughters never mentioned them.
- (d) The plays were never transferred to anyone either before or after Shaksper's death.
- (e) There is no record that Shaksper's relatives had anything to do or say with reference to the publication of the Plays in the First Folio.
- (f) The Publishers of "The First Folio" had no legal authority to publish the plays, never having received permission from Shaksper's executors.
- (g) Neither Shaksper's executors nor his daughters ever took proceedings against the publishers of The First Folio for infringement of copyright.
- (h) The manuscripts of the Plays from which the First Folio was printed mysteriously disappeared and have never been traced.
- (i) The Printers of The First Folio did not copyright the work and so secure a title to it although its publication must have cost thousands of pounds and the sale of the First Folio could never have recouped them for the expense of publication.
- (j) The First Folio was never published as a money maker as there was nothing to prevent anyone from re-publishing it.

The "Shakespeare" Plays show us that the author, whoever he was, was a great, noble and generous man, which is quite inconsistent with what we know of the life of Will Shaksper, a man who led a mean, uneventful, sordid and immoral life, without any record of a generous action or noble deed, certainly not the life of the greatest genius the world has ever seen, as the following facts show.

- (a) Shaksper entered into a bond to marry Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton, but he was forced to marry Ann Hathaway whom he had seduced.
- (b) He deserted his wife and never sent for her to join him in London where he is alleged to have been prosperous.
- (c) When he returned to Stratford, he barred her dower and left her nothing in his will except his second best bedstead.
- (d) Apparently he never corresponded with his wife during his absence in London.
- (e) When in London he led an immoral life and was supposed to have been the father of Sir William Davenport.
- (f) The *only* contemporaneously recorded incident of Shaksper *personally* in London is of a low intrigue and a treacherous act towards his friend Burbage.
- (g) The first local tradition is that he got so drunk at Bidford that he had to sleep where he fell.
- (h) It is traditionally recorded that his death was due to a drunken orgy.

- (u) He allowed his two daughters to be brought up in such a state of ignorance that they were unable to write their names.
- (j) When in London, he tried to cheat the Government by avoiding payment of his rates, but after much trouble was found and forced to pay by legal proceedings.
- (k) When he deserted his wife she was forced to borrow 40/- from her father's shepherd. He never repaid this although he was wealthy.
- (l) In 1594 a severe fire did much damage to Stratford and the Town Council appealed for help to the county at large. There is no record that Shaksper contributed a penny piece to the fund being raised to help repair the houses damaged in this fire.
- (m) During a famine at Stratford in 1598 he held on to his considerable stock of corn and malt for a rise in price.
- (n) He made desperate efforts to enclose the common lands at Stratford and so deprive his neighbours of the immemorial right of free pasturage for their live stock, but the attempt failed.
- (o) He attempted to obtain a Coat of Arms by a series of fraudulent statements which are on record in the Heralds' Office.
- (p) He was a money-lender of the worst type, suing his neighbours for money lent and sending them to jail if they did not pay.

And this is supposed to be "Gentle Shakespeare," an object of sentimental affection throughout the whole world.



DOGMA V. KNOWLEDGE

By R. L. EAGLE

"Let who will labour and agonize for the sake of a new truth, or a newer and purer form of an old one, there will always be those who will stand aside and coldly regard, if they cannot crush, the struggle and heart-break of the pioneers, and then will enter into the fruit of their labours, and complacently point in later years to the advance of thought in their time, which they have done nothing to advance, but to which when sanctioned by time and custom and the populace, they will adhere."

Mary Cholmondely.

IN 1608 the first telescope was constructed and was put to use by Galileo, despite the Church's assertion that it was an instrument of the devil which created visions of things for man's temptation. The church banned it, and orthodox astronomy refused to look through such an instrument. In 1616, Galileo was condemned by the College of Cardinals who proclaimed the Copernican theory, which Galileo upheld, a heresy. In 1642 he was martyred, and the priest who perused the manuscripts of this great philosopher, destroyed such as *in his judgement* were not fit to be known to the world.

Copernicus only escaped torture and death by dying a few hours after the publication of his book. He was then seventy years of age, and had waited thirty years before he dared make public his discovery that the sun was the centre of the universe. He was regarded by the authorities as that "fool who wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy."

Bruno accepted the Copernican theory, and confirmed it by working out its implications. But he had to flee from his monastery in fear of an accusation of heresy. After wandering far and wide, never staying for any length of time in one place, he was betrayed in Venice. Kept in the dungeons of Rome for six years, he was tortured and burnt at the stake in 1600.

The Church has, as we all know, lost its power as dictator and suppressor of opinion, idea, belief, discovery and invention of which it did not approve mainly because nothing was allowed to conflict with its tenets and creed, and any advance of knowledge was regarded with suspicion. Nowadays a similar power over individual and collective thought and expression is held in some countries by dictatorships aided by secret police, and in others by various so-called "authorities" in different branches of learning. The latter attempt to suppress the publication of views which might prove embarrassing to the reputations of the established luminaries, or the financial interests involved. Those who challenge the Stratford authorship of Shakespeare have met with the most violent abuse. Having failed by that, the present policy is to ignore the challenge, aided by suppression of anti-Stratford argument in a large and influential section of the Press. To be a *recognised* "authority" it is

essential to have a university degree in order to impress, and it is a great advantage to be known as a professor, for the public does not understand that it is as possible for an "outsider" to learn as much, and more, because with him study is not confined within conventional limits.

If the Stratford position collapsed, so would the reputations of the "men-of-letters" past, present and future. There would be little faith afterwards in big names. The situation would be quite Gilbertian.

If we turn to the history of medical science, we shall find a parallel battle between new ideas and old teaching and prejudice. Lister's teacher had stated that surgery had reached finality, and that surgical and other wounds became septic because there were gases in the air. Lister had to struggle against medical tradition and prejudice for the use in operations of his newly discovered antiseptic, which was carbolic. They laughed at him, but from his antiseptics hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved in Britain alone and from them have evolved the asepsis of modern surgery. Dr. Semmelweis, in a Vienna hospital, had, simultaneously with Lister and quite independently of him, made the same discovery. He met with vicious persecution from the medical profession in Austria. He was dismissed from his post for advocating his new method; driven temporarily insane and, on recovering, had to continue his experiments in private.

Today, practically everybody accepts the idea of evolution. Darwin's *The Origin of Species*, was a challenge to the orthodox ideas which had prevailed and remained unquestioned until the publication of the book in the middle of the nineteenth century. The Church, being committed to the literal interpretation of the Bible, and the Bible stating clearly that mankind and all other types of animals and plants were created in six days about 6000 years ago, was shocked at this defiance of its very foundation and doctrines. As the Church had, in those days, a far larger following, and was a great influence on family life, the new thesis could not be ignored. If Darwin had been a university man, he would not have dared to question the idea of creation as stated in *Genesis*, for Oxford and Cambridge were completely dominated by the Church at the time of publication of the work. When the diehards of the old orthodoxy were confronted with the fossils of extinct animals in the rocks, they first asserted that they were the remains of species of animals which had been specially created on the fifth day! Finally, somebody suggested that God had embedded these fossils in the rocks to test the faith of nineteenth century mankind, and orthodoxy accepted this view when it found itself embarrassed by the geological evidence. For thirty years Darwin had been laboriously and with infinite patience collecting facts of botany, zoology and geology to discover the truth about evolution. He had a vast and influential majority against him, but the opposition broke down for want of a reasonable and scientific answer. Who would have believed that twenty three

years later Darwin would have been buried in Westminster Abbey?¹

We may, by the example of Darwin and other pioneers in thought and discovery, feel confident on the ultimate acceptance of Francis Bacon as the author who wrote under the name "William Shakespeare" The prejudice Baconians encounter from those who should advance knowledge and not stifle it, is a tribute to the reason and truth of their contention. Public opinion matters little for only a small minority have the industry or ability to think for themselves. The majority are content to be lead by the "big noises" and by their newspapers even to be slaughtered in wars and commit the crime of killing their fellow creatures at the bidding of Governments and Dictators.

In spite of all the persecutions (fortunately the more civilised countries have abolished physical torture) of the past 500 years suffered by those who have endeavoured to advance learning, contrary to the tenets of "authority," truth has triumphed in the end, and will continue to do so.

