

# BACONIANA

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# THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED)

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Among the Objects for which the Society is established, as expressed in the Memorandum of Association, are the following

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

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The subscription for membership is £2.10 payable on election and on the first day of each succeeding January. Members receive a copy of each issue of BACONIANA, without further payment, and are entitled to vote at the Annual General Meetings.

Members would assist the Society greatly by forwarding additional donations when possible, and by recommending friends for election. Those members who prefer to remit their subscriptions in American currency, are requested to send \$5.



WILL. CON: WILL. PATRVS: HEN. STEPHANVS: HENSO, SECUNDVS RI: ION: HEN. TERTIVS: ET IVS: VIVENS: PATER RICHARDI  
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ELIZABETHA SOROR: SVCCEDIT

MORS TIA, MORS CHRISTI FRATIS MINE, GORDIA COEHI  
ET DOLOR INFERNI SINT MEDITANDA TIBI

The Canonbury Tower mural inscriptions, showing the unexplained defacement of the letters after the initial capital which follows the Latin Word Succeeded

(See Editorial)

Photograph by Basil Martin, Esq.

OR: SVCCEDIT

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*It should be clearly understood that BACONIANA is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Society, but the Council does not necessarily endorse opinions expressed by contributors or correspondents.*

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## EDITORIAL

*For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches  
and to foreign nations, and to the next ages*

### Francis Bacon's Will

In this issue we are privileged to print another in a series of contributions by M. Henrion, and the above quotation may perhaps explain why such notable discoveries should have been made by a distinguished Frenchman. Certainly his work on the frontispiece of *Hemetes the Heremyte* can only be regarded as being of outstanding importance.

Writing objectively as Editors we are yet bound to point out that M. Henrion has unearthed such a proliferation of riddles in *structural sequence* in the picture, which we reproduce with supporting illustrations, that coincidence and probability merge into proof.

It is as well to stress that we are not dealing with ciphers, since no discursive literal message is involved. What we have is a number of secret seals, based on physico-mathematical probabilities for identification purposes, but as structures, providing proof against mere chance; as in anthropometry.

The author wishes us to emphasise that his article is discussing a farcical portrait and is therefore written in sympathetic vein. Nevertheless, the farce is so well organised, and according to our *Oxford Dictionary* a *farceur* is a person who habitually indulges in mystifications, that, thanks to secret tricks, it becomes valid proof.

Older Members will remember that M. Henrion delivered a brilliant speech at the quatercentenary dinner at Grays Inn in 1960, held in honour of Bacon, and he has been a tower of strength to the Society since. Those who wish to make a serious study of his work, are referred to the following (amongst others):

the *Bacon-Selenus Rosicrucian Portrait; Baconiana* 137; page 207 *et sequitur*;

Bacon versus Laud pictorial documents; *Baconiana* 175; page 57:

the *Tenet Meliora* illustration; *Baconiana* 177; page 41:

and the decoding of the beginning of the Sonnets; *Baconiana* 177; pages 46/47.

In the course of his definitive treatise on the Royal Birth of Bacon, M. Henrion discusses the tapestry at the back of the throne depicted in the *Hemetes the Heremyte* frontispiece and including the royal monogram of Elizabeth E:(R). The enlargement we reproduce shows quite clearly that the vertical arm of the E is incomplete, and the bottom horizontal arm missing, so giving F:(R), which appears to stand for Franciscus (Rex). This can only be intentional in this context—as one of the secret seals mentioned earlier—and reminded us at once of the mural inscriptions in Canonbury Tower, which are illustrated in our frontispiece.

If the reader will study the third line in the mural Latin hexameter verse he will observe that after the name Elizabeth and immediately preceding Jacobus there is a word (or name) which has been mysteriously deleted at some time by chiselling away part of the plaster work. The missing word begins with a strongly delineated F form, with a faint horizontal stroke apparently seeking to complete an E.

We do not know when these inscriptions were painted on the wall, but we do know that John Nichols (1745-1826) a printer and author interested in antiquarianism, recorded them in his *Progress and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth*, first published in 1788 and subsequently in 1805, 1821, and (enlarged) in 1823.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography* Nichols was an intimate friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson from 1782, was a member of the Essex Head Club, and knew Horace Walpole.

He edited an additional volume of Jonathan Swift's works which appeared in 1775, and followed this with *A Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works* in two volumes, published in 1776 and 1779 respectively. In 1778 he had first joined in producing the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and assumed full control from 1792.

Although a printer by profession, Nichols gave other clear indications of his cultural interests by publishing the following:

*The History and Antiquities of Canonbury with some account of the History of Islington* (1788);

*Some account of the Abbey and Church of St. Albans* by Gough and himself (1788);

*The Works of William Shakespeare, accurately printed from the Text of Mr. Malone's edition, with select explanatory notes in 7 volumes* (1790); and a reprint of Thomas Fuller's *Worthies* (1811).

Thomas Tomlins (1804/1877) in his history of Islington wrote that Sir Francis Bacon rented the Tower, then known as Canonbury House, for the 40 years from 1617; and in addition said that the then Attorney-General "resided here from February, 1616; as also at the time of his receiving the Great Seal on the 7th January, 1618—and for some time afterwards".

The phrasing, the irregular shortening of some royal names, the Anglicanisation of others, and erratic formulation of letters in the Tower inscription have been commented on previously,\* but it may also be noted that from the days of "Charolus" I the Tower was the resort, from time to time, of literary men and others. Oliver Goldsmith and the American writer Washington Irving lived there: and Samuel Humphreys, Ephraim Chambers, and names familiar to students of Freemasonry have also been mentioned in this context.

M. Henrion, evidently, is not alone in his belief that F.R. should by right have succeeded Elizabeth Regina. As the scholar Carrasco says in *Don Quixote*, II, 3: (the historian must relate matters) "as they were really transacted, without adding or omitting anything, upon any pretence whatever".

Motteux's translation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Despite the foregoing, we felt it incumbent upon us to seek comment on and translations of the Tower verses from a Latin scholar. We were very pleased to enlist the kind help of Mr. Kilvington, Headmaster of St. Albans School for this purpose, and print his remarks immediately following the Editorial.

Inevitably Mr. Kilvington has imponderables to consider which do not admit of satisfactory explanation, e.g. the excision of the word in line five, and the omission of two additional syllables in line four in the first inscription, and he is of course able only to theorise on the reason for the presence of both inscriptions.

We must leave our readers to ponder their verdict, though perhaps we could mention in passing the coincidental phrasing in Thomas Tomlin's statement that Bacon resided at the Tower from 1616-1618 "and for some time afterwards", and the last four words in the Royal succession verse "Charolus qui longo tempo". . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

On 20th February, 1979, the quatercentenary of the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon was marked by a quiet ceremony in the crypt of St. Paul's. Some of Sir Nicholas' exceptional qualities were touched upon

\* cf. *Baconiana* 68, pp. 31-33.

in our review of Elizabeth McCutcheon's book *Sir Nicholas Bacon's Great House Sententiae in Baconiana* 178, but the Headmaster of St. Alban's School, Mr. Frank Kilvington, in his address after laying a wreath on the tomb, pointed out that Sir Nicholas played a prominent part in founding the School in 1570, and in determining its rules of conduct upon which, apparently, he based the rules for Harrow.

Among other prominent personages present at the ceremony was Mr. Nicholas Bacon, a direct descendant of Sir Nicholas, and heir to Sir Edmund Bacon, premier baronet of England, who was indisposed.

Mr. Kilvington was undoubtedly right to ensure that the anniversary should not pass unnoticed, nationally and locally, but, with the Dean's permission, be held in the Cathedral crypt where the mutilated figure of Sir Nicholas lies—all that remains of his fine tomb, destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

Representatives from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge University, and Grays Inn, both objects of Bacon's benefaction, were also there, and all laid flowers on the tomb. The Master of Grays Inn, Francis Cowper, and Dr. Patrick Bury of Corpus, as well as Mr. Kilvington, delivered addresses. These dealt with Sir Nicholas' legal attainments, political standing as a member of the Queen's Council, and educational interests, respectively. Prayers concluded the proceedings.

We are grateful to Mr. Kilvington for this information and, in particular, for a transcript of Buchanan's Latin epitaph on Sir Nicholas' tomb with a contemporary translation. We reproduce these, together with the Headmaster's own, more literal, translation:

HIC NICOLAUM NE BACONEM CONDITUM EXISTIMA ILLUM  
TANDIU BRITANNICI REGNI SECUNDUM COLUMEN,  
EXITIUM MALIS, BONIS ASYLUM, CAECA QUEM NON  
EXTULIT AD HUNC HONOREM FORS, SED AEQUITAS, FIDES,  
DOCTRINA, PIETAS, UNICA PRUDENTIA; NEU MORTE  
RAPTUM CREDE: QUIA UNICA BREVIS VITA PERENNES  
EMERIT DUAS, AGIT VITAM SECUNDAM CAELITES INTER  
ANIMUS, FAMA IMPLET ORBEM, VITA QUAE ILLI TERTIA  
EST; HAC POSITUM IN ARA EST CORPUS, OLIM ANIMI  
DOMUS, ARA DICATA SEMPITERNAE MEMORIAE

Think not great Bacon can be coopt up here;  
The pillar and bright Polestar of our sphere,  
The Good Mans Refuge, but the bad mans terror,  
Whom not the Wheel of Fortune or blind error  
Prefer'd by Chance, but solid justice and truth,  
Religion, learning, th' Inmates of his Youth;  
Nor think him dead who by exchange of one  
Poor life, gained two and now sits in a Throne  
Among the Blest; whose fame like Incense hur'ld  
On flaming Altars hath perfum'd the World.



Thus He lives Thrice; whilst this rich Marble Mine  
 The Wardrobe of his Reliques, must enshrine  
 His precious Dust, till the whole world shall Burn  
 To Cinders, and Calcine him in his Urn.

---

Think not that Nicholas Bacon is interred here, so long the second pillar of the British realm, a bane to the wicked, for the good a refuge, whom no blind chance exalted to this honour, but just dealing, faithfulness, learning, piety and outstanding prudence; nor think him seized by death. Because his one brief life has purchased two that last for ever, his soul lives a second life among those in heaven, and his fame fills the world, which is his third life. In this tomb is laid his body, once his soul's dwelling-place, a tomb dedicated to his everlasting memory.

In an interesting addendum Mr. Kilvington mentions that Sir Nicholas' second wife, Lady Anne, one of the most learned ladies of her age, was especially addicted to the Roman author and orator Cicero. Since Nicholas' favourite author was Seneca—as was mentioned in our review of the *Sententiae* at Gorhambury in *Baconiana* 178, the source for the majority of these is self-evident.

As a final note we would mention that, although at the instigation of Sir Nicholas Queen Elizabeth I founded the School, the monastic foundation dated back at least to the Norman Conquest. Presumably the dissolution of the monasteries in Henry VIII's reign caused its disappearance in 1539, the modern School replacing it forty years later.

We hope to visit a small exhibition at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge in June, where *memorabilia* relating to Sir Nicholas will be on view. It is pleasant to think that Mr. Kilvington and associates would consider forming a Society in this great Elizabethan's honour. If so, no doubt some of our Members would be tempted to join!

\* \* \* \* \*

We are privileged to print an authoritative and profound article by Peter Dawkins, one of the younger Members of the Council, on the title page of the original 1611 Authorised Version of the Holy Bible. M. Henrion had prompted us to seek an interpretation of the intricate symbols concealed in the illustration, and we approached Peter Dawkins who informed us that he had had such a venture planned "for a long time"—*qui longo tempo* as the Latin inscription in Canonbury Tower postulates. Thus we have another example of group mind thinking which has characterised recent issues of *Baconiana*.

Nevertheless the Professor (who recently defended the Baconian

view in a nation-wide French TV programme) has a slightly different approach to the subject, in that he is particularly interested in the masonic and Rosicrucian aspect, which is implicit in the imagery and cryptic words which are so ably discussed in the article. M. Henrion points out that the total number of letters in the inscription on the title page amounts to 287. The count includes the numerals standing for their numerical values, *i.e.* 1611=9, the ampersand in line seven standing for 3, and the abbreviative sign over "comandment" for 1, since it replaces the missing "m". These devices follow standard practice in that they or their equivalents are used in other title pages in the "Shakespeare" series sponsored by the occult brotherhoods, and in this instance are complemented by the startlingly obvious semi-acrostic B, Con, A, formed of the initial five letters contained in lines 3, 4 and 5, of the inscription. In the 1623 Shakespeare First Folio, the same word count—287—appears in the dedication to the Reader and the second page of The Epistle Dedicatorie, the page containing the Names of the Principall Actors, the page containing a Catalogue of the Plays, and the comedies, histories, and tragedies. As the last page of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, 1620 Edition, also includes this count, the view that Francis at least supervised the 48 translators who worked on the 1611 King James Bible is given added weight. The inimitable music and harmonious fluency of the prose and poetry throughout the Bible otherwise defy rational explanation.

\* \* \* \* \*

At a recent London meeting the question was put as to why Francis Bacon was so callous as to witness the torture of one Henry Peacham. Our President remembered that Peacham had been in trouble with the Church for blasphemy and high treason.

The vindication of Francis Bacon from the charges of corruption levelled at him by his enemies in the House of Lords, and the justification for his role in the Essex trial, have been conclusively demonstrated in the pages of *Baconiana* recently,\* but this third accusation still needs to be discussed. We would refer to the criminal proceedings brought against Edmund Peacham following the discovery in his house of papers containing charges against the King, James I, and "the great officers of State". The quotation is from Spedding's *Francis Bacon and his Times*† and Peacham was subsequently accused of treason, committed to the Tower and, for libel on his proper bishop—the Bishop of Bath and Wells—deprived of his Orders.

His house being searched for evidence, investigators found several

\* *cf. Baconiana* 176 and 177.

† Page 48 *et sequitur*.

loose papers "containing charges against the King and the great officers of State." Along with these, was a sermon in which all those charges were set forth, as if ready to be preached: "the whole forming a violent invective . . . of judgement to come, in the shape of sudden death to the King, massacre of his officers or risings of his people. . . ."

In January 1614-1615, the Archbishop of Canterbury and several Members of the Privy Council issued a warrant to examine Peacham (for the second time) and "put him to the manacles as in your discretion you shall see occasion".

Spedding comments that Bacon apparently had nothing to do with the case up to this time, and had had no part in issuing the warrant. It was not possible for Bacon to control the subsequent proceedings, but as a Member of the Council he was obliged to be a witness to the torturing of the erstwhile clergyman. Ultimately Peacham, though not pardoned or liberated, lived otherwise unmolested until he died in Taunton Gaol. Spedding's account shows that Bacon's part in this protracted affair was comparatively minor, forced on him, and strictly impartial.

\* \* \* \* \*

Despite the book review of Professor L. Marwil's *The Trials of Counsel* which appeared in *Baconiana* 177, we feel amply justified in including Mrs. Nieves Mathews' article *Francis Bacon Upside Down* in the current issue.

It is important to take every opportunity to confute the attacks on Bacon's character which still continue (in the Macaulay tradition) and this task is effectively and devastatingly accomplished by Mrs. Mathews, writing from Italy. Our contributor is the second daughter of Professor Salvador Madariaga, the well-known Spanish author who lived in exile until shortly before his death.

Mrs. Mathews has studied Francis Bacon's philosophy over a number of years, and we are pleased, as in the past, to print another thoughtful article from her pen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Readers are reminded that *Baconian Jottings* is usually printed twice a year, and can be obtained from Mrs. D. Brameld, Secretary.

## COMMENTS ON THE TWO INSCRIPTIONS IN CANONBURY TOWER

by FRANK KILVINGTON

- - | - u u | - u u| - ? | - u u | - u

Will : Con : Will : Rufus : Hen : Stephanus : Henq(ue)secundus :

- - | - - | - - | - - | - u u| - u

Ri : John : Hen : ternus : Edwards Tres : Ri Secundus

- -| - -| - -| - - | - u u | - u

Hen : Tris Ed : Bini : Ri : ternus : Septimus : Henry

- -| - - | - | - - | - u

Octavus : post hunc Ed : Sext : Reg Mar :

- u u| - u u| - - | - u u| u| - u

Elizabetha Soror : succedit E . . . Iacobus

- u u| - u u| - | - - | - - | -

Subsequitur Charolus qui longo tempo :

1. The inscription is a list in rough and abbreviated Latin of the kings and queens of England down to and including Charles I, as follows:  
 William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry, Stephen and Henry the Second  
 Richard, John, Henry the Third, three Edwards, Richard the Second  
 Three Henrys, two Edwards, Richard the Third, Henry the Seventh (Henry the) Eighth, after him Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, Elizabeth her sister, James succeeds (?)  
 Charles follows who for a long time
2. It is written in a very rough kind of verse, familiar to those who remember some Latin verse from schooldays as elegiac couplets. These consist of a longer (hexameter) line and a shorter (pentameter) line, and this arrangement is confirmed in the inscription by a red mark at the end of the hexameter in each case. Both sorts of line consist of feet which are composed of either one long syllable and two shorts (a dactyl) or two long syllables (a spondee), though a long and a short (a trochee) is allowed on the end of the hexameter. In the pentameter one of the feet is made up of a long syllable in the middle of the line and a long or short syllable on the end.
3. In order to make the inscription fit the pattern, a good deal of "cheating" has to be done, as follows.

In line one the first vowel of "Rufus" has to be counted as short, whereas it is in fact long, and there is a syllable missing after "Stephanus". The letter q on the end of "Henq" is an abbreviation for "que" and this makes up the fifth foot.

In line two "Ri", the abbreviation for "Ricardus" has to be counted as long at the beginning of the line and short towards the end, and the -us of "ternus" has to be counted as long to make the long syllable in the middle of the line. There is also a syllable too many on the end of the line.

In line three "Ri" has again to be counted as a long syllable.

In line four the end of the line lacks two syllables which could actually have been obtained by writing out "Maria" in full.

In line five there is a word excised (see below).

In line six there is the same peculiarity in the second half as in lines two and four, only more so. Normally the second half of the pentameter consists of two dactyls before the long or short syllable on the end, and in none of the three pentameters is this rule observed.

In line six both feet are spondees.

4. There are similar peculiarities about the language. In lines two and three the numeral "ternus", which really means "three each", is used instead of "tertius", meaning "third", and obviously neither "John" nor "Edwards" is Latin at all. In line three the alternative form "tris" for "three" is used, although the more usual form "tres" was used in line two, and "bini" is used for "two" instead of the more usual "duo". In line 6 the word "tempo" is odd: either it is an abbreviation for "tempore" or the noun in question (tempus) has been wrongly declined.
5. That brings us to what is perhaps the most interesting feature of the inscription, namely the excision of a word in line five. There is no doubt that the first letter of this word is E.\* If the word is to fit into the verse pattern, the rest of the word must supply a long and short syllable, but as the verse pattern is, as we have seen, not entirely reliable, nor perhaps is this conclusion. Nevertheless, working on this basis, my first thought was that the word might be some form of "Elissa" or "Eliza", the meaning being "James succeeds Eliza(beth)". But it ought to be a dative case, and the dative *Elizae* would not fit the verse; besides, it is far too long unless abbreviated. My second thought was the squiggle which is visible on the end of the word might be the same form of abbreviation for "-que" which appears in line one, and that the word might be "eique", meaning "and her". But it is not the same form,

\* See Editorial. Nelson in his *History, Topography and Antiquities of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington*, in 1811 had Fr. — in his version of the inscription.

so unless it is a similar form with the same meaning, that solution will not do either. When I got up close to the word, it looked as if the second letter might have been an A. Was the word perhaps "aeque", "eae" being an old form of "ei"?

6. This raises the question of why the word was excised, and that in turn involves the whole reason for the inscription's being there at all. I am inclined to think that the composition of it was the work of a child—hence the mistakes and oddities. Was the room at one time a schoolroom, and were the lines put up by a proud parent whose precocious child had produced this curious attempt at potted history in Latin verse? My only theory about the excised word is that it represented some particularly awful "howler", which the fond parent may have wished to preserve but which the child later felt ashamed of and was perhaps teased about and took an opportunity of deleting one day with a hammer and chisel. What was the father's reaction, I wonder?
7. The other interesting question, of course, is why the inscription seems to stop in mid-sentence. I presume that the sense at the end was meant to be "who has been reigning for a long time".\* If this is so, the date of composition depends on how long a long time is, but is likely to be somewhere in the 1630's or early in the 1640's, presumably before the outbreak of the Civil War. Who was living in Canonbury Tower at that time? Do we know?

*Mors tua, mors Christi Fraus Mundi Gloria Coeli  
et dolor inferni sint meditanda tibi*

*Let your death, the death of Christ, the deceitfulness of the world,  
the glory of heaven and the pain of hell be the subject of your meditation.*

This second inscription is much more straightforward. It is a complete and correct elegiac couplet, representing a moral theme common enough, I suppose, at any time from the 16th to the 18th centuries. I guess that it is contemporary with the other. But what is its relationship to it? Is it a father's admonition to his son, as my theory about the historical inscription might suggest, or is there some different explanation for it, or for them both?

\* Nelson had *qui longo tempore vivat!*—Editor.

## OBITUARY

The Council regret to announce the passing away of Sidney Ronald Campion, O.B.E., F.R.S.A., on 29th December, 1978, aged 89.

Mr. Campion was a lively and ardent Baconian of many years standing, and combined this interest with a varied career. At different times a journalist, schoolmaster, barrister, author, lecturer and sculptor, he headed the G.P.O., Press and Broadcasting H.Q. for over seventeen years up till 1957. These achievements were particularly meritorious considering his humble start to life, and an abiding interest in Bacon could have reflected his own admission to Grays Inn in 1927: Honours in the Final culminating in his being called to the Bar three years later.

Recreations included picture painting, chess, and golf, and perhaps the most appropriate tribute to this talented soul is enshrined in Shakespeare's well-known lines:

And the elements so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"\*

N.F.

\* *Julius Caesar*: IV, 71.

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## THE CORPUS CHRISTI EXHIBITION

As part of the quatercentenary celebrations in memory of Sir Nicholas Bacon (1510-1579), Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, published a booklet, *Law Reform in the Sixteenth Century: The Work of Sir Nicholas Bacon*, consisting of extracts from a lecture delivered by Mr. David Ibbotson on 15th May, 1979. Mr. Ibbotson pointed out, that Sir Nicholas, an *alumnus* of Bene't College—an old name for Corpus Christi—was Lord Keeper of England for the last twenty years of his life, and Francis is said to have described the ideal judge in the *Essay Of Judicature* from his father's example. Sir Nicholas was, indeed, one of the finest lawyers of his time, and as attorney of the Court of Wards, did not fear to write:

The chief thing and most of price in wardship is the ward's mind,  
the next to that of his body, and the last and meanest his land.  
Now hithertoo the chief care of governance hath been had to the

land being the meanest, and to the body being the better very small, but to the mind being best none at all, which methinks is plainly to set the cart before the horse, and breedeth indeed such an effect as we see, which is that their lands are many times better to be liked than themselves.

Included in his scheme for the education of *Crown* wards, was a recommendation that practical experience would be gained by accompanying ambassadors on missions overseas. Small wonder that the young Francis later accompanied Sir Amias Paulet to the Court of Navarre. . . .

Sir Nicholas repeatedly complained about the uselessness of unenforced legislation, believing that there were too many interrelated statutes. Again Francis emulated him in seeking these reforms some years later. In fact, both men planned the codification of existing law, and Mr. Ibbetson points out that the proposals of Sir Nicholas were "very similar to those . . . put forward by Francis Bacon in 1593".

In the small exhibition in the Library of Corpus Christi, open in June 1979, we were glad to note several early painted depictions of Sir Nicholas. These portrayed refined and scholarly features, and formed a welcome contrast to the well known Grays Inn portrait (loaned for the occasion), but showing the fleshy face with heavy jowl so familiar to us all. The great Elizabethan gave eighty-nine printed books to the University Library, of which forty-six can still be identified. A copy of *Strabo Rerum Geographicorum libri septemdecem* (1574) with a bookplate with the family motto *Mediocra Firma* provided an excellent example.<sup>1</sup>

Archbishop Matthew Parker influenced Bacon originally to enhance the holdings of books in Cambridge University Library. Both their effigies stand outside the modern College chapel as witness that they were contemporaries in Bene't in the 1520s.<sup>2</sup> We were interested to note that R. Tittler mentioned that Bacon wrote poems; and the correspondence with Matthew Parker in Elizabethan script helped to underline the historical value of the display.

This was a worthwhile little exhibition and reflects credit on the sponsors. Exhibits on loan from St. Albans School, Grays Inn, and Cambridge University Library made a notable contribution to a pleasurable afternoon.

NOEL FERMOR.

<sup>1</sup> The accompanying inscription; "N. Bacon, Knight, Keeper of the Great Seal of England, gave this book to the Library of Cambridge, 1574," was also noted by R. Tittler author of *Nicholas Bacon* (1976) on page 58.

<sup>2</sup> Presumably again influenced by Archbishop Parker, he endowed the College with a sum of money he expected to suffice for the construction of a Chapel (as well as six scholarships for "poor boys" to the College). Hence the two effigies at each side of the porch of the modern Chapel.



## A MOST HUMOROUS QUIXOTIC QUEST

by PIERRE HENRION  
*Agrégé de l'Université*

Many a true word is spoken in jest, says an old adage which dates back to the 14th century and to which Francis Bacon gave renewed popularity. It still seems to be true in the 20th as this study will show.

The true word thus spoken may be the unconscious utterance of a jester, hit upon by mere chance in some wanton flight of his humorous fancy. It may also be the unburdening of a soul oppressed by some unorthodox truth and seeking to give vent to it without incurring the risk of being believed. Or again the jocularly may be the sly deception of a man who, by making a secret truth sound ridiculous and far-fetched, protects it from public acceptance and even incites his audience to believe the contrary of what he laughingly utters, thus pushing back into the proverbial well poor Truth whose head threatened to emerge, even ever so slightly, at the level of the margin.

Which of these remarks applies to the late Don Salvador de Mada-riaga the reader will be in a position to decide, when we have "beheld good" the startling document; as instructed therein, and here reproduced.

In *Baconiana* 152 (September 1955, page 95, Letter to the Editor) the eminent Spaniard assured us that he was the inventor of a joke with which, in his own words, "he had been teasing the Baconians for thirty years". Here is the joke. Cervantes declared that the real author of *Don Quixote* was Sidi Hamete Benengeli, a man whose name, said Salvador ironically, could be translated into "Sir Little Ham, the son of an Englishman."

It may be supposed that, like his educated fellow-countrymen, our distinguished scholar had read the famous book from cover to cover. So it was probably by some little oversight that he forgot to mention in his letter that Cervantes had not quoted the fanciful name of the supposed author only once but had harped on it suspiciously some three dozen times throughout his tale. In addition I should not have toned down Cid into Sir. In compliance with the Oxford dictionaries I should have preferred the more accurate *Lord* Little Ham. Incidentally the Little Ham rings a bell. A Prince of Denmark is more a Lord than a simple Sir. And *Hamlet* suggests a "Little Ham". Why else should the *Amlæth* of Saxo Grammaticus' *Historia Danica* have been anagrammatically metamorphosed into *Hamlet* in the first *Hamlet* play, officially fathered by Thomas Kyd? The historically accurate

*Amleth* surely was not suggestive enough of a bacon-sounding Little Ham.

To return to friend Salvador, was he, genuinely and innocently, scoffing at the Baconians? Or had he for thirty years felt compelled to vent his oppressive secret knowledge in such a way as to make it innocuous by clothing it in a farcical garb? Or again was he practising psychological warfare, making a conscious tactical move to discredit the truth? For nothing will better shield it from the curiosity of too shrewd investigators than make it appear ludicrous.

Let us have a little patience: the clever pen-and-ink drawing here reproduced will take us to *Don Quixote* at its own sweet will, in a roundabout way, at the end of what I hope the reader will find a most humorous quest, and only then shall the reader make what surmise he pleases about Salvador de Madariaga's motivation. What we have to "beholde good" therein is the frontispiece of the manuscript of *Hemetes the Heremyte* solemnly presented by its (as we shall see, apparent) author, Gascoigne, to the "Good Quene" when she visited Woodstock in state in 1575. The sovereign probably enjoyed the visit all the more as it was the revenge on Fate of a queen who, as a young princess, had lived the life of a prisoner there with greater expectations of ascending prematurely to heaven than of ever ascending an earthly throne!

The volume reverently handed to the Queen brightly testifies to its author's polyglottic virtuosity for, in addition to a Latin and an Italian translation of the main poem we have little poems in quite passable French. Indeed Spanish seems to have been the only important contemporary tongue with which our linguistic *virtuoso* was not conversant. Now, if he was, it is not certain that, at the time, Her Majesty would have greatly appreciated that additional achievement.

Our pen-and-ink drawing may not bear the hallmark of sublime artistry but is surely the attainment of a very apt pupil, with a sure hand, as is evinced by the intricate curlicues\* on the royal robe and rug. It also testifies that the classical lessons in perspective had been sedulously, almost too sedulously, assimilated by an attentive student.

Let us begin our exploration with the words "Beholde good" at the bottom of the page. They are the catchword, that is to say the word (in the present case, the words) that will appear at the beginning of the following page of a printed book or manuscript. The device ensured that the pages of the volume would be assembled in the correct order before they were given a number. With the present catchword we are

\* Ornamental twisted patterns, as made with a pen under one's signature—*Longman's Dictionary of Contemporary English*; a fantastic curl (first used in 1858)—*The Shorter Oxford Dictionary*. This unusual word, and others in the course of the article, are used in jocular vein by the author. Editor.

given an introductory wink, the first in an astonishing array of winks and jokes proposed to the careful observer. Indeed the first words of the following page of the manuscript are exactly "Beholde (good Quene) a poett with a speare." As the intervening bracket has been omitted (a mere oversight, surely!) the catchword takes on quite another meaning: "Observe carefully." You will find the same warning, under the form *Expende* (weigh and observe carefully) in the tricked Rosicrucian portrait of Bacon-cum-Selenus I published in *Baconiana* 136. Goaded by the provoking words, let us have a very close look indeed at the drawing.

A glance at the Sphinx will confirm us in the idea that there is more in the picture than meets the Queen's eye. While the Sovereign's solemn countenance reflects her regal dignity, the Sphinx indulges in a fit of rollicking laughter rather uncalled for on this formal occasion but no wonder, for she (her obvious full-blown charms will excuse my choice of the pronoun) sees through all the *mise en scène*. First she is aware of the strange nearly vertical hook, somewhat like a pointing hand seen in profile, which appears incongruously in the drapery of the poet's robe, just behind the heel of the forward foot. It is a conventional secret signal inviting observers in the know to turn a document in all directions, especially upside down, in order to discover some of the hidden devices it conceals, generally the most interesting. When the time comes, we will comply.

As intimated by the fact that she is silenced by the ring in her mouth, the all-seeing but muzzled Sphinx will not blab to her mistress but keep her own counsel, and happily so for otherwise the daring author of the disrespectful jokes we are going to chuckle over, some of them of truly Falstaffian magnitude, would have put his neck or at least his ears in jeopardy, not to mention the risk of protracted free accommodation in the Tower!

Before we dig deeper, some unusual but overt details must be taken into account. For a poet doing homage, to carry a spear in the Royal Presence when no tilting is on the agenda seems a breach of etiquette. But the official excuse is at hand: apparent abnormalities must admit of an alternative reasonable explanation in all well-contrived winks to the wise so as to shoo the "rational" fools outside the pale. The "rational" explanation here is that Gascoigne was nicknamed The Green Knight (with no Quixotic tag of errantry attached!) and his motto, held above his head by the mysterious gigantic hand protruding from the ceiling, proclaims that he was a disciple both of Mars, the god of war, and Mercury, the inventor of the lyre. So the book of poems in one hand officially justifies the incongruous spear in the other.

Now Elizabeth knew well enough that the laurel-crowned Gascoigne was a writer: and he could have left his pen at home instead of sporting

it on his ear—but more of this when Cervantes enters the scene. Here it must be mentioned, to rationalise the pen, that such a quill appears, or is suggested, in Shakespearean designs, to intimate that the document is about the manuscript of a book and not a printed copy of it or even a handwritten copy made by the official author to fool the public.\* If the Editor of *Baconiana* is willing to harbour it I might some day adduce a startling example of this.†

And what about the cloak? How could the poet, with both his hands engaged, walk up to the throne and kneel down gracefully without losing it? For it hangs most precariously on only one shoulder. Curiously enough, as if it was of importance, this detail of "his gowne haulffe off" is mentioned in the introductory poem, but with no explanation forthcoming as to why this trifle should be made so much of. The so-called Droeshout portrait (the Dutch artist engraved it; but who designed it?) of Shakespeare and many a Rosicrucian portrait of the time give a key to that abnormality: the discrepancy or simply asymmetry or a "half off" cloak were the conventional signs that jumped to the eye of the initiates to tell them they were faced with a dual portrait (with one personage, the official one, apparent, and the other, actually the important one, discreetly dissimulated) and that they had better "beholde good" in the light of the lessons they had received in *cryptomenyitics* (concealed stratagems).

Aware that the reading public is more often hare-brained than keenly observant, the charitable "Hemetes" warns us in his dedicatory verse: "Straundge sightes well markt are understode the better." Once again, we will comply.

The first cause of hilarity described by the Sphinx is that the two shoes of the poet are purposefully dissimilar. The interesting foot, the one materially hidden from the Queen's eyes but not from the sixth sense of the all-seeing monster, reveals the emaciated profile of a behatted man. The ankle is the crown of a rakishly tilted hat with a little square brooch near the brim. This slightly ruffled brim, here seen vertically, is the fur collarette at the top of the shoe and the discreet facial profile is made up of the folds of the robe. Perhaps symbolically, the whole design rests upon the spear. Please consider the sketch and then enlargement A to train your eye before you "beholde good", with a magnifying glass if necessary. The training will serve!

The man is moustachioed like the pard and the hat he wears at a rakish angle is a youthful fancy version, quietly bejewelled, of the more severe Baconian hat of the future. The tiny eye appears dimly in the

\* A manuscript of *Basilikon Dóron* in the handwriting of King James is proudly exhibited at the British Museum. Copying a text must be more difficult than one thinks, for there are amusing clerical errors in the transcription!

† We are sure that our Members join the Editors in hoping that the author will produce this.



Figure A



Figure B

ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

PRESENT ROYAL  
DE IAQVES PREMIER  
ROY D'ANGLETERRE,

GLETERRE



worthy mention, in this Booke, to bee,  
in the honor'd. And, perhaps, it may  
in high praise, be found, another day,  
in these LEAVES their Names will find unrec'd,  
many fairer ~~STRUCTURES~~ are deliv'd.

In this Hope, I have placed on the FOR-  
FRONT (or before the First Booke of  
Ioint-Inscrip-

*Tudo*  
worthy mention, in this Booke, to bee,  
in the honor'd. And, perhaps, it may  
in high praise, be found, another day,  
in these LEAVES their Names will find unrec'd,  
many fairer ~~STRUCTURES~~ are deliv'd.

In this Hope, I have placed on the FOR-  
FRONT (or before the First Booke of  
Ioint-Inscrip-

Figure F



Figure C

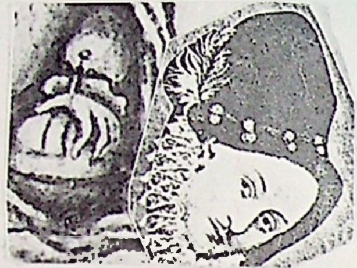


Figure D

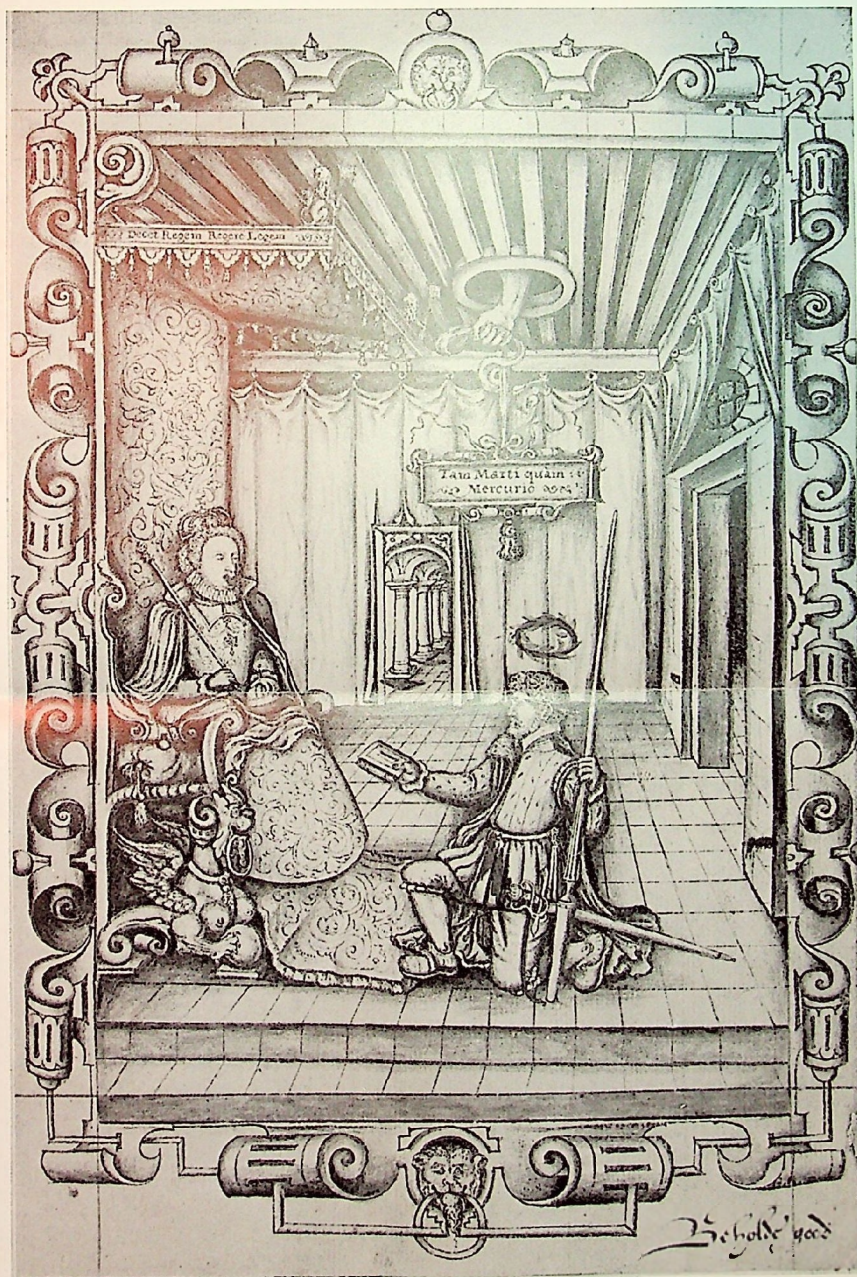


Figure E



Figure G

See page 16 et sequitur



Frontispiece *Hemetes the Heremite* (see page 14)



shading. Other clues (for this is another Tudor network as in *Baconiana* no. 177 and all clues must be taken in conjunction: beware of negative elementarism!) will amply corroborate the identification of our shadow of a man.

Among the attributes of AthenA, the spear-shaking goddess (see picture in no. 177 *inter alia*) are, in addition to the spear, the mask (of invisibility, originally the vizor of her helmet) and the writhing serpent of ignorance against which she defends herself with the spear. Here the spear is obviously the one incongruously carried by the poet. As to mask and serpent they both appear clearly to a keen eye in the maze of the poet's curly hair. See document B, then find the same picture in the complete document turned ninety degrees to the right. The serpent is writhing, its tail is in the shape of an inverted omega and, when the document is turned back to the normal orientation, you see it rearing its head aggressively. As to the mask, it is a velvet half-mask as worn at masked balls. If you look at it carefully you will see that it is most unexpectedly provided with . . . a pig's snout!—a first confirmation of our identification of Bacon. Another example of AthenA's mask and angry serpent, in figure C, I have cut off from the portrait of an exalted man of the Elizabethan era connected with the theatre, the mask indeed being here a theatrical mask.

The long thin rectangle on the proffered book recalls the I=myself (see other examples in no. 177 and we shall see one more below) intimating that the manuscript of *Hemetes* is by Bacon himself to the exclusion of the other members of the collective Shake-spear esoteric and literary venture. Here again we see the paramount importance of cross-references and the "network" spirit in Shakespearean investigation. By itself the rectangle would mean nothing.

The curious hole in the ceiling suggests a peer's coronet with its pearls represented between the beams. It is difficult to judge what the total number of pearls would be because of the hidden rear half of the coronet, probably eight, meaning an earl's coronet. When he officially became a viscount, as a sort of sop, Bacon had double that number of pearls, but smaller ones.

As in 1575 Bacon was a mere boy (of this more later) and a mere commoner, the coronet in the ceiling can represent only what he claimed was his right by birth. We will see that his reproaches as a frustrated forsaken child to a royal mother fill our telltale picture.

An insight is now given us into the state of affairs at Court in 1575. There was at the time so well-beloved a favourite (the "ungracious boy" could well be jealous!) that he held great sway and, even orthodox historians admit, enjoyed the fond indulgence of the Queen. Compare the two forearms and cuffs of the Queen, subtly dissimilar, only one being adorned with jewels. Now look at Figure D. It is Oxford's



"copyright" hat\* that grasps the globe of power. Not only do you find the forearm of the Queen reduced (by the normal shadow of the cloak, of course!) to the shape of Oxford's hat but the jewels are represented at the bottom of the sleeve as if crowning the cuff.

Gracing the royal canopy is the brightest example I have ever met of an amphibolian Latin infinitive clause. Those clauses, which admit of two completely contradictory meanings, were in great favour in antiquity. Here is for instance one of the most famous, the answer of the Delphic oracle to Pyrrhus: *Aio te Romanos vincere posse*. Of course his foolish pride made Pyrrhus grab avidly at the meaning which swelled his ego: I declare that you can vanquish the Romans. Indeed, braced and fortified by such an encouraging prophecy, he won two battles, though two costly ones, against them, but when he met his doom at the battle of Beneventum, a disastrous defeat, his mind probably opened at last to the contrary and quite as valid interpretation: I declare that the Romans can vanquish you.

Bacon's feat of skill, in which he crystallised his complaint against his unnatural mother, beats all the instances left by the Ancients. A real gem, it has rhythm, euphony, a perfect weaving of alliterations, a fascinating lilt:

*Decet Regem Regere Legem.*

Conditioned by the fulsome flatteries showered upon her by her courtiers, Elizabeth, when she saw the drawing, as a bright latinist must have understood: It is meet and proper that the Sovereign should control the law—while, obviously, the meaning intended by the slighted child was: It is meet and proper that the law should control the Sovereign. Indeed a queen, to set an example to her subjects, is supposed to be the first to respect the essentials of the Law of the Realm, which, incidentally, should bind her to recognise the birthrights of the "issue of her body", be it lawful or natural, notably by raising her offspring to the peerage as she is reminded by the coronet in the ceiling. However that may be, the coruscating Latin witticism is chiselled in fine gold.

The Bacon who looms, better than in a glass darkly, in the drawing that he penned for posterity, claims to be a Tudor! The tapestry at the back of the throne shows a stylised Tudor rose under a stylised crown naturally enough topped by the royal monogram of Elizabeth. But follow the arrow in the enlargement of the design, near the top of Figure F. The vertical stroke of the E is incomplete and the bottom horizontal stroke simply missing: F. Tudor, says the rose, and Bacon's Christian name "happens" to be Francis.

One of the reasons why the Sphinx laughs is that, being familiar with

\* The enlargement of Figure D reveals the well-known official portrait of the Earl of Oxford quite clearly. Editor.

everyone at Court, she perceives that the Queen's nose, by some strange effect of mimesis (and nemesis?) is more Franciscan (in the sense the word would have taken if, after her demise, Bacon had had his dues) than Elizabethan! The repressed feelings of the unwanted child made him go too far perhaps, even though in those times good taste was less demanding than in ours, as shown by the joke in Figure G.

To illustrate the F. Tudor, the naughty boy daringly gave his mother his own nose. In black, like a Chinese shadow, you see Elizabeth's profile traced from the Great Seal. It is so typical, that long nose hardly protruding from the face, that it has been used elsewhere for secret identification. It is totally different from the three other noses I illustrate, whose similarity hardly leaves room for doubt. The two on the right are from official portraits of Bacon.

Some pious hand has stained the Queen's chin (together with other details of the document). A joke that passed the bounds? A stubble of irreverent Baconian beard stuck to the royal chin? As lions (see top of canopy) are part of the royal emblem, that would have been bearding the Tudor lioness in her royal den! Did Bacon make the stain himself when maturity gave him a better sense of hierarchical and filial propriety? That we shall never know.

Probably the reader wishes to have corroboration, by cross-references under the network principle, of the outrageous E/F ambiguity. The amusing examples proposed here will amply repay the small sacrifice of close attention. The first (top Figure F) is given by the French edition of *Basilikon Dōron*. In *Baconiana* 177 I claimed that the real author was our jocular Francis who transparently concealed his name in an "anasyllable": Silly Bacon Rodōn, Silly Bacon of the (Tudor) roses. Picture F gives corroboration of both the authorship and the E/F little ruse. The letters of TVDOR (the D being the Greek delta at the top) are inscribed in the A of AthenA, the device being corroborated by a similar one in the "pig in the roses" emblem in no. 177. The prolongation of the right leg of the A touches the foot of an I (once more, meaning by myself) and goes on to the last E of ANGLETERRE. It is a curious E indeed. Look at the enlargement of the end of the word, just under, and its last letter pointed to by arrows. It is more an F than an E.\* The prolongation of the left leg of the A device would cut (and annul) the Q but is strictly tangential to the foot of the Y of ROY (=king; the incurable obsession of pure chance!). So we have in all: by myself, Silly Bacon, King F. Tudor.