Suppose that an authoritative statement came from Oxford or Cambridge to the effect that after an impartial consideration of the facts and the direct and circumstantial evidence, the conclusion had been reached that the Stratford man was not the William Shakespeare of the plays and poems. What would be the effect? Would the finding of such a committee of enquiry be disputed? For a time I feel sure it would, especially by those committed in print to the orthodox view. But as we have seen by the opposition of the medical profession to the new ideas of anaesthetics and antiseptics, and of the Churches of Rome and England to scientific discoveries from Copernicus to Darwin, the universal admission of a published truth follows sooner or later. In these days of rapid communication of news and the ability of the masses to read and listen to news in their own homes, the sensations of today are the commonplace of tomorrow. It still needs some courage to admit a truth contrary to old and prevailing error. The university making this announcement would, after a short while, greatly enhance its reputation throughout the intellectual world.

The artist, or author, whatever the medium he is working in, spends many devoted years on the exercise and practice of his craft or subject in which he had made himself a specialist even though he may not be dependent upon it for his living. When, with a generous outpouring, he offers the result to his fellow human creatures, who is it that steps between him and those naive and innocent folk with whom he would communicate? The so-called professional authorities, reviewers and critics. The proper adjective for these should be "professed" rather than "professional". I do not suggest for a moment that their derision is not sometimes justified, for there are fanatics, visionaries and extremists who persist in writing balderdash

⁽¹⁾ The College of Physicians in 1615 rejected Harvey's demonstration of the circulation of the blood. They would not see that he had established physiology on a sound basis by his discovery which ruined his private practice as a doctor, so unwilling were people to believe what seemed a fantastic idea.

and, unfortunately, others who write on the same subject with care and verification of fact and evidence suffer in consequence.

Who appointed these judges? From whom comes their *authority*? Through what sort of apprenticeship, if any? What years of devoted and self-sacrificing drudgery in the mastery of the special subject have they contributed? What is the value of their "judgement" when such knowledge as they may possess is confined within prescribed boundaries beyond which they fear to explore and dare not express themselves honestly?

Yet they succeed in persuading publishers, editors and newspaper magnates that they have a rich quiver of learning, and can produce entertaining stuff when required, even though it is not illuminating. Thus they hold power over what is miscalled "public opinion," as if the public is, or ever was, capable of forming an opinion for itself.

In every branch of learning ridicule and abuse have been heaped upon the initiators and pioneers of thought or unconventional mediums of expression—scientists, historians, poets, musicians, painters, architects, &c., have all suffered.

The dangers which threatened authors in "Merrie England" were not so acute as on the Continent where the Inquisition still claimed its toll of victims. Mr. Harold Bayley has recorded these ghastly facts in his great work *A New Light on the Renaissance* published forty years ago. As to the conditions prevailing here, Mr. Bayley writes:

"James I proscribed Buchanan's *History*, and everyone was ordered to bring his copy 'to be perusit and purgit of the offensive and extraordinare materis.' The function of Church and State seems to have been to pounce down at every possible opportunity, and the rare chance seems to have been for a writer to escape their grip. Unseen snares lay around, not only religion and politics, but almost every conceivable subject, and nothing was allowed to be published that could by any possibility injure the interests of anybody powerful enough to retaliate. The censorious attitude of the authorities caused professional 'informers' to spring into existence. The malicious activity of this class was a constant menace to authors. The simplest expressions were construed as bearing sinister meanings. 'Let me but name bread,' complains Nashe and they will interpret it to be the town of Breda in the Low Countreys.'

These 'decipherers,' as they were called, made it their trade to interpret names as disguises for great personages thereby libelled. No interpretation seems to have been too far-fetched to involve the writer in trouble. The phrase from *Piers Penniless*:—"I pray you, how might I call you?" was interpreted as a covert attack by Nashe upon one of themselves whose name happened to be Howe! Nicholas Breton did not exaggerate when he wrote:—

'Who doth not find it by experience
That points and commas oftentimes misread
Endanger oft the harmless writer's head.'

The punishments inflicted upon writers unable to prove their
(continued on page 232)

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE—IT DOES MATTER

By JOHN THURLOE

The writer, Mr. John Thurloc, has adopted a futurist period to hold a conversation with a wide open-eyed visitor from Mars, whose attitude on whether the Stratfordian Shaksper or Bacon wrote the immortal Plays certainly indicates acute reasoning powers! There are only too many earth-bound persons who might benefit from the facts advanced in this article.—EDITOR.

INTERPLANETARY communication was finally established on a safe and satisfactory basis by the year 2020, after the catastrophic failure to reach the Moon in 1960, when the projectile containing two human beings disappeared into outer space: now, in 2075, the arrival of visitors from some of our neighbours in the Solar System is not a very rare occurrence. It was my good fortune to be appointed an official guide to a recently arrived and distinguished Martian professor, chiefly on account of my knowledge of the language in use on the Planet Mars: the script is pictographic, and the speech phonetic, as most of my readers will know.

The record which follows deals with a conversation I held with the professor on the subject of Shaksper and Shakespeare. The Martians being unacquainted with our mundane prejudices provide virgin soil for the discussion of the vexed question of authorship.

* * *

“And none could hold the *Booke* so well to prompt and instruct this *Stage-Play*, as she could. Nevertheless it was not her meaning, nor no more was it the meaning of any of the better and sager sort that favoured this Enterprise and knew the Secret, that this disguised *Idoll* should possess the *Crowne*.”

Bacon's *The Historie of the Reigne of King Henry the Seventh*, p. 21. (Edition 1629). Italics as in the text.

THE CONVERSATION

MARTIAN: “Who is considered the greatest dramatic poet in World Literature?”

ANSWER: “William Shakespeare is generally said to be, not excepting the ancient Classical writers of Greece and Rome.”

M. “How has he earned this reputation?”

A. “Chiefly on account of his incomparable dramatic works which contain the quintessence of human wisdom expressed in the most majestic and inspired language: he also wrote Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets.”

M. “Do these dramatic works and poems cover a large field of knowledge?”

A. “Immense! So extensive, indeed, that there is hardly an art or science which does not come under contribution,—so specialised is his knowledge that a variety of professions and occupations have been assigned to him by critics of his writings: lawyers claim him as one of themselves; gardeners believe that he must have been a horticulturist; and classical scholars assert

that he must have been widely read in the Greek and Latin authors, and so on."

M. "He must have possessed an unusual brain for a mere Earthling (pardon me) and a very good education!"

A. "We know nothing with certainty of his education, indeed, some critics have maintained (though their number grows less and less as the Plays are studied minutely by experts in various special subjects) that he was unlearned, and one went as far as to assert that he owed his knowledge to 'intuition'!"

M. "Indeed! this is very extraordinary."

A. "It is: another critic even wrote:—

"Although the information at present accessible does not enable us to determine the exact nature of Shakespeare's occupation from his fourteenth to his eighteenth year, that is to say from 1577 to 1582, there can be no hesitation in concluding that, during that animated and receptive period of life, he was mercifully released from what, to a spirit like his, must have been the deleterious monotony of a school education. Whether he passed these years as a butcher or a wool-dealer does not greatly matter!"

M. "Was this the opinion of an educated man?"

A. "Yes!"

M. "Don't you set much value on education on Earth?"

A. "Yes! of course, but the critics not being able to find any record of Shakespeare's (or Shaksper's) schooling are fain to account for the supreme quality of his works by assuming that genius can accomplish almost anything within human capacity, even without the advantages which education confers."

M. "What is genius?"

A. "It has been variously defined, but it is generally conceded that it is a capacity that enables the possessor to do the work which his particular genius embraces, supremely well."

M. "Without any effort?"

A. "Hardly! but with less effort than a normal man would have to expend in quite a commonplace achievement,—even a genius must work and cultivate his powers."

M. "Oh! but is not a good education a necessary preliminary to any great literary work in your world?"

A. "I think so, in spite of the opinion I have just quoted."

M. "Can genius supply knowledge of sciences and arts without effort?"

A. "Decidedly not."

M. "I suppose Shakespeare's (or Shaksper's) alleged lack of education must have aroused a considerable amount of speculation and doubt among educated persons?"

A. "Yes! largely on account of the few facts which we know for certain about Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon, and the free use

¹Leigh-Hunt.

²Halliwell-Phillips.

his so-called biographers have allowed their imagination: Shakespearean biography, in fact, is the thief of verity!"