To enjoy another E/F farce it is worth studying the extract reproduced twice at the bottom of Figure F (once with the useless letters

\* This seems to be a significant corroboration of the "F" that appears in the mural inscription in Canonbury Tower mentioned by Nichols in his *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* as long ago as 1788.—Editor.

obscured to help you follow the device). Start upwards from the c of Inscrip in the last truncated line. You have in an exceptionally *unbroken* strict alignment: c, B, n, F, a, o = F. Bacon (with the capital initials respected!). Now start from the c of defac'd (end of line 5; follow on bottom diagram). You have, going to the left, almost horizontally, c, N (of Names), r (of (th)eir). This r starts the second alignment r, S (of LEAVES), F. From the F you go up slightly to the right to the i of wil (interesting word!) and the a of day. This route in three segments of three aligned letters, the letters at the apexes logically counting for one in the message, gives you in all FRANCIS (cnr+(r) sF+(F)ia). The initial capital is again respected. Now starting up from the first T of STRUCTURES, line 5, you will easily find TVdOr. Try to find by yourself the *shake* (the k at the beginning of line 2 is at the apex) and the *spear* (the foot of the p of perhaps, line 2, is at the apex). So the whole "structure" says: F. Bacon—Francis—Tudor—(wil) Shakespear. It is "ever so precise", the letters in play being touched tangentially, that is at one point only, by the tangent of alignment and never cut. Now think that the most interesting signatures (F. Bacon and Francis) of our "STRUCTURE" (for such is the apt call-word) would flounder into nothingness if there were not a fortunate "misprint" at the end of the call-word, an F instead of an E. Now the exceptional *unbroken* alignment is explained. The E/F ambiguity made it safe. How many cursory readers in a thousand, carried away as they are by the context, would notice the sly misprint? But the initiate, alerted by the call-word in blatant and unnecessary capitals, nettled by his failure to find the ritual Bacon, was expected to solve the puzzle thanks to the easier unbroken alignment.

I must apologise for submitting the reader to the strain of checking the "structures" but let him be comforted by the thought that it is much less tiring to check them than to detect them! Perhaps he does not hold with those cryptological extravaganzas but those who beg for truth cannot be choosers, and begging for truth, chiefly when it requires an effort, is an honourable pursuit. Anyhow I think the point is made by corroboration: the E/F trick above the Tudor rose of the throne is substantiated. A farcical dual use of ambiguous letters is also resorted to in the astoundingly clever title-page of the Sonnets.

As this different type of joke is also to be found in the Droeshout portrait it is better to let the reader find for himself the device showing that the "good Quene", as well as any viewer of the drawing, was properly (or improperly?) "had" when she was presented with her son's bright effort at draughtsmanship. Could one of the Renaissance scholars in the Society tell me whether Elizabeth had good eyesight or had to use some sort of eye-glasses for reading? As she was a very intelligent woman and knew her son's nature, she should have suspected

something. Her efficient Intelligence Service had certainly told her who was behind Gascoigne.

Those familial pranks have kept us away too long from Salvador de Madariaga and his jibes at the Baconians' fantasies. But as this article is getting too long we will give short shrift to his own chimeras.

Who (if we reverse the drawing) is, by means of an enormous arm, actually wielding the spear? See the enlargements of Figure E, then look at the reversed document. You see the profile of a man with a dubious morion-like helmet, too vast and perched too high to protect a face to which a downturned lip gives a woeful countenance, or rueful if you prefer; any way *una trista figura* as Cervantes would say. Not very far from him (see the top of Figure B) in the poet's hair, is his boon companion, a fat-faced, fleshy-nosed, down-to-earth plebeian fellow whose expression is rather jovial; certainly more smug than rueful in its contented simplicity. Sancho Pança has not deserted his knightly master!

To our Spanish friend I could suggest another little jest which, to use his own words, *puede pascar*, can pass. Would not a certain knight-errant have been called Don Quixote de la Mancha not only because he originated from *La Mancha* (the province) but also because he hailed from *La Mancha* (the English Channel) and, as Brother Will was not averse to turning to French for his jests (as in the Droeshout portrait and *Henry V*\*) because he can be seen to peep out of *la manche* (the sleeve) in our document?

With our jocular drawing we have, once more, the principle of the network. A Shakespearean drawing which unfortunately I have lost track of shows Truth as a woman caught in a net. Even if each one of the little tricks we have seen could be pooh-poohed away taken separately, the whole would be irrefutable, at least for sane people. Our astounding document clinches the *Don Quixote* argument, whatever the literary critics may say.

Who can wonder now if the *padastro*, the adoptive father, as Cervantes calls himself in the preface of the Spanish masterpiece, mixes the traits of both fathers, the real one and the adoptive one, quite in the Rosicrucian style, when he pictures himself *la pluma en la oreja*, pen on ear (just as in our drawing!) *el codo en el bufete y la mano en la maxilla*, elbow on writing-desk and chin in hand in exactly the well-known favourite attitude of Francis Bacon—so typical that, *inter alia*, his funeral statue records it for posterity. That the word elbow was the code-name for Brother Will has been shown several times in *Baconiana* (no. 176, etc.).†

The general physical appearance of the gaunt knight-errant could

\* Act III, Scene 3.

† Cf. the Shakespeare Statue in Westminster Abbey Poets' Corner. Editor.

pass for a caricature of young Bacon and reminds one of that concealed prince's self-portrait as Prince Hal, described as tailor's yard, sheath, etc.\* For want of more detailed information about Bacon's physique I will not extrapolate on the subject of the knight-errant's degree of crural pilosity! As to the insistence on the hidalgo's mole, somewhere "on the small of his back", it makes one wonder if in some family of high lineage there was not a *granum in situ* as a hereditary birthmark.†

As to the moral side of the resemblance between Don Quixote and the idealistic fighter that Francis was; if we duly allow for the farcical exaggeration, it need not be expatiated upon. The adjective quixotic has become current in all languages. Those who use it, the present readers now excluded, are hardly aware that they pay homage to Francis Bacon-Tudor.

To ring down the curtain on this eventful history, let us give the *coup de grâce*. There is too extraordinary a similarity between the two very unusual and far-fetched names of the Cide HAMETE Benengeli (my capitals, but I respect the spelling of the original edition) jocularly quoted by Salvador de Madariaga and the HEMETES the Heremyte of our drawing. The two outlandish names were coined in the same mint!

Certainly our intriguing picture does not solve all the problems raised by the genesis of *Don Quixote*. We shall certainly know more if ever is unearthed (though unearthed is not the proper word as some Spanish grandee would have agreed) the manuscript of the most famous Spanish literary masterpiece, Spanish at least as far as it evinces a working knowledge of Spanish geographical maps (obtainable in England at a small cost); the Spanish customs most apt to strike a very observant visitor from abroad; and a list of picturesque *modismos* (Spanish idioms), that a keen student with as good a turn for languages as Hemetes the Heremyte, would avidly cull from his readings or straight from the mouth of friendly, brotherly native interlocutors.

As the novel was published thirty years after the Woodstock ceremony mentioned earlier (it must have circulated *sub rosa* as long as Elizabeth was alive) it may of course have been augmented or amended, either in the original or in a translation, by Cervantes himself, who was not an illiterate citizen of Stratford.

What must now be marvelled at is the precociousness of Lord Little Bacon of the English. Granted that child prodigies, if unusual, are

\* *I Henry IV*; Act II, Scene 4: Falstaff; You tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck.—Editor.

† Perhaps some reader could say where this Tudor birthmark is mentioned. In the author's "jocular drawing" a keen eye can discern a face made up of the lion's flag on the canopy over the throne. The face is, of course, a farcical and comical exaggeration, exactly as Quixote in the novel is here claimed to be a farcical self-portrait of Bacon. The Falstaffian personal references to Prince Hal seem relevant to our contributor's argument as well. Editor.

not unheard of; granted that at the age of seventeen Victor Hugo was crowned Poet Laureate at the Toulouse Floral Games; granted that at a tender age Francis was called by the Queen "the young Lord Keeper", all the same we are filled with awe at the thought that in 1575, the year of the Woodstock presentation, at the age of fourteen, the young prodigy had fathered *Don Quixote*, even in an early version. But what I find hard to believe is that the stripling of a kid was already endowed with a manly moustache and, as suggested by the novel, with remarkably hairy legs. Even if in English law fourteen is the legal age for procreative manhood those achievements, be they physiological or literary, are hard to believe of a boy who was fourteen.

But was he?

A few grains of sand in the well-oiled machinery have led me to suspect that all officially known things relating to his age (the baptism register, the birthdate given by Rawley, Hilliard's portrait of a twelve-year old declared to be eighteen, Francis's courtly answer to the Queen that he was two years younger than her happy reign and what you will) were parts of an astutely engineered plant to mask the truth and confuse the issue.

My eyes were first opened by short cryptological messages in the Sonnets: one says: my dam Betsy Tudor, my sire Bob Lesster (*sic*). The little respectful but terse choice of the words (in that system laconism is of the essence) the parallelism of the short forms Betsy/Bob and the amusing sire/dam diptych make the system quite convincing. With a touch of humour the message adds that the princely mother's policy was to boast of her maidenhood. The import is nothing new to us but shows that the system is reliable and so I give credence to it when it says that in the Tower the princess was given the choice: either you marry your lover or you are executed. As Leicester's life shows that bigamy was not considered a serious crime in aristocratic circles, the Princess (then sick because of her pregnancy, says the message) not unnaturally opted for the first alternative. Thus she saved two lives, at least apparently, since it was the rule not to execute a pregnant woman before her delivery.

Now the pieces of the puzzle lock in nicely if we but allow ourselves not to be obfuscated by official or bookish information. We can easily, from the firm starting-point of the Tower, reconstruct the whole story. In late March 1554 Elizabeth was led to the Tower. She soon managed (naughty, naughty Spring! and who, when Death looms large, could reproach you for fulfilling *in extremis* your heart's most ardent desires?) to find comfort in her beloved fellow-prisoner's affections. By mid-May she was already sick, a not infrequent development at that stage of pregnancy. She was then put in the dilemma: wedlock or decollation.

The Tower not being wholesome accommodation for an expectant mother, the fertile princess was whisked off to the country air of Woodstock—a place with the additional commendation that it was easier to shelter it from prying eyes. There, before the end of December, she was delivered of Francis. A contemporary emblem showing Medea infused with the features of Elizabeth suggests that the child's instant demise was contemplated; which intention, fortunately for theatre-goers, was not carried out thanks to the kindness of the Bacons. But the hush-hush baby could hardly be officially registered if things were to be kept quiet. So he stayed *utlegatus* (outside the pale of the law, legally non-existent) to use the legal term later insultingly levelled at Bacon by that learned rascal Sir Edward Coke. About January 1560 (old style, for us 1561) some one became aware that the phantom boy could not stay *utlegatus* for ever since he, after all, existed physically. So at the age of five or so, possibly because a stillborn baby of Lady Anne Bacon offered a good opportunity for a convenient substitution, Francis was quietly entered into the Saint-Martin's-in-the-Fields baptism register. The most unusual mention of the name of the (supposed) father on the register cut short any further gossip, for gossip there must have been. It is difficult to rear a phantom child five years without any tongues wagging.

To complete the deception Elizabeth took good care to appear in public in her pristine slimness at that very date—the ruse still succeeding with modern historians only too glad to scoff at the Baconians for claiming that she bore a child at that period. Those critics can boast of being right: the child had long been weaned!

When Her Majesty asked the young Lord Keeper how old he was (did she congratulate him on being so well developed for his age?) she pursued two ends: first to make sure that the boy had been taught his lesson and recited it correctly and, secondly (by giving publicity to what after all is the trivial question asked by anyone of any child to broach the conversation), to fool the public and all future historians.

Naturally any contemporary who was in the know or had doubts, mindful of keeping his precious ears unscathed, took good care to equivocate. Let us take Rawley. When he wrote that Francis "was borne in York House (Sir Nicholas Bacon's residence) or York Place (the Royal Palace, future Whitehall)" he also achieved two ends. First he cunningly associated Francis and the Tudors and secondly, by pretending that he was hazy, he incited intelligent readers to surmise that such an unreliable fellow might not be more trustworthy about the date. Possibly he abstained from treading too near the heels of Truth upon orders, for I feel that Bacon himself was not too keen on revealing his age. Perhaps because having been a phantom boy still rankled sore when he alone bewept his outcast state? If so he made the mistake of

letting the cat out of the bag when he confidentially declared in the Sonnets that he had been conceived by lordly sire and princely dam in the Tower. In 1560/1561 Elizabeth was hardly a prisoner and had gone one better than princehood.

Now if Bacon was twentyish at the time of the farcical Woodstock ceremony (1575) we can accept more readily the prim moustache as well as the hidalgo's\* pilosity and the precocious authorship of *Don Quixote*. So Francis would have entered Trinity College at 17, a more likely age than 12, and have died officially in his 72nd year when rapacious upstarts thought it was high time to get rid of an old-fashioned ascetic killjoy—Baconian “old-hat”! At the time of his very probable actual death in sheltered exile he wanted only two or three years to be a centenarian—a credit to his studious interest in the conservation of health and life!

Before I found the grains of sand in the machinery I always wondered why, on the Baconian side of dual Rosicrucian portraits, especially in the Bacon-cum-Selenus one, he looks so old. Now I think that he just looks his age.

A short transparent poem in French by “Hemetes” says, in substance, that in France walnut-trees, thrashed by ungrateful men, bear more fruit in response, while he, miserable and beaten, sees his fruit scoffed at and held to be nothing. Is it not unlikely that a child of fourteen should thus complain of seeing his merits unrewarded by preferment? It can be more easily believed of a young man of parts just out of his teens and eager to serve.

Thanks be given to Salvador de Madariaga. Had it not been for his good-humoured dig at the Baconians I would never have thought of investigating the *Quixote* mystery. The Cide Hamete he mentioned defeated his purpose for it rang the Hemetes bell, which ultimately led me to the astounding document, often reproduced to my knowledge, so far never analysed, but presented here. † The document, in its turn,

\* A Spanish gentleman. Editor.

† The existence of our document, so dangerous because so transparent, sets a difficult problem for the dedicated keepers of orthodox illusions: how to prevent the public from noticing the damning little tricks it offers to an observant eye. Except for the little stains, fortunately, the drastic measure of tampering with the drawing (going the whole hog to save the official Bacon!) has not so far been resorted to. Such a solution is far from unexampled.

Two other solutions have to this day worked well enough; that of the photographic and that of the photographic age. As to the first: a student of the Renaissance who wishes to get acquainted with Gascoigne's works will easily find the reprint by W. C. Hazlitt (1863) that will absolve him from referring to the original manuscript. ‡ He will have no reason not to be satisfied with the “reproduction” of our drawing that he will find there—but the reproduction is a vague copy by an artist who must have been purblind or carefully coached: his engraving is strictly innocent of everything shown here.

As to the second solution: as one cannot very well prevent the drawing from being reproduced by merciless modern techniques in surveys of the Renaissance,



logically and pictorially, raises and in my opinion solves the problem of Bacon's real age. If, as the Sonnets hint, Francis was conceived in the Tower and the legal marriage took place there to save the neck of the Princess, her pregnancy must surely have come to an end before 1561! The Tower of London is a bulky thing to remove. . . .

To conclude, the Woodstock farce is the record for posterity of two pilgrimages, that of the mother to the place of her twenty-year old confinement (in both senses of the word) and that of the son to his birthplace. As the Queen with the myriad eyes certainly knew who was behind Gascoigne, she must have been secretly moved, even though politically paralysed, by the stirring of old memories and the intellectual brilliance of the promising fruit of her fruitful womb.

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it is sufficient to reproduce it on such a small scale that the damning details will be practically unnoticeable when not blurred by the screening.

I have communicated to our Editor some photostatic proofs of what I allege in this note.

‡ *Vide The Complete Poems of George Gascoigne* by W. C. Hazlitt: The Roxburgh Library reprint. Editor.

"LISTEN AND FEEL"  
THE POWER AND MAGIC OF WORDS

by MARTIN PARES

Telepathy may one day replace language and we may then communicate over great distances by the power of thought. But today it would be difficult to dispense with words. Countless messages, beginning and ending with words pass invisibly in the air across the Atlantic. Even when not spoken aloud or written down, words provide the only road to conscious appreciation of our own thought. They supply substance for building a thought-form. They act as landmarks to prevent us from wandering, but they can as easily lead us astray. They can most delicately bedizen the road to hell.

It is with the benign use of words and not with the corrupt use of them, that we are concerned in this lecture. In the noble words of Francis Bacon . . .

How much more, then, are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illumination and inventions, the one of the other. . . .

There are certain words which, for the purpose of this lecture, must be given a more meaningful interpretation. These are, Invocation and Evocation, Light and Darkness, Education and Indoctrination.

I see Invocation and Evocation as complementary—one vertical, the other horizontal. What we invoke from on high, we evoke in the world around us, by what we teach and by what we are. It is a process of stepping down. The teacher evokes in his class the spirit of what he has learnt. The actor evokes in his audience the spirit that inspired the play, or if he is a bad actor, only an image of himself, as a stage or T.V. personality! The power to invoke spirit and evoke its counterpart in other people simultaneously, without interposing oneself, is rare. It is the power of the Hierophant, and is possessed by priests and speakers and actors of the highest order. It is the release and diffusion of what the Eastern sages call "Buddhi".

Education and Indoctrination, the one by love and the other by fear, are opposite means of evocation. Indoctrination is the attempt to impose one's will—or to impose a particular ideology upon the minds of others. Education is the attempt to lead forth the imprisoned soul.

Darkness is not evil. There is a warm darkness in which things grow, a matrix or mould in which seeds can germinate. In the Universe itself there are regions of darkness and regions of light; there are similar regions in ourselves. By the use of words, by naming things, by nomenclature, by definition, the dark regions can become illuminated and gradually explored. Words are indeed little avatars moving to and fro between light and dark, between spirit and substance.

Even if words should one day become unnecessary for human intercourse, they would still be a storehouse of human knowledge. Computers need food to prevent them from sulking! An "impression", if it is to be registered in the physical brain, must sooner or later be formulated. We get a hunch or an idea or a compelling urge; we begin to formulate a plan, we give "form" to the thought, we begin to clothe it in words. Then, most often we begin to dissipate the thought-form before it is ripe, by expending it in idle talk. It may help us to "think aloud", but verbosity leads to confusion—like the old lady who said "How do I know what I mean till I hear what I say?"

Words are minute vehicles of light or power—moving to and fro between light and darkness—gaining in brilliance and force when formed into groups. Emotional force is stored in slogans, mental power in scientific formulae, occult power in mantrams, spiritual power or buddhi in poetry and in scripture. One of the most powerful uses of words is in Invocation. How is this brought about?

It should be of the pleasure of a poem itself to tell how it can. The figure a poem makes. It begins in delight and ends in wisdom. The figure is the same as for Love.

Robert Frost.

Spirit can be invoked in many ways—through Music, Art and Nature, as well as through Words. Music and the plastic arts, the one more abstract, the other more concrete than literature, establish its central place. While Poetry is the word made magical it is Music which has by far the most immediate effect upon the emotions; but the price must be paid in detachment, for the emotions evoked by music, apart from delight, are objectless. I quote from Basil de Selincourt:

The stuff of music is the directly audible sound, of painting—the visible forms of the world, and the scope of these arts is limited and clarified by its immediate appeal to sense. The stuff of literature involves a transcending of sense experience; for the shape and sound

of words do not explain their meaning. To read is to be lifted by the power of a symbolic code into an ideal region; and in no art is the transition so difficult as in literature, between the means and the end.

There is undoubtedly a sense in which music is dangerous to poetry—dangerous because its vitality is obvious while that of poetry is concealed; dangerous because it assaults its hearers, while poetry patiently awaits her hour. . . . Music grips us as words are powerless to do. When a bird utters its alarm cry, every creature within earshot cowers; and it is characteristic of all expression to which emotion gives form that its effect is as sure as an echo. But the bird only announces that there is cause for fear, it does not explain what cause; and the intensely vivid language of music has a similar limitation. . . .

When music is used for the invocation of spirit this limitation does not arise. Music alone is extremely invocative; but for those who are neither composers nor musicians, there is another, more technical limitation, for music comes to most of us second-hand. According to its quality we are lifted or comforted, solemn or gay, adrift upon a tide of feeling, oblivious of our direction, which is left to the interpreter. Programmes and radiograms give us an element of choice. Within limits we can choose the music which we find most invocative; but between us and its source, unless we sing or play, there is always the instrument and the interpreter.

Having drawn these distinctions let us frankly admit the unrivalled power of music in moving people today, and its latent power of invocation when its language comes to be more fully understood.

Our study of words compels us to draw a distinction between Mysticism and Occultism, as the two distinct approaches which merge into "The Path". During the last war, after I had been a casualty at Malta I came to be healed by a great spiritual healer. Later when the fly-bombs were descending on London, and while serving at the Admiralty, I paid him a surprise visit. He had sent his wife and maid away from London, remaining alone in the Sanctuary, never relaxing his mission of healing. Under these trying circumstances he asked me to stay and share his luncheon—fruit, nuts and uncooked vegetables. He showed me his sanctum, and the low couch on which every night his body rested while he visited his absent patients. Down below in the chapel there was a picture of Christ—the fountain of all healing power, so he said. But up in the sanctum there were other pictures; one of them a very beautiful face, clean shaven as I remember. And on the shelves around the couch were all those books by the Tibetan, transcribed by Alice Bailey. "Are *you* studying those?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "As a Master of Compassion I still have far to go. There are many steps to take, and much to learn . . . to become a Master of the Wisdom". It is true; the two paths must merge. The mystic has also to become the occultist; and if the occultist works only for self, and is without the mystic vision, he is in danger of going astray. For it is here, in the use of *thought*, that the difference between black and white magic begins. In White Magic altruism is the only gate and Love the only key. In the words of Francis Bacon . . .

Charity . . . of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the *character of the Deity*.

There should be nothing objectionable in the word "occult", which simply means "hidden". The occultist is one who studies hidden things, or things not usually visible. In navigating at sea we profit by lights and lighthouses, no matter whether they are charted as "lights flashing" or "lights occulting"; for both can lead us safely into harbour. So it is with words; words flashing or words occulting; so long as *truth* is the object.

We must now, for a moment, descend and consider the world of falsehood and deception, and see how respect for words, and for their invocative powers, can help us. Words can be twisted, corrupted and debased so that the "soul" is obscured, and the word must descend to the underworld, to be degraded to a base or profane use. "Policy" wrote Francis Bacon "is of all things most immersed". In politics the search is for power, before good. Words are constantly twisted and altered for political purposes. This cannot fail to bring about a state of mind which Bacon described as "intellectual night". Here is a passage from the historian B. Voigt:<sup>1</sup>

The war for the mastery over the world of words and the war for the mastery over the world of things are one war. Democracies are overthrown in the name of Democracy. Despotisms are established in the name of Freedom; tyrannies more terrible than any of old are erected in the name of progress and emancipation. Traitors profess patriotism and patriots are put to death as traitors. Intermediate words have been invented so that truth can slide more easily into falsehood and right into wrong. The word "collaborator" is one of these. . . . Unpopular tyrannies call themselves popular and force the people to acclaim them. The people are robbed of their rights in the name of the people. Bands of murderers, terrorists and incendiaries call themselves democratic armies.

<sup>1</sup> *Pax Britannica*.

This calculated word-corruption is the inevitable result of dialectical materialism, of the doctrine that the end justifies the means. From the so-called "People's Republics" of the world there pours forth every day a continuous stream of doctored news and distorted history. No sin against the light has ever been so widely organised. It is not that the calculating faculty itself is an evil, but that it should be deified—that we should seek nothing better to "invoke" than the little mind of Man, swollen with its personal conceptions of good and evil—the forbidden fruit of which it was written "in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die".

It is a bad omen that the dialectic can invoke nothing higher than the image of its own cancered brain. It is a condition against which Francis Bacon warned us in his prayer. And his words are invocative . . .

This also we humbly beg, that human things shall not prejudice such as are Divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light; anything of incredulity or INTELLECTUAL NIGHT may arise in our minds towards the Divine Mysteries.

In spite of their unbelievable compression, Bacon's *Essays* have vivid overtones of sound and colour. Illuminating the broad wisdom of his philosophy, there is ever a physical or natural image, like a flower, always in attendance on the abstract thought. It is this which makes his language so fascinating and invocative, as the following examples may show . . .

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark . . .

Fortune is like the market . . .

Suspitions amongst thought are like bats among birds, they ever fly by twilight . . .

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread . . .

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word *Impedimenta* is better . . .

The division and quavering which please so much in music, hath an agreement with the glittering of light, as the moonbeam playing on a wave. . . .

And lastly a short passage from the *Essay Of Adversity*, which shows how the Mystic and the Occultist in Bacon are merged . . .

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater Benediction. . . . Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job, than the felicity of Solomon.

So far it is the Mystic who speaks, now the Occultist . . .

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries that it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground.

Bacon brings out the true aim of the white magician; to be a point of light in a darksome world, rather than to be a shadow in the World of Light. The mystic invokes the light because he loves the light. The Avatar evokes his Light in the world because he loves the World.

The great statesman Bismarck was once asked what was the most significant political fact of the day. Without any hesitation he answered "the fact that the North American continent speaks the English language". His insight was true. The same group of men who forged our language, nearly four centuries ago, also arranged the planting of it in America. It was a tight little corporation (as Manly Hall puts it) with Francis Bacon, as founder member of the Virginia Company, at its head. It was through his vision, backed by the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery (to whom incidentally the first Shakespeare Folio was dedicated) that the Virginia Company was floated and the "Word" carried in English across the Atlantic in the Bible and Shakespeare.

Genius and knowledge are two different things and the author of Shake-Speare had both. A wide reading of history and the classics, coupled with great insight into human nature—both undeniable attributes of Francis Bacon—enabled him to portray with ease the conflicting emotions of men and nations, from ancient times to his own. It also enabled him to exemplify in *dramatic* form all the passions, vices and virtues of the mind which, in Bacon's *Essays*, are distilled into those marvellous statements of Cosmic Law.

The major Shakespearean characters are almost walking principles.

With most of them—be they villains, rascals or knaves—we can identify an aspect of ourselves. In this way the self-elements, which normally obstruct our progress, can be objectified, externalized and absorbed, allowing us to reach beyond ourselves into other minds and hearts. For to get beyond what Bacon called “the lesser form”—and to function in what he called the “greater form”—the form in which we live and move and have our being—is the task of the White occultist. Here are a few words from C. H. Hinton, in which the mystic vision and their occulting appear to merge.

The more eager the inquirer is for spiritual truth, the more eagerly do I urge him to take up practical work; for the true good comes to us through those who, aspiring greatly, still submit their aspirations to fact, and who, desiring to apprehend Spirit, are still willing to manipulate matter.

*A New Era of Thought.*

Hinton, who wrote about the fourth dimension, prescribed a practical exercise by which people could get out of themselves, get rid of their self-elements, see other folk in a new light, and perhaps find a home in the hearts and minds of others. His method was to study a block of cubes!

Each cube was to be painted a different colour on its six faces. You had to build up your powers of visualisation and memory, so that you would know which colour was next to which on each adjacent block. You had to be able to know the internal relations of each cube to its six neighbours, whether the whole block was upside down or laid over on its side—so that the terms “up and down”, “left and right” were irrelevant.

It sounds odd to develop altruism by mastering the internal relations of a block of cubes. But it was perfectly reasonable. We are all apt to look at everything from a personal viewpoint. Up and down, left and right, hot and cold, these are all references to ourselves—self elements. If a Being in the Star Sirius was asked to describe our Sun, you might suppose he would say it was a huge, intensely hot, brilliant and spherical object. That is how we think of it; but to a denizen of Sirius it might not be so hot, nor so brilliant, nor so huge. One thing only would be true, one thing contains no “self-element”—its form is “spherical”. That is a fact *not* relative to ourselves.

It is often the self-elements that obstruct our vision of truth. If you like a poem or a passage from Scripture only because you agree with it, and because it echoes your pre-conceived personal opinion, then its spirit may have eluded you, may never have touched you. Music is more free from this limitation.

In the study of poetry or Scripture there is a more open and direct



approach for the mind, and there is an intimacy in poetry which once it has been touched, can never be wholly forgotten. It is Buddhi. When music and words are combined, as in song, ceremonial or ritual, a high degree of invocation becomes possible.

By the term "Scripture" I mean something much more general than the Christian Bible though to us this is the most powerful revelation. I mean rather what in every Masonic Lodge is known as "The Volume of Sacred Law". The Upanishads, The Bhagavad Gita, The Divine Pymander, The Talmud and The Koran, and also such well known classics as *Light on the Path* and *The Voice of the Silence* come into this category. As do certain passages in Teilhard de Chardin. But of course for most of us the Bible is the greatest field of experience; especially the Book of Job and The Gospels. These are all writings which can provide a medium for the art of Invocation. One cannot call it a science though some of the great scientists, Isaac Newton for example, were very much alive to the magical and invocative powers of Holy Writ.<sup>3</sup> Men of action, like Oliver Cromwell, used the Scriptures invocatively. The Ironsides used to "wail a psalm" on the eve of battle and, when they charged, they chanted "The Lord of Hosts is with us". There is no doubt that Cromwell's troops availed themselves of the invocative powers of the Scriptures.

I come now to the more technical part of this study. In the Bardodruidic Mysteries three symbols were used, thus . . .

<i>Symbol</i>	<i>Guardian Power</i>
1. The symbol of word and speech ..	.. Idea
2. The symbol of Harmony and Tone ..	.. Sound
3. The symbol of Number and Weight ..	.. Number or Rhythm

To complete this list of "Guardian Powers" (as P. G. Bowen called them) a fourth symbol must be added . . .

4. The symbol of Colour .. .. . Colour

Let us now arrange these four Guardian Powers (Idea, Sound, Number, Colour) in their order of relative predominance when using six different fields of experience for Invocation. There are many more, of course, but the following six are amongst the most powerful . . .

*Scripture, Poetry, Music, Art, Nature and Ceremonial.*

The relative order of the Guardian Powers in each of these invocative arts is subject to infinite variation; but a guide to the most effective

<sup>3</sup> See Newton's *Principia*.

order of predominance, and especially to the ruling power, is suggested in the table which you see here . . .

<i>Scripture</i>	<i>Poetry</i>	<i>Music</i>	<i>Art</i>	<i>Nature</i>	<i>Ceremonial</i>
IDEA	NUMBER	SOUND	COLOUR	IDEA	?
SOUND	SOUND	NUMBER	IDEA	COLOUR	?
NUMBER	IDEA	COLOUR	NUMBER	SOUND	?
COLOUR	COLOUR	IDEA	SOUND	NUMBER	?

In this table nothing is to be regarded as fixed or dogmatic. You can have poetry in which "idea" or "colour" predominate, but this would be to sacrifice its greatest assets of rhythm and sound. Modern free verse appears often to do this. There are also types of music (so called), in which rhythm is sacrificed to idea or colour; and so on throughout the table.

One strange method of invocation perhaps ought to be mentioned. In my own family, in my grandfather's time, Whitfield, the coachman, used the Bible for invocation. On reading the words "Thou shalt not live by bread alone but by every *word* that proceedeth . . ." he got a thin-paper edition of the Bible and he ate a page of it every few days, until it was finished! To him "Idea" was the ruling guardian power. This was no idol worship. It was his real devotion to the WORD. . . .

More seriously I remember visiting Yattendon on the Berkshire Downs, the home of Robert Bridges. His sister told me of how he had spent much time teaching the village choir the rhythm of the Lord's Prayer, even causing it to be played on a single bass note of the organ.

Invocation is indeed one of those things which prove the truth of those strange words "to him that hath shall be given". You have to use what is placed at your disposal in order to "invoke" more. If you *have* nothing, it is a pity. But if either Scripture or poetry or music has touched you, then you can proceed. . . .

For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,  
Mozart shall steal your ravished soul,  
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,  
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

Now learn, love, have, do, be the best  
Each in one thing excel the rest;  
Strive, and hold fast this truth of heaven  
To him that hath shall more be given.

The alphabet in ancient days was regarded as possessing magical properties. In medieval times it was set out as a battledore or Cross, as

a symbol of its divine origin. This was called a "Christ-Cross", from which comes the word criss-cross. There is indeed an element of magic in the construction of words. A jumble of letters suddenly assumes a sequence in which the spirit of a word can manifest; the words then form an ordered group in which the spirit or soul of a poem can manifest. To pursue this thought in more detail let us consider a part, a section, of an occult meditation; without entering into one. It is a valuable and revealing exercise. We are composed enough in breathing and posture to forget the physical nature. We come next to the emotional or astral form; and instead of by-passing it, we "sort it out". And in sorting out the emotions we need the help of words. . . .

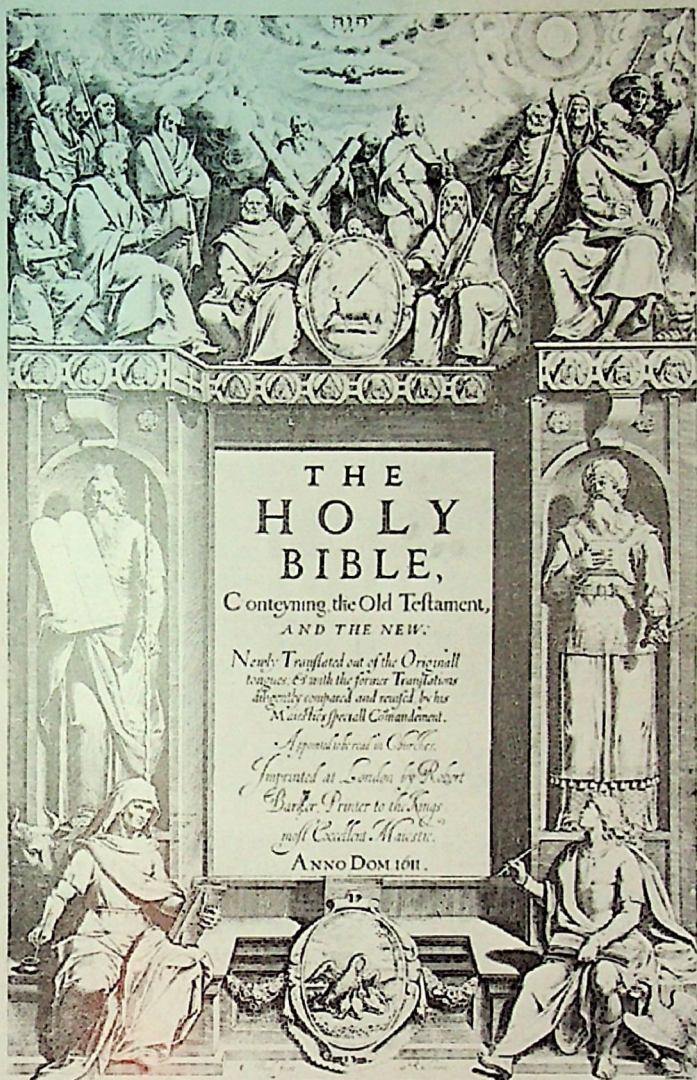
As single letters in due sequence set  
 Make up these words, and words to phrases moulded,  
 Give Love's fond tongue to that dull alphabet  
 That scaled them as a cypher, thrice enfolded:  
 So are the shapes of Nature's outward show.  
 The scattered caracts we aright must fit,  
 A message hid within a criss-cross row,  
 Till we by searching find the key to it.  
 Then as this poem is of words compounded,  
 None making sense less to his fellow mated,  
 By sev'rance is the world the worse confounded,  
 And in sweet union her confusion dated.  
 Love that resolves all compounds is the key  
 Shall close this nonsense rhyme of me and thee.

There is a hidden meaning—a cipher—in this sonnet, and the author "G.S.O." once gave me the key. During his last illness in South America he found he'd forgotten it, and I wrote and reminded him of it before he died.

Apart from revelation of "group power" and "group harmony"—as demonstrated by words and sentences—there is a faint echo of Omar Khayyam in the "THEE IN ME"—the "ME WITHIN THEE" that must eventually become One.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind  
 The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find  
 A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,  
 As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

And when like her, of Saki, you shall pass  
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!



The original title page of the 1611 Authorized Version of The Holy Bible  
(See page 39)



Omar follows the same figure—from delight to wisdom—in those words of Robert Frost.

The function of the Muse, as we are told by Sir Philip Sidney, and also by Shelley, is to delight and to teach; and—mark it—delight comes first. Dr. Johnson went further; “those who wish to please” he said “must condescend to rhyme”. Good judges have said that the proper medium for Shelley would have been music. But he lived before the transcendent powers of the symphonic orchestra were let loose upon the world. Like Bacon (whom he so much admired, calling him the “greatest philosopher-poet since Plato”) Shelley’s verse often borders on music.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth  
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Poetry exerts its strange and powerful influence only on those who have the faculty of apprehending it. It rises mysteriously from the page, and wafts us into a rarer atmosphere. For a moment quite ordinary words become charged with power; even affecting us physically. With a catch of the breath or a shivering of the spine we can rise on the wings of a poem, or a prayer. Then the vision vanishes and we return to earth, with a remembrance of exaltation, and perhaps a clarification. How does this come about? We must come back once more to the words of Robert Frost:

It should be of the pleasure of a poem itself to tell how it can. The figure a poem makes. It begins in delight and ends in wisdom. The figure is the same as for Love. . . . Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting. . . . Its most precious

quality will remain its having run itself and carried away the poet with it. Read it a hundred times; it will ever keep its freshness as a metal keeps its fragrance. It can never lose its sense of a meaning that once unfolded by surprise, as it went.

The sense of a meaning that unfolds by surprise. Surely that is the essence of invocation, of the Word made magical.

Invocation in all its forms involves *feeling*. It is by *feeling* that Our Lord Shall Touch Thee.

That I should render for my part  
A thankful heart  
Which fir'd with incense I resign  
As wholly Thine  
But the acceptance that must be  
My Christ by THEE.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Noble Numbers* by Robert Herrick.

## THE TITLE PAGE OF THE AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE 1611 BIBLE

by PETER DAWKINS

A title page composed by a true initiate of the Ancient and Sacred Tradition was (and is) designed to portray, in symbolic imagery and cryptic words, a summary of what is contained within the book, depicting on the first page the essence of what is expounded in a more detailed way within the text on the succeeding pages. This is a conscious imitation by man of the ancient teachings that all Creation was contained in the One Source; and that from the First Principle (or first page) all the creatural possibilities sprang forth as Creation. The pictorial images of the title page would be the same images described and conjured up by the words in the text, and their relationships and meanings would be one and the same. To those well versed in this ancient art, not only are such title pages easily recognised, but also give the keys to the understanding of the whole book of wisdom, demonstrating in visual and geometric terms the plan, composition and meaning of the book. The title pages are doorways, portals of initiation, wherein the complete plan and laws of the temple are portrayed as a guide to any pilgrim who wishes to enter. The keys of the temple door are these very plans or laws enshrined in and revealed by the doorway—the blue-prints or principles upon which the temple is built. The Keeper of the door (the Janus or Peter) is the Seer and Interpreter who has seen and knows those laws, and can reveal them unto others. By discovering those keys, and then using them, the door to the Mystery may be unlocked and the pilgrim may enter the temple with the keys of wisdom to illumine his understanding of what is within.

The English Renaissance in particular saw a great flowering of this art, as the ancient Gnosis was reborn into the world under the supervision of many initiates, and one of the beautiful fruits of this work was the 1611 Authorised Version of the Holy Bible, with its magnificent title page—a title page which is not often seen nowadays, unfortunately, because nothing has yet been adequately designed to replace it. The Bible is the poorer without such a gateway to truth and the key to the Holy Mystery. In this article I will attempt to describe and explain the design and imagery of this inspired and inspiring work of sacred art. In no way will this be a complete interpretation, for in all truly sacred matters there are an infinite number of levels and facets of meaning, as



a ladder of numberless rungs leading to heaven. I offer what I may in this brief space at this particular time.

Starting right at the top centre of the title page, in the position of the highest key-stone, is the flaming sign for the Holy Name of God in ancient Hebrew, known as the Tetragrammaton. In English it spells *YHVH* (or *IHVH*).\* This name stands for the Word of God before it is spoken or expressed. It is the Holy Wisdom or Son of God, which is that aspect of God that manifests God's Nature through Creation:

*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. . . .<sup>1</sup>*

This is the Secret Fire of God—the Sun of Invisible Light that dwells as Darkness in the Un-aging Time of the Divine Father and Limitless Space of the Divine Mother. In the first act of Creation the Power of the Father created Universal Matter (*heaven and earth*) in the womb-like Space of the Mother, and *darkness lay upon the face of the deep.*<sup>2</sup> In the second act of Creation the Holy Wisdom,<sup>3</sup> deciding to become manifest, caused a motion in Space by an emanation of His Fire. This emanation and motion was the fiery Breath of Love-Wisdom, known also as the Holy Spirit or Ghost, and symbolised by a Dove of white fire. In this Holy Spirit were the creative Principles and Laws of all life, for it carried the Secret Fire that was Life itself. These Principles are enumerated as Ten in ancient Tradition, Nine emanating from the One, and are referred to as the *Aelohim*. The first three Principles represent the three-fold Nature of the Holy Trinity, which govern all Creation, and these are (a) the Crown of Hidden Wisdom, (b) Wisdom radiated in Love, and (c) Intelligence (or Wisdom reflected in Love). These Three are essentially One, but for the purpose of Creation they govern (a) the creative Source, (b) the radiation of the Invisible Light in order to create the manifestation of that Light in Matter, and (c) the reflection or manifestation of Light in and as the Form of light. From these basic Three radiate the other Seven. The basic Three are denoted quite clearly in this picture by (a) the Name of God, (b) the Sun, and (c) the Moon. Their positions are important, for the top and centre represents the Source of life, the right-hand side represents the giving forth of life, and the left-hand side represents the receiving back of life; and in these pictures all direction and location is interpreted as if the viewer were the picture him or herself, looking out from the page.† Thus, right at the top of the page (and partly off it to signify that part

\* Or Jehovah. Editor.

† As in heraldry which is based on divine symbolism. Editor.

of God is always beyond comprehension) are stated the three basic Principles of life that govern all Creation. Below these, Creation unfolds.

The radiant Dove represents, then, the Holy Spirit that *moved upon the face of the waters*<sup>4</sup>—the emanation of Invisible Light (Fire) that impregnates the Universal Matter (Waters) with its virtue, and vibrates that Matter into living, shining Form that is Visible Light (Fire-Water or Fire-Mist—the Clouds of Glory), and which is the spoken Word of God. That Light was perfect, pure Brilliance—the *naked and open Daylight*<sup>5</sup> of Truth, which is also called the Christ, or Messiah, the Anointed and Chosen One, the Universal Man and First-Born of God. From that Cosmic Light all creatures, all individual life forms, were subsequently manifested so as to make the Light more comprehensible: *The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.*<sup>6</sup> The Light was “sacrificed” from its first universal unity and perfection, so that in division and evolution it might be analysed and understood through experience of each part, and by contrast with what it is not.<sup>7</sup> Such was the Fall of Man, and of Mankind, the macrocosmic Son and the microcosmic Sons of God. The raising of individual form to the original perfection constitutes the second divine work or Redemption,<sup>8</sup> in which we are still engaged, and in so doing Understanding (of Good and Evil, Light and Darkness) is evolved, as a mirror image of Truth, the first Image of God. This sacred Image, of Understanding, is known as the Bride of the Christ Light or Spirit, just as the Christ is known as the Lamb of God (*Agnus Dei*) because of the Christ Sacrifice. (The first-born male lamb of the new year symbolised the pure or spotless sacrifice; and also, astrologically and cabalistically, Aries, the Lamb or Ram, rules the head of Man and signifies in this respect the Godhead or Source of Creation.) The Christ Light is the reflection of the Fire (*Agni*) of God. The Christ is known as the Universal Man, *Metatron*, the Son (*i.e.* Soul or Light) of God; and His Bride is the Son (*i.e.* Soul or Light) of Man, or Hu-man, which is the meaning of Jesus (“the ensouled Light” or “Jewel of Light”). The Son of Man is the “Son of the Sun” referred to in other cultures. When the Son of Man reaches his eventual perfection, and has woven his wedding garments, he (as the Bride) marries the Lamb, for they become as-One in likeness. The Bride and the Lamb are set forth in this picture in two powerful symbols, portrayed as if reflected in mirrors—the Lamb of God bearing the Cross and radiant as a Sun, and the Pelican feeding its young from the flesh and blood of its own breast. The Dove, Lamb and Pelican are the age-old symbols for the Lord, Christ, Jesus respectively, hence the title given to the perfected human being who has attained the Mystical Marriage. The whole of the picture that lies below the Dove of the Holy Spirit represents the evolution of the Bride (the Soul of

Man) from the foundations laid in Eternity, through the evolutionary growth by trial and effort of the "Old Testament", to the perfection and crowning manifestation of the "New Testament" where the divine Marriage takes place. The clouds in the picture are those clouds of glory that symbolise the radiant Fire-Mist of the Christ Light, and where they become darker they signify the point at which the Christ Sacrifice is made and part of the Light (*Lucifer*, the Light Bringer) falls "*like lightning*"\* from its original perfection so that the evolution of the Son of Man may take place.

The Trinity of basic Principles act throughout Creation in seven different ways, and their manifestation is signified by the central group of figures gathered about the *Agnus Dei* that forms the crown of the gateway, the gateway itself with the inscription and the Pelican emblem at the foot of the gateway. Of these Seven there are four different but complementary aspects that radiate from a central balanced aspect that has three different modes of expression—thus giving the Seven in total. The Four can be likened to the essence of the four Holy Living Creatures that flash forth from the central Throne of Glory. They (who make the Cosmic Cross, symbol of Light) are represented by those four of the Twelve Apostles who are of the Master's most intimate circle, sharing with him the very heart of the work and revelation: namely, Peter, James, John and Andrew, the two sets of brothers. Peter, son of Jona (the Dove), holding in his right hand the gold and silver keys of heaven and earth, of the inner and outer mysteries, symbolises the Principle of Mercy and Compassion that offers illumination of truth to those who ask. He sits on the right-hand, giving side of the Lamb of God. Complementing him on the left-hand, receiving side is James, the son of Thunder (the Word), carrying the sword that is associated with his death, but which is esoterically the symbol of the Principle he signifies—the Judgement or Discernment that discriminates like a sword stroke between right and wrong, good and evil, truth and falsehood. Paul of Tarsus later became associated with this symbol, as it is the symbol of the outer church, the outer mind, the exoteric part of man. Standing just behind Peter is his brother Andrew, holding the Saltire Cross associated with his martyrdom, but whose inner meaning is as the Cosmic Cross of these four Principles, the basis of the Zodiac wherein each "arm" or Principle manifests in three ways, giving rise to the Twelve. He symbolises the Principle called Victory, which is the deep sensitivity and sympathy for all life, and the burden-sharing which the carrying of the Cross also signifies. Complementing Andrew is John the Beloved, standing immediately behind his brother James, and carrying the cup of wine associated with the attempt to poison him, but which really denotes the loving cup that is shared among all: for John represents the Principle

called Glory, which is the eternal communication and intercourse between all life—the mercurial aspect.