- M. "It is strange that his biographers cannot confine themselves to the truth."
- A. "There are so few known facts about his life that there is a very strong temptation to speculate, so that the alleged history of his life becomes 'of imagination all compact.' Some people have expressed doubts as to the capacity of Shaksper to write the Plays, but these are in a minority, the vast bulk of even the educated public are either apathetic, or they accept the opinions of orthodox scholars without question."
- M. "Indeed! Your public must be very credulous! On *our* planet a high degree of education and culture is considered necessary for the production of any great work of art."
- A. "Shaksper is considered by the orthodox to have been a remarkable, even a unique exception."
- M. "He must have been, if he were indeed the writer of these plays which you have partly read to me in my own language: there are passages where he *almost* equals our own greatest dramatic poet, who flourished three thousand of your years ago: he has never been surpassed since on our planet. I presume Shaksper, who you say was an actor, must have taken great care of his manuscripts (the autographic machine has not, you tell me, even yet been invented on Earth, though you have a crude machine called a typewriter)—and made elaborate arrangements for their preservation and the protection of his family's interest in them after his death?"
- A. "On the contrary, his will does not mention his work."
- M. "Strange!—at least he must have possessed a large and valuable library?"
- A. "There is no indication of this in his will."
- M. "More strange!"
- A. "Yes, it has puzzled his biographers."
- M. "Did his progeny inherit any of his ability?"
- A. "No,—his daughter was unable to write, and his family were quite undistinguished."
- M. "Most strange! Are there any other alternative theories regarding the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays?"
- A. "Yes! several."
- M. "What are these?"
- A. "Various contemporary noblemen have been credited with writing the plays, but the oldest and most generally accepted alternative is that the real author was the great Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban."
- M. "Was he a very learned man?"
- A. "A philosopher, and one of the most erudite men of whom we have any record."
- M. "A poet?"
- A. "Yes, though he called himself 'a concealed poet'."

- M. "I suppose books have been written on the subject?"
- A. "Many."
- M. "How should one begin to study this strange paradoxical subject?"
- A. "The most convincing anti-Shakespearean book, though inadvertently so, is undoubtedly Sir Sidney Lee's '*A Life of Shakespeare*': he did not intend to make it so, but no unprejudiced person can read it carefully without realising that it is built up of sheer surmise."
- M. "How comes this about?"
- A. "A paraphrase of Bacon's own words on the subject of what he calls 'degenerate learning' will explain what I mean—here it is:
 " 'The orthodox biographers having little material of verifiable record, do out of no great quantity of matter and with an infinite agitation of their imaginations spin out laborious webs of conjecture, with which their books are mostly filled: for the mind of the biographer, if it works upon an ample number of facts and evidence, works according to the supply, and is limited by it, but if it works with imagination, as the spider weaves its web, then the process is endless, and the result is but cobwebs of learning, admirable for its ingenuity, but of no real substance or profit to the reader'."
- M. "I see: but does it matter *who* wrote these works, so long as you have them to enjoy?"
- A. "I'm glad you have asked me that question as it will give me an opportunity of going more deeply into the matter."
- M. "Please do so."
- A. "Those who support the view that Francis Bacon was the writer of the Plays of Shakespeare hold the view that there is a missing part of his great and entire philosophic system, and that this part comprises the plays. It is generally recognised by students of Bacon's prose works, quite apart from the question of the authorship of these dramatic works, that such an hiatus exists: this being so, the identification of the real author is of very great importance, in view of Bacon's declared object to promote the welfare of Humanity by means of his system."
- M. "Proceed please."
- A. "Francis Bacon wrote, or partly wrote, for the whole design was left incomplete, a work which he entitled the *Instauratio Magna*, meaning *The Great Restoration*, which was intended to provide mankind with a great philosophic instrument for the advancement of the sciences: it was systematic and divided into six parts."
- M. "I see,—a similar work was performed on our planet many ages since, and our scientific knowledge and advance dates from then: but please continue."
- A. "The six parts are as follows:—

**The Advancement of Learning*, Book 1.

- “(1) *The Divisions of the Sciences*. This part is represented by *De Augmentis Scientiarum* and *The Advancement of Learning*. These books are a survey of the state of knowledge as they existed in Bacon’s time.
- “(2) *The Interpretation of Nature*, which reveals the method by means of which the human mind is to be directed in its work of renewing science. This part is supplied by the *Novum Organum*, *The New Organ* (or Organon).
- “(3) *A Natural and Experimental History*; this contains observed facts in nature and is the basis of the structure of Bacon’s philosophy: it comprises, *The History of the Winds*, *The History of Life and Death*, *The History of Dense and Rare*, and *Sylva Sylvarum*.
- “(4) *The Ladder of the Intellect*. This division appears only by a fragment of a few pages called *The Thread of the Labyrinth*. This was found among Bacon’s papers after his death.
 “‘It is endorsed ‘*Ad Filios*’; presumably it is addressed to those ‘Sons of the Morning’ whom Bacon hoped would carry on the campaign which he had inaugurated.
 “‘He intended that this ‘*Ladder of the Intellect*’ should consist of types and examples of the manner in which the *New Method* worked in order that the mind might readily grasp the rungs of the *Ascent* and *Descent*, and thus become versed in its use.
 “‘Except for *The Thread of the Labyrinth* there is apparently nothing to fill this division in Bacon’s acknowledged works.
- “(5) *Anticipations of the New Philosophy*. This was to be separate from the general design, but, perhaps, ancillary to it, and was to contain speculations of Bacon’s own by the unassisted use of his understanding,—that is to say, not by the use of his *New Method*.
 “‘Spedding, his biographer, thought that the following were to be included in this division: *De Principiis*, *De Fluxu et Refluxu*, *Cogitationes de Natura Rerum*, but this is by no means certain.
- “(6) *The New Philosophy*, which was to be the work of future ages and the result of the *New Method*.”
- M. “This interests me greatly as a philosopher, but how does it apply to the question of authorship of the Shakespeare Plays, please?”
- I. “Bacon in referring to the ‘*Ladder of the Intellect*’ describes them as ‘actual types and models, by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and order of invention from the beginning to the end in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable, should be set as it were before the eyes.’”
- M: “You are speaking of his ‘types and models’?”
- A. “Yes. This is a very striking passage and should be noted: Bacon further implies that these ‘types and models’ had been
 ‘Plan of *The Great Instauration*

already supplied by him, for he writes:

“To examples of this kind,—being in fact nothing more than an application of the second part in detail and at large,—the fourth part of the work is devoted.”⁵

He writes also: ‘*Dramatic Poesy* is History made visible’⁶. A further quotation from his views on *Narrative Poesy* is significant:

“So that this Poesy conduces not only to delight but also to magnanimity and morality. Whence it may be fairly thought to partake of a divine nature; *because it raises the mind and carries it aloft*, accommodating the shows of things to the desires of the mind, not (like reason and history), buckling and bowing down the mind to the nature of things.”

“He further continues, but writing of *Dramatic Poesy*, and not *Narrative Poesy*:

“‘Dramatic Poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence, both of discipline and corruption. Now of corruption in this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our times been plainly neglected.’”

“And yet when this was published the Shakespeare Plays were in existence!”

M. “I see; his idea was to make the stage the stalking horse of virtue, to administer the medicine of philosophy and morality disguised and made palatable in dramatic form, to make it sweet and acceptable to the public, whom he wished to instruct.”

A. “Exactly!”

M. “What was the reason which induced Bacon to suppress his name as author of these plays and to assume a pseudonym?”

A. “Various reasons have been given, among others that to have his name attached to stage-plays (even to hold the *prompt book*) might hinder his rising in his profession of the Law, and also that it might prevent his employment by his Sovereign in State affairs, if it were known that he was making money in this way; also, another reason has been suggested, namely, that he could speak his mind more freely under a pseudonym: many of the ideas expressed might easily have exposed him to charges of sedition.”

M. “Quite good reasons!”

A. “But it may well be that there was a subtler reason.”

M. “What is that?”

A. “Every work of art suffers by the intrusion of an overweening egoism—‘creative activity always involves sacrifice.’”

“Bacon destined Posterity (of whom he proclaimed himself the servant) to be the beneficiary of his philosophic labours; succeeding centuries were to be the residuary legatees of his altruism, of his work ‘for the relief of the human estate,’ part of

⁵Plan of *The Great Instauration*.

⁶*De Augmentis*, Book II. ⁷*Ibid.*, ⁸*Ibid.*

⁹*The Destiny of Man*, Nicolas Berdyear.

which he had hidden under the *nom de plume* of William Shakespeare—a mere *idol*.

"In order that these beneficiaries should not suspect that they were being instructed by a philosophic schoolmaster a pseudonym had, perforce, to be adopted: if Posterity had an inkling of the plan Bacon rightly judged that they would *not* 'patiently receive (his) medicine.'