These Four surround the central emblem of the oval mirror (or shield)—the pure virginal Matter—in which the *Agnus Dei* appears as a blazing image, symbolising the Messiah and Christ Light. The Cross that the Lamb carries, with its rose cross banner, signifies the Spirit or Blood of the Messiah; the form of the Lamb represents the Body or *Manna* (the Bread) of the Messiah; and the solar radiance that surrounds the Lamb is symbol of the actual Soul (of Spirit and Body united) which is the Light (*Sol*) of God. This *Agnus Dei* emblem symbolises the solar Principle of Beauty, of Truth, of which the other Four are aspects. Around this mirror are three angelic heads, signifying the Seraphim, Cherubim and Ophanim that are the supreme Angels of Love, Illumination and Order which constitute the Spirit of the Messiah, and which bring into being, through their action in the mirror (“*face*”) of Universal Matter, the Fire, Radiance and Form of the Light of God.

Standing directly behind the *Agnus Dei* image, and partly hidden in the shadows to the rear of Andrew and John, is a mysterious skeleton-like figure holding a compass and set-square, who is just to be seen peeping through between the Apostles. He represents Knowledge, the mysterious Principle that is only partly seen, because the knowledge of God, of Truth, is only partly realised. He is the representative of what are called “the Mysteries”, which the Mystery Schools and their fellowships have sought to penetrate, know, practise and teach. This Principle, so-called, is known as a “no-Principle” or “eleventh Principle”, because in effect it simply represents a state of manifestation between ignorance and knowledge, and between innocent truth and mature understanding. He signifies the state that the evolution of Humanity has reached. His square and compasses are such well-known symbols of the Mysteries that I will not go into their meanings here. Students of the Caballa will begin to recognise the Tree of Life depicted here, as these Principles reveal themselves.

Below this beautiful crowning emblem of the “arch” (which is equivalent to the “Throne” of God) is the doorway itself. The opening is blocked off with a white plaque or veil, on which is written the title and other vital information. This plaque symbolises the Principle of Foundation, and is representative of the Foundation Stone in which the Word of God is inscribed in fire. Its proportions measure  $2 \times 3$ , which give a perimeter of 10, the number of the Ten Divine Principles of Life, and which number reduces to the Unit 1 ( $1 + 0 = 1$ ). So, cryptically, we are given a numerical and geometrical statement of the first three numbers or Principles—the Holy Trinity. Expanding these numbers by 9 (expressing cryptically the Nine Principles issuing from

the One) so as to give sides of  $18 \times 27$ , we are presented with a hypotenuse of 33, which is a number signifying the perfection of the Son of Man wherein he is Christed (*i.e.* married to the Christ in likeness), having attained the 33rd Degree of illumination and saintliness: and even the angle which the hypotenuse subtends with the base is approximately 33 degrees! In this lunar Foundation are enshrined (or ensouled) the Laws of God—the Light and Word of God; and from this Foundation, which is in fact the innocent human being, the Son of Man, the Kingdom is “raised” or evolved—which Kingdom is the Bride, the Church of God. Hence the utter importance of becoming as “little children”,<sup>10</sup> innocent and pure, and then growing in saintliness from that true base.

The Kingdom is pictured at the foot of the doorway, as another mirror similar to that of the *Agnus Dei* (but with only two angelic faces on each side), in which is shown reflected the image of the Pelican feeding its young. This represents the tenth and final Principle, the Omega of all Creation and Redemption, and the perfect counterpart to the Alpha or Christ Light. The Kingdom is the Kingdom of Understanding—of Love and Wisdom manifest and made known through Charity and Learning; and it is Charity and Learning which the Pelican represents. feeding its young from the flesh and blood of its own breast, pouring out the love and wisdom of her heart which she pierces and tears open for them. The young are here represented as four in number, signifying again the Holy Four that emanate from the Three-in-One, all Seven being summed up in this one image. Each of the four young ones is likewise three-fold in essence, giving esoterically the zodiacal Twelve—the Twelve that sit around their beloved Master at the Holy Communion. It is this Holy Communion—the sublime human sacrifice—which is the perfect image of the Divine Sacrifice of the Son of God; thus it is in this sacred act that the Son of Man becomes the Bride and is married to the Lamb, and this is the reason why the Holy Communion is called variously “the Last Supper”, “the Wedding Feast”, or “the Love Feast”.<sup>11</sup> The Bride is Truth Revealed—Revelation as compared with Genesis—which is Understanding of Truth; and the bridal veil of understanding, woven throughout life, is shown hanging behind this “second mirror”—the veil which usually conceals Truth, but which Time draws back and puts in its rightful place in the end. The mirror is also hung with garlands on each side, which are in turn fastened to the marble of the pillars, thereby suggesting the role that all nature plays in the make-up of Mankind, and emphasising that the Bride or Son of Man is the fruit of all Creation, the crowning glory, in whom are the seeds of yet more life.

The zodiacal Twelve are individually stated at the top of the gateway: first, the Holy Four represented by Peter, James, John and Andrew in

the central arch; and then the other eight in two sets of four as the capitols at the top of each pillar. Over the right-hand pillar stands Nathaniel Bar-Tolmai (Bartholomew) with his symbol of the flaying knife; behind him is Matthias (who replaced Judas Iscariot) with the axe of his martyrdom; behind Matthias is Thomas Didymus, the brother of Jesus, with his symbol of the spear; and on Matthias' right is Phillip, the close companion of Nathaniel, with his evangelical sword. Over the left-hand pillar stands James the less, son of Alphaeus (Clopas) and cousin of Jesus, with the saw that executed his death; behind him is Judas Thaddaeus, with the club that was used for his martyrdom; behind Judas, wearing a hat, stands Matthew Levi, with his tax-collector's staff; and talking to Matthew, with his face turned away from us, is Simon Zelotes, with a spear. These Twelve represent the twelve powers and houses (forms) of the Zodiac, symbolised also by the Twelve Tribes of Israel: and their badges are displayed along the cornice as twelve shields placed in front of tabernacles.

The chief signs of the Zodiac are Aquarius, Leo, Scorpio and Taurus, symbolised respectively by Peter, James, John and Andrew. These are also the four Elements of Creation, Air, Fire, Water and Earth, represented by the four Holy Living Creatures—the cherubic Man, Lion, Eagle and Bull; by the four Evangelists—Luke, Mark, John and Matthew; and by the four Directions—East, South, West and North. Peter is associated with the evangelist Luke, the cherubic Man (or Phoenix), the sign Aquarius, the tribe of Reuben (the first-born), the element Air, and the direction East, all of which are implied at the top of the right-hand pillar—the pillar that represents the giving forth of Light, the Laws or Principles of Love and Wisdom, which is the Foundation called "Strength" (or *Boaz*). The base of the pillar has Matthew, the Bull, Taurus, Ephraim, Earth, and North, associated with Andrew, Peter's brother. The pillar itself is represented by Moses, the Prince and Seer, Revealer of the Law and Founder of Israel, who carries in his left hand the budding staff of almond (the first of all trees to bud), which he passed on to Aaron—the rod of initiation; and in his right hand the twin tablets of the Law or Covenant of God—the sapphire stones of "heaven and earth" (the hermaphrodite foundation stone) in which the Ten Principles of the Word of God were etched in fire, and symbol of the Light that is sent into the world. He wears the flowing robe and cloak of the prophetic office, of the inner and outer mysteries; and upon his head rests the "tongued" flame of the Holy Spirit. The element Air implied in the capitol above denotes the Holy Spirit or Breath that bears the Word, and the element Earth implied in the base below denotes the Body of Matter into which the Spirit breathed. The positions of the ink pots qualify the meanings further. Their associated directions of East and North gave rise to the

Masonic tradition of the laying of the Foundation Stone in the North-East. The whole pillar denotes the involution of Spirit into Matter, and the inspiring of Matter with life and form (soul).

The left-hand pillar is crowned with the evangelist Mark, the Lion of Judah and sign of Leo, the element Fire and the direction South, all being associated with James. Its base is adorned with the evangelist John, the Eagle of Dan and sign of Scorpio, the element Water and direction West, linked with John the Beloved. This pillar represents the reflection of Light in Charity and Understanding, revealing the Laws and Beauty of Light as if reflected in a jewel (of which the Diamond is the supreme symbol).<sup>12</sup> It denotes the evolution of the living Soul, the form of Light and mirror of Truth, and is the Church or Edifice (*Jachin*) raised up upon, or established upon, the Foundation of Strength. Together the two pillars, *Boaz* and *Jachin*, mean "in Strength it (the Soul) shall be established". The evolution of the Soul, of Humanity, is symbolised by the Eagle, that has to leave its nest and learn to fly, and once proficient and mature soars right up into the radiance of the Sun, king of all the birds (souls) and of the sky (heaven). The ultimate kingship or sovereignty of the Soul is symbolised by the royal Lion of Judah, just as the Aquarian Man of Reuben is the Foundation of the Soul's evolution—the Omega and Alpha respectively, or Bride and Lamb. The secondary aspect of Reuben, the first-born sacrifice (or Lamb), is the Phoenix, the legendary bird that is reborn from the fiery pyre of its own immolation over and over again, ascending to the seventh heaven as an Eagle, where it becomes the Pelican that feeds all from its holy grail. The Phoenix and the Lamb are one and the same in meaning, and likewise the Pelican and the Lion. The Light is born out of the East, and reaches its glory in the South; and in mystical Marriage the Lion lies down with the Lamb, and the Lion becomes the Lamb.

The actual left-hand pillar is represented by Aaron, the anointed (*i.e.* Christed) High Priest of Israel, who carries the chalice-like censer of purification and the knife of sacrifice (epitomising the spotless Sacrifice of the Lamb of God). The fingers of his right hand rest upon the breastplate of judgement, set with the twelve jewels of Israel that represent the zodiacal aspects perfectly manifested and combined in his heart. He is robed in the three "veils" of the enlightened Soul—the long white under-tunic delicately embroidered with a diaper or jewelled pattern, symbol of purity and righteousness, the blue robe of peace worn over the tunic, and the exquisitely embroidered *ephod* of beauty that is worn above the others, of which the breastplate and girdle are a part. On his head is the high priest's turban of salvation, with its crescent-shaped gold plate covering the forehead, engraved with "Holiness to the Lord", and symbolising the manifestation in

intricate beauty and understanding of the dove-like flame of light upon Moses' head.

There is so much more to interpret from this beautifully composed symbology, but I would like to end this summary with one of the several cryptic messages embodied more secretly in this picture, which involves the use of letters and numbers in a cabalistic way, but put into a new modern idiom at the time when the English language was scholarly composed and made into a sacred language—that is, a language capable of transmitting sacred knowledge through cryptic means other than just symbology and the meanings of the open text.

In Bacon's "Simple Cipher", which is in fact a system of sacred numerology, the Name of God, *IHVH*, numbers  $9 + 8 + 20 + 8$ . In deeply esoteric terms the aspirate *H* denotes the feminine Holy Spirit. The first three letters of the Tetragrammaton (*IHV*) signify, amongst other meanings, the essence of the Holy Trinity united in the Word of God and as the Word of God; whilst the last aspirate represents the Holy Breath, which is the motion of the Space of Divine Mother—the Holy Spirit or Ghost which conceives (carries) the Word of God. The Holy Breath is the emanation (*H*) of the Word of God (*IHV*), and its number is 8, the sign of the cosmic lemniscate and symbol of the Dove. The number of God the Word (*IHV*) sums up to 37, which reduces first to 10 ( $3 + 7$ ), denoting the Ten Principles of Life, and then to 1 ( $1 + 0$ ) which is the total Unity of All. The 3 and the 7 also portray the first Three Principles and the next Seven that express the first Three. Besides this, *IHV* can also sum up to 19, as 0 is considered a null and may be removed at any stage (*i.e.*  $IHV = 9 + 8 + 2$ ). 19 also reduces to 10 and to 1, as before; but this time the numbers demonstrate the Nine Principles that flow from the First Crown Principle. More than this, they reveal the mystic Cross of Sacrifice—of Creation and Redemption—the Holy Sign of the Son of God, for 19 is the number of the letter T, the Tau Cross, symbol of Light and Life. The importance of this is that just below the Tetragrammaton (the Name of God) in the picture, is the letter T;<sup>13</sup> and directly below this Tau the Dove flies spreading her wings. Thus we have summed up in the Tau and the Dove the Mystery of the emanation of the Holy Spirit, *H* (8), from the Word of God, *IHV* (19), whilst God still remains transcendent and above Creation wrapped in His Holy Name.

This letter T and the letter H, representing the Word of God and the Holy Breath—the divine Wisdom and Love—are amongst the most sacred of the mystic symbols of the Brotherhood of Light, of the Golden and Rosy Cross, who are those illumined Souls that are the guardians of the Ancient Tradition and the teachers of Mankind throughout the ages. Francis St. Alban and some of his "brethren" were of this Fellowship, which is distinguished by the illumination and love of each



initiate Soul rather than by any outer terminology, and it is they who inspired and guided the English Renaissance, of which the 1611 Bible is a "child".

In the main inscription of the title upon the plaque of the doorway, the capital initial letter code (which denotes Principles) depicts first and foremost the T and the H, in the words "*THE HOLY . . .*". Following this, the first three Principles of Life are denoted as the first three letters of the alphabet, ABC, in the words "*BIBLE, Conteyning . . . AND . . .*". Then, in the next two lines (completing the message in seven lines as an echo of the Seven Creative Principles), the capitals NTOT of the words "*Newly Translated . . . Originall . . . Translations . . .*" are emphasised. These four letters give the double TT that denotes the highest attainment possible of a Soul and the goal of all Humanity which the Master Jesus exemplified for us—the Thirty-Third Degree, wherein the Cross (Sacrifice) of the Lamb is reflected as the Cross (Sacrifice) of the Bride—and the word ON, which is the ancient root word for the City or Soul of Light, the Bride or New Jerusalem. These four letters, ON TT, are also depicted within the fourth and fifth lines (rather than at their beginnings), in the words "*Old Testament . . . THE NEW . . .*", correctly implying that the principle of the Bride and Son of Man is contained within the triune Light of God from the beginning, but has to be manifested (emphasised). Reading in order, the first T signifies the Word and Wisdom of God; the H symbolises the Holy Spirit, His Love; the ABC represents the triune Christ Light and Lamb of God; and the ON TT denotes the Bride and Christed Soul of the 33rd Degree. But to whom does it refer? I dare not go further. The answer is almost too plain.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Notes

<sup>1</sup> St. John 1: 1-4.

<sup>2</sup> Genesis 1: 1-2.

<sup>3</sup> *It is so then, that in the work of creation we see a double emanation of Virtue from God; the one referring more properly to Power, the other to wisdom; the one expressed in making the subsistence of the matter, and the other in disposing the beauty of the form.*

—Advancement and Proficiency of Learning.

<sup>4</sup> Genesis 1: 2.

<sup>5</sup> *Essay, Of Truth.*

<sup>6</sup> St. John 1: 5.

<sup>7</sup> *This same truth is a naked, and open Daylight, that doth not show the Masques and Mummeries, and Triumphs of the world, half so stately, and daintily, as Candlelights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a Pearl, that showeth best by Day: But it will not rise to the Price of a Diamond, or Carbuncle, that showeth best in varied Lights. A mixture of a Lie doth ever add Pleasure.*

... But it is not the Lie, that passeth through the Mind, but the Lie that sinketh in it, that doth the Hurt, such as we spake before. But however these things are thus, in men's depraved Judgements, and Affections; yet Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth, that the Inquiry of Truth, which is the Love-making, or Wooing of it; the Knowledge of Truth, which is the Presence of it; and the Belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the Sovereign Good of human Nature.

—Essay, Of Truth.

▪ The works of God summary are two, that of the CREATION and that of the REDEMPTION: and both these works, as in total they appertain to the unity of the Godhead, so in their parts they refer to the three persons: that of the creation, in the mass of matter, to the Father; in the disposition of the form, to the Son; and in the continuance and conversation of the being, to the Holy Spirit. So that of the redemption, in the election and counsel, to the Father; in the whole act and consummation, to the Son; and in the application, to the Holy Spirit; for by the Holy Ghost was Christ conceived in flesh, and by the Holy Ghost are the elect regenerate in spirit.

—Advancement and Proficiency of Learning.

9 I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.

—St. Luke 10: 18.

10 Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

—St. Matthew 18: 3.

11 Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.

—Revelation 19: 7-9.

12 And there came unto me one of the seven angels . . . and talked with me, saying, "Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone (or diamond), clear as crystal. . . .

—Revelation 21: 9-11.

13 The Tau standing beneath the Tetragrammaton is also to be found in the title page to the 1629 Edition of Francis Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum.

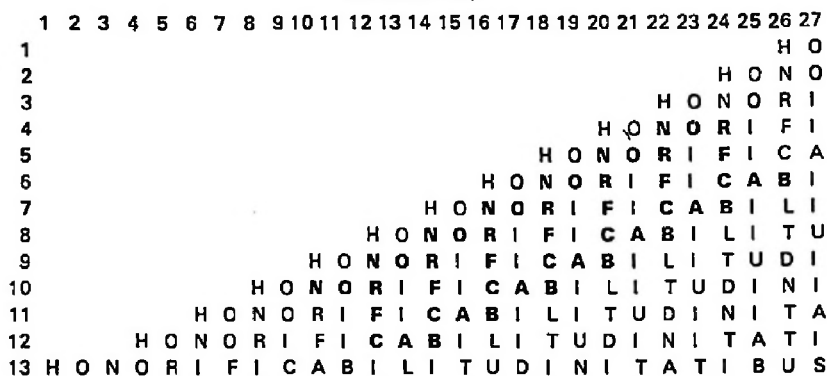
# HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS

by JOAN HAM

The long nonsense-word which is dragged into *Love's Labours lost* so very conspicuously, has certainly not escaped the notice of Baconians. Scholars of the past have also remarked that the word "Honorificabilitudine" appears on the cover of the *Northumberland MS.*—a file of papers once belonging to Francis Bacon. Much research has revealed its appearance as early as 1286 in the *Catholicon*, and in the works of such diverse authors as Dante, Nashe, Marston, Beaumont and Fletcher. These points have been made before, and I do not intend to dwell on them again here. Cryptologists have had great fun playing with the long word in more or less serious vein, and have often extracted a Bacon signature by following clues to be found in the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare.

The honour of being the first to discover the possibilities of extracting his own name from this mouthful of nonsense must certainly go to Bacon himself. He did not invent the word, but delighting as he did in words and in ciphers, he played with it and analysed it until he had perfected his amusing game, and then left it for us to share with him. It is possibly one of his most open and exactly detailed cipher signatures of all, and he has really left his decipherer little to do but smile with him.

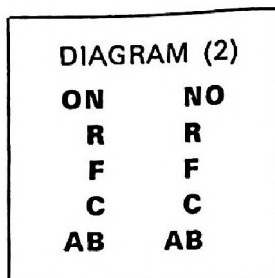
DIAGRAM (1)



In the Harleian Collection (as detailed in our drawing) we may see the perfected analytical diagram in the precise lay-out that pleased Bacon best. There are many possible ways of constructing a stage by stage diagram of the word, but Bacon wanted us to see it exactly

like this, beginning with two letters, and extending the word by two-letter increases to the left for 13 lines (the last "step" must extend by three letters as there are an odd number of letters in the word). Written out as he shows us on squared paper to line up the letters precisely (one of the commonest cipher practices he used) we can see just what it was he wanted us to notice.

(Although I am aware of several possible combinations of these letters (see diagram 2), there is a perfect series of seven "steps", each one an unambiguous FR. BACON signature.



It will not escape the attention of readers, that each of the "steps" encloses, rather prominently, a *twofold I*. This twofold I, in another of Bacon's detailed constructions (*Alphabet of Nature: Baconiana, 1679*) equals 33, which in simple cipher is the seal for BACON. There are, moreover, in this diagram, *laid out by Bacon himself*, 6 of these *enclosed twofold Is*. The simple cipher equivalent of 6 is F, so that having seen the blindingly obvious "step" signature, he also saw the possibility of the first one enclosing another F. BACON signature. Thus he leads us step-by-step from one discovery to another.

The "step" or "ladder" allusion was a favourite one with Bacon. He used it most prominently in calling the fourth part of his *Great Instauration*, the *Scala Intellectus*. He used it again in allusion when writing to King James in 1620, after he had been created Viscount St. Alban:

". . . so even in this kind of *steps* and degrees of advancement . . . this is now the eighth time, that your Majesty hath raised me . . . so this is the eighth rise or reach, a diapason in music, even a good number and accord for a close. . . Besides the number, the obligation is increased by *three notes* or *marks* . . . for *honours* from some kings are but *great chances* or counters set high. . ."

The *great chances* observed in this diagram certainly set the honors high—from bottom to top of the diagram, at the beginning of each line! We might also see the *three notes or marks* as the shape of each individual FR. BACON—three horizontal letters, three vertical, three horizontal.

I would like to re-iterate that *Bacon himself* laid out this entire diagram, with no hidden or cryptic instructions, and no equivocation: of all the possible permutations and arrangements available, this is the one which best pleased him by its symmetry and neatness, and so it was one which he left on paper for posterity.

## DOCTOR GILBERT WATS AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING OF 1640

*The nature of everything is best considered in the seed—*

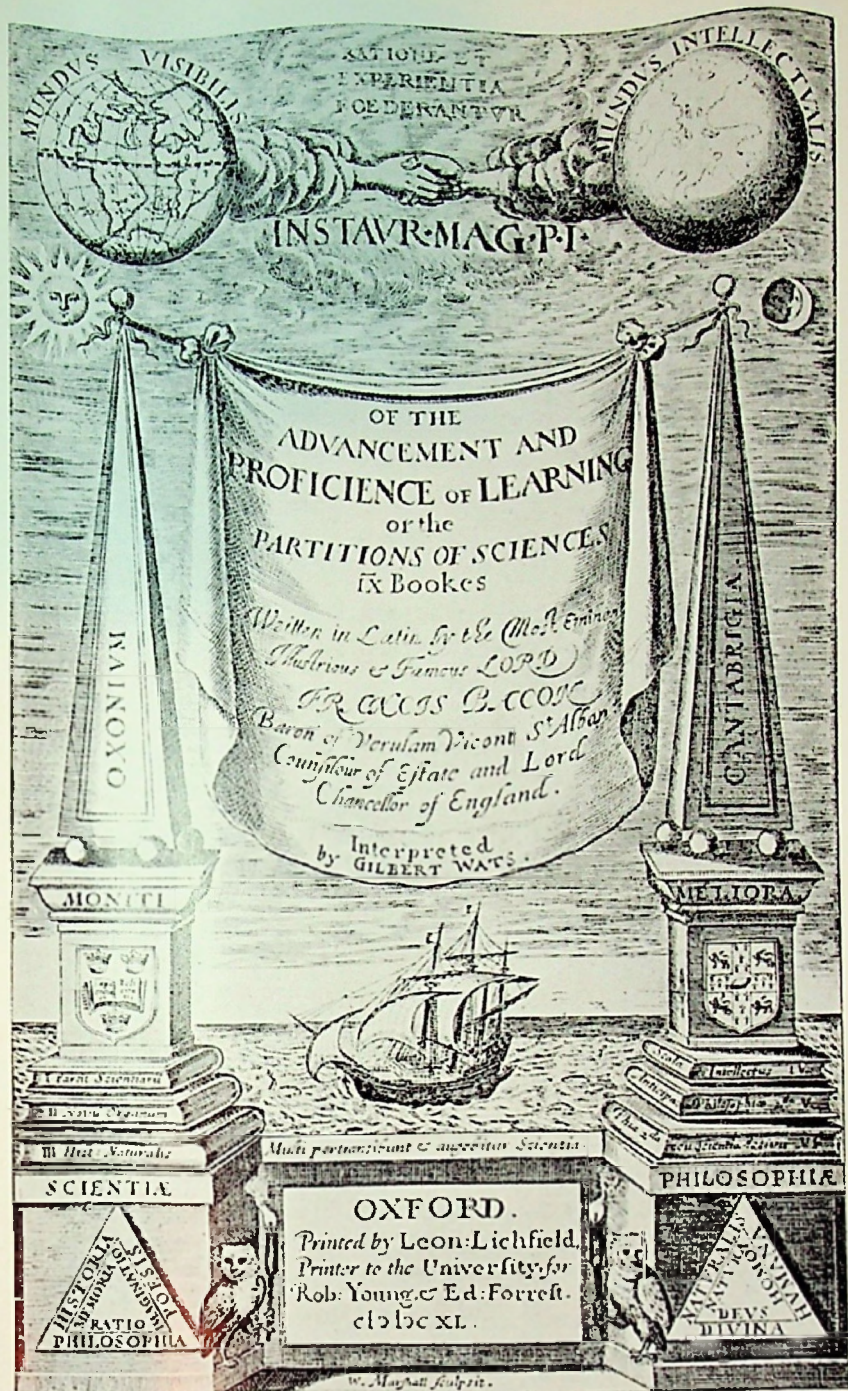
F. Bacon; 1595

by EWEN MACDUFF

For several years there has been controversy concerning the validity of Gilbert Wats' English translation of Viscount St. Alban's Latin *Opera* of 1623 (*De Augmentis Scientiarum*) which was printed by Leon. Lichfield for the University of Oxford and dedicated to King Charles and his son, who later became King Charles II.

Doctor Wats' work, published under the title *The Advancement and Proficiency of Learning or the Partitions of Sciences IX Bookes*, is believed by many to have been taken from, and by some actually to be, Viscount St. Alban's original English text. The theory appears to be based on the contention that the 1640 text does not seem like a translation from the Latin text of the 1623 *Opera*. How "seeming" or "not seeming" is defined is not made explicit but, by inference, one must presume that the 1623 Latin text must, in its turn, *seem to be* a translation from the English, all of which argues considerable skill in assessing the style of the 17th century Latin. If by this argument Doctor Wats is being labelled as dishonest without a trial, one wonders what a great judge of the stature of Viscount St. Alban would have said of such a verdict.

On the other side of the coin, there is a wealth of contemporary documentary evidence entirely supporting the integrity, though not necessarily the scholastic ability, of the translator Doctor Gilbert Wats. This evidence shows, without question, that the Doctor did, in fact, translate from the 1623 Latin text and moreover, that he was completely unaware that Viscount St. Alban wrote the IX Books of the *De Augmentis* in any other language than Latin. In fact he comments, almost regretfully, that the author did not write the work in his "mother tongue" and that, by writing it in Latin, he was also, in a sense, a translator. This interesting comparison comes towards the end of what could be termed an *apologia* for any inadequacies there might be in his English translation which would incur criticism from purists. The actual words he used were; "This interpretation was not meant for



The title page of *The Advancement of Learning*, 1640 (See page 52 et sequitur)

I should, say something touching Translation; and as it is mine. The very Action is somewhat obnoxious to censure, being of the nature of those, the failing whereof may disgrace more, than the carrying of it through, credit the undertaker. But, besides the conscience of the deed done; for other ends I could not have; (the Author now dead, and alive mihi nec injuriis nec beneficiis notus) and that to be a Translator is more than to be an Author, (some such as there be; and that it is no such mean office, to bear a light before a Lord Chancellor of England: I should excuse it, were the example mine: so, writes learned Savil; so, eloquent Sandys; so, Malvezzi's Noble Interpreter; with whom conferred I am lesse than a shadow. So, many able and eminent names of France and Italy, and other Nations; So the Ancients of former ages and of all Arguments. But if any be so solemne, so severe, and of such primitive tastes, they can away with no waters, which come not from the spring-head; nor endure to drink of Tiber, that passes through Thames; They may give over here, if they so please, and proceed no farther. This interpretation was not meant for such fastidious palates, and yet, it may be, for as distinguishing as theirs are. Now if this very action be thus liable to exception, much more must my performance be. Certainly books by Translation commonly take wind in the effusion; and for strength fall short of their Originals; as reflexed beams are weaker than direct: but then it must be understood of Originals, truly so. For if a Writer deliver himselfe out of his Native language, I see not why a Translator rendering him in it, may not come neare him: and in this case, the Author himselfe is the Interpreter, being he translates his own thoughts, which originally speak his mother tongue. Yet for all this Errors I know there are, and some lapses, which require a Connivence: and a Reader hath this advantage, that he may stay upon one period, as long as an Interpreter did on one page; besides his peculiar Genius to some studied passages. Some Errors (passing but a transient eye upon what is done) I see already; and could note them; but I would not willingly gratify some kind of Readers so farre. They that are Judicious and ingenious too (for I would have no Readers that

For of this Translation this is the first part (Reader) if it please thee, if it please thee not, the last. But before I take my leave, here are some tacite objections, which I would meet halfe way, and so weaken their approaches, lest they fall too heavy upon me. The first is, touching the Division of the first book into Chapters, contrary to the mind of the Author, and the intention of the work. This exception may be thus satisfied, that profit is to be preferred before artificiall contrivance, where both cannot so conveniently be had, and to this end, discretion to be followed before rule. Were the Author now alive and his vast Designes going on, this alteration had been somewhat bold: but the inimitable Architect now dead, having perfected little more then the outward Courts, as it were, of his magnificent Instauration; and the whole summe of Sciences, and the stock of Arts in present possession, not able to defray the charges of finishing this Fabrique, I thought fit, by compartitions and distributions into severall roomes, to improve what we have, to our best advantage, so it might be done without prejudice to the Authors procedure, and apt coherence, which I hope it is: Having respect herein rather to accommodation than decoration; for Houses (as our Author saies) are built to live in and not to look on, and therefore use to be preferred before uniformity. Another Exception may be made against the draught of the Platforme into Analytique tables, which seems somewhat pedantique and against that common rule Artis est dissimulare Artem. To this I answer thus. Order and dependance is as it were, the soule of the World, of the Works of Nature and Art, and that which



For suppose that *Cyphers* were well managed, there bee Multitudes of them which exclude the *Decypherer*. But in regarde of the rawnelle and unskillfulnesse of the handes, through which they passe, the greatest Matters, are many times carryed in the weakest *Cyphars*.

*Twoo Bookes, 1605: Second Booke, page 9*

*De augmentis Scientiarum,*

*Verum*  
si *Ciphrae* introductae essent bonae & fideles, plurimae fuerint, quae operam *Deciphrae* praestis eluderent, & excluderent; quae tamen sint satis commoda, & expedita, ad legendam, aut Scribendam. Verum Imperitia & Inicia Secretariorum, & Amanuensium, in Aulis Principum tanta est, ut maxima plerumque *Negotia* *Ciphrae* infirmis & inutilibus, committantur.

The "Enlarged and Enriched" Latin Version: 1623

things are, it be of great use. For if good and faithful *Cyphers* were invented & practised, many of them would delude and forestall all the Cunning of the *Decypherer*, which yet are very apt and easie to be read or written: but the rawnelle and unskillfulnesse of Secretaries, and Clarks in the Courts of Princes, is such, that many times the greatest matters are Committed to futile and weake *Cyphers*. But it may be, that in the e

Doctor Gilbert Wats' "Interpretation"; 1640

Ewen D. Mac Duff  
ee

such fastidious palates." The phraseology of the whole of this *apologia* is perhaps slightly allegorical or, one might say, verbose. It is not only interesting but also very significant that no fewer than four times he mentions the words *translator* or *translation* and twice the word *interpreter*. For the reader's interest and as a witness of truth, the passage in question is here included in facsimile and should be carefully read so that a fair judgement can be made. These are Doctor Wats' words concerning his 1640 "Interpretation" of St. Alban's 1623 Latin text. In places these words are very involved and, for that reason, the relevant passages are underlined.

Wats was not far wrong in suspecting that there would be criticism from some quarters as the following remarks taken from contemporary sources bear witness.

The whole book was rendered into English by Doctor Wats of Oxford and the translation has been well received by many. But some there were, who wished that a translation had been set forth in which the genius and spirit of the Lord Bacon had more appeared. And I have seen a letter, written by a certain gentleman to Dr. Rawley, wherein they thus importune him for a more accurate version by his own hand.

It is our humble sute to you, and we do earnestly solicit you, to give your self the trouble to correct the too much defective translation of *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, which Doctor Wats hath set forth. It is a thousand pities that so worthy a Piece should lose its Grace and Credit by an ill expositor; since those Persons who read that translation, taking it for the Latine Edition, are thereby robbed of that benefit which (if you would please to undertake the business) they might receive. This tendeth to dishonour that Noble Lord, and the hindrance of the Advancement of Learning.

In accordance with the precept in the Baconian quotation heading this article, "the seed" will now be considered. This is to be found in Francis Bacon's "First" and "Second" Books which were published in 1605 under the same cover and title, namely, *The Twvoo Bookes of Francis Bacon of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning Divine and Humane*. Years later, as Viscount St. Alban, he decided to revise and enlarge the whole work, dividing his "Second Booke" into eight books making nine in all and, to use the words of one of his earliest biographers, Archbishop Tenison, through whose hands many of Lord St. Alban's papers passed:

. . . and knowing that this work was desired beyond the seas, and being also aware that books written in a modern language, which receiveth much change in a few years, were out of use; he caused *that part* of it which he had already written in English, to be translated into the Latine Tongue with several enrichments and enlarge-

ments by Mr. Herbert of the Inner Temple and some others who were esteemed Masters in the Roman Eloquence.

Among the others referred to were "the learned poet Mr. Benjamin Johnson" (Ben Jonson) and Doctor Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield, both of whom were employed in translating his *Essays* and other works into Latin.

Archbishop Tenison then goes on to explain that Viscount St. Alban carefully reviewed the translation, correcting it where necessary to his own style in order to make it consistent throughout;

Notwithstanding which he so suited the style to his conceptions by a strict Castigation of the whole work, that it may deservedly seem his own.

The word "Castigation", of course, is used in the sense of correction. Thus, eighteen years after the publication of the *Tvvoo Bookes*, the complete Latin Edition of the *Nine Books* of the *De Augmentis* appeared in 1623.

It was one of Viscount St. Alban's hopes that Latin would one day become a recognised international language and this is why he set so much importance on his *Instauratio Magna*, which was called "the chiefest of his works", being published in Latin. As the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* was the first part of the *Instauratio Magna* he was naturally determined that it should be in Latin. The following is a verbatim quote from Lord St. Alban himself to Lancelot Andrewes, Lord Bishop of Winchester in 1622:

Therefore having not long since set forth a part of my Instauration which is the work that, in my own judgement (*si nunquam fallit imago*) I do most esteem; I think to proceed in some new parts thereof. And although I have received from many Parts beyond the Seas, Testimonies touching that work, such as beyond which I could not expect at the first, in so abstruse an argument; yet nevertheless I have just cause to doubt, that it is too high over Mens' Heads: I have a purpose therefore (though I break the order of time) to draw it down to the sense, by some patterns of a Natural Story, and Inquisition.

And again, for that my book of *Advancement of Learning* (Tvvoo Bookes 1605) may be some preparative, or key, for the better opening of the Instauration; Because it exhibits a Mixture of new Conceits, and old; whereas the Instauration gives the new unmixed, otherwise than with some little Aspercion of the old, for taste's sake; I have thought good to procure a Translation of that Book into the General Language, not without great and ample additions, and enrichments thereof; Especially in the Second Book, which handeth the Partition of Sciencies: In such sort, as I hold it may serve, in lieu of the First Part of the Inquisition. . . .

## INSTAURATIO MAGNA

PART ONE	THE DE AUGMENTIS SCIENTIARUM
PART TWO	THE NOVUM ORGANUM
PART THREE	} HISTORIA NATURALIS } HISTORIA VITAE & MORTIS

*All in Latin.*

The above are listed to demonstrate St. Alban's determination that all parts of his *Instauratio Magna* should be published in Latin which may well explain why no trace has been found of any English draft of the revised and corrected Nine Books, which would no longer be of any consequence and most important, against the author's desire.

We must now put the 1640 English *Advancement of Learning* in proper perspective and examine any *contemporary* evidence that is available and pertinent. First and foremost, it must again be emphasised that, according to Viscount St. Alban, it was no part of his great design that his *Instauratio Magna* should be published in English and that the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* was the *First Part*: Latin was his wish and in Latin it was published. Only in 1640, fourteen years after his death did it appear in English as *The Advancement of Learning interpreted by Gilbert Wats*. Therefore the problems facing the translator in this monumental undertaking should be examined. His first obvious step would surely be to study the then out-dated *Tvvo Bookes*, published thirty-five years previously, and compare the text line by line with the 1623 Latin edition.

As an accomplished Latin scholar, he would immediately be able to identify any phrase or passage which accurately tallied with the Latin edition. It would, of course, be quite natural and proper for him to use them and quite ridiculous to expect him to have done otherwise, not wishing to try to better the author's style. But, where the 1605 text had been extensively revised by "enrichments" and "enlargements" into nine books, there would be no question of the Latin text matching up in any way.

This then, would be the good Doctor's problem because, although he may not have known it, the Latin was the work of several hands. Admittedly this was corrected by St. Alban himself but even his genius could not have entirely eradicated the various styles. While the translation would be no real problem to a skilled Latin scholar, matching up his translation to his Lordship's peerless English style was altogether another matter. It is no wonder that he wrote his long *apologia*, sensing as he did that the wolf-pack would be waiting gleefully to savage his efforts. How right he was. Doctor Wats, in another passage of this *apologia*, describes how he made deliberate alterations in the format of the Latin text of the first book of the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. In the facsimile the appropriate text is under-lined.

In order to put the reader fully in the picture, it was thought that it would be helpful if the actual text of a given passage as it appears in each of these three publications was illustrated in facsimile. The passage chosen is one that is of great interest to a considerable number of Members of the Francis Bacon Society and most certainly to the author of this article. It is emphasised that it is not the content of the passage that is under consideration but the way it is handled in the course of "enlargement" and "enrichment" in the translation into Latin and back again to English. The facsimiles of each edition are given below:

1605 *Tvvoo Bookes from Second Booke*, page 9, *The "Enlarged and Enriched" Latin Version 1623.*

Lastly, *Doctor Gilbert Wats' "Interpretation"; 1640*

Comparison between the original Baconian text and the final Wats text of 1640 is most revealing. A fine example is the first sentence; Sir Francis Bacon, in 1605, used 16 words to make his point, which he does clearly and explicitly. Doctor Wats, who is committed to translating from the text of the Latin pen (whoever he was) has to use 35 words to get precisely the same point. More than twice the number of words used by Sir Francis Bacon. Bacon's use of the word "handes" is masterly since it covers the whole field without need of further explanation. Yet the other texts fall into the trap of nominating who the "handes" were but, at the same time, omitting one of the most important groups through which the "cyphars" would have to pass, namely, *the printers* which includes the compositors, editors, checkers, etc.

The author of this article makes no claim to be a literary critic but surely Sir Francis Bacon's text of 1605 does seem to be immeasurably better and certainly less unwieldy than the other two. No blame can be attached to Doctor Wats for reasons already given, but at least he did try to salvage some of Bacon's phraseology in the form of the short phrases "the rawnesse and unskilfulnesse" (which, in a way, could be said to fit the Latin) and "the greatest Matters".

This is not a lone example of the "enlargement" of the 1605 text and its translation into Latin having a deleterious effect on the later English version. The other differences in the three facsimile extracts speak for themselves, but there is one interesting and significant word in the Latin text which occurs in the following sentence,

*ut maxima plerunque Negotia Ciphris infirmis & futilibus, committantur.*

The word in question is "futilibus". It seems ridiculous that anyone so insistent upon the correct meaning of words as Viscount St. Alban would write, "many times the greatest matters are committed to *useless*

and weak ciphers". No matter what dictionary is consulted, the word "futile" means useless. In his 1605 *Tvvoo Bookes* he wrote a different and far more logical sentence, "the greatest matters many times are carried in the weakest ciphers". Yet, for some inconceivable reason, the completely illogical Latin word for futile is inserted in the 1623 text making the sense that great matters are committed to useless ciphers, which might fairly be called a *reductio ad absurdam*. Nevertheless, Doctor Wats faithfully translated it which demonstrates his integrity, though, as an intelligent man, he must have realised the absurdity of the phrase.

Space does not permit giving more of the countless examples of the almost meticulous faithfulness of Doctor Wats' translation from the Latin where content is concerned although it would seem, in certain contemporary quarters, that his English style left something to be desired. A keen student of the works of Viscount St. Alban would find it most rewarding to study and compare the texts of the 1605, 1623 and 1640 editions of the *Advancement of Learning*. To any unbiased and fair-minded person these comparisons of the texts and the previous contemporary evidence culled from Doctor Wats' explanations and from other sources concerning the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, should make it abundantly clear that he did his very best to achieve a reasonably accurate "interpretation". According to some contemporary opinions he produced a very fair substitute for the incomparable style of Viscount St. Alban.

There is another important point that should be considered very seriously. The existence of the *Tvvoo Bookes*, even though much of it was not used verbatim, and in many cases entirely omitted, was a source of great help to Doctor Wats in his translation from the Latin text. Many of the phrases he used when he could see that they fitted the Latin perfectly. The earlier text also provided a convenient medium for studying Francis Bacon's style, phraseology and use of words. Could it be that this has not occurred to those who put forward the theory that the 1640 edition is, in fact, Lord St. Alban's original English text? If there are some of those theorists prepared to have second thoughts, they might now entertain the idea that Doctor Gilbert Wats has, in fact, done a very good job.

There is one more extremely important authority whose name has slipped into this inquisition almost unnoticed: a man whose word and loyalty to Viscount St. Alban's memory is beyond question; Doctor William Rawley, for a long time personal Chaplain to his Lordship and in 1640, now a highly respected senior citizen and certainly a man fully prepared to express his authoritative opinion without fear or favour. Of his late master he wrote:

I have been induced to think that if there were a Beam of Know-

ledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him.

Of himself he wrote,

Having been employed as an Amanuensis or daily Instrument to this Honourable Author; and acquainted with his Lordship's conceits in the composing of his works for many years together; Especially in his writing time, I conceived that no man could pretend a better interest or claim to ordering of them after his Death than myself.

It is most important to bear this last sentence in mind.

In 1626, just before his master's death, the Rev. Doctor Rawley had written the following,

I can refer any man to his Lordship's Latin Booke *De Augmentis Scientiarum* which (if my judgement be anything), is written in the Exactest Order that I know any Writing to bee.

Prefaced to the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* in certain rare editions is a statement by Doctor Rawley in Latin concerning this important publication. This notice to the Reader has been recently translated by a Latin professor as follows:

William Rawley, Chaplain to the Illustrious Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam Viscount St. Alban, greets his Reader.

Since it has pleased my Lord to deem me worthy of this honour of using my favours to publish his workes, I thought it would not be inappropriate to advise the Reader of some details which relate to the first Bookes of that Treatise concerning *The Advancement and Proficiency of Learning* which he published under his own jurisdiction in his Mother Tongue eighteen years ago and divided into two bookes and dedicated to his Royal Majestie which is his current practice. Also he had not so long past indicated his wish that it be translated into Latin, knowing that it was in demand by foreign countries.

He now publishes a translation of the work, improved by scholars more competent than himself and corrected by his own ammendments. The First Booke in translation has been considerably revised in many respects, but the second made into eight Bookes dealing with the various departments of Learning, he now publishes (in Latinam Linguam) as a new work and as the First Edition. And, in this way, he felt that he was acting in good faith, involved as he was with the first part of the revised Edition.

As for the work itself, it does not seem inappropriate for me to say something about it. I consider the best praise I can give it is similar to what Demosthenes was accustomed to say regarding the achievements of the Athenians, "Time is the best judge as regards their praise."

I pray Almighty God that rich rewards, and long lasting ones too,

will be given to both the Author and Reader of this work, in proportion to the importance of the Subject.

In order to emphasise the importance of Doctor Rawley in this inquisition, a quotation from William Lee seems very applicable:

. . . nor shall his most excellent pieces published at several times in his lifetime, now after his Death lie buried in oblivion, but rather survive his lifetime and as Lucrece, smell sweet in the nostrils of Posterity: this is the pious care of Doctor Rawley, his Lordship's first and last Chaplain who has custody of *all his manuscripts*.

These words are underlined because of their importance. It was into the hands of William Lee that Doctor Rawley, in his old age, entrusted all his works—if one might be permitted to use modern terminology, Lee was Rawley's literary agent.

In view of the unquestioned integrity and moral courage of that upright Churchman and martinet, who was the acknowledged custodian of his late master's manuscripts and literary interests, it is unbelievable that he would for one moment countenance such an alleged highway robbery as Doctor Wats passing off his own English translation as that of Viscount St. Alban. If an English text of the Nine Bookes by Lord St. Alban did, in fact, exist and if this had been used for the 1640 *Advancement of Learning*, Doctor Rawley would most certainly have demanded that full recognition of his late master's English version be recorded properly on the title page of the work. It is unthinkable that he would have done otherwise.

There is another theory going around that Viscount St. Alban actually translated the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* into English in 1640 himself. This poses some intriguing problems. Firstly, is there any concrete evidence that his Lordship was alive fourteen years after his recorded death in 1626? If this is to be believed, what happened to the greatest ambition of his literary life—the completion of his *Instauratio Magna*? His overall design for this majestic work was for it to be in VI parts in *Latin* and, up to his officially acknowledged death in 1626, he had only completed the first three parts all in *Latin*. In that year, when an ailing man, he described the works he had in mind (the remaining three parts) in these rather sad words, "these things require ages for their accomplishment".

If this theory that St. Alban lived on for at least another fourteen years is to hold, how do its adherents explain the fact that such an intensely dedicated man apparently made no effort to complete the main literary undertaking of his life? Again, take the case of his unfinished *New Atlantis* which, according to Rawley, he intended to complete with "a frame of Laws for the best state or mould of a Commonwealth". Why leave this unfinished as well? Can any serious student of the life and works of Lord St. Alban really believe that he



would not at least have made some effort to rectify this omission in *fourteen years*.

According to the longevity theory then, only, from some contemporary reports, a somewhat inferior translation of the 1623 *De Augmentis* seems to have come to light and this, the one book he so much desired to be in Latin. The most authoritative way to sum up must be to quote Viscount St. Alban himself in an address to Prince Charles (Charles I): "Since my end of putting it into Latin was to have it read everywhere." He further expressed the hope that the book would be "a citizen of the world as English books are not". That final phrase is pretty conclusive and it matches his remark to his great friend Toby Matthew; "these modern languages will, at one time or another, play the Bankrupt with Books."

Those theorists who voice the opinion that the text of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* is not Doctor Wats' "interpretation", but really Viscount St. Alban's are, in effect, accusing the Doctor of being a plagiarist, in other words, a thief. In all fairness, very precise factual evidence should be produced to make such an accusation stand up. The writer of this article can only express the hope that, as contemporary documentary evidence has been produced in support of the wording on the title page of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning*, the disbelievers in its accuracy will in turn produce only contemporary evidence and not *theory* in support of their claim that Doctor Wats has prevaricated, because that is what their theories infer. The defence rests confident in the belief that no such contemporary evidence will be forthcoming.

Per pro Doctor Wats of Oxford.