"The creative artist understood that by self-abnegation his Art, untrammelled by egoism, could flourish more abundantly in the serene atmosphere of Truth—selfish vanity would have stunted its growth and denied it success.

"It was from the vantage ground of TRUTH that Bacon looked forward to the succeeding ages, and it was this consideration that prompted him to write in a draft of his will:

"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages: and to mine own countrymen after some time be past'."

M. "Just one more question before I leave."

A. "Certainly."

M. "What will be the fate of these critics who have so grossly misled the public."

A. "Posterity will eventually drive the whole gaggle cackling from Sarum Plain (or wherever they burn the midnight oil) home to Stratford-on-Avon, and thus leave the field free to Bacon."

M. "I understand your meaning, but not your references—many thanks for your explanation—I must tell my fellows in Mars of this strange thing. You will excuse me now as I have to get back to my own planet—thirty-six million miles is still a long journey even for us—but I must be off, the projectile is waiting!"

DOGMA v. KNOWLEDGE (*contd. from page 225*)

innocence were shameful in their severity. If suspects refused to confess, the order ran: 'You shall by authority hereof put them to torture in Bridewell, and by the extremity thereof. . . draw them to discover their knowledge.' The rack and 'the scavenger's daughter' were used for the torturing of Alexander Briant to extort confession about a secret printing press. [The dangers of authorship were so great, and the rewards of literature so remote, that it is not surprising to meet with the enquiry, 'who is likely to have any courage to study? seeinge insteede of honour and preference dishonour and hindrance recompensed for a reward of learning.']

The *Advancement of Learning* brought no honour to Bacon from his own countrymen. It was cashiered as an heretical and impertinent piece, and was placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. Bishop Goodman said that he would have written some reply to it if he 'durst have printed it.' It is unnecessary to give a list of English writers who suffered from the baneful effects of Government repression as such a scroll would include the names of practically all our great writers until the concluding years of the seventeenth century.

But gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the Light of the Renaissance crept up, and spread over the face of Europe.

BACON AND ESSEX

By H. KENDRA BAKER

Part IV

This—the final part of "Bacon and Essex" by the late Mr. H. Kendra Baker—is concerned with the period in 1599-1600, when Essex underwent two trials, and the part played therein by Bacon, who was forced to accept a brief for the prosecution against the Earl. Mr. Baker makes most skilful use of Bacon's subsequent *Apologie*, dedicated to Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, created Earl of Devonshire. This document, little known, throws a flood of light upon Bacon's forced acceptance of briefs and gives the inside story of the true circumstances which everyone interested in this historical period should study with care. The series will be produced in a booklet shortly.—EDITOR.

IT was about this time that Essex was pleased to observe concerning his offended monarch that "her mind was as crooked as her carcase!" If so, one can to some extent, appreciate her reasons for "growing more incensed towards him."

Bacon in his *Apologie* addressed to the Earl of Devonshire in 1604 (formerly Mountjoy) explains his own actions at this distressing period. He says:—"Then she remembering belike the continual and incessant, and confident speeches and courses that I had held on my lord's side, became utterly alienated from me, and for the space of (at least) three months, which was between Michaelmas and New-Years-tide following, would not so much as look on me, but turned away from me with express and purposelike discountenance wheresoever she saw me; and at such time as I desired to speak with her about law-business, ever sent me forth very slight (sighting) refusals, insomuch as it is most true, that immediately after New-Year's tide I desired to speak with her, and being admitted to her I dealt with her plainly; and said, 'Madam, I see you withdraw your favour from me, and now I have lost many friends for your sake, I shall lose you too; you have put me like one of those that the French men call *enfants perdus*, that serve on foot before horsemen, so have you put me into matters of envy without place, or without strength; and I know at chess a pawn before the King is ever much plaid upon; a great many may love me not, because they think I have been against my lord of Essex; and you love me not, because you know I have been for him; yet will I never repent me, that I have dealt in simplicity of heart towards you both, without respect of cautions to myself; and therefore *vivus vidensque pereo*. If I do break my neck, I shall do it in a manner as Master Dorrington did it, which walked on the battlements of the Church many days, and took a view and survey where he should fall: and so, Madam, said I, I am not so simple, but that I take a prospect of mine own overthrow, only I thought I would tell you so much, that you may know that it was faith, and not folly, that brought me into it, and so I will pray for you.' Upon which speeches of mine uttered with some passion, it is true her Majesty was exceedingly moved; and accumulated a number of kind and gracious words upon me, and willed me to rest upon this, *gratia mea sufficit*, and a number of other sensible and tender words

and demonstrations, such as more could not be; but as touching my lord of Essex, *ne verbum quidem*." (Never a word)—"Whereupon I departed, resting then determined to meddle no more in the matter; as that, that I saw would overthrow me, and not be able to do him any good. And thus I made mine own peace with mine own confidence" ("conscience?")—"at that time; and this was the last time I saw her Majesty before the eighth of February, which was the day of my lord of Essex his misfortune."

No one had ever had better reason for gratitude to a friend in need than Essex to Bacon for his unceasing labours on his behalf. In season, and perhaps sometimes out of season, he had pleaded with the Queen; and although at first his efforts did not meet with much success, "yet," as Hepworth Dixon records, "drop by drop the daily oil softened her heart." At length the Earl was enlarged; though as one to whom much was pardoned; one who should never again command armies, or even approach the Court. The kinsman was forgiven, the traitor remembered. Elizabeth would look upon that face no more.

Yes, he had been "enlarged" as a result of Bacon's intercessions, and to what use did he put his enlargement? Hepworth Dixon provides the answer.

"Being now armed, by Bacon's eloquence, with fresh powers of evil, Essex, in the secrecy of his country house, renewed the plot." He then furnishes us at considerable length with particulars of his treasonable practices, culled from the subsequent confessions of his confederates, culminating in his mad attempt to raise the city against the Queen.

The history of this wicked venture is too well known to need recapitulation. Essex had shot his bolt and missed his mark; he stood before the world as a self-proclaimed traitor. He had by his own wickedness put himself outside "the framework of the covenant" by which Elizabeth had pledged herself to his reparation only, and not his ruin.

This is how he repaid the Queen for her unparalleled forbearance; and Bacon for his unceasing efforts on his behalf! One may well venture to enquire whether, in such circumstances, Bacon was under any further obligation to my irresponsible lord of Essex? Bacon could not have done more on his behalf; and yet so far from seeking to profit by all that had been done for him, and by the forbearance that had been shewn him, he rashly threw everything to the winds and put himself outside the pale of forgiveness.

Now we come to the closing scene of this tragedy, and it will be necessary to consider very carefully the part that Bacon was *forced* to take in it.

Just as in the former proceedings at York House—when his eloquence had done so much to secure Essex's "enlargement"—so here in this most serious charge of high treason to which there was no sort of defence, he was commanded by the Queen to take his part as junior Counsel for the prosecution. The command was most distaste-

ful to him, and apart from all else the very fact that Coke, Bacon's bitter rival and almost life-long enemy, as Attorney General, led for the prosecution, would be sufficient in itself to prove that, had not he been commanded by the Queen to take part, he would most certainly not have figured in any proceedings for which Coke was responsible as leader. From a forensic point of view there was not the faintest occasion for his services, and it must be perfectly obvious that nothing but the Queen's Command was responsible for his being briefed.

Hepworth Dixon says, "Bacon had not sought the employment; . . . Called to his duty by an order of the Council, he could no more shirk it than Raleigh could have thrown up his commission at Charing Cross, or Nottingham have refused to act against Essex House."

So when we read what Bacon writes to the Earl of Devonshire (in his *Apologie*) on this point we find his assertion fully corroborated by the facts. He writes:—"For that I performed at the bar in my public service, your lordship knoweth by the rules of duty, that I was to do it honestly, and without prevarication; but for any putting myself into it, I protested before God, I never moved either the Queen, or any person living, concerning my being used in the service, either of evidence or examination; but it was merely laid upon me with the rest of my fellows."

The bare idea of Coke granting him the privilege of a brief in a *cause célèbre*—even if he had pleaded for it—is ludicrous to all who know the relations existing between them! But he goes on: "And for the time which passed, I mean between the arraignment and my lord's suffering, I well remember I was but once with the Queen, at what time, though I durst not deal directly for my lord as things then stood; yet generally I did both command her Majesty's mercy, terming it to her as an excellent balm that did continually distill from her sovereign hands, and made an excellent odour in the senses of her people; and not only so, but I took hardihood to extenuate, not the fact, (for that I durst not) but the danger, telling her that if some base or cruel minded persons had entered into such an action, it might have caused much blood and combustion; but it appeared well, they were such as knew not how to play the malefactors, and some other words which I now omit."

So, even at this late hour, with the Queen so incensed against Essex that she would not hear his name so much as mentioned, we find Bacon doing his best to turn away her wrath, at the risk of her most severe displeasure. It must also be remembered that, knowing Elizabeth as he did, and the wonderful forbearance she had shown on so many occasions towards Essex, when his conduct had been apparently past forgiveness, Bacon may still have believed that what she had said about Essex's reparation rather than his ruin might still hold good. Though Essex could scarcely *expect* mercy after his latest exploit, it was still possible that his outraged sovereign might be content to show it of her charity.

And so we come to the trial. "The evidence against the prisoners," says Hepworth Dixon, "was overwhelming. Essex pretended that the gathering of armed men, the refusal to disperse on the Queen's command, the imprisonment of the Lord Keeper and Lord Chief Justice, the rush into the city, the resistance offered to the royal troops, were but the incidents of a private quarrel." In the face of the facts and his fellow-conspirators' confessions such a defence was absurd and made his case far worse than had he thrown himself upon the Queen's mercy. It had, however, to be met, and it was left to Bacon, who followed Yelverton and Coke, to dispose of the plea, which had been more or less sprung upon the Court. It was necessary in the interests of Justice to show that such a defence could not be justified. "Bacon," says Dixon, "felt surprised at the Earl's assertion; yet he envenomed nothing; and, while condemning the offence, abstained from any needless condemnation of the offender."

He realised at once that in this attempt to justify himself (where no justification was possible) Essex did but aggravate his offence in the Queen's eyes. He pointed out that though to defend oneself was lawful, to rebel in one's self-defence was not lawful. He spoke, he said, "not to simple men, but to prudent, grave, and wise peers" who could form their own conclusions on the facts; and it was evident that the Earl had "planted a pretence in his heart against the Government, and now, under colour of excuse, he layeth the cause upon his particular enemies." In giving it out that his life was sought by the Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh, he may have hoped to gain sympathy and support. "But," as Bacon said, "the imprisoning of the Queen's councillors, what reference had that fact to my Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, or the rest," and he concluded with these words. "Oh! my lord, strive with yourself, and strip off all excuses; the persons whom you aimed at, if you rightly understand it, are your best friends. All that you have said, or can say, in answer to these matters, are but shadows. It were your best course to confess and not to justify."

Anyone who retained a spark of regard for Essex must have admitted the truth and sense of such an appeal. But not so Essex. He turned on Bacon, declaring that the latter once held a better opinion of him; had been a means of entreating the Queen for him; and had drafted a letter from him to her Majesty. Instead of showing gratitude to Bacon for all he had done for him—even to the extent of drafting a letter in terms calculated to move the Queen to mercy—he throws his good offices in his teeth—a dastardly act. "My lord," said Bacon in reply, "I spent more hours to make you a good subject than upon any man in the world besides. But since you have stirred up this point, my lord, I dare warrant you this letter will not blush: for I did perform the part of an honest man, and even laboured to do you good, if it might have been, and to no other end."

One can well imagine the disgust with which such an exhibition of base ingratitude was received by the Lords. In order to bolster-up a palpable lie—too obvious to deceive a child—he betrays the confi-

dence of the very man of whose disinterested labours on his behalf he had at one time been only too glad to avail himself! But their Lordships, disgusted as they were, were destined to be far more disgusted as the trial proceeded.

Let Hepworth Dixon continue: "Essex excused the lie with which he rode into the city—that the crown was sold to the Spaniards—by asserting that Sir Robert Cecil told a Privy Councillor that no one in the world save the Infanta had a right to the English crown. Cecil, coming forward, and dropping on his knee, declared that this report was foul and false. Buckhurst told the Secretary he might treat such accusations from the prisoner with contempt; but Cecil would not be appeased by words. 'Name the Councillor, if you dare!' he cried to Essex, 'if you do not name him it must be believed a fiction.' Essex said Southampton knew it to be true. 'Then, my lord of Southampton,' said Cecil, 'I adjure you, by the duty you owe to God, by the loyalty and allegiance you owe to your Sovereign, by all tokens of true Christianity, and by the ancient friendship and acquaintance once between us, that you name the Councillor!' Southampton named him—Sir William Knollys, the Earl's uncle, the Queen's kinsman. 'Let a messenger be sent to the Queen entreating her to command Sir William's attendance in Westminster Hall' cried Cecil. Knevet, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, was despatched, the Secretary charging him before he started, in open court, that as he was a gentleman, and tendered his reputation, he would not inform Sir William of the cause of this summons; and requiring him to tell the Queen, that, if she declined to send her kinsman to give evidence he (Cecil) had vowed to serve her no more as Councillor while he lived.

"When Sir William came in, the whole Court was hushed. Lord Buckhurst put the question: 'Did you, Sir William, ever hear Mr. Secretary say that the Infanta's title to the Crown was better than any other in the world? The answer crushed his miserable nephew to the earth: 'I never heard him speak any words to that effect.' Sir William added: 'There was a seditious book written by one Doleman, which very corruptly disputed the title of the succession, inferring it as lawful to the Infanta of Spain as any other; and Mr. Secretary and I being in talk about the book, he spoke to this effect: 'Is it not strange impudence in that Doleman to give equal right in the succession to the Infanta of Spain as to any other?' Hereupon was grounded the slander upon Mr. Secretary, whereof he is as clear as any man here present.'" Essex mumbled an apology for the lie; but he maintained that his quarrel was a private one against Raleigh and Cecil, and that he had never entertained a thought of drawing his sword against her Majesty."¹

So here we see Essex rejecting the advice to confess his guilt and throw himself upon the Queen's mercy; and only making his case blacker and blacker by false accusation and groundless assertions in his endeavours to substantiate a defence which was absurd on the face of it.

¹Hepworth Dixon: *The Personal History of Lord Bacon.*

It was the duty of the prosecution, nevertheless, to demonstrate this before judgement could be delivered, lest it should be said that the defendant's plea had not been duly considered. Yelverton and Coke having already "spoken to their briefs" in the matter; this part of the proceedings fell to Bacon. Let it be remembered that he was there not of his own seeking, but at the express command of the Queen. It was his duty to expose the fallacy of the defence; indeed so obvious was it that to attempt to palliate it would have been to proclaim himself either a favourer or a fool. To have thrown up his brief—as some critics seem to suggest he should have done—would merely have been to emphasize such a view, while in no way whatever assisting Essex, for doubtless Coke would have immediately taken his place and substituted for the temperate address actually delivered by Bacon a bitter and virulent attack, going far beyond the necessities of the case, inflaming the Lords against Essex, and kindling anew the Queen's wrath against him.

There was not from the very outset the slightest hope for Essex so far as the Lords were concerned; the only hope for him lay with the Queen, and despite all his rebuffs, Bacon may have yet entertained hopes of the fulfilment of her earlier promise.

In the light of these facts let us consider the terms of his speech.

"My Lord," he said, "I have never yet seen, in any case, such favour shown to any prisoner; so many digressions, such delivering of evidence by fractions, and so silly (*i.e.* weak) a defence of such great and notorious treasons. Your Lordships may see how weakly my Lord of Essex had shadowed his purpose, and how slenderly he hath answered the objections against him. But admit the case that the Earl's intent were, as he would have it, to go as a suppliant to her Majesty, shall petitioners be armed and guarded? Neither is it a mere point of law, as my Lord of Southampton would have it believed, that condemns them of treason, but it is apparent in commonsense; to consult, to execute, to run together in numbers, in doublets and hose, armed with weapons, what colour of excuse can be alleged for this? And all this persisted in after being warned by messengers sent from her Majesty's own person. Will any man be so simple as to take this to be less than treason? But, my Lord, doubting that too much variety of matter may occasion forgetfulness.

"I will only trouble your Lordship's remembrance with this point, rightly comparing this rebellion of my Lord of Essex to the Duke of Guises, that came upon the barricadoes at Paris in his doublet and hose, attended upon but with eight gentlemen; but his confidence in the city was even such as my Lord's was; and when he had delivered himself into the shallow of his own conceit"—meaning 'imagination'—"and could not accomplish what he expected, the King taking arms against him, he was glad to yield himself, thinking to colour his pretexts and his practices by alleging the occasion thereof to be a private quarrel."