#### Footnote

The Rev. Doctor Gilbert Wats graduated at Lincoln College Oxford, as a B.A. on 28th January, 1610/1611, and M.A. on 7th July, 1614. He was elected a Fellow in 1621 and became B.D. on 10th July, 1623. On 1st November, 1642 Wats was created D.D. during the King's visit to Oxford. He died at Eynsham on 9th September, 1657. By his will, dated 5th September, 1657, Wats left to Lincoln College; "Soe many bookes as cost me three score pounds" to be chosen and valued by Thomas Barlow, Librarian of the Bodleian.

Wats was a good preacher and an excellent linguist. It is said of him that he had "So smooth a pen in Latin or English that no man of his time exceeded him."

Wats translated Bacon's *De Augmentis Scientiarum* and called his rendering *Of the Advancement and Proficiency of Learning, of the Partitions of Sciences*, Oxford 1640 Folio. It was highly praised on its appearance. It would seem some modern Baconians have evidence that this worthy divine was a plagiarist. If this is the case, it is hoped that they will produce their evidence.

## FRANCIS BACON UPSIDE DOWN

by MRS. NIEVES MATHEWS

With *The Trials of Counsel* by Jonathan L. Marwil, of the University of Michigan, a striking new portrait of Francis Bacon has recently joined the varied gallery.<sup>1</sup> From its cover a thoughtful Bacon—white—looks out over his black reflection. The book is about the reflection.

Blackening Francis Bacon has been for a century and a half one of the games of history. First thrown in 1837 by Macaulay, that "prince of literary rogues" as Churchill called him, the ball was caught forty years later by the Reverend Edwin Abbott, well described as a past-master in "industrious injustice". Half a century later, in 1928, Lytton Strachey joined the game, and with vivid brush-strokes, entirely unrelated to truth, drew an unforgettable Bacon, the villain of the Elizabethan piece, the snake who with forked tongue and glistening coils fascinated his author, and has fascinated biographers ever since. The strange thing, however, was that these critics, along with their many followers, who saw Bacon as a Judas for ingratitude, a servile courtier, a cruel torturer and a corrupt judge, praised him to the skies for his intellectual qualities. Macaulay, after showing him as a crass materialist sending his "jackals" out in search of bribes, went on to acclaim him as an audacious spirit, endowed with "an amplitude of comprehension never yet vouchsafed to a human being", an unsurpassed keenness of observation, "a heart whose benevolence took in all races and ages", and a "majestic humility". "Amid his low, grovelling, disgraceful occupations," wrote Lord Campbell, another of the indulgers in this game, "he was indefatigably employed upon his immortal work."

The resulting two-souled being has puzzled historians only because they failed to read the most serious work ever devoted to Bacon's reputation, *Evenings with A Reviewer*, written in 1848 (but not published until 1881) by Bacon's principal biographer, James Spedding—whom Tennyson looked on as "the wisest man I know". Spedding restored the "servant of all men living" to the enjoyment of a single soul, not entirely white, since no soul is, but his own. Now, however, it turns out we were all wrong, not least Macaulay, in what he still admired in Bacon—who would seem to have successfully dazzled not only his contemporaries but even his harshest critics to date, by imposing on them a completely false personage of his own creation. Jonathan Marwil can only express surprise that the old image of the philosopher devoted

to the good of mankind should still be persuasive when Eisen Lorelei wrote of him, in 1974. He finds it "odd" that writers should for so long have continued to swallow Bacon's own "convenient assessment of himself".

The *Athenian Verulam* of Coleridge, the philosopher Shelley would rather have been damned with than go to heaven with some others, appears now in his true colours as a man whose every work, major or minor, was inspired, both as to content and timing, by calculated self-interest, and whose only desire in life was to gain, keep or regain the royal favour that was synonymous with political power. The "vast contemplative ends", even if Bacon deluded himself into believing them, were no more than a method of self-advertisement, the urge to reform knowledge a "self-justifying formula". Legal, scientific, historical and religious writings were taken up because they were of interest to Elizabeth or James, as and when they might serve to promote Bacon; his interventions in Parliament were made to impress royalty and convince them of his worth.

There are certainly real insights in this book, in particular on the influence of Bacon's legal training on his ways of thought, and the use he made of his *Life of Henry VII* as a sort of Guide to Kingship. Also possibly in the likeness Marwil sees between Henry VII and his historian, although he would hardly conclude of Bacon as Bacon concluded of Henry VII, that "what he minded he compassed". With these, and other points made, this study could have cast interesting lights on Bacon's thought. But the rounder view promised in the introduction never emerges.

We start from the premiss: everything in Bacon is false. Every act and word requires "translation" or "construing" to detect his real purpose. It is easy to catch Bacon out, for there is hardly a moment in his life in which he could not have found some self-interested reason for writing. The *Essays*, for example, were published in 1597, 1612 and 1625—on each occasion, it would seem, to attract the attention of Elizabeth or James. Had they been published at other dates, an equally convincing occasion to attract attention could have been found. Except in the form of a backhanded compliment, there is hardly a sentence of unqualified approval in the whole book. Negative comment, on the other hand, is more often repeated than demonstrated. And the techniques used to influence the reader are worthy of the best arts of persuasion Professor Marwil deplures in Bacon—while allowing them as his only real gift.

Any view differing from Marwil's however well-founded and relevant, if noticed at all, is swept aside, along with the whole of Spedding's "persuasive brief". Contemporary witnesses favourable to Bacon are rejected out of hand. Rawley, Bacon's first editor, is disqualified. He

was devoted. He went by what Bacon told him, and by letters "selectively saved". As for Ben Jonson, who also collaborated with Bacon, we should not listen to him on his friend's gifts as an orator, it might be "misleading". We are not given a chance to be misled by his praise of Bacon as a thinker, "the most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages", or of Bacon's humanity: Jonson "would not condole in a word or syllable with him, as knowing no accident can do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest". Of Toby Matthew all we are told is that he admired Bacon "to a fault". But we are not spared the few disparaging remarks available. Harvey's comment that Bacon wrote philosophy like a Lord Chancellor is pronounced "as descriptive as it is derogatory". And at the author's elbow there is one constant presence, the low-keyed, carping voice of John Chamberlain, who did not know Bacon, who disliked intellectuals, loved gossip and took a generally tolerant worm's eye view of the world.

Negative remarks on Bacon are not examined critically, and references to other authors do not always give a true picture of their opinion. In one case a scrupulously fair remark of Spedding's is turned against him, so that he is made to say the exact opposite of what he actually wrote.<sup>2</sup> Another ploy of Marwil's is to attribute his own views to Bacon's contemporaries. Bacon's bluff was often called we are told, but not who by or when. He "may well have sounded like Justice Shallow to his contemporaries". But did he? We have heard of the spacious brow and piercing eye, the majestic carriage, the venerably pleasing appearance, and that the men he questioned "durst not conceal the most intrinsic part of their mysteries from him". . . .

A less than fair way of getting past the unwary reader is to slip in an advance—derogatory—view under cover of his main statement, so that it may be taken for granted before the subject comes up. Thus, already in the introduction, we learn that "temperament and shaky status perhaps even more than misdeeds caused Bacon's ruin", and later, that at his trial "he did not fall from a great height, however guilty of the crimes imputed to him". Once we have swallowed in passing the misdeeds and the guilt—of crimes—that Ben Jonson would not countenance, there is no need for proof of these things, nor is it given. The same technique is followed for Bacon's "Judas-like behaviour" at the trial of Essex—(straight out of Abbott, along with an Essex innocent of all plotting, despite his own full confession). The "coils of deadly analogy" (Strachey's snake) slipped by Bacon around the Earl, and followed by another analogy, "more lethal and more accurate", make him clearly responsible for his old patron's condemnation in the reader's mind. It is too late to mention afterward that, as is well known, Bacon had nothing to do with the Earl's fate. "The lie," to

use Bacon's own expression, has sunk in. Another however is added. In speaking for the prosecution, Bacon "acted solely from calculated self-interest". No proof is given and no reference made to Spedding's thorough vindication of Bacon in his dealings with Essex.

It is difficult to write fairly about someone you dislike, and Professor Marwil comes near to Abbott in the distaste for his subject that pervades his book. A tone of disdainful condescension alternates with an occasional exasperated remark—"typical of Bacon" is a favourite, but almost every qualifying adjective or phrase gives the author away. Here are some of the expressions he normally associates with Bacon: sanctimonious, whimsical, strutting. In success, "oozing self-confidence" or "exceeding the limits of puffery"; tawdry yet pathetic; in defeat throbbing with resentment. His works are tainted (when they do not show the signs of sloth and ineptitude), his life soiled, his beliefs tepid. The patient and forgiving Bacon, as his friends saw him, passes in these pages from bitterness to scorn. When he writes a lot, it is a "rash of writings". His "windy ignorance" and his "largesse of words" would surely have surprised Ben Jonson, for whom "no man ever spoke more neatly, more precisely, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered".

Whether in great things or small, Bacon can do no right. If he liked living at Gray's Inn, it was because "nowhere else did he find people submissive to his will and ready to acknowledge his genius". His pleasure in building—shared with many Elizabethan courtiers—sprang from an "obsession for putting things in order". Nor should we let our admiration for him (we are not likely to, I fear) persuade us that he always won the minds of his listeners in Parliament. Members, Marwil suggests, were merely taking advantage of his talents.

And yet . . . as he describes the planned production of learned works brought out as platforms from which Bacon could "air his hopes and frustrations" and "urge his worthiness", Professor Marwil is faced, like other historians before him, with a Bacon who simply does not fit. He resorts to the usual formulas: "It must be recognised," "it cannot be denied", with which praise is reluctantly bestowed. We learn that "self-promotion cannot by itself explain the *Maxims of the Law*", the format of his *Brief Discussion* is "not purely a matter of flattery", and so on.

The man who emerges from the many contradictions of his book is not a human being, with the lights and shadows flesh is heir to, as Spedding's was, but yet one more of the hybrid monsters born of Macaulay and his followers' brains. This one achieved a *tour de force*. He managed at the same time to cook up all his works in order to curry favour with royalty, and to set forth in them with passion and in detail proposals that he cherished all his life. He poured himself out to

James in Parliamentary and State advice—often admitted to be unimpeachable—on subjects he had at heart, but solely to impress the King. Who, however could do without his advice—and yet asked for it no sooner was Bacon out of prison—and is said to have wished he had his old Counsellor Bacon with him at least on one occasion after his fall. In the Parliament of 1597, obsessed as he was with men's poverty, and having seen something (as Marwil himself remarks) of the savage depression prevailing at the time, Bacon is shown presenting his bills on depopulation and the maintenance of tillage merely as a way of "pushing himself forward", and "fishing principles out of his pocket as a deliberate strategy". Finally the dream of the reform of learning, that Bacon first broached to Elizabeth as a young man in a play, and was still hoping to work on when he applied, at the end of his life, for the provostship of Eton—and which he expressed posthumously in the memorable pages of the *New Atlantis*—was a "false *persona*", forged by him "to rationalise a sense of failure".

His whole life, Marwil concludes, was a failure, as it had need to be in terms of the "ends" attributed to him. He failed to gain the trust of those he served—although it would seem that he did for a while charm the young Buckingham into "believing in his powers". One thing he did gain: the trust of posterity. But that of course was on false pretences, even though the "seemingly wisdom-filled sentences . . . still beguile us". Or did, until 1976. But now exit Francis Bacon. He has deceived us all, and none so much as himself, since he really believed he was born to serve mankind.

Self-deceit of course is embedded in the human mind. But Bacon was more than most on guard against it. His whole theory of idols—those deforming mirrors that prevent our minds from reflecting the truths—was based on this awareness. Man, he believed, could only reform himself and others by facing the worst in his own and others' hearts. Which would not soil him, any more than light is soiled "by falling on a privy".

But if he deceived himself, how did he manage to deceive all his friends and followers down the centuries? How could they have failed to discover that nothing he ever wrote, from the *Apology* to his collection of jokes, could be taken at face-value? Insensitive as he apparently was to the feelings of others, and little respect as he had for their minds, how was he able to impose on them not only this the false *persona* he had created, but even his criticism (mild indeed compared to the harsher views of many others) of the "much maligned Cecil"?

The answer is, it was done by the arts of persuasion, of which Bacon was master. In fact, Bacon was well aware of the danger of words. It was one of his "idols". Nevertheless, reversing his injunction, Marwil claims that "words rather than matter played for him the crucial role".

This is Marwil's procedure throughout the book. Take Bacon's beliefs and say they are "postures". Take any defect he fought against, and attribute it to him (if any of this is true, it is worth a far deeper study of such a strange phenomenon). Bacon admitted "choiceness of phrase", "clean composition" and "the sweet falling of clauses" only inasmuch as they were allied to "worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, depth of judgement". That he practised what he preached was believed by one master-enchanter, Shelley, who wrote that Bacon's words, like those of all authors of revolutions, "unveil the permanent analogy of things by images which participate in the life of truth".

But if Bacon could beguile Romantic poets, how could he have hood-winked his acquaintances and close friends, scholars who knew his work, holy men like Bishop Andrewes and the deeply religious poet George Herbert—both knowers of the human heart? Or Toby Matthew, who had become a Jesuit priest, after much heart-searching, and was intimately acquainted with Bacon's writings? Toby Matthew placed Bacon (along with Philip Sidney) among the greatest men ever born in Europe. Not for brilliance only, and depth of thought, but as "a most indefatigable servant to the King and a most earnest lover of the public—having all the thoughts of that large heart of his set upon adorning the age in which he lives and benefiting as far as possible the whole human race".

Since the black reflection of Bacon upside down is almost entirely a matter of interpretation, involving quite a few gratuitous assumptions<sup>3</sup> I would now like to see what happens if we turn it right side up again so as to join it with the original. The black image, starting from a man guilty of crimes, a Judas and a self-seeker presents as blemishes actions that were normal to any Elizabethan born and trained for high place. But "the wisest should be interpreted by their ends", said Bacon. If we can now take him at his word, we may find that his "racking desire for recognition and reward" gives place to something quite different. Let us hear Bacon around the age of forty in a preface he never published.

Believing that I was born to be of use to mankind . . . I set myself to consider in what way mankind might be most effectually served, and what I was myself best fitted by nature to do. . . . I concluded that if—instead of striking out some particular invention, however useful, a man could kindle a light in Nature herself . . . that should bring into sight all that is most hidden and secret in the world, that man, I thought, would be the benefactor indeed of the human race. . . . Then turning to myself I found I was fitted for nothing so well as for the study of truth. And yet because my birth and education had seasoned me in business of state, and because I thought that a man's

own country has some special claims upon him . . . and because I hoped that if I rose to any place of honour in the State I should have a larger command of ability and industry to help me in my work, for these reasons I applied myself to acquire the arts of civil life, and commend my services, so far as in modesty and honesty I might, to the favour of my powerful friends. . . .

"Any other ambition," as he wrote later, "seemed poor in his eyes," and he was content to follow "the uncertainties, difficulties and solitudes" of these ways. But his projects, as Benjamin Farrington has reminded us, were "King's business". They required "a thousand hands and as many eyes". Bacon failed to interest Elizabeth, Essex, James and Buckingham, and Prince Henry died. But he did finally interest posterity.

For Bacon there were three kinds of ambition. That of men who "with restless striving seek to augment their personal power in their own country", a "vulgar and degenerate sort"—according to Marwil, Bacon's own. The second, less selfish, was that of those who "seek to advance the position of their own country in the world": Cecil's, presumably. And the third, "surely noblest and holiest", was that of those "whose endeavour is to restore and exalt the dominion of man himself over nature"—by obeying her, as did Bacon, and looking on her with wonder.

As he had also written in his preface, "to look for any private gain from such an undertaking as this would be as ridiculous as base". But even right side up, Bacon had to live, and when in office—*noblesse oblige*—with a certain degree of magnificence. We may now agree that Bacon deceived neither himself nor any one else as to the inevitable combination of personal needs with political aims. He expressed it best when defending Essex to the Queen. She was angry because she thought certain "dutiful" letters from Essex were really aimed at the renewal of his monopoly of sweet wines, one of his main forms of subsistence. "As if," Bacon told the Queen, "these two could not stand well together! Nature has planted in all creatures two sympathies, one for tending towards perfection, as the iron to the loadstone, and the other towards preservation, as the vine necessarily creeps towards the stake."

Who among us lives any differently? Except as to the proportion of loadstone to vine? May we not then accept a whole Bacon, who applied for office, just as his contemporaries did, and drew attention to his merits, and flattered kings (flattery from his pen was often a subtle form of education) or brought out timely writings—although most of his work remained unpublished? Just as today a writer may be considerably influenced in what he writes, when he writes it, the length and style of writing, etc., by publishers, public, university or the



requirements of the day—and yet remain faithful to the inner line of his thought. This would in any case, for Bacon, tend to coincide with that of an intelligent Queen or King, inasmuch as they had the interests of the commonwealth at heart. Aside from the fact that royalty were his only hope of ever laying the foundations of a new Atlantis.

With a whole Bacon, many things fall naturally into place. Among them his ideal of the scholar-statesman, which he tried in *The Advancement of Learning* to flatter James into fulfilling, for himself, as well as appreciating in his good servant. "Contemplation," the glory of digging in "the mines of truth", the delightful game of hide-and-seek with his Creator, was to Bacon also a means of "calling oneself to account", and could like Orpheus' lute, charm the "savage and unreclaimed desires of man". It would necessarily tend to draw him away from the business of State which on the whole, as we know, Bacon fulfilled to the satisfaction of those he served, while keeping every spare moment and holiday for his favourite occupation. So it may be accepted that a mind turned so often elsewhere was not always attentive to "preservation" and had occasionally to catch up with it, in the form of hasty letters or anxious notes. And this may also explain the carelessness over his own affairs that led to his fall. On the other hand if he did not actually publish scientific papers while Attorney-General and Chancellor, we may agree that it was not because "the steady climb in the King's service required no such aid", but simply because he was too busy; preparing the *Novum organum*, among other things.

The lights will change also for all the other aspects of Bacon's character touched on in this book. The compassion for man—especially poor man—which illuminates his thought, which aroused his emotion in writing, inspired him in Parliament, was ever present to him in his State prosecutions, and infused his ideal man with "an expression of pity", will not be seen as a mere "identification mark". The man who, tending towards "perfection", constantly sought the criticisms of his friends, will not be judged "unable to admit error". As for his employers, his failure to gain their trust—inasmuch as it is true—may be seen to reflect as much on them as on him. The man who looked on prayer as the only safeguard against dangers he clearly foresaw in advocating the spread of technology, and who affixed to his unpublished work a prayer full of trembling lest "from the enkindling of a greater light in nature, unbelief or darkness should arise in our minds", hoping that on the contrary "an intellect made clean and pure from all vain fancies" would draw nearer to its Maker—this man will not be regarded as "unfailingly temporal", of "unfinished sensibility" and incapable of forgetting himself, for God or man. Perseverance rather than mental rigidity may be seen to account for a continuity in the thought and

expressions of one who constantly urged men to eschew certainty and espouse doubt. Nor will a longing for certainty be extrapolated from his fight against the uncertainties of "sleeping laws" that might at any time be awakened against the unsuspecting subject (a theme Shakespeare also took up in *Measure for Measure*). As for Bacon's appeals to the King in his last years, rather than a craving for the dubious blessings of a return to power (and aside from his pressing financial needs which were eventually relieved) we will see that the predominant motive was a thirst to retrieve his lost honour, symbolised by the King's pardon. Finally we may discover that the real reasons for his wanting to influence Kings at all, here presented as a delusion, are precisely the reasons why he has fascinated later generations.

There is a great deal more to Bacon than can be guessed from such a study as Professor Marwil's, and that cannot be left out when the entire reversal of a personality is proposed. But if the aim is to understand Bacon, one principal element is missing: sympathy. With just a little sympathy many misinterpretations could have been avoided. Even such minor but obvious ones as the failure to appreciate why Bacon wrote to his uncle Burleigh that his contemplative project, "whether it be curiosity, or vain glory, or nature, or (if one take it favourably), *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed". A "consuming desire to put his mark upon life", says Professor Marwil, is "intimated in the confession of his inability to distinguish between 'curiosity', 'vainglory', 'nature' or 'philanthropia'." There was no such inability. Of course it is *philanthropia*, which Bacon will lay claim to again and again, that is fixed in his mind. As usual, as always, he is allowing for the fact that others are not likely to see his vision in the same light as he does.

There is no denying that Professor Marwil's psychological approach to history could lead to new insights on Bacon, if really seen in the round; but not on Bacon only. The very reasons why historians choose a subject they feel able to demolish might, if investigated, lead to interesting results. Why, when blood has been drawn, do detractors have an increasing pleasure in detracting? As the history of Bacon's reputation shows, anything is grist to their mill. Each will present his own black negative, often different or opposed to that of another. Abbott, for instance, indefatigable hunter out of petty and low motives in Bacon, completely exonerated him from the one frailty his age condemned him for: corruption. At times the self-same action when looked at by two different critics is given two opposite meanings—both reprehensible. Thus Lord Campbell a century ago described Bacon after he had offended the Queen by resisting a tax in Parliament (which he thought might be too heavy on the poor) as "struck with repentance, and remorse" and "supposed to have been sobbing" when he wrote his

“abject” apology to her. The same episode as told by Marwil, shows Bacon in “an attack of rectitude” stubbornly and blindly maintaining an attitude he had, of course, only taken up to gain popularity.

Bacon in this book is made out to have expressed his own personality in describing Henry VII. It would be interesting to see how far historians unwittingly do this with the subject they write about. And if one may be personal towards the living, after so much personal remark over the dead, I should like to suggest that this historian might also investigate whether the defects of his negative Bacon could not have been conjured up, or at least greatly amplified, by a mind that has some affinity with them! A mind itself prone to use Bacon’s arts of persuasion to excess, and acquainted with the over-weening self-confidence and “studied arrogance” detected in Bacon—if only in being the first, after four centuries, to see that there was nothing after all to that same Bacon but charm and propaganda? Could the ego-centred figure here presented, who enjoyed “excoriating” others, and was (as Attorney General) always a prosecutor, be related not so much to Bacon as to this author’s familiarity with the gentle art of debunking? Similarly, could Bacon’s so-called habit of “manipulating” others, and his inability to “feel his way to knowledge” reflect in some way the historian’s lack of feeling for his subject, that leads him to treat Bacon not so much as a human being, but as an object to be looked down on?

A long line of attackers and defenders provide food for such an analysis. On the one side with few exceptions (Abbott is worthy of a Freudian study) are ranged the aggressive, and superficial critics, on the other, broader and more moderate minds, creative thinkers, or men like Carteret, author of the article on Bacon in *Biographia Britannica*, in the 18th century, who come nearer to Bacon’s scholar-statesman, and had an experience similar to his own. These are much slower to make sweeping statements about such a complex personality as Bacon’s, and they approach him with a greater humility. We may quote Charles Williams, who in the preface to his biography in 1933 wrote: “No one is more aware than I how much there is in Lord St. Alban which is not here.” And Bacon’s contemporary, the historian Fuller, who concluded that “none can character him to the life, save himself”. This of course is Marwil’s conclusion too, but upside down, in black.

Again and again in his works Bacon urged on us the need to polish the mirror of our minds, which “discolours the nature of things by mingling its own nature with it”. Before adopting any of the conclusions of this book then, let us make certain that the black negative on its cover page, however convincingly drawn, is not simply the reflection of a quite different Bacon in the insufficiently polished mirror of one man’s mind.