It was not only the Lords who had to be satisfied as to the fri-

alous nature of the plea—they were probably perfectly satisfied of that already—but the general public, among whom were many sympathisers with the Earl, whether from ignorance or affection had also to be satisfied as to his motives. That this is so, is shewn by the fact of the Queen's subsequent insistence on the publication of the memorable "Declaration concerning the treasons of the Earl of Essex" of which more will be said presently.

Bacon's task, therefore, was far more than merely to secure a conviction; it was to demonstrate to the *profanum vulgus* that such conviction was just. It was for the Queen subsequently to temper justice with mercy, should she feel so disposed; for Bacon to gloss over the Earl's offences "in friendships name" would have been to abuse grossly his position and betray his duty to the Court and to the Crown.

"After trial and condemnation," Dixon records, "when the Garter was plucked from his knee, and the George from his breast, the Earl's pride and courage gave way. He closed a turbulent and licentious life by confessing against his companions, still untried, more than the law officers of the Crown could have proved against them: and, despicable to relate, most of all against the two men who had been his closest associates—Blount and Cuffe. His Confessions in the face of death deprived these prisoners of the last faint hope of Grace, and they went with Meyrick and Danvers to the gallows or to the block."

Essex's career is pathetic. Its pathos is well exemplified by one of Bacon's *Apophthegms*.: "A great officer of Court, when my Lord of Essex was first in trouble; and that he and those that dealt for him would talk much of my Lord's friends and of his enemies; answered to one of them: 'I will tell you, I know but one friend and one enemy my Lord hath; and that one friend is the Queen, and that one enemy is himself'."

Notwithstanding the outrageous behaviour of Essex towards the Queen who had spoilt him from his childhood's days, he had, time and again received from her tokens of unparalleled forbearance and forgiveness—a forbearance and forgiveness considerably more suggestive, as G. B. Harrison¹ says, of "the jealous love of a widow towards her only son." Notwithstanding, too, every effort on Bacon's part to "make him a good subject," he had flouted his friendship—even to casting it in his teeth in open Court—but, like all spoilt children, he had reached the limit of forbearance; he had proved himself incorrigible and impossible.

Contrast his career with that of the patient and long-suffering Bacon, receiving more kicks than half-pence from the Queen; never a helping-hand towards his advancement in his profession; kept at her apron-strings as her "Counsel Extraordinary"—with no emoluments!—with every sort of unpleasant business forced on him upon which she was reluctant to consult the Law Officers; Bacon, whose

¹*The Life and Death of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex*, by G. B. Harrison.

conduct towards the Queen and his country had been irreproachable and faultless, an unpaid drudge; Essex, the "naughty-boy" flaunting it as "the favourite," "faring sumptuously every day," and throwing to the poor good-boy the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table! But Nemesis is not to be trifled with or tried too far. Essex was too self-satisfied to appreciate this: he tempted the "infernal deity" (as Lempriere describes it) much too far, with the inevitable result.

For a long time Essex had really been past praying for, and yet before his outraged Queen, Bacon's prayers on his behalf had "gone up like the incense and the lifting up of his hands as an evening sacrifice." No human being could have done more for his "friend" than Francis had done for Robert—and yet we are told he "betrayed" him! What a travesty of the facts! What a distortion of history!

Essex was beheaded on the 25th February 1600-1. No one had dared so much as to breathe his name to the Queen. Apart from her own outraged feelings, she was, no doubt, kept at boiling point by Cecil, Nottingham, Raleigh, and Cobham "whose necks" as a writer puts it, "would not have been safe had Essex been pardoned."¹

When Essex had been arrested, Raleigh had written to Cecil, "Let the Queen hold Bothwell while she hath him; he will ever be the canker of her State and safety." An "enlarged" and forgiven Essex would have been even a greater "canker" to his personal enemies than to the State, and they feared the Queen's forbearance on any sign of contrition.

And now we come to the story—legend, if you will—of the ring. The story, if true, would seem to find such striking confirmation in Elizabeth's subsequent behaviour; and, if legendary, is of sufficient general interest, to warrant its inclusion here. The account is that by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, the great-granddaughter of Sir Robert Cary, who attended upon Queen Elizabeth during her last days. She says:—

"When the Countess of Nottingham was dying, she sent to entreat the Queen to visit her, as she had something to reveal before she could die in peace. On the Queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her that when the Earl of Essex was lying under sentence of death, he was desirous to ask Her Majesty's mercy in the manner she had prescribed during the height of his favour. Being doubtful of those about him, and unwilling to trust any of them, he called a boy whom he saw passing beneath his window, and whose appearance pleased him, and engaged him to carry the ring, which he threw down to him, to the Lady Scrope, a sister of Lady Nottingham, and a friend of the Earl, who was also in attendance on the Queen, and to beg her to present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, took it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband in order to take his advice. The Earl forbade her to carry it to the Queen, or return any answer to the message, but desired her to retain the ring. Lady Nottingham, having made this confession, entreated the Queen's forgiveness; but

¹Parker Woodward, *Tudor Problems*.

Elizabeth, exclaiming, 'God may forgive you, but I never can!' left the room in great emotion, and was so much agitated and distressed that she refused to go to bed, nor would she for a long time take any sustenance."¹

Such is the story; is there anything to support it? Parker Woodward in his *Tudor Problems* writes: "After his death, the Queen complained that times had altered with her, and she had now no one to trust. She lost her taste for dress, became thin and worn, was pleased with nothing, stamped and swore. Her delight, writes one of the courtiers, is to sit in the dark and sometimes with shedding of tears to bewail Essex. On March 24, 1602-3 she died."

Now, what are we to say about this "legend?" Is it a legend at all or is it a fact? Had she really been expecting that ring, and, was Bacon privy to that expectation? Essex was no more and according to her custom Elizabeth must now be "white-washed."

We will let Dixon supply the Epilogue: "When law and justice were appeased, the Queen commanded Bacon to draw up for publication a brief and simple narrative of these events . . . On such narrations it had been her habit since Bacon's appointment as her Learned Counsel to employ his pen . . . When, therefore, the partisans of Rome began to calumniate English justice, the Queen, sending for him to the Palace, commanded him, on hints and materials furnished by herself and by members of her Privy Council, to draft such a State Paper as should satisfy the world that, in all the proceedings which she had taken against her guilty kinsman law had been respected and justice done. The task required a tender hand. Though unable to save Essex's life, her Majesty was earnest to spare his name. How could she bear to tell the enemies of her country and her faith that one of her own blood had been in clandestine correspondence with the Pope? What she kept back at the trial she wished to keep back now. The dealings with the Earl of Tyrone—the conferences in London—the attempt on Raleigh—the imprisonment of her Ministers of State—the rising in the streets—the attempt to obtain control of the Tower—were enough to justify the sentence and execution. Bacon took her materials, and wove them into a tale so much more generous to the dead Earl than just to the living Queen, that the *Declaration* sounded to her ears like an explanation, almost an excuse, for the plot. It must be mended. Pen in hand, she weighed and slashed at Bacon's words; her Privy Council did the same, until the story acquired a new form and a new sense. She bade him write out the whole afresh. When the *Declaration* so changed, was put into type, she again sent for him. The style is too soft, the tone too lenient. 'It is my Lord Essex, my Lord of Essex,' she cried, 'on every page; you can't forget your old respect for the traitor; strike it out; make it Essex, or the late Earl of Essex.' She printed the whole book anew. Yet, even

¹*Life and Letters*, p. 180. See also Francis Osborne: *Historical Memoirs* (1688) p. 92; Aubrey de Maurier, *Memoirs* (1688) and others.

when it was made thus sternly true and just by the Queen, the *Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices*, was perhaps the most gentle and moderate State Paper ever published in any Kingdom. It was conceived in sorrow, not in anger. The facts which no impartial judge could have pardoned were suppressed; and the whole *Declaration* was so mercifully worded, that it saved the memory of Essex from public execration, if it could not save him from public contempt, while it left the future open to his misguided followers and to his innocent son."

Well might Francis Bacon conclude his Epistle to the Earl of Devonshire, after setting out, "as he hoped to have any part in God's favour," the truth concerning Essex, with these words:—

"To conclude therefore, I humbly pray your lordship to pardon me for troubling you with this long narration; and that you will vouchsafe to hold me in good opinion, till you know I have deserved, or find that I shall deserve, the contrary."

In conclusion, and lest what has been written might be regarded by some as but an attempt at "special-pleading" on Bacon's behalf, it may be well to set out what has been said on this question by a modern writer who from his own writings certainly cannot be charged with "favouritism" in regard to Bacon—J. M. Robertson.

In his introduction to the Reprint (1905) of Ellis and Speddings' *Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon*, as edited by him, he writes concerning Bacon's treatment of Essex as follows:—"The argument is that because Essex, for great services rendered to him by Bacon, had given him a fairly adequate reward, Bacon's duty, when Essex had not only long ceased to take his counsel but had grossly contravened it, was to refuse to take any action against him as a crown lawyer. When it is remembered that Essex, on his part, had received from the Queen a hundred times the benefits he had bestowed on Bacon, and was thus, on the principles assumed, guilty past all apology, not only in his act of insane sedition but in his previous complots, the attack is seen to break down. Bacon, who held the normal view of his duty to the head of the State, acted on principles of public fealty which then as now were as clearly of plenary force as his obligation to Essex was limited. And his action in the prosecution was that of a man concerned to save an offender who, unwise to the verge of madness, would not let himself be saved."

This from a writer as J. M. Robertson should serve to show that no special pleading is needed to justify Bacon, where the mere question of duty is concerned. But apart from all such academic questions, we can only say that we should account ourselves as singularly blessed in possessing in time of trouble—whether due to misfortune or our own folly—a friend one half so faithful, so forgiving and so forceful; so self-effacing and so disinterested, as Francis Bacon proved himself to be in his devotion to the companion of his boyhood and youth—Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE JANSSEN PORTRAIT OF BACON

To the Editor of BACONIANA

Sir,

The portrait of Bacon illustrated in Spring 1949 "BACONIANA" is either the Janssen original slightly touched up, or is copied from it.

Cornelius Janssen came to England in 1618, and among the eminent persons he painted was Francis Bacon at the age of 58. The original was lost until 1912 when an auction was held of the pictures &c. which had belonged to a descendant of Bacon's half-brother, Nicholas. There is a reference in 'BACONIANA', April 1912, to the discovery in Norfolk of this picture and, so far as I can ascertain, it was purchased on behalf of the Secretary of the Bacon Society at that time, viz., the late Mr. W. T. Smedley.

Its size is 30 in. x 20 in. It is stated that "the head is covered with the well-known black hat, the crown of which appears to be rather higher than it is found to be in the engravings. The hair is dark brown, with an auburn tint. The beard and moustache are of a light flaxen brown, almost yellow. The picture was secured at the sale by an ardent Baconian, and it is intended that some day it shall form part of a national memorial to the great poet, philosopher and statesman."

Unfortunately the account does not state where the sale was held, but it was presumably at the mansion of the deceased. No reproduction was issued in "BACONIANA."

Presumably also this is the portrait purchased for £72 at Spixworth Hall near Norwich on 22nd March, 1912.

In the souvenir of the Bacon Society's Annual Dinner in January 1913, the picture was reproduced. I seem to remember that the picture itself was on view.

In the reproduction the crown of the hat, far from being rather higher than usual, has been obliterated, and the photograph shows that the varnish has cracked or warped rather badly.

To add to the mystery, B.G. Theobald in "Francis Bacon, Concealed and revealed" also reproduced the Janssen showing it as identical with the reproduction in 1913, but over it there are the same words with the two mistakes as are to be found on the frame of the picture in the possession of Ella M. Horsey, viz.:

"Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans."

The "Sir" is superfluous and erroneous before the title of a Baron and Viscount, and "Albans" should be "Alban."

As a matter of fact, Bacon was not created Viscount St. Alban until 26th January, 1621, or two and a half years after his portrait was painted by Janssen. Did Mr. Theobald have the same frame before him as that depicted in Spring 1949 "BACONIANA"? If not, how did it come about that the identical wording was used. Mr. Theobald was too well informed to make such a mistake had he composed this heading, and the only explanation can be that he copied it without consideration.

Mrs. Horsey's picture is so fresh in comparison with the original Janssen, as it appeared in 1912, that one can only suggest fairly recent restoration, or that it is a copy. If it is a copy where is the original now?

It was Mr. Smedley's intention, as explained in "The Times" of 10th May, 1921, to bequeath his unique collection of books (many of them annotated by Francis Bacon) to the Institute of Historical Research at the University of London. He gave it on condition that it was to be known as "The Francis Bacon Memorial Library." Moreover a sum of £1000 per annum was to be allotted to provide for the salary of the Librarian, and £250 and £150 per annum for two scholarships to be styled "Francis Bacon Scholarships." The generous donor set it down that "My name shall not in any way be associated or made public in connection with the gift."

Did these worthy plans mature? If so, the Janssen portrait was probably among the gifts. Perhaps some reader of "BACONIANA" is in a position to tell us about this Library and the portrait.

In 1938, the executors of the late Mr. Smedley sold the less valuable books at Sotheby's (among them the present writer's copy of Lambarde's *Archiaonomia* (1568) which had long since been lent to Mr. Smedley). This went to the Folger Library, Washington, and in which the "seventh signature" of Shakespere was "discovered". It proved, however, to be a clumsy forgery (see "BACONIANA" October 1943).

We are not concerned with the remainders of Mr. Smedley's library, but with the unique and irreplaceable books which he possessed. It would be a tragedy if they have been dispersed and have fallen into the hands of those who neither care about, nor can appreciate, their value, apart from the financial one.

Yours faithfully,

R. L. EAGLE.

JOAN OF ARC'S LETTER TO THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

To the Editor of BACONIANA.

Sir,

At the conclusion of your Editorial in the last issue of BACONIANA you ask for information regarding the transcription of a letter addressed to the Duke of Burgundy by Joan of Arc, here is the reference from *Enter Francis Bacon*, by Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., p. 86:—

"Mr. Edwin Reed points out a very remarkable fact with regard to I Henry VI.* In Act III, Scene iiiii, occurs an extraordinary interview in the open field between Joan of Arc and the Duke of Burgundy in which the eloquent pleading of the Maid overcomes all resistance on the part of the Duke. Historically, no such interview ever took place. But did the dramatist invent the whole episode?

By no means, says Mr. Reed, and he tells us that 'in 1780, according to the well known historian of the House of Burgundy, M. Brugiere de Barante, some one in France for the first time put in print a letter dated July 17th, 1429, addressed to the then reigning duke, and written by Joan of Arc. It contains a passionate appeal to the duke to take precisely the same course which is urged upon him in the play.'

"Mr. Reed continues: 'It is safe to say the existence of this letter was unknown in England in the time of Shakespeare, Neither Hall, nor Holinshed, nor any other chronicler mentions it. It appears to have been unknown also in France, for it remained in manuscript.....for a period of Three Hundred and fifty years.....And yet this identical letter opened the series of negotiations that finally resulted in the treaty of peace in 1435, as represented in the play. The dramatist simply changed its form, preferring a spoken address in the open field as better suited to stage effects. Even for this he had an historical basis.....'"

I give the quotation at some length in case your correspondent has not the books quoted to refer to. It will be noted that the passage in question occurs in Part I Henry VI, and not Part II, and also that the letter is stated to have been dated July 17th, 1429 and not 1424 as given in the inquiry. I hope these references will help your inquirer? It may be added that we know Bacon visited France; no one has claimed this for Shaksper.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. C. GUNDRY.

To the Editor of BACONIANA

Sir,

FROM CROW TO KITE

Thanks Kite for your kind appreciation of my "mastery of English," though the "prima facie suspicion" that I "must have been educated in this Island of Britain" is unjustified. Of good old Dutch, rather Frisian stock,

**Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare*: London, Gay and Bird, 1902, pp. 31-35.

whose pedigree runs back to the 16th century, born at The Hague 1883, educated at Delft and Leyden Universities 1901-05, Civil Service Indonesia 1905-30, I never set foot on British soil before June 1924 for a stay of 6 months in London. As to "Rheims," haven't read The Ingoldsby Legends, never even touched German territory up to this day. With apologies for those biographical data, they may partly explain why I am now "domiciled at The Hague," my birth-place. For the rest, if I have charged you with "hypocrisy", let it go, never meant to, write it down to my "mastery of English."

Yours faithfully,
J. A. Crow.

To the Editor of BACONIANA
Sir,

FROM KITE TO CROW

As "Crow" makes use of rhyme in his letter in the Spring Number, perhaps I may follow suit to conclude this verbal digladiation:

If the Editor will permit,
Though the Crow has lit
His wit
A bit
At the letter I writ,
As is fit,
I think we can now quit
This twit.