- <sup>1</sup> *The Trials of Counsel, Francis Bacon in 1621* by Jonathan L. Marwil, Wayne State University Press, Detroit, 1976.
- <sup>2</sup> See footnote 28, page 217, on Bacon's *Apology*. "It is interesting to note that Spedding had some doubts about the work when he discussed it in *Evenings with a Reviewer*." Spedding wrote that what Bacon "tells us is to be taken with caution, being his own story in his own defence when nobody could contradict him". He is on a particular point only, and not about the *Apology* as a whole, conceding, as throughout this book, every possible advantage to an imaginary opponent. The meaning is "although I am convinced of Bacon's truthfulness on so many grounds, I cannot prove it on this particular point". But since Bacon made this statement Spedding continued, "under the most solemn asseveration that a man can tell of its truth", what right has Macaulay "I do not say to doubt, but to assert as an undisputed fact the contrary?" Careful reading of Spedding, both before and after Abbott, will show that the statements made by Bacon in his *Apology* are borne out by letters and other evidence, and that his memory failed him only in details of minor importance.
- <sup>3</sup> See page 67, for example, on Bacon's remark that the French are subject to sickness at sea. This conclusion, writes Marwil, "probably dates from his observations while crossing the Channel, and foreshadows the tendency to inflate his own experience into general theorems". A conclusion Spedding, as shown above, would not have permitted himself to draw. No better proof of the alleged tendency is adduced later.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Everyman's Companion to Shakespeare*, by Gareth and Barbara Lloyd Evans; J. M. Dent, £7.50 (1978).

As a *vade mecum* this book has much to offer the student of the Plays—as distinct from the putative author. Part II, *Shakespeare In Performance*, covering stage presentations from 1590-1978, with brief comments on principal actors and actresses, *et sequentes sequentiae*, has considerable interest. The notes on Elizabethan theatre companies are also useful for reference purposes. The laudatory remarks on twentieth century scholarship are not convincing, on the other hand, bearing in mind the steady refusal of such personalities as the late Professor Dover Wilson even to consider the wealth of evidence on the authorship question. This has been accumulated over the years by many Baconians such as the late R. L. Eagle, without effective response. Honourable exceptions can, we believe, be made for Professor Wilson Knight with his enlightened approach to the Plays and, in the U.S.A., Charlton Hinman. The latter has been unable to perceive the possibility of an overshadowing influence in the printing of the 1623 Folio. He has, however, produced a standard reference volume of immense value in *The Norton Facsimile: The First Folio of Shakespeare*, which has advanced our store of knowledge materially.

The discerning reader can always pick up points of interest in a work devoted to Shakespeare. We noted the authors' comment (page 273) that the poetic form in *The Rape of Lucrece*, the seven-lined stanza, rhymes ab abb cc. In *Venus and Adonis*, the other Shakespearean poem, the intricate rhyming of ab ab cc for each six-lined stanza prompts speculation as to whether the Biliteral Cipher was evolved from patterns such as these. Certainly the variations take another twist in *The Phoenix and Turtle*, attributed to William Shakespeare. This was published with other poems in 1640, and stanzas of three lines rhyming are used, demonstrating the facility with which writing styles were changed. The authors themselves (page 282) remark: "One can only wonder at Shakespeare's capacity for varying the mode and mood of his dramatic writing." This being so, the argument that Bacon could not have adapted his style for prose or poetry loses some validity.

The remainder of the book, dealing with *The Man and His Times*, and Stratford-upon-Avon, is comparatively pedestrian and, as must be expected from an unquestioning Stratfordian inaccurate, at least on the authorship problem.

We will not weary our readers by repeating again the reasons for believing the Droeshout Portrait to be a mask—surely Ben Jonson's ambiguous lines should awaken suspicion—and to classify this as one of the "two authentic portraits of Shakespeare" is bathetically uncritical. The other authentic "portrait" (*sic*) is the Bust in Holy Trinity, Stratford-upon-Avon and, we are told, could have been made from a death mask of William. Mark Twain had a very different opinion,† and we do not accept the assertion that Dugdale's illustration in his *Warwickshire* (1656) was "inaccurate". On the contrary his work was invariably painstaking and conscientious as befitted a Garter King-Of-Arms. However, the authors do concede that the Folio engraving "shoulders are out of proportion with the head" (no mention is made of the reversed sleeve), and that no other portraits can be traced back decisively to "Shakespeare himself"—clearly a just verdict though displeasing to the protagonists of the Flower and Chandos portraits.

The Westminster Abbey Memorial, erected in 1741, is dismissed in three lines. So much for the efforts of the Rosicrucians Alexander Pope, Dr. Richard Meade, and the Hon. Robert Boyle, to attract the attention of posterity with a wealth of sculptured symbology!

The authors claim that we know more about the life, "both in terms of facts and of rational conclusions . . . than of any other Elizabethan dramatist"; but the case is not made. To lump baptismal death and burial records and business transactions with "dates of publications and productions" is a *petitio principii*. It assumes that the playwright and the Stratford Man are identical. This "facts" pretension was comprehensively demolished by R. W. Gibson in his excellent article *A Claimant Without Record* in *Baconiana* no. 163.

Readers of Dr. W. S. Melsome's *Bacon-Shakespeare Anatomy* will be surprised to hear that there is nothing in the known works of Bacon to suggest any connection with the Plays. It is clear the writers have ignored, or more probably are unaware of, the wealth of evidence adduced by Baconians since the foundation of the Society. Since there are numerous words, both in the Plays and Bacon's works which are not found elsewhere, it is naive to claim that the fact that each had a unique vocabulary is unimportant; and no significance is attached to the absence of a single mention of "Shakespeare" or the Plays by Bacon in public utterances, or in the substantial literary output published under his own name.

The argument that because Bacon wrote a great deal in Latin he would be unlikely to write plays in English if only because of his busy life, ignores the salient fact that he himself spoke of "my good pens". As Daphne Du Maurier has pointed out,\* too little is known of the output

† The deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle, expression of a bladder.

\* *Golden Lads*; pages 157, 129, *et passim*.

of his Twickenham scribbling—for obvious reasons we would suggest.

Finally, we cannot agree that Bacon, Lord Chancellor of the realm, could not have kept secret his authorship or sponsorship of the Plays, particularly when a pseudonym was employed, and especially after 1609, when it is believed that William was packed off to Stratford, apparently with a handsome reward for his co-operation. How is it that after Shakespeare's death in 1616, quartos and the 1623 Folio contained revised or enlarged textual content? Who was responsible for an entirely new Play, *Othello*, which first appeared as a quarto in 1622—and, revised yet again, in the First Folio?

For brevity's sake we shall pass over the verdict that William almost inevitably went to the King Edward VI Grammar School. This merely amounts to presumptive padding to compensate for the lack of any evidence. We would simply interpolate that his father John could neither read nor write. William's daughter, Mrs. John Hall, was almost certainly in a similar position, and yet her father is assumed to have penned the sublime words:

Ignorance is the curse of God  
Knowledge the wing on which we fly to Heaven.

Appropriately, the authors devote a ten page section, headed Shakespeare's Infinite Variety, to some of the best known passages in his works, including songs from *Cymbeline* and *Love's Labours lost*. The lines from *Cymbeline* (Act IV, Scene II) include those used by Daphne du Maurier as an introduction to her book *Golden Lads*:

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

The glossary of terms and expressions used in the Plays is a useful idea, particularly for the general reader and, we noted, includes a reference to the "dancing-horse", a

famous performing horse, called Morocco, owned by one, Banks.

The significance of this steed was clearly brought out by Ewen MacDuff in that readable booklet, *The Dancing Horse Will Tell You*. The headline Shakespeare was a Lawyer's Clerk After Leaving School, though qualified in the accompanying text, is not worthy of a serious academic work, since it is hazy surmise only. On the other hand, the reference to the numerous legal phrases in the Plays simply strengthens the case for the professional lawyer, Francis Bacon.

Again, the myth that the hand of Shakespeare can be detected in the MS. *Sir Thomas More* was destroyed step by step by Sir George Greenwood in his *The Shakespeare Signatures and "Sir Thomas More"*,\* but will no doubt continue to be pedalled by orthodox writers at regular intervals in the years ahead!

Sensibly, our authors concede that *Romeo and Juliet* and *Henry V*

\* Cecil Palmer, 1924.

"have an extraordinary atmosphere of authenticity", but seem oblivious of the fact that Italy and France were both included in the Grand Tour undertaken by English aristocrats in Bacon's era.

Our Members will know of the value of the bald statement that Bacon was convicted of bribery (page 35)\* and of the blatantly misleading comment that he was instrumental in the arraignment of Essex.† Incidentally Bacon's title was Viscount St. Alban, not St. Albans, a difference which may appear trifling but, as Joan Ham has shown, has its relevance.‡

Any writer who asserts that, because he was an actor in the Chamberlain's Men Company Shakespeare had access to Court, shows woeful ignorance of the status of actors of the period. We were not, therefore, surprised to be told that Ben Jonson thought the Droeshout Portrait to be a good likeness, but perhaps we can re-cast the line from the Folio Preface as follows:

(Droeshout)—had a strife with Nature to conceal (out-do or do-out) a living portrait (the life). If we are dealing with a mask, which could not be made too obvious, the admittedly ambiguous wording can point a moral and adorn a tale which has at least as much relevance to the remainder of the doggerel as the orthodox interpretation. Since 18 of the 36 Folio Plays had not been published before, and William had been dead for seven years, we invite Stratfordians to explain. . . .

Lastly, it is clear that the authors of this book are quite unaware of the results of research by Society Members in the post-war period—we are referred to as the "Baconian Society"—and in the light of recent articles by Pierre Henrion, Ewen MacDuff and T. D. Bokenham, the assertion that Baconians rely on *one* cipher to support their case, is ludicrous if not wantonly purblind. N.F.

\* cf. *The Persecution of Francis Bacon*, by H. Kendra Baker, now available in pamphlet form.

† *Vide Baconiana* 177, page 68, and the opening chapter of *The Winding Stair*, by Daphne du Maurier.

‡ See *Baconiana* 175, *The Habit of St. Alban*.



## GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE

Letter to

Gareth Lloyd Evans,

Author of *Everyman's Companion to Shakespeare*, 1978

20 Park Street,  
Brighton

30th September, 1978

Dear Mr. Lloyd Evans,

I should imagine that by now you have had several letters from readers of your new book on Shakespeare taking issue with you over points of detail in your text. I would like to point out to you that you are wrong in saying, on page 17, that there is no observable connection between the known facts of Bacon's life and those of Shakespeare, and that there is nothing in the known works of Bacon to suggest any connection with the Shakespeare plays.

1. The former owner of New Place was William Underhill, a kinsman of John Underhill, a gentleman usher to Francis Bacon. William Underhill's step-brother was William Hatton, whose widow, Elizabeth, was courted by Bacon in 1597, the same year the Stratford house was sold to Shakespeare.

2. The house Shakespeare bought in 1613 in Blackfriars was owned, until 1604, by Matthew Bacon, a cousin of Francis Bacon. Matthew was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1597.

3. "As an actor from 1588 onwards, Shakespeare would have known Bacon, Master of the Revels at Gray's Inn." Professor Hood Phillips, *Shakespeare and the Lawyers* (Methuen), 1972.

4. In the collection of obituary poems dedicated to Bacon, *Manes Verulamiani*, published in 1626, the following lines appeared, taken from five of these poems by different authors, in translation: "Your fame lies not in marble columns, nor is read on the tomb: "Stay, passenger, your steps. . . ." If venerable virtue, if wisdom's wreaths make an ancient, you were older than Nestor. . . . Give place, O Greeks! Give place, Maro, first in Latin story. . . . The Verulamian star now glitters in Olympus. . . . He taught the arts to grow, as grew the Spear of Quirinus into a laurel tree." On the Shakespeare Monument we find remarkably similar statements: Stay passenger . . . , a Nestor in judgment, a Maro in art, Olympus has him.

5. In the *Promus*, Bacon's notebook, now in the British Museum, we find pages of phrases and sentences, dated, which were later used in the Shakespeare plays. Most of these quotations are not found in Bacon's acknowledged works.

6. In the Northumberland MS., now in Alnwick Castle, someone has written "by ffrancis William Shakespeare", and in the next line, "Rychard the second, Rychard the third". In the line above, "essaies by the same author". I enclose a modern script facsimile of this MS.

7. The following authors have stated that there is a similarity between the works of Shakespeare and Bacon: Ludwig Borinski, in *Shakespeare Survey*, vol. 8; Robert Gittings, in *Shakespeare's Rival*, 1960 (referring to *L.L.L.*); John F. Danby, in *Shakespeare's Doctrine of Nature*, 1961 (referring to *Lear*); R. M. Samarin, in *Shakespeare Survey*, vol. 16; Charles Barber in *Shakespeare in a Changing World*, 1965; Brian Vickers, in *The Artistry of Shakespeare's Prose* (referring to *Twelfth Night* and *Julius Caesar*), 1968; George Steiner, in *Language and Silence*, 1969; Anthony Burgess, in *Shakespeare*, 1970 (referring to *L.L.L.*); James Agate, in *Ego*, vol. 6; Ivor Brown, in *Shakespeare*, 1949; Nicholas Knight, in *Shakespeare Survey*, vol. 27, 1974; Juliet Dusinberre, in *Shakespeare and the Nature of Women*, 1975.

If I am wrong in any of these facts, I would, naturally, be most grateful if you could tell me. You have mentioned none of them.

Also on page 17 you say that we know more about the life of Shakespeare than of any other Elizabethan dramatist. As Christopher Gillie says, in Longman's *Companion to English Literature*, 1972, "Shakespeare's contemporaries, Marlowe and Jonson, are better documented."

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS CARR.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Carr.)

The Editor,  
*Baconiana*

Dear Sir,

*The Philautia Device* apart, little has been said about Bacon's poetical gifts. Yet Shelley, in *A Defence of Poetry*, regards him as the greatest philosopher-poet since Plato,\* as he does in his *Preface to the Banquet*. Sir Philip Sydney gives similar praise. Aubrey calls him "a good poet but concealed". In *Manes Verulamiani* many scholars pay tribute to the Muse of Francis Bacon. My own belief is that it was Francis who wrote the early poems of Edmund Spenser.

I noted in "Correspondence" in *Baconiana*, 164, a very curious sequence of initial letters in the first lines in Canto VIII of the second book of the *Faerie Queene*. In the initial capitals read downwards:

\* See *The Hidden Music*, by the writer.

WH When as again he armed felt his hand  
 T Then like a lion, which hath long time fought  
 H His robbed whelpes, and at the last them find  
 E Emongst the shepherd swaynes, then wesceth wood and yond  
 S So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
 O On either side, that neither mayle could hold  
 N Neshield defend the thunder of his throwes  
 N Now to Pyrrochles many strokes he told  
 E Est to Cymochles twise so many fold  
 T Then back againe turning his busie hand  
 T To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brand  
 T Them both attonce compeld with courage bold.

The capital E in Emongst which clinches the acrostic, appears in my 1596 quarto, and in the 1611 Folio of *The Faerie Queene*, as can be seen on page 268 of J. C. Smith's Oxford edition. What we need to know is the mathematical probability of such an acrostic sequence occurring by chance. Here the letters *W.H.* and *TT* of Shakespeare's Sonnets, 1609, are plainly coupled with the word "Sonnet". Could these be, as in *Lucrece*. . . .

. . . the subtle shining secrecies  
 Writ in the glassie margents of such books?

11/1/64

MARTIN PARES.

To the Editor,  
*Baconiana*

### SOMETHING HIDDEN HERE?

by BETTY MCKAIG

The enigmatic signatures of William Shakespeare having been studied so relentlessly by generations of scholars, we might reasonably assume that the subject has been mined of all of the intelligence to be hoped for. But here, perhaps, is a new vein worthy of consideration.

Attention has been focused many times upon the relatively pretentious initial letter W with the characteristic dot under the terminal loop that forms an arc.

A book on the sign language of the American Indian has come to hand recently that raises a curious question about the significance of that dot roofed over with an arc. Written by an American Indian with training in cryptography as well as in archaeology, *The Rocks Begin to Speak\** traces some figures prominent in the petroglyphs used by

\* By La Van Martineau

native Americans to the hieroglyphs of the Phoenicians and Egyptians. This author demonstrates quite convincingly that the rudiments of a universal sign language are to be found in some of these symbols.

Remembering Francis Bacon's expressed interest in, and knowledge of, a universal language and its symbols, I found that one of these most prevalent symbols is strongly evocative of William Shakespeare's dotted flourish. It is a semi-circular curved line over a dot, and its meaning is, "something hidden here". The mark is shown to have been used extensively by Indians to indicate hidden water holes and passages through difficult terrain. The same symbol and meaning in the manual sign language is expressed by a curved hand over a knotted fist.

It is further noted that in two specimens of the Shakespeare signature, the arc of that terminal loop comes close to forming a circle. This suggests a second symbol; the dotted circle is the alchemistic symbol for gold and the sun. According to Eirenaeus Philalethes, a 17th century alchemistic writer, the philosopher's gold of the alchemists is "truth without alloy of falsehood". Both meanings would be of special Baconian significance, and Bacon's delight in multiple meanings tucked into a single metaphor is notorious. He particularly delighted in triple meanings; just so, there is a third meaning for the circled dot symbol. It represents the letter I in the Porta cipher system. (We may be well advised to keep sharp eyes for an M to go with it. Oh! Prospero!)

Perhaps, in terms of a working hypothesis, it is time we asked who *really* penned the signatures of "our pleasant Willy" on the documents that are our only concrete evidence of his physical existence. Perhaps we should go a step further and enquire boldly whether Willy may have been cut from whole cloth by the hand of Prospero. Can the wills with their perplexingly ill-matching signatures and deed have been "salted" into the records by a waggish "Ariel" at the bidding of Prospero? (Perhaps we should say Ariels since the differences in the signatures suggest that more than one hand participated in the deed(s).)

The so-glaring incongruity between the flourished initial letter of the signatures with the train of formless squiggles in the rest of the name constitutes an engima. May this not have been by sheer design to raise precisely the questions that have been raised? It takes no great expertise in grapho-analysis to recognise the extreme possibility/probability that the various specimens of the signatures cannot have been written by the same hand. The cramped rigidity and heavy pressure visible in one is wholly at odds with the easy-flowing hand and slight pressure of another.

As an historian, Lord Bacon certainly knew that generations to come would sift and comb the public records for some trace of the

phantom Shakespeare. It was literally a "cinch", since in the event of the failure for it to happen spontaneously, one could expect that the invisible brethren would provide such an historian-researcher to bring the matter to light. Would Bacon have missed such an opportunity to mark the trail with a subtle semaphore for the eyes of a perceptive observer?

To follow this train of thought leads the eye of suspicion to the contents of the will itself. The matter of Mr. Shakespeare's bequest of his second-best bed to his wife twinklingly suggests Lord Bacon's irrepressible humor. Who can suppose that the Lord Chancellor would have experienced any difficulty in gaining access to the rude records of Warwickshire? To have padded its history a bit must have been easily done. Nor does the registering of a will and its probate and a deed to property present any problem, had he a mind to do it. The means was easily available.

What other assurance have we that there ever truly existed a mortal flesh and blood entity of William Shagsper, Shaxper or Shake-Speare? No more than a bare handful of literary mentions (few enough for so powerful a figure) and who but Lord Bacon's cronies penned them?

Who but the arch crony, Ben Jonson, so effectively clothed the Bard flesh? Who, indeed, assigned the name *bard*? Bard, according to the Oxford English Dictionary,\* can mean to cover a fowl with strips of *bacon* for roasting.

"Oh, fowl, fowl fault!" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*).†

Fault, according to the same unimpeachable source, is a scent or clue, as in "the dogs have lost the fault".

"Do you smell a fault?" (*Lear*; 1.1.16).

Yours faithfully,

BETTY MCKAIG.

\* Compact edition, U.S. second printing; 1972: cf. Mouffet and Benn, 1665; line 45.

† cf. Act 5, Scene V; Falstaff's entry. Editor.

## MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE

This correspondence followed a visit by our Chairman to Montacute House, near Chard in Somerset, and refers to the portraits on view in the Long Room. Editor.

Francis Bacon Society,  
Canonbury Tower,  
Islington, London N.I.

The Director,  
National Portrait Gallery,  
London W.

8th May, 1979.

Dear Sir,

## MONTACUTE HOUSE

On visiting the above National Trust property I was disturbed to note three errors in the captions to your otherwise excellent display of portraits.

The Droeshout Portrait of William Shakespeare was in the First Folio as stated, but the date was 1623 not 1621 as given.

Again Francis Bacon did not "betray" Essex. He was instructed by Queen Elizabeth to act for the Crown in the treason trial, and could no more disobey than the Captain of the Queen's Guard. He had warned Essex previously that he could not support rash conduct.

Thirdly, Francis Bacon was not guilty of corruption. James I *ordered* him to plead guilty to the charges brought by the House of Lords, and he was not allowed to enter a defence. There was no trial only an arraignment.

In view of the undesirable consequences of misleading the public and overseas visitors, I assume you will have the captions altered, and would be glad of your confirmation of this.

Yours truly, NOEL FERMOR, *Chairman.*

National Portrait Gallery,  
London WC2H 0HE.

18th May, 1979.

Dear Mr. Fermor,

Thank you for your letter. I am not sure how the mistake on the Shakespeare label has escaped everyone's notice for so long, but we are grateful to you for pointing it out.

I have also noted your objections to the Francis Bacon label, but it is very difficult to write succinct notes which will satisfy all interested parties.

With renewed thanks for your interest.

Yours sincerely,

ROBIN GIBSON, *Assistant Keeper.*

R. Gibson Esq.,  
National Portrait Gallery,  
London WC2H 0HE.

4th July, 1978

Dear Mr. Gibson,

MONTACUTE HOUSE

Thank you for your letter dated 18th May, and I am sorry for the delay in replying, but I have been away.

I am glad the Shakespeare label mistake is being rectified, but you will not expect me to accept your reply on the Francis Bacon label, as this was factually incorrect. May I repeat that Bacon was not guilty of corruption, nor did he "betray" Essex. I am asking my Secretary to forward to you our pamphlet *The Persecution of Francis Bacon* on the first count, and shall be happy to send literature on the latter point if you doubt my statement.

Once again I am asking for your assurance that the label will be changed, but I am sure you do not wish a great Englishman to be libelled.

I look forward to your reply.

Yours sincerely, NOEL FERMOR, *Chairman.*

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PRESS CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,  
*The Times*,  
New Printing House Square,  
London WC1X 8EZ

27th November, 1978.

Dear Sir,

Whilst congratulations are due to your contributor Ross Davies on spotting Michael Edwardes' imprecise paraphrase of Francis Bacon's dictum on taxes, I must point out the futility of following Lord Macaulay—that Prince of literary rogues as Sir Winston Churchill called him—in convicting Bacon of "corruption". This is wrong.

Bacon was ordered by James the First to plead guilty to the trumped up charge levelled against him in the House of Lords and there was no trial. His Impeachment amounted to character assassination as can be discovered from James Spedding, the acknowledged authority, in his *Lord Bacon's Letters and Life*. Later W. Hepworth Dixon and H. Kendra Baker, both barristers, exonerated Bacon completely from the charge of bribery, whether *pendente lite* or not.

To sum up I would add that not one of Bacon's judgements was reversed subsequently—a unique achievement in British legal history.

Yours faithfully,

NOEL FERMOR.

This letter appeared in almost the last issue of *The Times* before publication was suspended. Editor.







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