KIT(E)

To the Editor of BACONIANA
Sir,

THE MORGAN COLEMAN MANUSCRIPT

In BACONIANA (Jan. p.52) there is a transcript from two manuscripts of Coleman's little "biography" of Queen Elizabeth made by Captain Spowers.

He admits the doubts and difficulties of accurate transcription from the handwriting. It is highly probable that, given to two or three experts in deciphering Elizabethan handwriting, the interpretations would differ in many respects.

In BACONIANA (Spring p. 74 etc.) Mr. Edward D. Johnson's "Tables" are alleged to show that Bacon wrote the biographical note in the manuscript, and that a concealed message revealing the royal birth is contained in it. This depends, in the first instance, on every *letter* being correctly transcribed by Capt. Spowers and, surely, this is most unlikely in view of the difficulties which he, and every transcriber of Elizabethan handwriting, always experience.

It would be interesting to have a photographic reproduction of this note about Queen Elizabeth, so that it can be interpreted independently by a British Museum expert? The value of Mr. Johnson's work leans entirely on the complete accuracy of Capt. Spowers.

Mr. Johnson declares that Francis Bacon wrote the biographical memorandum, thus accounting for the secret message he claims to have found in it by the means of his tables. Bacon's various handwritings are well-known. A photograph of the lines from the manuscript would settle whether or not Bacon wrote them. Three original letters in Morgan Coleman's hand are in the second volume of Anthony Bacon's correspondence at Lambeth Palace, and the question as to whose hand wrote in the manuscript can soon be settled. I am sure that Captain Spowers of Toorak House, Melbourne, would be willing to have this leaf of his manuscript photographed.

London, S.W.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES DOWNING.

(We hope to be able to publish a facsimile photostat of the biographical note regarding Queen Elizabeth but this cannot be until next year for Capt. W. Allan Spowers, in a personal letter to Mr. Johnson, mentions that he has been on the sick list but has now returned to his regiment in Malaya. He continues, "I was most interested in your erudite article but I am afraid it deserves closer attention than I have so far devoted to it. I hope you will be able to see this MS. on my return to London next April, but until then—as the MS. is at my home in Australia—I am afraid I can only be of the slightest assistance to you." Mr. Downing is incorrect in stating that Mr. Johnson "declares that Francis Bacon wrote this biographical memorandum." What he said was, "that this page was probably written by Francis Bacon" and gave his reasons for believing this to be the case.—EDITOR).

"*Shakespeare*" at the Trial of the Earl of Essex.—In the second quarto of "Hamlet" (1604), this passage appeared for the first time:

"But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever present love, and by what more dear a better proposes could charge you withal" &c.

During the course of the Essex trial in 1601, Robert Cecil said:

"I adjure you, by the duty you owe to God, loyalty and allegiance you owe to your Sovereign, by all tokens of Christianity, and by ancient friendship and acquaintance once between us, that you name the counsellor."

Those words were addressed to the Earl of Southampton. The "Hamlet" passage sounds like a reflection of this speech at the trial. Essex was tried by his peers. The player could not have gained admission, yet Shakespeare could not have imitated a speech at the Trial without having heard Cecil speak. We seem to have tracked the author of "Hamlet" to Westminster Hall on 16th February 1600/1.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

Sir,

VARIATIONS IN FIRST FOLIO COPIES AND FACSIMILES

The note headed "A First Folio Puzzle" in the April "BACONIANA", p. 114, draws attention to differences in pagination in different copies of the First Folio. Perhaps it is not so well known that there are two states of p. 352 of the Tragedies (*Anthony and Cleopatra*) one of which is certainly the result of correction after proof-reading. A single leaf containing the first state of this page with the proof-reader's correction marks was discovered by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips and is now in the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington.¹ The Bridgewater copy of the Folio (from which the H. Staunton 1866 Facsimile was made,) has the first state which can be identified by column 1 line 13 "...On their, passe along," and column 2 line 7 "...Swell at the of full Tide:". The later state of the page has "...On there, passe along," and "...Swell at the full of Tide:" which may be seen on the Methuen 1910 Facsimile.

At least four copies of the Folio have the original leaf containing the last page of *Romeo and Juliet* and the first page of *Troilus and Cressida* on opposite sides.² This leaf was cancelled when it was decided to print *Timon of Athens* in the place originally left for *Troilus and Cressida*.

It is by no means rare to find different readings in individual copies of the same edition of sixteenth and seventeenth century books. Examples are *The Devil's Charter* by Barnabe Barnes and the Second Quarto of *Hamlet*. Professor Dover Wilson lists eighteen variants in the latter.³

There are records that some authors attended at the printer's office to read proofs.⁴ If the author were delayed, printing from a forme prior to its proof-reading might begin, because no printer likes his presses or workmen to be left idle. When the author arrived any necessary alterations to the forme would be made at the press before work continued. There are thus often two states of the forme, corrected and uncorrected, and the sheets containing them are likely to

be printed on the other side ("perfected") and gathered quite fortuitously with other sheets which themselves may be of two states. A particular copy of the book may contain only a few pages in the uncorrected state. As corrections were sometimes made wrongly it is desirable, for textual accuracy, to compare as many copies of the edition as possible in detail. Recently devised optical aids may facilitate collation of all the extant copies of the First Folio.⁶ About 230 are known.

From a printer's or binder's point of view the pagination of a book is not of much value. If the sheets are signed correctly and properly folded the pages automatically come in the right places on gathering. Many of the paging errors in the First Folio can be shown to be due to negligence on the part of the compositors. In several cases the workmen forgot to change the page numbers when putting the type for new pages into the chases.⁶ There is a simple rule connecting the page numbers on one side of a folio sheet ("conjugate pages"). The sum of two conjugate page numbers is a constant figure for the whole of a gathering. For example, in gathering S (in the Comedies) it is 421 (205+216, 206+215, 207+214, 208+213 etc.). Presumably page 214 was originally numbered 212 by mistake. After some comies had been printed the proof-reader may have noticed that the sum of the conjugates 207 and 212 was 419 which is wrong. He found where the error was and had it corrected for the rest of the sheets printed. An incorrectly numbered *even* page is never given an *odd* number and *vice-versa*. Such an error would be immediately apparent to any workman.

In view of the variations between copies it is best when referring to a textual or bibliographical point in the First Folio to specify the original copy or facsimile consulted. In particular great caution is necessary in using Halliwell-Phillips's Reduced Facsimile. This is said to have been reduced from Staunton's Facsimile but at some stage in the process a misguided workman touched up nearly all the plates! As far as the text is concerned it appears to be reliable. The principal "improvements" of the anonymous workman are (i) reducing of all rules perfectly straight, (ii) omission of several signatures and catchwords, (iii) re-drawing of ornament on first page of 1 *Henry VI* (p. 96, Histories) in symmetrical form (—the plate may have been damaged in the process of reproduction) and (iv) touching up of a few letters and page numbers.⁷

Yours faithfully,

E. R. WOOD.

NOTES

¹Reproduced in facsimile in E. E. Willoughby's *The Printing of the First Folio of Shakespeare*, 1932, Bibliographical Society.

²*Shakespeare Survey* 1, 1948, Cambridge U. P., p. 59 and note 2. This sheet is also reproduced in Willoughby's monograph quoted above.

³*The Manuscript of Shakespeare's Hamlet and the Problems of its Transmission*, 1934, Cambridge U. P., pp. 123/4.

⁴For example, Nashe and George Gascoigne (see R. B. McKerrow, *Introduction to Bibliography*, 1928 and 1948, Oxford U. P., p. 205.). Of particular interest is William Jaggard's spirited defence of his reputation as a printer prefaced to Vincent's *Discovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility*, 1622. Brooke blamed Jaggard, who had printed the *Catalogue* in 1619, for his own errors! Jaggard says that Brooke "stood sentinell at the Presse, kept such strict and diligent guard there, as a letter could not passe out of his due rank, but was instantly checkt and reduced into order;". When Brooke was ill Jaggard sent him proofs and revises. It was for Vincent's book—a "rush" job—that Jaggard suspended work on the First Folio about October, 1621.

⁵*Shakespeare Survey* 2, 1949, Cambridge U. P., p. 150.

⁶See gathering E (Comedies, *M.W.W.*, pp. 49/60) where page numbers 51 and 58, which come on one side of a sheet, are duplicated.

⁷e.g. the Epilogue page to 2 *Henry IV* is numbered 101 and the fifth page of *Troilus and Cressida* 82. The figures seem to be additions in manuscript and probably do not occur in any of the original copies of the Folio.

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